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CALIFORNIA

MAIL BAG.

APRIL-MAY, 1874.

Illustrating the Wealth, Progress and Development of the Material Interests of the Pacific Coast, together with a complete Resume of all Items of Interest gathered from the Weekly Issues of the

SAN FRANCISCO NEWS LETTER

AND CALIFORNIA ADVERTISER.

DISPATCHED ONCE A MONTH WITH

LATEST From all parts of the World NEWS

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Shakespeare.

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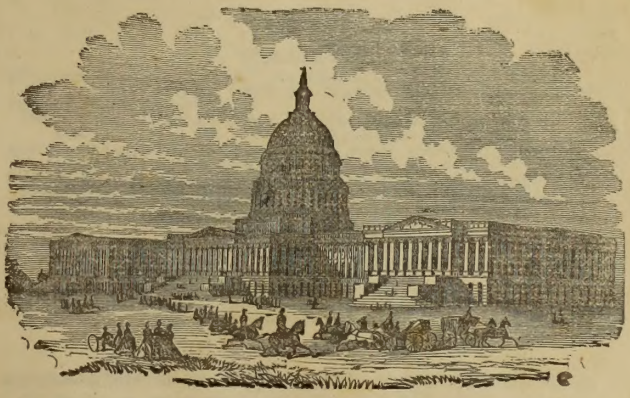

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GERALDINE.

When morning wears a rosy flush, [hues,
And murmuring streams reflect its
Pale as the apple-blossom's blush
Behold through evening's dower of
dews;
And when the sun slimbs up the east,
And not one star or cloud is seen,
Such beauties charm my glance the least
Beside thine own, dear Geraldine!

Earth is a shrine of beauty when
The Summer strews it o'er with flow-
ers;
If there's a time for love 'tis then,
For oh! how sweetly pass the hours
And yonder, where the lilies bow,
How oft in Summer time we've been;
There thou hast heard my ardent vow
Of lasting love, sweet Geraldine!

The timid blushes on thy cheek
Are like the opening rose-buds wild;
The secret of thy heart they speak—
Thy lips have told it when they smiled!
Were I a king, I know, I know
Whom I would gladly make my queen—
It would be thee! my love to show,
My peerless, gentle Geraldine!

S. H.

REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE MADAME PAREPA-ROSA.

Of the many triumphs on the lyric stage of the lamented *prima donna* I shall not speak. Not the least of these were achieved at our Academy of Music, where she was always greeted by crowded and appreciative houses. The records of her professional career, a series of successes from the start, would fill an interesting volume of biography. In her comparatively brief career, she traveled a good deal, and accomplished much. It is painful to think that her superb voice is silent forever.

Mme. Parepa-Rosa was of a jovial temperament, and partial to the sociability of home-life. An acquaintance with her, formed when she made her American *debut*, at Irving Hall, in concert under Mr. Bateman's management, continued throughout her sojourn in this country; of this intercouse I cherish some pleasant reminiscences.

It was the custom of Carl Rosa and madame to invite a few friends and acquaintances to their rooms at the Belvedere Hotel (then on the corner of Fourth Avenue and Fourteenth street), after the concert at Steinway Hall, on Sunday night, for a "bite" and social hour. Inasmuch as they did not get in till quite late, it was generally after midnight, or Monday morning, before the refreshments were removed. It being then Monday morning by the hands of the clock, there could be no reasonable objection to a little conviviality, and story-telling and joking were in order.

A favorite pastime of these social reunions, after the witching hour of midnight, was to place Colby or Mathison at the piano, and then all join in singing some rhythmical line, with Mme. Parepa-Rosa leading, the fun being that each time she transposed the words so that those following were soon in confusion. Her laughter and merriment in consequence were contagious. She used to declare she liked to hear a person laugh; that she did not want to know a person who did not enjoy a laugh.

At one of these gatherings, the humor possessing her, a general game of blind-man's-buff was inaugurated, madame being the blindfolded one herself for a time, till she caught a dignified and well-known musical critic.

In the social games so popular in English home-life, where the elders join just to keep the children company, she was thoroughly skilled, and consequently she was a great favorite with the children in the hotels where she stopped.

On the occasion of her visit to California, in 1868, she and her husband entertained, on the night before their departure, a "jolly party" at the Belvedere, who came to wish them "God-speed," to use the words of the invitation, which I have before me. "*No* answer *gives consent*," were the concluding words in the invitations to these little social gatherings, which she always preferred to formal affairs.

On the occasion in question, Carl Rosa, in his speech, rather bungled in expressing his wishes that they should not be forgotten during their absence (there were several critics present, and he doubtless had an eye to business), when madame

DISRAELI'S TACTICS FOR GLADSTONE'S FALL.

The following extract from a valued correspondent, thoroughly conversant with English politics, will be interesting to our readers:

"I suppose you have seen the account of our (the Radical) upset here. A majority of sixty-six converted into a minority of fifty in a fortnight's campaign. This country is now commencing a political millennium (anyhow, a septennium, for it is certain to last seven years), during which all radicalism and progress will be relegated to a political hell, and in the calm heaven of St. Stephens naught will be heard save the angelic whispers of the blessed Tories. Disraeli has uttered the words, 'Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting opposition;' and really it seems as if for many years to come all was over. Gladstone is said to have abdicated his leadership of the Liberals, Cardwell is made a peer, and we are as sheep without a shepherd—a flock split up into many small discordant fractions, each with some peculiar crochet of its own, which renders its adhesion to the main body (if there were such a thing) impossible. Mr. Disraeli is a very clever man; I will tell you the whole secret of the situation: Seven years ago the Conservative party was nowhere: it was losing ground; it had no programme, and even in the counties it was losing seats at every election. On the other hand, our side was full of vigor, enjoying a majority which was certain to be much increased at a general election, with a whole budget of reforms ready to introduce. Among them was a reform bill, *i. e.*, a bill for lowering the franchise, as we proposed, to rent-payers of £6 a year. Unhappily, the Tories were holding office, and had the initiative of any measures they chose. To the intense astonishment of every one, and to the disgust of many Tory supporters, Disraeli, after opposing the lowering of the franchise, as had been proposed by our side, came out with a reform bill which lost sight of any pecuniary qualification whatever, and made the right to vote entirely dependent on the payment of poor-rates. No one knew what to make of it. The Liberals hailed it (at least the unthinking part of them did) with enthusiasm, but others of more experience and wisdom denounced it as containing a dangerous element of disturbance to the existing state of things. Bright said it admitted the *residuum* which he, radical as he was, thought unqualified to exercise the franchise. Lord Derby, the leader of the Tory Government, swallowed his Lieutenant's measure with undisguised aversion, and declared he felt himself 'taking a leap in the dark.' Several members of the Government resigned. However, the Liberals were glad, and got what they considered a settlement of this question, and the thing passed. Then, of course, came the appeal to the new constituences, which declared for Liberalism by 120 majority. The Tories cursed Disraeli, and such a reign of Liberalism was prophesied as the world had never seen.

"There was the Irish Church to go, the Irish land to reform, the Education Bill to pass, the Licensing Bill for public houses, the abolition of purchase in the army, and a lot of others, and it seemed as if Gladstone had a quiver of good measures, enormous in size and inexhaustible in fecundity, which might keep him in power forever. And now, where are we? Smashed to atoms! I said Disraeli was a very clever man, and thus it is. When he passed the Reform Bill in '67, he was perfectly aware that its first operation must be to turn his party out. But he foresaw that the advent of the Liberals must be followed by several individual measures, which were absolutely rife for enactment, and which the Government of the day *must* deal with, which contained the seeds of disintegration and dissolution to the Government who passed them, and his foresight has been amply justified by the events of this most melancholy month.

"The measures he foresaw as necessary productions of the Government, and which must have this fatal effect upon it, were: *First*, the Education Bill. This had been clamored for by the undenominationalist part of the kingdom for so long that the mere taking in hand any educational measure was bound to assume the aspect of a concession to the Dissenters, and of course to enlist against it the whole of the parson and ecclesiastical machinery, and this is the existing state of things. Almost all the parsons have been so provoked by the Educational Bill that they have moved Heaven and earth against Gladstone's Government, and contributed in no small degree to its downfall. Measure the *second* which was foreseen by the astute old Jew was the Licensing Bill. This was absolutely necessary, and the Liberal Government was in the unlucky condition of being obliged to take it in hand. This was an attack on *vested interests*; the pot-house men combined with the brewers; enlisted every cabby and small shopman on their side; stood unlimited beer on condition of voting Tory; had "constitutional assemblies" every Saturday night in their tap-rooms; and the effect has been incalculable at this last election. And yet the bill was a very mild one, merely limiting the hours of business and providing for the liquor being pure. The *third* measure to which the incoming Government was pledged, and which was foreseen by Disraeli, was the substitution of ballot for open voting at elections. This was passed accordingly, and under its shadow every class of blackguard who has had a grudge against the Government has given a Tory vote. Trades Unionists; Permissive Bill men; small tradesmen, angry that coöperative societies had not been squashed; officers of the army, too short-sighted to see that the service would be benefited by taking away the Stock Exchange element from it; Dissenters, raging because a little Bible reading is allowed by the Education Bill; parsons, wild (and what fools! they are far worse than pot-house men or any other class of idiots) because the dogmas of the Church are not obliged to be crammed into the brains of every small mite fished up out of the gutter.

"This last government has gone to grief not because it has done ill, but because

it has *existed* under the peculiar conditions of the epoch, and it is this deep and far-seeing game that Disraeli has been playing for the last six or seven years. I don't know whether he has looked ahead for that space of time, but if he has, he will see his own reign terminate in much the same way as his predecessor's has just done. For every one of these malcontent classes will be at him to reverse the legislation they complain of us for producing, and of course they won't get any redress. They will then fall away from the Tories one by one, and being intelligent men (all but the parsons), will sober down to their old liberal beliefs, but seven years of national life are lost, alas, and who knows what evil may ensue during those years. I say that these classes will get no redress from the Tories. How should they? When they come to *action* each is but one class against the community. When they confine themselves to *negation* (if I may so express their late opposition) they can combine. But let the publican try to get parliamentary leave again to put *cocculus indicus* in his beer and trust the parson to help him. Or let the parson insist upon shoving his dogmatic rubbish down the throat of the publican's child and listen to the latter swear. They are like lunatics, all ready to combine against any one who ventures to rule alone, but totally unable to combine against three keepers."—*London, Feb.* 26, 1874.

From the San Francisco News Letter.

JOSH BILLINGS.

We were honored, last Wednesday morning, by a visit from a gentleman whose wit and wisdom has too often been the only bright redeeming feature in our daily sheets, and the editors of which consequently returned the compliment by barely noticing his arrival. Mr. H. W. Shaw came almost unheralded, except by the bill-poster, and the subsequent and sudden outburst of enthusiasm in the papers is attributable to the compelling force of his genius: "He came; *they* saw; he conquered." Everybody has laughed over "Josh Billings," but every one does not appreciate that underlying his genuine humor is a strong vein of real philosophy, sometimes cynical, more often good-natured, and never vicious. The man who, commenting on "the noblest work of God," says there is "most of the original edition in the author's hands," has, however, as keen and just an appreciation of his fellow creatures as the author of that splendid Spanish proverb, "God made us, and we wonder at it!" It is this very conciseness that makes the briefest of his lectures full to overflowing with good things, and, in really fine qualities, worth ten sermons. Mr. Shaw is a close observer—the scrutinizing glance of his deep-set eyes would indicate this. Personally, he is *not* a handsome man, though his head denotes great power and determination, but we suspect that the above fact has not hurt him very badly. When the newspapers compare a public man to Richard III., Diogenes and Mephistopheles; when they say that he is a giant of homeliness (Josh is over six feet, and decidedly crook-backed), and compare his mustache to Jack Stratman's, said public is apt to go and see him and judge for themselves. Mr. Shaw accepts the position, not, perhaps, very gracefully, but with an evident appreciation of its pecuniary value, and rather seems to enjoy it than not. When, before the lecture, he drags himself on the stage in decidedly ill-made apparel and partially unkempt hair, and nearly doubles up on a sofa, he certainly does look as though he might have just emerged from his tub. When he makes sundry little weak feints at beginning, the applause is strong, and it is evident that he might have been a success in low comedy. But not quite appreciating these little affectations, we heartily appreciate the man and his matter. We believe that a fresh series of lectures will shortly be inaugurated. Mr. Shaw has promised to do something for the *News Letter* at his earliest leisure, and has a keen appreciation of its style and contents.

NEW COMMERCE WINNERS.

Nothing is more desirable to our State as a whole than to bring as large a share as possible of the commerce of the world to San Francisco. In these days, commerce is a race that is only to be won by the swift. Hitherto we have had old, costly, slow, and otherwise defective steamers, that failed to adequately meet our requirements, and lost us commerce instead of winning it. One of the hopeful signs of the times is that the once powerful Pacific Mail Company is again showing its strength, and is evidencing that ere long it will be abreast of the requirements of to-day. The *Granada* recently arrived, the *Colima* will be here again within a week, and the *City of Pekin*, the largest steamer afloat except the *Great Eastern*, was launched on the Delaware the other day amidst suitable rejoicings. This is progress. We most heartily congratulate the company, and venture to express our conviction that it will not grow weary in the good work it has so earnestly and successfully begun.

A gentleman of the Hebrew persuasion, of the name of Israel, who was made a viscount by some foreign potentate, was afterwards known among his intimates as "Discount Israel."

"LOOK NOT UPON THE WINE," ETC.

"Drinking!
I was drinking with a friend."
Were you drinking then again?
Come, tell me, while I'm thinking
How to stop your fish-like drinking,
For you're drinking,
Always drinking:
Will you never learn to hedge—
Will you never sign the pledge?

"Not much!
Hic 'vita brevis,' and soon will o'er."
Yes, but do you not remember
The hold *you* have is very tender,
And it waxes weaker every 'bender'?
For you're drinking,
Always drinking,
In the night and in the morning.
My good advice you're always scorning.

"Take something.
Your good advice I'll try to follow."
Well! seeing its you, I won't refuse.
This, of course, must be 'sub rosa;'
'Twould never do—Well, here goes, ah!
Jove, that's good.
It's always good.
It 'pears to me, if one is careful,
The results of drinking is not so fearful.

* * * * * * * * *

"Drinking?
Hic! I was drinking with a friend."
Were *you* drinking! O deceiver,
Didn't you promise you would never
Touch the poison, but would endeavor
With your example
(A pretty sample) [ter?'
To show the strength of 'mind o'er mat-
And here you are, "Drunk as a hatter."

San Francisco, March 28th, 1874.

J. Q. A.

FEMININE CHIT-CHAT.

A lady correspondent in London writes to us as follows: London is very dull just now, though people who know all about such matters say that the coming season will be remarkably brilliant. The demand for houses at the West End is something unprecedented, and enormous rents are being demanded for very inferior houses. I suppose the Duke of Edinburgh and his bride are answerable for the extra rush of visitors, as they are for all sorts of absurdities perpetrated in their names. Mr. Chatterton has abandoned his project of playing the dreary old drama of the *Exiles of Siberia*, as a compliment (?) to the fair Russian Princess, and something gayer will be presented to the Royal visitors when they honor old Drury with their presence. Talking of theaters, the monster benefit to be given to the veteran Webster is to be a very grand affair indeed. I have seen some very elegant bonnets and mantles ordered expressly for it—one especially, a drawn bonnet in prune silk, lined with pale blue, and with a wide brim turned up at the back, and with a large bunch of spring flowers in front, is a very dressy affair. One lady is going to the stalls in a very elegant dress of the faintest shade of gray silk trimmed with Russian blue velvet, and a bonnet to correspond, with a long drooping feather. Astonishing prices are already advertised for the occasion, but they are nothing to what will be really given in many instances. Those who have a fancy for seeing all the past celebrities of the stage who are still living will be amply gratified. Very large lace tunics or tunics of silver gauze are worn very much for evening and demi toilettes, and very handsome and graceful they look. There is a way of draping the old-fashioned square lace shawls to form very pretty tunics, two of the corners making points in front. I saw a novel idea put forth in a card of invitation to a fashionable ball lately. The invitations were issued for a fancy ball, and fancy dress was imperative, but it was only the head. The character to be assumed was only to be represented by the head gear. I should imagine the effect would be more peculiar than pretty, though perhaps less costly than getting up entirely in character. The latest dress, bearing the name of "Marie," is very pretty. It is a winter costume of black velvet—the tunic very long and full, and the skirt quite plain. The tunic is trimmed all round with peacocks' feathers, neither the eyes nor the fringe, but the short feathers from the breast. The effect is exceedingly elegant, but the trimming is as costly as the most expensive fur, only such a little bit of the kind being available for the purpose. I saw rather an odd style of arranging a bride's veil at a fashionable wedding lately. Instead of covering the face it was looped back at one side of her forehead, apparently held in its place by a branch or sprig coming out of the wreath underneath it. The effect was slightly theatrical, but very becoming to the bride's bright pretty face. It is the fashion now to select children as bridesmaids when they can possibly be found for the purpose, and to have them all as nearly as possible the same hight; the chief bridesmaid, at a recent very grand bridal display, was a very dignified young lady of about eight, who seemed to consider her small self no unimportant part of the morning's display. The little troop all wore very broad sashes with the bride's monogram embroidered on the ends in pearls in the center of a wreath. Velvet and muslin is a very fashionable mixture for bridesmaids' dresses now. I saw some where the skirts were velvet of a very curious and ugly shade of red, and the tunics of beautiful Indian muslin, with most delicate embroidery. Red in all shades is very much worn at weddings now. There is a curious looking little frock on exhibition, in a west-end juvenile warehouse, the design of which is said to be Russian. It is of plain velvet and of the Princesse shape, but the ornamentation is barbaric, to say the least of it. About half way down the skirt there rests upon it what looks like a heavy neck collar of dead gold of at least an inch in breadth. It is lace and very light, but it looks as though it weighed half a pound at least. It goes all round, and the neck and sleeves are similarly ornamented. Anything uglier or more unchildlike in appearance, can scarcely be imagined.—*Glasgow Mail.*

[From the San Francisco News Letter.]

WHAT IS SAID IN ENGLAND ABOUT HALL'S AUSTRALIAN LINE.

The following article, from the pen of the Editor-in-Chief of the "European Mail," is so full of practical information, and deals with so many salient points in reference to the lately established Australian line, that it claims insertion in our journal by reason of its innate merits. The *News Letter* desires to see all such enterprises as this succeed, and it is certain it best helps to secure that end when it gives space to objections and suggestions so well informed and dispassionate as are the following:

"There is nothing that commands attention so much as success, and it is therefore a very great pity that the mails, *via* San Francisco, were not run to time. The line was inaugurated with some flourish of trumpets, and a carefully prepared table of dates of arrivals and departures was prepared and sent round to all who were interested in the trade of Australia and New Zealand, and yet after all these minute preparations expectation was raised only to be disappointed, for the mails by the *MacGregor* were delivered just ten days after they were due, and simultaneously with those of Melbourne *via* Galle. The San Francisco line is all important to New Zealand if not to New South Wales and her neighbors; and under these circumstances it is certain that steps must be taken to make it reliable. New Zealand and Australia are now so far on the road to Empire—are gaining so much on the esteem—not to say reverence—of the people of this country that failure in any scheme with which either of these great countries are concerned should be taken to be a thing almost impossible. They have everything on their side to ensure success—are not lacking in enterprise and capital, and yet, the very industries and capital which this new line was started to help on and foster seem likely to suffer from a want of knowledge on the part of some one or the other in gauging the details of the service to be performed, and in selecting the means for carrying it out. There would have been some excuse if the line from San Francisco to New York had been 'snowed up,' but there is not for the delay which took place between Sydney, Kandavau, and San Francisco. We know that the *MacGregor* arrived at San Francisco on January 25th, when she was due there on January 19th—so that here is six days out of the ten accounted for; but 'the trade' on this side has yet to be informed whether the delay took place from want of steam power, 'bad weather,' or by the detention of the packet at Kandavau through the non-arrival at the date set down of the 'coaster' from Auckland. Whatever the cause, it should be sifted with a view to improvement, and while the authorities are about it, they would do well to alter the time-table, in order that it may approximate more closely to a bi-monthly service with that *via* Galle and Melbourne; because, as at present arranged and conducted, it is practically useless, if not inconvenient. The mails must be despatched from San Francisco immediately upon their arrival, and must not be detained—as I am informed they were in the case of the *MacGregor*—till next day (January 26th). I cannot say whether there was any detention at New York, but the mails were sent home by the *Manhattan* which arrived two days after the *Abyssinia*, that brought letters dated San Francisco, January 27th. Thus it would appear that if the mails had been delayed another day and sent on by the *Abyssinia*, they would have been delivered in London on February 14th instead of February 16th—a clear gain of two days. Our old friend the *City of Melbourne*—desirous, I suppose, of emulating the enterprise of the city after which she is named—has made a better trip than the *MacGregor*, for she arrived at San Francisco within one day of the contract time—that is to say on February 17th, so that, if the mails are despatched at once, and seven days are allowed—rather too much—for the transit of the mails to New York from San Francisco, and eleven days per steamer home, we may get the January mails on March 7th, when they will be just three days over due. It will be a comfort if each succeeding steamer should improve upon the performance of the *City of Melbourne*, and so bring the work within the terms of the time-table, because an unreliable mail service is of all things 'the greatest bore out,' and makes 'confusion worse confounded.' On the want of judgment in sending the *Mikado* upon a service which was almost certain to prevent her arrival in the colony in time to bring on your January mails I will not now comment, because my hope is that the shortcomings at which I have already glanced may be improved upon, and that there may yet be secured to us a punctual and useful mail service *via* San Francisco. Just one word more, to say that we are all anxious on the subject of the arrival of our January mails at Auckland and Sydney, and that we hope to receive a telegram on March 2d, stating that they have been delivered." [It is in reference to this mail, per *MacGregor*, that a telegram has been received announcing that, that steamer is ashore at Fiji.—ED. NEWS LETTER.]

Marriage Relations.—The passion for family lineage and notoriety reached its acme a short time since. A country damsel, inquiring about her London admirer's friends, received the following promise from him: "The next time yer missus lets yer hav' a 'oliday, I'll take yer to Madam Toosawd's and show yer my brother." The brother had been hanged for murder, and his effigy was in the "room of horrors."

COURT CHAT.

The following item may be taken to be a specimen of "Court Chat" Americanized: "The marriage of Mr. Daniel A. Lindley and Miss Mary Grace Field, daughter of Mr. Cyrus W. Field, inventor of the Atlantic cable, took place recently at the residence of the bride's parents, 123 East Twenty-first street. In some respects this was the most notable, and, at the same time, most brilliant matrimonial celebration of the year. For some time past the wedding was the all-absorbing theme of conversation in fashionable society and was eagerly anticipated by those of the "upper ten thousand" who had the good fortune to receive invitations. Over fifteen hundred cards of invitation were issued, and on the day of the wedding the hairdressers had more orders than they could fulfill. Indeed, we hear that the young girls who are employed by Isabean, Dibblee, and other leading hairdressers, commenced operations as early as six o'clock in the morning and were kept busy all day long. The wedding took place at four o'clock at which hour the house was crowded with the *elite* of this and other cities. A very large number of distinguished people were present, the Fields being a large family and having an immense visiting list. The floral decorations were remarkably beautiful and elaborate. The parlors were literally a huge bower of roses and presented a most magnificent sight. Rev. Dr. Lindley, the bridegroom's father, and Rev. Dr. Tyng, performed the marriage ceremony, after which there was a reception and banquet. The bride was beautifully dressed in white satin and her presents were estimated to be worth half a million dollars. To accommodate the guests the residence of Mr. David Dudley Field next door was connected by means of a covered balcony in the rear and very handsomely embellished with flowers, plants and vines. The bride is a very pretty and accomplished young lady, quite a belle in society and very much beloved. Mr. and Mrs. Lindley are now on their wedding tour and will soon sail for Europe."

Dukes are creatures of slow growth or slow production. The King, we know on the poet's authority, "can mak' a belted knight, a marquis, duke, and a' that," but he is very chary of using his power in regard to the last-named of the three. In a reign of nearly thirty-seven years England's present Sovereign has not made more than three dukes, and one of these was a duchess, if we may be pardoned the apparent bull, and the second a Royal duke, while the third was an Irish duke. The elevation of the Marquis of Westminster to the dukedom of that ilk is the first instance of the dignity being created under other than special conditions, or in a particular fashion. Her Majesty's predecessor, William IV., created two dukes—those of Sutherland and Cleveland—whose representatives are still among us. George IV., when King, made but one Duke—him of Buckingham; though as Prince Regent it was his privilege to give Wellington his dukedom. George III. guarded the dignity of duke so jealously that, except in the case of his two brothers and six younger sons, he created only two British dukedoms—viz., those of Northumberland and Montagu, the latter of which became extinct nearly ninety years ago. To him also is due the Irish dukedom of Leinster, which, until by Mr. Disraeli's advice the Queen made Lord Abercorn an Irish duke sixteen years ago, was Ireland's only dukedom.

The friendly relations of England with Russia have already had the effect of introducing into Edinburgh several rare articles of food. The other evening at a dinner in the Balmoral Hotel, the "menu" included haunches of white bear and wild boar, and various specimens of fish from Russian waters, embracing a peculiar kind resembling small trout, with nine eyes, the "hors d'œuvres" including Zakoushis, which in Russia take the place of English oysters, and are formed of a great variety of native products. The flesh of the bear, which was specially telegraphed for from St. Petersburg, closely resembled "corned beef," while that of the boar, believed to be one of a herd which the Prince of Wales and party lately hunted near the Russian capital, was not unlike mutton in taste and appearance.

The Prince Imperial.—The *Courier de Paris* asserts that the Prince was insured for large sums at all the life insurance offices on his birthday, March 16, 1856, the policies stipulating that these sums shall become due upon the attainment of his majority, fixed at eighteen years. The Prince Imperial will thus shortly come into possession of several million francs of his own. The *Sport* announces that Prince Napoleon and the Princess Clotilde will leave Paris on the 14th proximo, to attend the *fête* at Chislehurst on the majority of the Prince Imperial.

Two incidents worthy of note in the dramatic world occurred recently. *Uncle Sam* made his 100th appearance at the Vaudeville, despite the opposition of the American colony, who strongly object to their eccentricities being held up to ridicule. The *Fille de Madame Angot* was played upon the Boulevards for the 365th time in succession—a success without precedent in French dramatic annals. Madame Angot is a mythical personage in the opera; like Madame Benolton she is never seen, but recently Madame Milher, dressed as Madame Angot, came upon the stage and congratulated Mademoiselle on her unexampled success.

His Royal Highness the Duke de Chartres dined with his Excellency the Duke de la Rochefoucauld Bisaccia recently at the French Embassy, Albert-gate. There were present to meet the duke—Prince de Croy, the Marquis de Brachet, Count A. de la Londe, Count le Baume Pluvinel, Count and Countess Xavier de Florion, Viscount de Vanvinex, M. Gavard, Baron and Baroness de Grancey, M. F. de Vaugelas, and M. Véron.

A handsome gold bouquet-holder is to be presented to the Duchess of Edinburgh by Miss Beatrice Lake, the daughter of the Mayor of Gravesend. It will cost about £50, and is in the form of Hymen's torch, chased with acorns and oak leaves, with the rose, shamrock, and thistle, the Gravesend arms on one side, and on the opposite side the duchess' coronet, with monogram, surrounded by garter, bearing the inscription :—"Presented to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Edinburgh by the ladies of Gravesend. March 7, 1874."

The police have confiscated a number of portraits with legends of the Prince Imperial, and water-color drawings which are considered political. They were exposed in a stationer's shop in the Champs Elysées grand avenue, supposed to be a Bonapartist agent. Query, is there any wisdom or common sense in this, when the shop windows expose the portraits of Henri II. and other pretenders ?

Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, accompanied by the the Queen, will make a public entry into London on Thursday, the 13th of March. The route will be from the Great Western Railway Station along London street, Grand Junction road, Edgware road, Oxford street, Regent street, and Waterloo place, to Buckingham Palace.

Among the pocket-handkerchiefs in the *trousseau* of the Duchess of Edinburgh there is one that was exhibited in the Italian department at the Paris Exposition of 1867. It was purchased last year in Italy for 12,000 francs by the Czarina, and is said to have cost the embroiderer seven of the best years of her life, and her eyes into the bargain.

After the arrival of the Duke of Edinburgh and his Imperial bride at Windsor a grand banquet will be given at St. George's Hall, and that, on a day to be appointed, the Queen, with their Royal Highnesses, will enter London, Her Majesty thus, as it were, presenting her new daughter to her people.

QUICKSILVER.

The Quicksilver Mining Company has recently made its annual report. From this we learn that during the year passed it has paid its first mortgage bonds of $500,000 falling due in June last, leaving $320,000 surplus. The contracts running for years past with several rich California capitalists, for the delivery of it's entire product, and $30 and $50 per flask ceased a year ago, not to be renewed, and since then the company has sold its own Quicksilver to consumers at the current market price of the day, say $100 per flask, more or less. The New Almaden—being the original name of this valuable cinnabar mine—was opened in 1846, but the yield from that time to 1850 is not known. But from July, 1850, up to January 1st, 1874, this mine produced 573,150 flasks of Quicksilver, containing 76½ lbs each. The greatest production in any one year was in 1865, 47,194 flasks; monthly average of 3,933 flasks. The product in 1866 fell off 1,000 flasks per month, and has since steadily diminished, yielding in 1873 only 11,042 flasks. The total yield of the company's mines in 21 years, 583,721 flasks, equal to 44,654,656 lbs. This is probably the richest cinnabar mine in America. We are not advised as to the product of the Almaden Mine in Spain, now under the control of the Rothschilds. It is enough for us to show that these two mines have for years past controlled the Quicksilver markets of the world. The percentage of yield from the cinnabar has very greatly diminished in the New Almaden the past few years, declining from 1850, when it was 36.74 per cent., down to 4.87 per cent. in 1873. In 1873, the New Almaden Mine produced 11,042 flasks; New Idria Mines, 7,600 flasks; Redington Mines, 4,200 flasks; all other mines in the State, 4,800 flasks; showing a total production here in 1873 of 27,642 flasks. In 1872, product, 30,306 flasks; in 1871, product, 31,881 flasks. For more than a year past, the world's production has fallen far short of the consumption, which very readily accounts for the great rise in its commercial value. There is no end to the discoveries of new Quicksilver mines on this coast, but the trouble is to get them to be productive, to be profitable to the owners.

"Jock" Dalgleish.—A man named John Dalgleish was at one time the "dempster" or hangman of Edinburgh. He it was who acted at the execution of Wilson, the smuggler, in 1736, and who is alluded to so frequently in the tale of the "Heart of Midlothian." Dalgleish, it is said, was looked upon, before his taking up this office, as a person in credible circumstances. He is memorable for one pithy saying. Some one asked him how he contrived, in whipping a criminal, to adjust the weight of his arm. "Oh," said he, "I lay on the lash according to my conscience." Either "Jock," or some later official, was remarked to be a regular *hearer* at the Tolbooth Church. As no other person would sit in the same seat, he always had a pew to himself. He regularly attended the communion; but here the exclusiveness of his fellow-creatures also marked itself, and the clergyman was obliged to serve a separate table for the hangman, after the rest of the congregation had retired from the church.

Remarkable.—One of the quietest places in Ireland is Clonmacnoise. You wouldn't have thought it!

THE QUARREL.

"You say you doubt my love. Ah, well,
I daresay you know best;
If not—where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis better to be blest."

So he took up his light guitar,
And gayly touched the strings,
Saying: "She will not know my pain,
For who is pained, yet sings."

"My doubt is changed to certainty,
He loves me not," she said;
"When I am weeping he should weep,
But, lo! he sings instead."

So she commenced with unconcern
To read a funny book,
And each the other slyly eyed
With many a stealthy look.

At length he heaved a woful sigh;
"I am too sad to sing," [laughed,
He said; "Ha, ha!" she, reading,
"Here's such a funny thing."

But all the time her little heart
Was beating loud and fast; [weak,
She knew that he, whom love made
Was coming round at last.

"I'm sorry that I pained you, love;
But you shall have the dress:
Although I sang when you were sad,
I love you ne'ertheless."

She answered: "And altho' I laughed,
I was not much amused,
In sooth it was the dullest book
I ever have perused."

So with a kiss the wound was healed,
And love waxed stronger far,
Than if his path had been quite smooth,
Without a single jar.

The moral of the tale is this,
Fair women, never weep
When you're abused, but rather laugh,
If you'd your power keep.

For man delights in woman's tears
When he has made them flow;
He loves to think he need but smile,
And as they came they go.

T. A. H.

DENTON.

Denton, the scientist, is evidently no homeopathic practitioner. He gives us our doses in large quantities. If his audiences have intelligently followed him, the amount of science he has crammed down their throats during the past week is something prodigious. To attempt to criticise him would be to bore our readers; to pretend to agree with all he says would be misleading them. All we propose, under the circumstances, is to allow him to speak for himself, briefly. In speaking of the "origin of man," he referred to a number of facts which he called "pointers," indicating that man has developed from a lower grade to a higher all the way through. In this connection he gave a quotation from Agassiz, who speaks of the human brain, as if man were akin to every creature that lives. He then spoke of the resemblance of the human body to the monkey, and the linking forms that exist between man and the lowest types of life. An important pointer is formed by the rudimentary organs that animals possess, but have no use for. Under the skin of the boa constrictor are limbs folded up which are never of the slightest use. We can actually see among lizards the very step by which such an animal may be transformed into a serpent. The true whale has no teeth; the unborn whale has teeth. What does a whale want with teeth before it is born? The whale is a modification of some animal that had teeth and used them. The teeth, for want of use, gradually became smaller and smaller, until they are covered up by the gums. The embryo animal tells what its progenitor was ages ago. The cow has no teeth in the upper jaw in front. The unborn calf has, and this gives an idea what the animal was long ago. He spoke of birds without wings, with only the bone left to tell the tale of by-gone days. These animals, so changed, have come into their present state by a series of modifications, and not by miracle. After speaking of the geological succession of animals, he referred to the resemblance between tertiary mammals and their predecessors in the same localities. New Zealand has in her rocks no forms of mammal—nothing but wingless birds. The indications are that the birds of that country and Australia are modified descendants of those that lived there formerly. The animals of New Zealand resemble those of Australia. The indications are that these lands were united at one time, and after the separation the animals became modified into different forms. Taking up the objections against Darwin's theory, that man has developed from lower animals, he said that man ridicules the idea that a monkey was his father and an oyster his grandfather. For his own part he did not believe that any existing man descended from any existing monkey. The being that man descended from must have been different. If we could see the animal that we descended from, we would call it a monkey. He believed that man was made by God, but he did not believe that he was made by a miracle and at once. In answer to the question, "Why do we not see the process going on now?" he referred to the slow process involved in the changing of species. Geology gives us immense periods of time, and those periods must be taken into account. His opinion was that if every man was swept from the earth to-day, he would appear again, by a process exceedingly slow but exceedingly operative. He denied that this theory destroys the belief in immortality, and held that all organic existence has a spirit; that man does not stand alone.

There was a heavy fall of snow here Saturday morning, and the devil to pay in the evening. However, we paid him.

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

When we were a small boy, we were accustomed to write on the fifth page of our copy-book, under a copper plate marvel, in small, round, crabbed, crooked, uneven hand, these words: "Example is better than precept." It took so long to make our penmanship a legible affair, that we wrote this line many, many times, and in time came to believe it. When, however, we went forth into the world, we found so much precept and so little example that we shamelessly went back on the latter, and took to the former like mothers' milk. We encountered much of it wherever we went, but perhaps we came across most of it in the columns of a journal which, by some hocus-pocus, had managed to assume considerable prestige in this golden city. Its editorials were a perfect stream of precepts, harmless in that they were weak, but powerful in that they were unremitting. After many successive baths in these moral platitudes, it occurred to us to inquire what manner of man he was who thus so continuously shed the refulgence of his goodness upon this wicked western city. And it was told us that he came from St. Louis. And we determined to search the annals of St. Louis to find what manner of good he had done to become so successful a preceptor, for we had concluded to try a little precepting on our own hook. So we asked of the inhabitants of St. Louis, and they spun us many yarns, but the chiefest yarn was this: Somewhere about the year 1842, a Frenchman, Chaves by name—he has now a son in Congress—started on a trading expedition from St. Louis to Santa Fe, carrying with him much money, goods, horses, cattle, etc. Now, the preceptor was at that time exceedingly impecunious, and he saw here a chance to make a raise, for it was rank in his nostrils that Chaves should have more than he. So he organized a plan which three of his confederates carried out, while he himself remained like the Temperance Crusade—in a state of masterly inactivity. These three friends murdered and robbed the unfortunate Frenchman, but were themselves caught, convicted, and sentenced to death. Two of them were hung, but the third escaped by the dirty loop-hole through which it is the custom of such people to creep. The preceptor, who was the chief malefactor, had covered up his tracks so carefully that, although the finger of the law pointed itself at him, it could not get on him. He left the scenes of his early training, and set himself up in his new business in a distant city, which is San Francisco. The spinner did not vouch for the truth of this yarn, nor do we, but it has entirely broken us of our desire to become a preceptor, if we are to follow in such paths, and we are perfectly content to leave our iniquity as it has always been, nothing more than a skin rash, and to rejoice that we have not within a festering corruption which breaks out in the shape of deceitful, whining, canting, hypocritical precepts, as is the case with this most moral mentor.

A bewildered community need no more take opposite sides on vexed moral questions. The Catholics have taken it in hand, and will furnish us with all the enlightenment necessary. The Archbishop has decided to call a few of the priests together at stated intervals of time, and the public are to be treated to a dose of local Infallibility. Our boys and our girls will be crammed into a nutshell; the social evil will be irrevocably disposed of in a jiffy; all Dutch corner groceries will be closed, but the others will be left open that the reform may not be too sweeping. The new code will be made clear to the darkest understanding. The Nigs will be admitted to the schools provided Catholic children are not made to sit with them. Whenever our Legislators get in a muddle, or our Supervisors in a fog, or our officials in a scrape, it will only be necessary to call on the Archbishop and his chosen few. What a relief; yet how many occupations will be gone. The *Bulletin* and *Call* will have nothing to lie about, nor the *Alta* to prose about, nor the *Chronicle* to make sensations about, nor the *Post* to follow suit, nor the *Examiner* to fire off its occasional blunderbuss about, nor Tommy Newcomb to make a joke about, nor Frank Pixley to hurl gall and wormwood at. Do you think to stop all these, O little Bishop? Small is thy body, but great the conceit that fills it; yet greater the ruling passion of any and all of these, and if the press refuse to receive thy dictum where art thou, O thou Little Infallible.

Professor Denton says there is no devil, and the Professor ought to know, since it is his custom to dig into the bowels of the earth—the devil's accepted lodging place—for themes. The announcement, however, puts us very much at sea. For years it has been our custom—a custom engrained into our being from earliest infancy—to shift the onus of all wicked responsibilities on to the shoulders of this be-horned and be-hoofed myth. We have considered the devil to be the origin of all back-pay steals, Congress lies, soulless monopolies, editorial mendacities, harbor frauds, City Hall basements, political wire-pullings, stock rings, *Bulletin* moralities, *Call* reports, *Chronicle* investigations, Supervisorial street neglect, municipal gas bills, Woman Suffrage Conventions, Stanly scares, etc. We, ourself, in the course of a long and useful life, have burdened ourself with the committal of several little peccadilloes, in which, by the way, neither lies nor politics had part. It had been our intention, when the judgment day came, to quietly shuffle these faults on to the shoulders of our old friend, walk into Heaven as if nothing had happened, take somebody's reserved seat, put on our new wings and give them a flap or two, to get used to them, pick up our new harp, tune it, and strike up "O, no! we'll never get drunk any more!" in true repentant style. But Professor Denton interferes materially with our programme. If there is no devil, what are we going to do with our little bundle in the valley of Jehosophat?

After an attentive reading of the Black will case, we are animated by a strong desire to present our most earnest congratulations to the widow. Property or no property, it is so seldom that the Lord intimates a willingness to take such a man unto himself that he deserves encouragement and appreuse for such rare kindness. A man who kept a hogshead of spirits in his bedroom, a decanter on the piano, a bottle on the window-sill, and dem johns setting all around, from each of which he frequently and impartially took a quaff, would scarce have been admitted to the other place anyhow, since such an explosion would have been imminent as would have knocked the gridirons all to flinders, put a stop to the toasting, and wound the business up generally. Another interesting portion of the case is a wonderment as to how drunk a drunken man would have to be to appear drunk to those young women who testify that they never saw the lamented deceased drunk. It is our private impression that these young persons have been brought up on an exclusive diet of biled owl.

If there is one thing more than another toward which our School Superintendent does most seriously incline, it is to be boss. If there is another, it is to be approved. How thorny, then, must be the pillow of the gentle Jimmy when he is brought up by a round turn, with a public censure, to say nothing of the probable defeat of his boss bill! It doesn't matter that the censure is a little outcropping of spite and bad temper. It is a censure, all the same, and will fire the blood of scheming Jeems, and we will have some more of the educational rows, which we have quite missed of late, and which long custom had taught us to consider our legitimate entertainment. Things promise to be a little livelier, too, in that the war, which was hitherto a civil one, and confined entirely to the Board itself, extends its field of operations and embraces the lobbying Superintendent. Further developments we await with impatience, and, in the meantime, are pleased to record first blood for the Board of Education.

The latest thing in corpses, is, to keep them till they smell. Fragrant idea. Let the defunct turn blue in the face as an indigo bag, and cold as a Sitka iceberg, but don't bury them till they become loud. If, after a liberal distribution of ammonia, alcohol, lavender water, Thayer's verbena water, Wakelee's cologne, a bottle of bay rum, a dozen or two of Lubin's extract, and a liberal opening of windows, the odor can no longer be endured, then burial may be considered advisable. Super-anxious parents may wait for the dropping off of a toe-joint or some other unmistakable test, but disinterested friends wishing to attend the funeral will be more than satisfied with a draft of noxious air. It is to be hoped that as many as possible will postpone their departure to the bourne till the warm weather comes in, when funeral preparations may be expedited, and waiting friends need not be kept long waiting on the nasal rack.

What cannot the imagination of a boarding-school girl devise? We, who are astonished at little, were yet astonished at the latest method of passing love letters under the inspecting dragon's nose by compressing the maximum of affection into the minimum of space necessary for three one-cent stamps. It was cruel of the lady to stop it, and entirely out of her line of business, for does she not give lessons in rhetoric, and does not rhetoric particularly recommend concession and brevity, and all that sort of thing? In our humble opinion, it was the business of the old spook, who probably loosened the stamps by spitting on them, and thus got at the condensed essence of a young lady's heart, to first spank that young woman well for breaking the rules, and then give her the first prize in composition for the mode of doing it.

The Rock (English paper) makes a startling and original observation *apropos* of No. 2, Whitehall Gardens, Mr. Disraeli's new London residence. The Conservative Premier is informed that if he had lived in 1649, and if (there is much virtue in—several "ifs") No. 2, Whitehall Gardens, had then happened to be in existence—"He might have witnessed from his west windows the decapitation of Charles the First, who was beheaded at Whitehall, within a pistol-shot of Mr. Disraeli's door." If, moreover, he had happened to live a trifle of centuries before that, and No. 2, Whitehall Gardens, had been No. 2, in the Garden of Eden, he might have seen the Eve of a general election tempted by the serpent of Conservative reaction to take a bite out of the apple of the ballot.

It is the popular thing just now to have your funeral come off before you are dead. The joke is confined principally to young ladies, who turn the house topsy-turvy, harrow the family feelings to a fearful extent, add an extra item to the family dry-goods bill in the shape of a shroud and fixings, raise flowers and wreaths enough to decorate the house for a party, start all the friends and acquaintances half way on the Cliff House Road, and just as people are congratulating themselves that the foes is nearly over, perform the Virginny Essence on the coffin lid, and come out all right. This thing may be all very well once in a way, but at the present rate it is becoming monotonous, and we have heard various heads of families intimate that the next time they would carry the thing through—or bust. If we are to be present we prefer the funeral.

A Physician, not unknown to the dirtier walks of San Francisco fame, has had the cheek to locate himself once more amongst us, and in an elaborate card makes an appeal to his old patrons. Advertising is usually attended with successful results, but this time we fear the papers patronized by the gentleman have little circulation among that class of people who were wont to take his drugs. A set of postal cards labeled with the addresses to be found in Lone Mountain cemeteries will be more likely to reach them in Heaven—or elsewhere.

It has been suggested by some wiseacre that all artists, in whatever department, should work with some definite purpose in view—the writer point a moral, the painter preach a silent lesson, etc. Mr. Nahl, our eminent artist, in painting his somewhat flaring picture of "The Fandango," has evidently intended utterly to annihilate the traditional idea that the Mexican Señorita is a handsome woman. We beg leave to offer our congratulations upon the most successful accomplishment of his purpose. If he has also intended to convey the idea that the great Creator spent too much time upon the symmetry of the mule, we must beg leave once more to congratulate him upon the faithful carrying out of his intentions.

The T. C. enjoys the spectacle of old Mrs. Benevolence (wife of D. B. Benevolence,) working in the Women's Crusade ranks against the unholy grocers and retailers of "Kentucky wine," because the *T. C.* knows the self-sacrificing spirit of old lady Benevolence, especially in one instance where the Benevolent Association had given a sewing machine to a poor woman, and old lady B. took away the machine, being a new one, substituting her old one in its stead, from a kindly anxiety lest the new one might not work as smoothly as the long used one. The *T. C.* rejoices to see that the old lady B. and her worser half are building another new tenement house out of the works of benevolence to the poor. How the Devil must cachinate in his cuffs.

The San Jose People object to the absurd questions put to teachers under examination. We ourselves concur in the objections as to isothermal differences, the Mississippi basin, etc. Let them be asked how many stations there are on the Oakland railway, how many miles of rotten Nicholson in the streets of San Francisco, how many tolls there are in and around San Francisco, how many hours it takes to make one's way through the mud into Golden Gate Park, how many blocks of Montgomery avenue are almost begun, and other questions of useful interest. If they can answer these, or any of these, they are entitled to life diplomas.

The photographers complain that they have not realized the same amount of money, in the same space of time, from the sale of Josh Billings' as from Miss Neilson's pictures. We advise them to have Raymond taken in his "Chrysos" costume, and they'll make another fortune, if it be true that a thing of beauty is a joy forever.

The dailies hint at the appearance in the Eighth Ward of a confidence man, with a scar on his upper lip. For a well-looking confidence man we have some regard, but a scarred confidence man is lacking in fecundity of idea. Why don't he buy an organ and go into business as a veteran?

The Pioneers are celebrating their arrivals by installments. Each boat-load seems to have been pretty distinctive in its character. The February lot were a crowd of nobodies; the June lot comprised a good many of the somebodies. The next lot will be either all vigilantes or parsons.

SPECIAL BREVITIES.

A flourishing joint-stock company, which for the simplicity of its swindling has rarely been exceeded, was some time ago wound up in London. The company consisted of two enterprising gentlemen, who derived their dividends from the fine imposed upon one member of the firm on account of information furnished by the other. It appears that the Metropolitan Board of Works, grievously troubled with the bad conduct of contractors in allowing their men to shunt street mud into the nearest sewer, had passed a regulation giving two pounds and ten shillings to any informer furnishing such evidence as should lead to the prosecution and conviction of persons guilty of the offence. On conviction the fine has usually been ten shillings. On this simple basis the two petty financiers erected their structure. One of them simply committed the offence, and the other gave the information. The offender was fined ten shillings, while the informer received two pounds ten shillings. The fine paid, the two stockholders declared a dividend of two pounds, of which each conspirator had a pound to himself. By repeating the operation in different parts of the city the two men for some weeks earned a sufficient livelihood; but unhappily the plan was detected, and, as a remedy against fraud, the Board of Works reduced the informer's fee to ten shillings, which left no margin for profit.

A Centenarian Artist.—Galignani says that Count Waldeck, painter, residing in Paris, has just arrived at the age of 108 years. In 1826 this artist, being then 60, and in want of money, presented some of his pictures at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, and asked £40,000 for them. M. Bastard, the director, replied that the resources at his demand did not permit him to make a purchase of that importance, but that if M. Waldeck consented he would obtain for him an annual allowance of 2,000 francs. The painter has therefore received during forty-eight years a total sum of 96,000 francs. The old gentleman is in excellent health.

It is somewhat remarkable that the seal, which requires sometimes to remain a considerable time under water, is furnished with a sort of valve under its nose, to prevent the entrance of the water into the nasal passage, the only other animal with a similar provision being the camel, which sometimes, in crossing the desert, has to encounter tremendous sand-storms.

Such was Lady Holland's strength of volition that it required no slight degree of moral courage to resist her commands or refuse her most unreasonable wish. Turning by the Great Western from Chippenham, after a visit to Bowood, she took Brunel in the carriage with her, and made him slacken the pace of the express train to less than twenty miles an hour, in spite of the protestations of the passengers. She insisted on Dickens telling her how Nicholas Nickleby was to end before he had half developed or haply conceived the plot. She had a superstitious dread of lightning; and there is a story of her dressing up her maid in her own clothes to attract the bolt intended for herself. She had an equal dread of fire, which induced Sydney Smith to hurry to her with the model of a fire-escape, the efficacy of which he was prepared to guarantee on condition that the person resorting to it was first reduced to a state of nudity. He recommended it by the example of a clerical friend, who, haunted by the same fear, had provided himself with one, and being awakened in the dead of the night by a knocking and ringing which he took for an alarm of fire, let himself down, after throwing off his night-shirt, on the steps before his door, where his wife and daughters (kept late at a ball) were knocking and ringing to be let in.—*Quarterly Review.*

Another brand-new thing is the unbleached face powder, a clear olive tint, considered much more stylish than the old-time pearl white and flesh tints. On Fifth Avenue of a bright afternoon can be met any number of these brune complexions—a dash of rose upon the cheeks, and the hair parted one side and plastered in scallops across the front. This olive powder is making Pocahontases of the already beaded and feathered damsels.—*Mrs. Burnham's New York Letter.*

The Agassiz Memorial Fund has reached $85,000 as last reported. We are glad to see among the sums named one of $2. Mr. Salisbury's $5,000, with his interesting letter, is a gracious gift, but the gratitude of men and women everywhere to Agassiz must find expression according to their means, and the small sums that are given are quite sure to represent very sincere, honest devotion to Agassiz's memory.

An interesting and valuable discovery has just been made at Prague. Portions of the opera of *Don Giovanni*, entirely in the handwriting of Mozart, have been found in the theater, where the first representation of the great work took place. The museum at Vienna has purchased the treasure for £280.

A French physician insists that little strangers should have only iron cradles with a mattress of oaten chaff, and one part of fine tan, over which should be placed a sheep's skin as preferable to oilcloth or India-rubber. Rocking babies, he asserts, is calculated to produce idiots and imbeciles.

The European exodus is about to commence. The majority of the berths on the Cunard and other leading lines are all sold for the months of May and June. It is predicted that an unusually large number of New Yorkers will spend the summer abroad.

The daughter of Mr. Leonard W. Jerome, of New York, is about to be married to a son of the Duke of Marlborough of England. The *News Letter* finds the statement in its exchanges, and so publishes it without expressing an opinion.

The New York Sun has brought suit against the *Tribune* for encroaching twenty-five inches on its property. The *Tribune* people got a bit of granite, and were in such haste to place it that they cut into the *Sun's* foundation.

A London photographer states that if calico is dipped for an instant in dilute sulphuric acid, it is rendered water-proof. A water-proof for the million may thus be obtained at about a shilling a garment.

The Paris Figaro declares marriage to be a tiresome book with a very fine preface. This is one of those critics of marriage who have failed in matrimony, as Mr. Disraeli would put it.

Boucicault is in New York from California covered with laurels and greenbacks. In a few days he commences an engagement at Booth's Theater. Meanwhile the Park Theater progresses.

The members of the Lotus Club are about to publish a book called "Lotus Leaves." Fifty members contribute, including Brougham, Hay, Bret Hart, and long-haired Whitelaw Reid.

Those notorious women, Woodhull and Claflin, are now having their trial for libeling Mr. Challis. They are locked up in the Tombs, their bondsmen having "given them up."

Edwin Booth is reported to have sold his Long Branch cottage. This is funny, for he never owned one there, but lived in the summer at McVickar's, his father-in-law.

A Parisian paper states that there is in Paris an Hôtel des Phénomènes, to which human curiosities resort on arriving at the capital.

Mrs. L. J. Jennings (Miss Henriques), wife of the editor of the *Times*, is about to appear in theatricals for the benefit of the poor.

Mr. James Gordon Bennett, proprietor of the *Herald*, will soon return to Europe, where, it is said, he will be married.

Lord Tarbet, who turned the heads and broke the hearts of all the girls in Washington has returned to Highland.

Canon Kingsley has gone to Philadelphia where he will be the guest of Mr. George Childs, of the *Ledger*.

OUR LEGISLATORS.

Accept a grateful people's thanks—
Ye have behaved like perfect bricks;
We wished for nothing—ye have done
The very thing we wanted—*nix*.

All parties but your own are pleased
That ye have sat like perfect sticks,
Blowing and gassing day by day,
Talking of big things, doing—*nix*.

Loudly ye boasted how, ere long,
Ye would have Stanford in a fix;
He heeded not your crazy threats,
He knew they must all end in—*nix*.

And then, again, the "fares and freights,"
About which ye were so prolix!
It seems to us that, like all else,
The "fares and freights" has come to—*nix*.

Your swindled party long had thought
That you were putting in big licks
To serve their interests; now they're mad
To find that you were doing—*nix*.

Too late they see that though ye had
The *will* to help their dirty tricks,
The *brains* were lacking, so the plans
For which they sold themselves are—*nix*.

We tender you this good advice:
Henceforth be wise, and do not mix
In things ye do not understand,
Especially in politics.

Already are your hall-doors closed,
The porter turns the key—it clicks
With joy to know it locks out fools,
And echo faintly answers—*nix*.

THE TEMPERANCE WOMEN.

A great deal has been said and written in this city of late about temperance and intemperance. A few women here thought to emulate their sex in the West, and announced their intention of making a raid on the bars throughout the city. Evidently they have changed their plans, for no bars have as yet been invaded by female fanatics and that feature of the crusade (why crusade?) has been omitted. The movement here is confined to church meetings, a vast deal of twaddle, and a profuse distribution of temperance tracts. What is to follow no one knows, but one thing is certain, and that is, that the women will not invade the liquor saloons. Such a step here would result in failure, and it remains to be seen whether the partial cessation of the liquor dealers' business out West will be permanent. The leading clergymen here are by no means advocates of Dio Lewis' plans, while all give their support to any legitimate movement for the eradication of intemperance. There is a handful of women in New York anxious for notoriety, and they are the ones who want to go in a body to the gin mills (accompanied by reporters) and pray and sing that heaven will put a stop to the sale of cocktails. Dio Lewis' plan is all wrong. It brings ridicule upon religion and ends in blasphemy. No man likes to be prayed for in public, and Christianity teaches us to be considerate for the feelings of our fellow beings. A man converted under the auspices of a praying band is usually a first class hypocrite. Let these women who talk so loudly about the wickedness of selling liquor and the greater sin of drinking it, separate, go to their respective homes and meditate upon the many opportunities at their command for preventing intemperance. Let them make home pleasant and happy for husbands, sons, and brothers, and their will be less going out to the lodge, club and barroom at night. Indiscreet preaching, inopportune prayers, and unsolicited lectures, drive a man to drinking sooner than anything else. This is by no means an individual opinion—it is history, and fresh verifications of what is written above come daily to public knowledge. It is not right that a body of women, devoid of all delicacy of feeling and refinement, should be permitted to make a cloak of religion to further their ambition for notoriety and fame. Heaven knows women of late years have been altogether too conspicuous in public matters with which they have nothing whatever to do. Woman's sphere is clearly defined in scripture, and those who want to confine themselves to it know full well how to apply what is stipulated in Holy writ. Let there be less hypocritical praying on the highways and more earnest, sincere and practical work at home!

—*Danbury News.*

The New York Sun, in a paragraph about "Illustrious Pensioners," states that "the 1812 pensioners embraced 200 widows and 500 men." How did they contrive to do it? If 1,000 of them, half of whom had each one left arm and half each a right arm left, hugged the 500 men, two one-armed pensioners being thus able to give one complete fraternal embrace, there would still be 812 pensioners left to embrace the 200 widows. This theory of apportionment, however, is destroyed by the statement that 162 of the pensioners were minus an arm or limb. This artful introduction of two unknown negative quantities is worthy of a Board of Examiners, and makes the problem still more difficult to solve. We give it up, since we are not even told whether the engagement was general and simultaneous along the whole line, or whether there was a series of 1812 hand-to-hand encounters. The scene reminds one of that which took place long ago at the "Owd Church," at Manchester, in England. The marriage business being very brisk on a Whit-Monday, the parson, after reading the service over to as many as could get into the chancel, said to the heterogenous crowd of brides and bridegrooms, bridesmaids, fathers and best-men, "There now, you must just sort yourselves."

If banks were kept open through the night, what immense deposits they would receive. To have a ten-thousand-dollar dream after the bank closes, and to awake before it opens is one of the exquisite tortures of life.

ENGLAND ANNEXING FIJI.

Great Britain is at this moment engaged in annexing that vast group of islands known as the "Fijis." The "old country" has been a long time in making up her mind upon the subject. Ten years ago she sent out a Commissioner to report. That officer spoke of the rich soil, enjoyable climate, and admirable location of the Fijis, and warmly praised the good work being accomplished by the missionaries. The scene he witnessed impressed him as one that he would not willingly disturb by favoring the encroachments of the white man. Just at that time, too, England had a trouble on hand with the New Zealanders, and was not anxious to extend her dominion among half civilized races. So it came that annexation was not then approved of. Since then, affairs have greatly changed. A large immigration has set towards the islands. Prosperity is smiling upon them. Fortunes have been and are being made. A form of government akin to that of Hawaii has been firmly established. King Cakobau has surrounded himself with a Cabinet who are responsible to an elective Legislature. Justice is being administered. Refugees have been given up to foreign governments. Taxes, levied alike upon the whites and blacks, have been paid, and, in short, all the functions pertaining to a government *de facto* have been fairly exercised. In this condition of affairs, Fiji asked Great Britain to do one of two things: either to lend moral force to the young government by recognizing it, or else annex the group. No government could refuse to do one or the other. England seems to prefer the latter alternative, for we learn that a ship of war has arrived at Levuka with special commissioners on board. The N. Z. *Herald* thus speaks of the proceedings of these gentlemen:

"Commodore Goodenough and Consul Layard have addressed to King Cakobau and the chiefs of Fiji a letter which admits of only one interpretation. They tell him they are two chiefs sent out by Her Majesty the Queen to visit Fiji, "to inquire and consult with the King of Fiji and the chiefs respecting the government of Fiji." They want to know what the King and Chiefs desire and prefer: "Whether the King of Fiji shall govern, or whether Her Britannic Majesty the Queen of England shall govern Fiji." They tell the King in this letter that should he and the Chiefs desire to give up Fiji to England to govern, they will seek only Fiji's peace and welfare: "that the King and Chiefs, with all their people and all the inhabitants of the land, may live in peace, and prosper." They add that it is no new thing for England to govern islands like Fiji, and that she can do so with ease, but that England will never take the country by force or stealth. If given by the King and Chiefs, well and good. If not—if they think they can govern themselves—all that the Queen will require is that they do equal justice to white men and to natives. But, continue the Commissioners, there is one matter to be considered by the King and Chiefs of Fiji. They must know that the number of foreigners will greatly increase from year to year, as well as their property. Their residence in the country will create intricacies, and for these reasons the King and Chiefs are invited to think and study well over the matter, whether they will be able to conduct their government in the future under more difficult circumstances or not."

All this is plain enough. England will use no coercion. If the Fijians deliberately vote for annexation, they will forthwith be declared subjects of "Her Gracious Majesty," and be protected accordingly. The paper we have quoted from says that it is understood the vote will be almost unanimous in favor of annexation. If that be so, the whole business is probably accomplished ere this. In this connection, the question naturally arises—What are the United States going to do about the Hawaiian Islands? Annexation has long been talked about. Does it mean anything? Have the people of this country made up their minds to occupy territory, contrary to the Munroe doctrine, outside the limits of this continent? What really is public opinion on the subject? These questions are doubtless much more easily asked than answered. Maritime ports like San Francisco would almost certainly declare that we ought to have outposts like Honolulu. But the people of the interior States would possibly think that we have already a sea border of sufficient length to defend. Be that as it may, it is a pity the question is not settled one way or the other. We think the Hawaiian Islands, in view of our interests in the Pacific, are likely to become invaluable to us. Congress would do well to take action in the premises. Great Britain has made a precedent as to how the thing can be done. If we don't want these islands, it would be wise to say so. A pronunciamento either way would put an end to the state of undesirable uncertainty which exists amongst the white as well as the native residents. The question ought not to be kept open much longer, to create enmities and distract attention from the fullest possible development of the resources of Hawaii.

Hint to an M. P.—When Sir George Sinclair was chosen Member of Parliament for his native county, a man came up to him and said:—"Noo, Maister George, I'll gie ye some advice. They've made ye a Parliament man, and my advice to ye is, be ye aye tak-takin' what ye can get, and aye seek-seekin' until ye get mair."

Nemesis.—A Reminiscence of St. Valentine's Day.—"O, mamma, such a shame! You know that lovely valentine that Margaret Scott sent me, and that I afterwards sent to Mary Wilcox!" "Yes! Well!" "Well, Mary Wilcox must have sent it to Grace Barnet, for Grace Barnet has just sent it back to me!"

CLOSING SCENES OF THE GREAT TICHBORNE TRIAL.

It has been said by dispassionate lookers-on that the Tichborne trial has "turned the heads of all Englishmen." That there is certainly much truth in the observation, is evidenced by not a few facts. Perhaps the closing scenes contain some of the most telling points in favor of the theory we have quoted. A trial at bar is an usual ceremony. The Lord Chief Justice of England sits supported by two other hardly less learned Judges. Westminster Hall has witnessed many striking scenes. Historical recollections crowd around it, but never before did the highest judicial mind in England sit there and use terms so passionate as the following, which constitutes the peroration of Lord Chief Justice Cockburn's address to the jury:

Now, gentlemen, I say without fear, and I say it not unadvisedly, we have been threatened. A system of intimidation has been attempted to be brought to bear upon us who are sitting here to administer justice. We have been told that if our countrymen do not meet us with sufficient reprobation, a history of this case shall be written in which those who do not take part with the defendant or who have thought it necessary, in the honest and fearless discharge of their duty, to point out things that may have gone against him, and to restrain the license of unqualified abuse, are to be handed down to the execration of posterity, covered with infamy. I have heard language applied to this tribunal, which I will undertake to say, in the whole of the annals of the administration of justice, no advocate ever yet dreamed of addressing to the Court. When I say I heard it spoken, I must restrict the phrase. I did not hear it. It was spoken with bated breath, and I must suppose only with the purpose and intention that I should not hear it; for had I heard it, most unquestionably it should not have passed without that punishment which it is competent to the Court to inflict, and which should be inflicted on those who outrage decency and heap upon the Court indignity and insult. The learned counsel, I say, spoke with bated breath, loud enough for the reporters to catch his words, but not for us; but yet one or two words caught my listening ear, which made me think that it was some contumely and insult which was intended to be conveyed, and I called upon the learned counsel to speak out as a man should speak when he intends to insult others. His answer was that his indisposition, brought on by overwork and exertion, prevented him from speaking in the loud voice which he otherwise can at will command, but two minutes afterwards, when he changed his subject, he was speaking loud enough to be heard at the other end of Westminster Hall. [A laugh.] That is the way the learned counsel came forward to insult this Court—cowardice and insult combined. Hear the language he uses. I rejoice to see the Bar of England here present in such numbers. Let them hear the way in which one of their body addresses this Court of Queen's Bench—I venture to say this august Court of Queen's Bench. I would here observe that there are abundant opportunities of correcting errors which the Court may fall into, or that may amount in the slightest degree to a judicial misconduct; but the Court is not to be bearded and insulted in this manner. The Bar can hear, I say, a statment which one of their body did not address to the Court, but addressed to the reporters, in order that he might get it into the papers without entailing upon himself the consequences. "There is no actor in the trial," says the learned counsel, "from the humblest up to the most exalted, who may not well look with apprehension, and almost with dismay, to the position which he may occupy before his countrymen and the world for all future ages. I should be sorry to think that there is any person connected with this great controversy who does not look with a species of pride to maintaining an honest fame before the world and with posterity. I should be sorry to think that there was one of us so dead to the future that he did not sometimes ask himself, with the utmost feeling of solemnity, 'How shall I also appear in the historical reminiscences of this great trial?'

"For my own part, from the first moment that I became connected with it, I knew it was one which must emblazon the names of all those prominently engaged in it, for all future ages, either with infamy or with honor; and on a former occasion I took the liberty of calling your attention to the blazon of glory which still surrounds the names, and will forever surround the names"—and, gentlemen, that is an invitation to you—"of all those noble jurymen who were connected in a former age with the great Annesley trial; and I am anxious that a similar illumination of splendor should surround, not your names only, but the names of others also, in the eyes of those persons who will read this trial during all ages, because never was there a trial in England, I believe, since the memorable trial of Charles I., which has excited more the attention and observation of Englishmen and the world than this. Many things have passed in the course of this trial which I would give a portion of my heart's blood had not passed. Many things have passed in the course of this investigation which, in my judgment, will forever blur and sully the names of certain individuals—individuals in whose names and glory many of us were concerned—individuals whose names and glory might have been great in history." I here observed to him, "Will you kindly speak a little louder, Dr. Kenealy?" Then we have the answer, "I am doing what I can to speak loudly, but I am sure your lordship will make some allowance to me on the twenty-fourth day of my address." Gentlemen, it would be idle affectation to pretend not to know to whom these observations, connected with the alternative of infamy and honor, were addressed, and whose name is to be blurred for the future. Is that the way in which counsel is to speak of the Judges of the tribunal before whom he is pleading? I am quite sure that there can come but one response from the body I see before me. [Applause.] Gentlemen, pray—pray be silent. The

history of this case can be written by whom it may—I care not. I am conscious of having done my duty, and I can only say:

"There is no terror in these threats;
For I am armed so strong in honesty
That they pass by me like the idle wind,
Which I regard not."

The history of this case may be written hereafter, and, for aught I know, by a pen steeped in gall and venom, that may not scruple to lampoon the living or revile the dead; but I have no fears—the facts shall speak for themselves. I have administered justice here now for many years. I cannot hope that my memory, like that of the great and illustrious men who have gone before me, will live in the after ages, but I hope it will in the remembrance of the generation before whom and with whom I have administered justice; and if my name shall be traduced, my conduct reviled and my integrity questioned, I leave the protection of my judicial memory to the bar of England—[loud applause]—my relations with whom have never, until this trial, been in the slightest degree other than the most pleasant, and whose support, I may say, has been the happiness of my judicial life. Gentlemen, I have done. I have discharged my duty to the best of my ability, and it only remains now for you to do yours; and I am sure that the verdict you pronounce will be received upon all hands, except by fanatics and fools, as the judgment of twelve men who have brought to the consideration of this great case the utmost and the most vigilant attention, and most marked, and I may say remarkable, intelligence, and the most sincere desire to discharge their duty before God and man, according to what they believe in their hearts and souls to be the truth and the justice of this case. [Applause, which was suppressed.]

With these words ringing in their ears, the jury retired, and in half an hour they returned with a verdict of "Guilty," which meant that the defendant is not "Sir Roger Tichborne," and that he swore falsely when he said so. In speaking of the closing words of the Chief Justice, the *Daily Telegraph* thus describes them: "I may just mention, however, that, in his terribly crushing denunciation of the forensic conduct of Dr. Kenealy, the Lord Chief Justice added animated gesticulation to indignant language, frequently extending his left hand, or striking it decisively on the desk before him. Throughout his diction was singularly clear, forcible, and complete; in two instances only was there the slightest hesitation in the stream of well-turned and consecutive phrases which flowed from his lips, and at times his voice rose to a surprising pitch of vigorous intonation." How the claimant acted during this unparalleled ordeal is thus described by the authority we have quoted: "What was passing in his mind it was impossible to conjecture. Whatever it might be—fear or hope, indignation or rage—there was not a trace of it upon his features, which wore their usual impassable and impenetrable expression of placid self-confidence. Occasionally he glanced at the three detectives, while anon his glance wandered round the court, and rested upon some of the leading counsel, or upon Mr. Bowker, or some other member of the forces arrayed against him. But this was only for a moment, and his eyes would be back again directly, and, as before, steadily fixed upon the Lord Chief Justice. Then came the verdict, whereupon the claimant slipped his gold watch and chain from his pocket, passed it nimbly to little Bogle and says softly, 'You may keep that.' Mr. Hawkins having prayed the immediate judgment of the court on the defendant, Mr. Justice Mellor said something to Mr. Frayling, the tipstaff, and that official bade the prisoner 'Stand up!' I have no doubt that the tipstaff is a very kind-hearted man, and I cannot say that his tone was intentionally harsh; but the words 'Stand up' seemed, to my ear at least, to sound as grimly and as awfully as one can imagine the Doomster's voice to have sounded as Sir Walter describes him reading the sentence to Effie Deans. 'Stand up!'—I hear the words echoing now through the crowded court. It was as though a moist sponge had been passed over a piece of gingerbread coarsely gilt, and it had all peeled off. There was nothing more of the 'Claimant' left. There was only a convict, naked and shameful. So strong is the influence of imagination, he seemed to me to have grown suddenly squalid, sordid, and shabby.

This was all the merest fancy, since I fixed the man again with my glass and saw that his lip quivered not, that his eye drooped not, that his color neither went nor came. He was still calm, and with quiet docility stood up as he was bidden, "showing his spacious back above the flood" of wigs, like an Ausonian rock, and gazing with a quiet air of respect upon Mr. Justice Mellor while he was being sentenced to fourteen years' penal servitude. "May I say a few words in reply?" asks the convict, without so much as a quaver in his voice. The Lord Chief Justice looks sharply round. "No," says he. The prisoner turned round to shake hands with Dr. Kenealy, and then the tipstaff nominally, but the five detectives and Mr. Inspector Denning in reality, took him away; and, so far as the Court of Queen's Bench was concerned, there was an end of the case.

The claimant was conveyed from the court by an underground passage, and so escaped the great ovation that otherwise awaited him from the assembled thousands outside. Dr. Kenealy, his counsel, however, received a greeting so overwhelming that possibly it in some measure healed the wounds just made by the Lord Chief Justice. The claimant is in Newgate, dressed in prison clothing. Does not complain, and is particularly polite even to the convict attendants who bring him his food. Meanwhile a writ of error is being sued for, and finally the case may reach the House of Lords. The end of the Tichborne case may even yet be further off than is generally thought.

FORFARSHIRE SONG.

The following is a more than usually successful imitation of old song. It is taken from a MS., written in rustic hand, and apparently about forty years old; but I can say nothing of its authorship:

"Lord Spynie, ye may pu' the rose,
An' spare the lily flower,
When ye gae through the gardens green
To woo in lady's bower.

An' ye may pu' the lichtsome thyme,
An' leave the lanesome rue;
For lang an' sair will the lady mourn
That ye gae there to woo.

For ye will look an' talk o' love,
An' kindly, kindly smile,
An' vow by grace an' a' that's gude;
An' lay the luring wile.

'Tis sair to rob the bonny bird
That make yon melodie;
'Tis cruel to win a woman's love,
An'-no hae love to gi'e.

I wadna hae your wilfu' hand
Tho' a' the earth were thine.
Ye've broken many a maiden's heart,
Ye've mair than broken mine.

I wadna hae your faithless heart—
It's no your ain to gi'e;
But gin ye ever think o' heaven,
O ye man think o' me!"

—*Ladies' Own Miscellany.*

THE "SHORT-BIT LEGISLATURE."

The "Legislature of a thousand drinks" is famous in California tradition, and is still vividly remembered by men who do not claim rank with our "oldest citizens." The body now in session at Sacramento is destined to become quite as renowned in a different way, and for the convenience of the next generation in referring to it, we hereby christen it "The Short-bit Legislature." We do not believe a body of men was ever assembled to make laws who were governed by such paltry considerations, or evinced such meanness of spirit. These short-bit statesmen commenced the session by haggling about the pay of their chaplain, and the first grand debate in which they illustrated their eloquence was on the momentous question whether they should reduce his compensation from $5 to $3 per day! This was the keynote of all the proceedings of the session. In the name of "retrenchment" and "economy," they have cut down the salaries of ill-paid officers and hungry clerks to such figures as will compel them to resign or steal. The rate per hundred words at which their scriveners shall be paid, the quantity of stationery that shall be supplied to members, the value of a postage stamp or of an envelope, are not matters too small for these high-minded law-makers to squabble over with all the animation of an old woman cheapening a pound of shrimps with the fishmonger. In point of intelligence, the Legislature of a thousand drinks was even in its booziest condition an enlightened body when compared with the narrow-minded numskulls who control the action of the present Assembly. Look, for instance, at the debate on the appropriation to the State Geological Survey. Was there ever before such an exhibition of stupidity and boorish ignorance in a legislative body? The survey had led to "no practical results." The members of the survey were "a close corporation." The books which the survey had published "were so expensive that poor people couldn't buy them." What was "the practical use" of a geological survey, anyhow? Such was the strain of objection to the appropriation, and the objection prevailed. The leading Dolly Varden legislators—such men as Swift, Estee and the rest of them—seemed to have about as much appreciation of the true objects and the real value of the work done by Professor Whitney and his assistants as a crew of hill hoodlums might have of Tennyson's idylls. The fact is, we had no accurate knowledge of the topography of our State until the work of the survey was commenced. We were ignorant of the hight of our mountains and mountain passes. We never had even an approximation to a really accurate map of a single county in California, with the exception of San Francisco, until the survey undertook to supply the deficiency. What the survey has already accomplished has redounded to the credit of California abroad, and obtained for us a repute as an enlightened community which no people deserve or can retain who choose such besotted, utilitarian bigots as Swift and Estee to legislate for them. The most charitable mind cannot contemplate the Short-bit Legislature and its work without feelings of pity, contempt and disgust—pity for its ignorance, contempt for its meanness, and disgust at the nauseous combination.

A sentiment worthy of analysis is the strange disgust felt by the poor for certain articles of food. During the famine in Ireland people would almost starve rather than eat "Indian meal." Australian preserved meat is an abomination to the inmates of British poor-houses. The female paupers in the Cardiff workhouse, to show their dislike for this kind of food, lately rose up in revolt and assailed the house officials. The visiting committee, having partaken of a repast consisting of Australian mutton prepared as an Irish stew, declared it was "exceedingly palatable."—*Galaxy for March.*

The New York Evening Mail starts the report that the editor of this paper has $25,000 in bank. As such a report is calculated to injure him in the opinion of all good citizens, he wishes to state without offensive boasting that he has not 25 cents in any bank chartered up to our going to press.

DEACON PICKERING'S PRAYER.

Deacon Pickering has a habit when sorely troubled in spirit of retiring to a little closet in the rear of the editorial sanctum to do battle with the flesh. As the Deacon warms up, it becomes necessary to ventilate, and the open window gave our hoodlum reporter, happening in the vicinity, an opportunity for taking a few notes, and has handed them in. We are not usually in the habit of doing free advertising, but the lights of such good men should not lie hid under anything, and we propose to give the Deacon a fair show gratis. The public generally don't understand the Deacon. They accuse him of selfish motives; of personal spite and spleen, in his persistent attacks on railroad magnates, and even say that he does not prefer the good of the public to his own, and that it is not pure and undefiled patriotism that governs him under all circumstances; but the Deacon is not the first great and good man that has been misunderstood; but to the Deacon's prayer: "Oh, Lord! behold thy humble servant prostrate before thee and seeking thy aid and spiritual counsel in matters of great import to thy servant. Give unto him the strength to enable him to smite his pet enemy, the C. P. R. R., hip and thigh. Give him the power to trample those stubborn fathers of that hydra-headed monoply under his feet, for, oh, Lord, vainly hath thy servant pounded away at them in the hope that they would acknowledge his power and come unto him humbly beseeching his mercy, and with burnt offerings and shekels of gold endeavor to mollify his impotent rage. Oh, Lord! thy servant, finding he cannot be great in good deeds, seeketh to be hugely contemptible in goading every scheme in which he hath not coin or the promise thereof; and, oh, Lord; give thy servant power to make that callous man who sitteth high in the counsels of the C. P. R. R.'s 'come down' in every sense, and recognize thy servant as being of some consequence, instead of heeding him not. Let thy servant be felt, and like unto a *hat* thereof be *seen* high above men's heads, until he shall be held in great fear. Smite this man, for, oh, Lord! did he not defraud and take from thy servant by his machination the shekel. Yea! even a hundred thousand thereof that thy servant was to get for advocating and teaching the people that they wanted highways and byeways such as thy servant told thereof; and, oh, Lord! these shekels that thy servant was to get never came, because of this man, who, through his minons, did preach unto the people and say, 'Ye are fools and know not that this man is a knave and a hypocrite and worketh for hire like unto others who dwell with him;' and then people, oh, Lord! did believe this man, and hooted and cried out against thy servant, as being an ass, and did toss from them what he had written with jeers and laughter, saying, 'Go to——. Thou liest and worketh for pay. Yea! even a hundred thousand shekels, which don't you wish you may get;' and like ridicule of thy servant. Oh, Lord! thy servant beholdeth with much concern that what he hath done instead of giving him strength, and making him a terror to these evil doers, hath caused them to laugh unto scorn thy servant's efforts, and never once *did* come unto him in humbleness and with gifts, and offerings, and even worse, oh, Lord! it hath brought into contempt and ridicule the horn on which thy servant bloweth, which hitherto had been valuable in the eyes of thy servant, and now is as dross. Oh, Lord! thy servant did put his foot in it when he sought to smite those men who gathereth the tribute of the people; but, oh, Lord! thou well knowest that thy servant careth not even one small continental for these people, for whom he warreth, but that thy servant doth hate and feeleth enemity towards those that he believes deriveth benefit and profit thereof and won't divide. Yea, verily, they that do sit high in the counsels of the place where men depositeth their gold and silver, and putteth up the spont their little old scrip and shares in Savage, heedeth not thy servant, and langheth to scorn his efforts to create distrust, panics, and much ruin. Verily, hath not thy servant sought to make them come unto him with words of humbleness, and to promise to make thy servant great amongst the people, and a great 'I am,' instead of as now a small 'am not;' and, oh, Lord! deal gently with my co-worker, Deacon Fitch, he of the long arms and exceeding lankness, who doth hunger after other food, oh, Lord! then flies, which he gnaweth with much anger and rage. Give unto him, oh, Lord of the flesh pots also, and food that fatteth him like unto the unclean animal, for, oh, Lord! he starveth. Thou knowest, oh, Lord! that we are both sinners and d—d hypocrites; but be merciful unto us, for verily the people beginneth to see with eyes of wisdom, and the spirit stareth us in the face, and, oh, Lord——" At this point the Deacon was interrupted by the sudden arrival of a brick from the hand of a juvenile hoodlum, who could not resist the temptation to avail himself of such a good opening as the widow presented for an ambitious young man.

"**Hi!** where did yez get them trowsers?" asked an Irishman of a man who happened to be passing with a pair of remarkably short trowsers on. "I got them where they grew," was the indignant reply. "Then, by my conscience," said Paddy, "you've pulled them a year too soon!"

"**Don't prevaricate, sir,**" thundered a Columbian judge to a witness from the mines—"don't prevaricate, sir!" "Can't help it judge," answered the miner. "Ever since I got a kick from a mule that knocked my teeth out, I prevaricate a good deal."

HYMN TO THE FLOWERS.

There was, some years ago, published by Parker & Co., Oxford, a volume of "Fugitive Poems connected with Natural History and Physical Science," collected by Dr. Daubeny, in which there are many beauties. I have taken the liberty of transcribing one, by Horatio Smith, not doubting that, should it be deemed worth chronicling, it will find many admirers among your readers. The poem is entitled "Hymn to the Flowers." E.

Day stars that ope your frownless eyes to twinkle
From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,
And dew-drops on her lonely altars sprinkle
As a libation;

Ye matin worshippers! who, bending lowly
Before the uprisen sun, God's listless eye,
Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy
Incense on high.

Ye bright mosaics! that with storied beauty
The floor of Nature's temple tesselate,
What numerous emblems of instructive beauty
Your forms create!

'Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bell that swingest
And rolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringest
A call to prayer.

Not to the domes where crumbling arch and column
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
But to that fane, most catholic and solemn,
Which God hath planned;

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply,
Its choir the winds and waves, its organ thunder,
Its dome the sky;—

There, as in solitude and shade I wander
Through the green aisles, or stretched upon the sod,
Awed by the silence, reverently ponder
The ways of God.

Your vowless lips, O Flowers, are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous wonders
From loneliest nook.

Floral apostles! that in dewy splendor
Weep without woe, and blush without a crime,
O may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender,
Your love sublime.

'Thou wert not, Solomon, in all thy glory
Arrayed,' the Lilies cry, 'in robes like ours!'
How vain your grandeur! ah, how transitory
Are human flowers!

In the sweet-scented pleasures, Heavenly Artist,
With which thou paintest Nature's wide-spread hall,
What a delightful lesson thou impartest
Of love to all!

Not useless are ye, Flowers, though made for pleasure,
Blooming o'er field and wave, by day and night;
From every source your sanction bids me treasure
Painless delight.

Ephemeral sages! what instructors hoary
For such a world of thought could furnish scope,
Each calyx a *memento mori*,
Yet fount of hope.

Posthumous glories! angel-like collection,
Upraised from seed or bulb interred in earth,
Ye are to me a type of resurrection
And second birth.

Were I in churchless solitude remaining,
Far from all voice of churchmen or divines,
My soul would find in flowers of God's ordaining
Priests, sermons, shrines.

Ole Bull was once seeing the sights at Donnybrook Fair, when he was attracted by the sound of a very loud violin in a tent. He entered and said to the player:—"My good friend, do you play by note?" "The dence a note, Sur." "Do you play by ear, then?" "Niver an ear, yer honor." "How do you play then?" "Be main strength, be jabers."

"AND THIS IS WHAT THEY SAY OF US."

Many of our readers may not be aware that a most excellent Scandinavian paper is published in San Francisco, the editor of which, Mr. Hugo Nisbeth, has been particularly successful in inducing immigration to this coast. The journal is read extensively in Sweden and Denmark, and has also been the means of bringing hither a considerable number of Scandinavians from the Eastern States. Like all intelligent journalists, he has a keen appreciation of the *News Letter*, and in the latest number thus complimenta us in reference to a recent art criticism on an excellent portrait by Eiler Jorgensen, a Danish artist residing here, and who is a member of the Royal Academy of Copenhagen. We blushingly leave the translation to our readers who are polyglotists. Says the *California Scandinav*: "Bland recensioner ofver densamma, som varit synliga, infora vi har nedan hvad San Francisco *News Letter* for den 14 Mars inneholl. Da namde tidning utan tvifvel ar den med storsta sakkannedom och intelligens redigerade tidning i San Francisco, och den person som har ofverinseendet af dess afdelning for skon konst, hr Whymper, sjelf ar en artist af betydenhet och dessutom begafvad med en fin och utbildad smak, sa har denna tidnings uttalande storre vigt an de andras."

ANECDOTE OF NAPOLEON I.

It was in 1776, Josephine, before marrying General Bonaparte, consulting her lawyer, Monsieur Raquideau, as to her union with the young victor of Saint Roch. "It's folly," answered the sage man of law—"perfect folly—to marry a young officer without fortune and without future." But Josephine had more confidence still in the oracles of Mdlle. Lenormand, the celebrated fortune-teller; or rather she did as people often do after asking advice—she followed her own mind and did well. Bonaparte heard of the opinion passed upon him, but made his way in spite of M. Raquideau's doubts, and the young officer became Emperor. But although he had advanced much, he had forgotten nothing. When he was attired in his coronation robes, and a few moments before proceeding to Notre Dame, he called out in a voice of thunder, "Let Raquideau be brought!" The poor notary thought that he had signed his last contract. "Well," said the Emperor as soon as he perceived him, "here is the man without fortune and without future!" and then, after a mischievous pause of a few minutes, he turned to the confused lawyer, and added, "I name you lawyer to the family." Josephine did well, they say. Can we think so if we remember her after-suffering, and the agony of that night, when, knowing her fate, she drew Bonaparte to the window, and, pointing to the sky, said prophetically, "Like those two stars we have risen together, and separated we shall fall."

STREET PAVEMENTS.

The question of street pavements is one that must soon be taken up and settled. San Francisco is about the worst paved city in the world. If there be one inferior to it in that respect, we would like to hear it named. Why should this be so? There is no lack of public spirit in our citizens. Money enough and to spare has been paid to give us pavements useful and creditable to our city. Where, then, is the fault? We fear that it is to be found in the fact that "fat jobs" in contracts have hitherto been more in order than excellence of workmanship. If, then, this has been the secret of our failure in the past, it bids us to be on the alert in the future. Recent moves would seem to indicate the necessity for watchfulness. The disgraceful condition of our streets is a by-word among our visitors and an endless source of annoyance to ourselves. Improvement is imperative. Only let us be sure we have hit upon the right material, and that we are getting our money's worth, then go ahead.

A lady, while engaged in the pursuit of her domestic duties, encountered a mouse in the flour barrel. Now most ladies under similar circumstances would have uttered a few feminine shrieks, and then sought safety in the garret. But this one possessed more than the ordinary degree of feminine courage. She summoned the man-servant, and told him to get the shot gun, call the bull-dog, and station himself at a convenient distance. Then she climbed half way up stairs and commence to punch the flour barrel with a pole. Presently the mouse made its appearance, and started across the floor. The dog at once went in pursuit. The man fired, and the dog dropped dead. The lady fainted and fell down the stairs, and the hired man, thinking that she was killed, and fearing that he would be arrested for murder, disappeared, and has not been seen since. The mouse escaped.

Here is a hint from Paris for people who give tea-parties. The newest kind of tea-tables are oval, having brass handles, so that they and the whole tea equipage are brought in at once. They are in the form of a kind of double table, having a smaller one above fastened to the principal one by four legs. The cake and bread and butter are placed underneath the smaller one in the center, and teacups all around, and the cream, sugar and tea on the upper one.

AFTER.

After the shower, the tranquil sun;
After the snow, the emerald leaves;
Silver stars when the day is done;
After the harvest, golden sheaves.

After the clouds, the violet sky;
After the tempest, the lull of waves:
Quiet woods when the winds go by;
After the battle, peaceful graves.

After the knell, the wedding bells;
After the bud, the radiant rose;
Joyful greetings for sad farewells;
After our weeping, sweet repose.

After the burden, the blissful meed;
After the flight, the downy nest;
After the furrow, the waking seed;
After the shadowy river—rest!

San Francisco, March 28, 1874. —*Arjœl.*

A CALIFORNIAN IN NUBIA.

Colonel Sparrow Purdy (Bey), who is one of the regular officers in the service of the Khedive of Egypt, was at last dates (January 24), at Wady Hode, in Nubia, progressing slowly towards Berbec. He had moved up into the mountains, and was encamped in a valley covered with vegetation. The trees are of the Mineosa family, with the exception of a large leafed tree called by the Arabs the Honchow, the milk of which is poisonous to the eye. Near his camp is an inscription on a rock, from under which springs a clear stream of water. This was a hunting station of one of the Ptolemies during the greatness of Bennice. He had had some luck shooting rock pheasants, and had seen many gazelles, but had never been able to obtain a shot, and though they were in the country of the ostrich, he had not seen their track. The weather was delightful, though the nights were cold enough to have fires in the tents. It is peculiar to the desert of Egypt. The thermometer changes sometimes as much as 50 degrees between night and day, rarely the change less than 40 degrees. Purdy Bey will go to Khartorme, and then a long camel ride down to Edfro, below the first cataract. He will then telegraph for a steamer to take him and his effects to Cairo, where he expects to arrive about the first of June.

Personally, it was not necessary for Henry Meiggs to have the bill abolishing pains and penalties against him passed. Those who knew him intimately in early days never harbored a thought of ill. They who, having basked in his sunshine, suffered loss by his sudden eclipse, have been more than repaid. There remain only the envious, and those who would ever keep the wound rankling, who complain of the act of this present Legislature protecting Henry Meiggs from process in California Courts. Happy would it be for this State were there more Harry Meiggs and less virtuous howlers.

It is reported that the Pacific Mail Steamship Company propose to allow their ships to call at Esquimault on the voyage between San Francisco and China, if subsidized to the amount of $100,000 per annum. The Common Council of Victoria have tendered $60,000, and are moving to raise the other $40,000. There will be two steamers each month each way, and the company calculate that the stoppage would entail only half a day additional time to the voyage, owing to the northern route being so much shorter than the southern.

The Big Hotel.—Over 400 bricklayers are at work upon the courses for the foundation of the new Palace Hotel, the walls of which are twelve feet wide at the base and begin at a depth of eighteen feet below the sidewalk. The wrought-iron contract, the cast-iron contract, the contract for 3,000,000 bricks, and the contracts of less importance have already been awarded, and in a short time bids for furnishing 2,000,000 more bricks will be invited. It is estimated that more than 8,000,000 bricks will be used in the construction of the building.

The Atlantic Monthly for April is on our table. It is sprightly and readable. It has an excellent article entitled "A Modern Financial Utopia," which it opens in this wise: "There is one great, plain, practical fact in respect to irredeemable paper money which in itself is a sufficient answer to all the arguments that may be advanced in its favor; and that is, that there cannot be one single instance referred to in the history of any State, nation or people in which its adoption and use has not been wholly disastrous."

The following advertisement appears in a Scotch journal: "Wanted, an experienced nurse to take charge of a young child, between thirty and thirty-five years old, of unexceptional character and good reference. None need apply who cannot produce the best testimoniale."

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

We have carefully read all the editorials which regularly appear upon the adjournment of a Legislature, and blow that honorable body up with nitroglycerine force or let them down easy, as their political convictions may direct. We are pleased to note a feeling of harmony and uniformity of feeling among papers which usually fight like cats upon all subjects. It has remained for our late Legislature to distil the heavenly balm of peace among them, and lead them for once to agree. In the many epitaphs pronounced upon that partially defunct body, we learn that as they have done nothing, nothing can be disapproved, and that in the interests of retrenchment they have used very little stationery. There's a record for you! The papers quite forget to state whether they didn't because they couldn't write, or whether they could handle pens but hadn't any ideas to put down. At all events, the record is the same, and the children and grandchildren of these Solons, even to the fourth generation, may point back to their glorious ancestors who belonged to that distinguished body of Senators, who used very little stationery. It is greatly to be regretted that a few of these gentlemen are hold-overs. A new deal would have worked off all the paper, which now will accumulate till the Capitol becomes full of blanks. A friend intimates that it has just passed that crisis.

We are always the friend of rising genius. We were in a measure sponsors for Bret Harte, Mark Twain, and, to our own private disgust, Joaquin Miller. We like to direct the bent of genius, wherefore it is that we desire to address ourselves to that youth on the *Chronicle* staff who spins those fearful yarns once in a while, of rare characters burrowed out of obscurity. He should go into the sensation play business. E. T. Stetson has languished into obscurity, hanging having become played out at the installation of packed juries. Frank Mayo is ready for something new, "Davy Crockett" having made the round of the Union, and "Buffalo Bill" has gone back to trapping, for lack of a play. Or, if he be not theatrically inclined, the dime novelette opens a fair field, bedraggled and fatigued horsemen being something peculiar to that class of literature, and the young man himself is usually at the last stage of endurance when he indroduces himself. At any rate, let him emerge from his present obscurity, that the light of his transcendant genius may illume the world. Such talent should not be buried even in the live columns of the *Chronicle*.

We have observed a great many pretty girls—for which choice morsels of nature's bounty we have a goodly eye—going about town in an odd-looking hat, which gave them the appearance of being very much set up. One who knows calls it a Neilson hat. Since that time we have been Neilsonized in every possible way. We write upon Neilson paper with the Neilson tint. We are serenaded with the Neilson Mazourka. We render ourselves irresistible with a Neilson tie. We fasten our gaiters with the improved Neilson hook. We keep ourselves together with Neilson braces. We smooth our locks with the Neilson brush. We protect ourselves from the fog with the Neilson scarf. We attempted to greet the partner of our destinies with a Neilson embrace, but she evaded the caress with the remark that Mr. Morrison looked rather tuckered out after a protracted siege of it, and she would rather not. This withering remark inclined us to the belief that we had better throw off a little on Neilson, and take to the next star as easily as might be. We now smile with a heavenly Raymond smile.

The only sensible thing young Fredericksen ever did in this world was to put himself out of it. A starving artist is about as unmitigated a nuisance as people can be troubled with. His sensibilities are so delicate, and his woes so harrowing, that his friends are kept upon the rack of fine feelings all the time, especially when it is his custom to get himself into those awkward, little scrapes which with artists are condoned, but for which other people are thrashed. Although we do not object to young Fredericksen killing himself, we object to his manner of doing it. He should have considered the Coroner's physique before going to such a distance. That amiable gentleman has puffed like a porpoise, and blowed like an angered whale ever since, till witnesses, clerk, and all hands round are miserable; all because of Fredericksen's selfish, inconsiderate way of doing things. Beside all this, why didn't he burn his own trunk before he started, and how has he helped the Indiana young woman out of her scrape. Upon mature deliberation, we are inclined to think the defunct a pig.

The Editor of the Oakland News has borrowed a quill from Pickering's sanctum, and now sits at his desk and makes a Chicago correspondent of himself. We might, by a great stretch of fancy, be induced to believe that some one in Chicago does know there is such a place as Oakland on the map, but the gush is too thin. Fancy a sane man deliberately writing that he intended to sell himself out, body and bones, in Chicago, for the purpose of locating himself in Oakland, because of its magnificent prospect. The last time we were deluded into that burg, this is the magnificent prospect we beheld: A huge empty hotel, a cow with one horn broken, a Spanish horse, an antiquated buggy, and three Berkeley students in uniform in a one-horse car, bound for the University. We are perfectly willing the Oakland *News* man should set himself up as an editorial Ananias, but for the sake of the trade give us something with a suspicion of truth about it. Date your letters from Philadelphia or Boston if you like, but not from a live place like Chicago to a dead incipiency like Oakland.

We observe among musical publications an interesting morceau entitled, "The lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine," the "mine" referring ostensibly to the crusader's lips. A keen observation of said lips leads us to surmise that this fierce threat will not interfere seriously with the liquor traffic. It is our firm conviction the majority of these lips have never been badly touched and never will be much worried. They are for the most part parched and arid, and lack that tempting moisture which discreet nature has put it into the heart of man to fancy; they are thin and drawn, and lack the tempting pout, or are thick and protruding, and lack the tempting curve. Take it for all in all, we fear this kissing challenge will go as unheeded as the anxiety of the forty maidens at the siege of Ishmael. Try another song, O temperance enthusiasts! "The lips that touch liquor perforce must touch mine," would knock every saloon keeper out of business in the twinkling of an eye.

The parsons are jealous because Van De Mark is pretty. At least he finds favor with the women, and if that be not just it, he has some other bewitching quality which the white ties begrudge him, for there is a dismal howl and a huge row in parsondom, and Van De Mark is the cause thereof. Van De Mark has too much say. Van De Mark is the boss crusader, and among the temperance women the beginning and the end of everything is Van De Mark. This is gall and wormwood to his brethren in the Lord. It stinketh in their nostrils like unto the smell of Chinatown and Barbary Coast. It gritteth the parsonic soul after years of feminine adulation, slippers, trinkets and other small matters that false gods should be set up before them. The parsons call aloud to the *News Letter* in their agony. We can suggest but one remedy: Send him to the Legislature. It is the most effectual known way of shutting a man's mouth and making a dummy of him.

We contemplated with fear the bill to provide twenty Supervisors for this mite of a town. Is it not the Scripture which says, "Avoid not only evil, but the appearance of it?" Bi-ennially we doom twelve men to the appearance of it. Twelve reputations are blasted; twelve men are looked upon with suspicion, and distrusted by the remainder of their kind. Twelve men are initiated into the ways of darkness and contracts. Twelve men make official asses of themselves on Monday nights. It only took twelve men out of the fishing business to found the Christian religion, which to our taste is a little fishy even yet. Why then should we set twenty men at empting the Treasury when twelve can do it quite as cleanly in almost as short a time. They'll be wanting a round dozen of State Controllers next.

According to the New York World there is "a physiologist who, unlighted perhaps as to his intellect by the lamp of a fish diet, proclaims to mankind that apples are the proper food, after all, of the sedentary brain-workers. The apple, according to this observer, who obviously investigates things to the core, contains more phosphorus, or brain sustenance, than any other member of the vegtable republic; therefore it is conductive to mental activity." This makes it clear that the apple tree is, just as Eve thought, a "tree to be desired to make men wise." We can also now understand how it is that apple sauce is always eaten with that foolish bird, the goose. It supplies the lacking element.

We have reason to believe that the cause of the Lamb will eventually triumph. If brickbats and rotten eggs, blows and oaths will do it, the cause is all right. Cox and his rival have determined to make it a personal matter, and we all know what that means when a politician says it. Any one wishing to take a hand in the row is invited to the What Cheer front on Sunday morning, where Cox and rival bawl the Gospel at each other after the Montague and Capulet style. It is regarded as a pleasing and lively diversions from the inanity of ordinary worship. Bummers are informed that there is no communion Sunday, the temperance crusade having shut off the supply of California wine.

We read with pleasure of the reconciliation of a couple in Sacramento after a separation of one year. In these days of divorces and bitter quarrels, there is something exceedingly touching in this picture of husband and wife coming together in peace and love. A child was born to them a couple of days after the treaty of peace, as if to cement the union. It was the original intention of the mother to call the child after its father, but as she cannot settle which is he, her very laudable intention is frustrated. Her husband, although newly reconciled, obstinately refuses to offer any suggestions on the subject. He is regarded in the neighborhood as a strong-hearted monster.

When people go to church they like to be peppered, Cayenne pepper preferred. They would rather hear about the lake of brimstone than the crystal gate, and about Lucifer's horns rather than Absalom's bosom. When a preacher attempts to conform to the public taste, we like to commend him, therefore it is we give favorable mention to Dr. Cunningham, who last Sunday chose that lively theme, "The Road to Hell." The gentleman jogged along at a very lively gait, considering that he is a guide on the other road. He runs the road straight through the harlot's home, and it is but justice to say that the reverend gentleman seems familiarly acquainted with every inch of it.

Joaquin Miller found Geneva full of his countrymen. He drove to the nearest boat, and asked the clerk to take him to some place where there were no Americans. The clerk looked at him for a moment, then hopelessly up and down the lake, and away towards Mount Blanc, and at last shook his head. Suddenly, a new idea seemed to strike him, and he lifted his eyes towards heaven.

The Alta says that Madame Bishop sang "Angles Ever Bright and Fair" last Sunday evening after Dr. Platt's lecture. We thought that angles were the antithesis of beautiful, and angular synonmous with crusades, woman's righter's and other unpleasantnesses. Besides, how *can* they "take you to their care" without shutting down on you. A disagreeable operation, and hardly worth praying for. We should expect to learn next that the Madame would give "Beauteous Parallelogram so Fair: Always True and on the Square!" but that we think there is a libel in Granny's report.

If the President were like Queen Victoria he would immediately bestow guerdon upon two couple of worthy subjects, out West—Mr. and Mrs. Rosenthal, of Chicago, and Mr. and Mrs. Letterman, of Cincinnati, who have each got triplets in the family. Mr. Letterman casually remarked to his frau, "I dells you, ve had petter shtop dis foolishness, don't it?"

Another nice little boy has had a nice little funeral. This time an illy-constructed raft on the waters of the Laguna is the agent of destruction. This little incident is regarded by constant readers as a pleasing relaxation from the monotony of run-overs and diptheria. A balmy climate deprives of an ice-pond. We must worry along with what variety we may.

Humanitarians will be grieved to learn that the bogus conductor is out of business. The little dribble drabbles of three and five dollars, which he so hardly earned from time to time, kept his head above water and didn't break anybody. Contributions received at the County Jail.

Josh Billings is a character, as every one admits who has heard him. Of course "Josh" has taken kindly to the *News Letter*. The *Town Crier* he admires (at a distance), but the "Notabilia" man he has taken to his heart. "That advertizing," he says, "iz az original az hiz own authography." We were engaged discussing the point with him when we arrived at that popular emporium of fashion situated on the southwest corner of Montgomery and Bush streets, where we met our friend, the proprietor, Mr. S. J. Nathan, who for twenty years has done business at Sacramento in the clothing and gents' furnishing goods line. After introducing our friend, we were shown around the establishment, and found it replete with all the latest novelties in gents' and boys' clothing, which are made upon the premises, and give employment to a large number of workmen. Furnishing goods, trunks, etc., the best and cheapest in the market, are there, and a half hour was spent very pleasantly in viewing the establishment and in conversing with its intelligent proprietor, whose long Californian experience gives him a great advantage, as it has made him thoroughly acquainted with the wants of our people.

The Los Angeles Herald is a thriving institution. It looks after the material interests of the locality in which it is published, and dishes up the news in a sprightly way. It has lately been transferred to a joint stock company, composed of some of the best and most responsible men in Los Angeles. The Hon. J. S. Thompson is President; I. W. Lord, Secretary; F. O. F. Temple, Treasurer; and Theo. Glancy is the able Manager. We wish the *Herald* continued success.

At a certain mansion, notorious for its scanty fare, a gentleman was inquiring of the gardener about a dog which he had given to the laird some time before. The gardener showed him a lank greyhound, on which the gentleman said, "No, no the dog I gave your master was a mastiff, not a greyhound:" to which he gardener quietly answered, "Indeed, sir, ony dog would soon be turned into a greyhound if it stoppit lang here."

A colored citizen of Natchez was boasting to a grocer of the cheapness of ten pounds of sugar he had purchased at a rival store. "Let me weigh the package," said the grocer, and it was found two pounds short. The colored gentleman looked perplexed for a moment, and then said: "Guess he didn't cheat dis child much; while he was getting de sugar I stole two pair ob shoes."

The best judges in the East say that the views exhibited by Max Bachert there are the finest and best ever produced. They were gotten up at the establishment of Bradley & Rulofson.

Those cheviot suits that Purdy & Litchfield are now selling are the handsomest ever brought to this coast. A large lot of custom-made overcoats on hand, very stylish.

TO MY WIFE.

Young Brennan, the author of the following touching lines, soon after taking to himself a beautiful young wife, in his native Erin, came alone to this country to seek his fortune, settled in New Orleans to practice law, and sent for his wife to join him. Attacked by rapid consumption, his physician informed him he could last but a few days. The hope of again seeing his wife, ere he closed his eyes to the world, sustained him for a time, and in one of those reviving moments so common to the consumptive patient, he wrote these touching lines, his parting memento to her he so fondly loved, but whom he was not privileged to see again. It will be observed that the sixth line of the third stanza is unfortunately missing.

TO MY WIFE.

Come to me, dearest, I'm lonely without thee,
Day-time and night-time I'm thinking about thee.
Night-time and day-time in dreams I behold thee--
Unwelcome the waking which ceases to fold thee.
Come to me, darling, my sorrows to lighten,
Come in thy beauty to bless and to brighten,
Come in thy womanhood, meekly and lowly,
Come in thy lovingness, queenly and holy!

Swallows will flit round the desolate ruin.
Telling of Spring and its joyous renewing;
And thoughts of thy love and its manifold treasure
Are circling my heart with a promise of pleasure.
O, Spring of my spirit! O, May of my bosom!
Shine out on my soul till it bourgeon and blossom—
The waste of life has a rose-root within it,
And thy fondness alone to the sunshine can win it.

Figures that move like a song through the even—
Features lit up by a reflex of heaven—
Eyes like the skies of poor Erin, our mother,
Where shadow and sunshine are chasing each other;
Smiles coming seldom, but childlike and simple:
O, thanks to the Saviour, that even thy seeming
Is left to the exile to brighten his dreaming!

You have been glad when you knew I was gladdened—
Dear, are you sad now to hear I am saddened?
Our hearts ever answer in tune and in time, love,
As octave to octave and rhyme unto rhyme, love;
I cannot weep but your eyes will be flowing—
You cannot smile but my cheek will be glowing—
I would not die without you at my side, love—
You will not linger when I shall have died, love.

Come to me, dear, ere I die of my sorrow,
Rise on my gloom like the sun of to-morrow;
Strong, swift, and fond as the words which I speak, love,
With a song on your lip and a smile on your cheek, love;
Come, for my heart in your absence is dreary—
Haste, for my spirit is sickened and weary—
Come to the arms which alone should caress thee—
Come to the heart which is throbbing to press thee.

Charles Dickens—Why did He Die?—The life of Charles Dickens teems with interest; his death gives a most salutary lesson. An eminent medical writer gives a short summary of the various shocks to the system of Dickens, which naturally weakened him and predisposed his frame to affliction, and gives the most conclusive evidence that paralysis, which ended the great *litterateur's* earthly career, was due almost exclusively to that very act of his life which drew admiring thousands to listen to the delineations in person of the leading characters of his published works. On leaving the platform after reading "Copperfield," so laborious, earnest, and pathetic were the exertions made by Dickens, his whole soul being thrown into the work, that the pulsations of his heart numbered 96, being 24 in excess of the ordinary pulse, 72; after "Marigold," 99; "Sikes and Nancy," 118; "Oliver Twist," 124. Thus, while his audiences were rejoicing over talented histrionic display, the efforts of the reader himself were driving nails into his coffin, breaking down the delicate walls of the nervous system of the brain, flooding that great organ with an inundation of fluid, which doom the birthplace of Pickwick and a host of other interesting characters of English fictitious history.

The Bishop of Nismes has received, as a reply to his recent pastoral, two visiting cards, one from Madame Hyacinthe de Loyson, and the other from Hyacinthe Loyson, curé of Geneva," on which are written the following lines: "With our Christian pardon for the gross insults which you have heaped upon us."

There is a good story told of a celebrated French actress, now on the American boards. There was for sale, at the time she was in Rio Janeiro, a set of diamonds for which the owner wanted $15,000. The lady told a certain gentleman she was enamoured of the diamonds, consequently he inspected the jewels, found they were too dear, offered $12,000, which was refused, would not give a dollar more, and returned to tell his lady love so. She thanked Mr. X——with her sweetest smiles, and got his promise that he would renew his offer the following day. That evening she called on the jeweller herself and tried to get a reduction of the price, but in vain. Eventually opening a well-garnished wallet, she said, "Well, Mr. Jeweler, here are $3,000; when my friend calls again, accept his $12,000 and the bargain will be complete; but not a word of my part of the transaction; lead my friend to believe that you take off $3,000 to effect the sale." The next day Mr. X—— called, and after a great deal of talking, the jeweler, with seeming reluctance, took his check for $12,000, and handed over the gems. On his way to lay them at the lady's feet, he turned into his club, and there met an old friend, to whom he showed his purchase. "My dear X——," answered his friend, "is there no way to reason you out of this infatuation? You have the most charming wife in the world; you love her, but a coldness has wrongly sprung up between you, and you have become estranged, each too proud to own a fault and prone to wound the other. Be advised, give the diamonds to Mrs. X——, follow up the peace offering." The good advice was taken. X——jumped into his carriage, drove home, and made himself and his wife happy. The actress sat waiting and wondering, until losing patience she went to the jeweler's, heard that the sale had been made, returned home and waited again. Madame X—— wears the diamonds to this day, and husband and wife are happy in the extreme.

There is a great scandal afloat concerning a member of the aristocracy well known at the Turf Club and the Marlborough, connected with two ducal families, and also holding an official position under Government. It appears that at one of the West-end sporting clubs, where high play is not only tolerated but fostered, the gentleman was a frequent and regular attendant at the whist table, and a singular success had recently attended his play. Suspicions having arisen amongst the other players, he was closely watched, and it was noticed that on each occasion that he dealt the cards a card fell upon and was after the deal picked up from off his knees, and this card was invariably an ace. Of course, a great hubbub at once arose, and there were even rumors of executing Lynch law upon the arisrocratic "Welsher." Calmer counsels, however, prevailed, and the "Greek" left the club precipitately and has suddenly disappeared, not only from London society, where for so many years he has been known under a *sobriquet* that it would perhaps be unadvisable to repeat, but from England. It is said that his private affairs, in spite of the large official salary of which he was in receipt, are also in inextricable confusion. The story is in truth a sad one, but we fear it is only too true.

Whilst the Tichborne claimant has received his *quietus* at the hands of "jurymen of his own country," and the pretender to the Dukedom of Normandy, or the heiress to Louis XVII., has almost simultaneously been nonsuited by the full chambers of the Cour de Cassation at Paris, there lives a man in a small Tuscan town who pretends to be the Duke of Reichstadt, *alias* Roi de Rome, son of Napoleon I. and Marie Louise, of Austria, who died at Shönbrunn a few years after his father's demise. His features resemble very much those of the Emperor in the last period of his life. The man is neither a maniac nor an intriguer; he lives frugally upon a pension served to him by an anonym, and enjoys the greatest esteem among his fellow citizens. He will narrate to you quite seriously how in 1814 another child was substituted in his place, himself being entrusted to a Dominican monk first, and to a Maltese knight afterwards. For the last sixty years he has lived at Toscana, and never swerved his assertions, at the same time never trying to make use of them either directly or indirectly.

The following strange story is told by a correspondent of the *Scotsman:* The heirs of "William Sim," a native or resident of Dundee, will be agreeably surprised to learn that a long-lost piece of property belonging to that gentleman has recently come to light in a most unexpected manner. The other day, while an industrious housewife was engaged in what is known to the initiated as "gutting" a codfish, she unexpectedly found in its stomach a Bible, bearing upon the fly-leaf the above-mentioned name, and with the date "1830" written underneath. The voracious fish had, at a time and place and under circumstances which must forever remain unkown, swallowed the volume, no doubt mistaking it for a more savory morsel. As the Bible was bound in calf, and somewhat bulky withal, it had seemingly proved hard of digestion, a fact which might account for the reduced condition of the unfortunate codfish. The volume has, of course, been carefully preserved.

An Australian Monolith.—As one result of the recent explorations of Mr. Gosse and his party in Western Australia, we learn that they have discovered a huge monolith, 1,100 feet high, and six or seven miles in girth at its base, and the interest in the discovery is hightened by the fact that a stream of water fed by a spring in the center of the conglomerate flows from the rock. Those who take an interest in geological studies will await with impatience some further particulars regarding this immense pyramid, which is destined to become famous as one of the most singular and most prominent Australian landmarks.

SPECIAL BREVITIES.

Buried in her Wedding Dress---The Romance of Reality.---A widow of 70 years died in Portsmouth the other day, the truth of whose life was stranger than any fiction. At the age of 18 she married the choice of her heart, a young sea captain, and after a brief and happy honeymoon, he left her for a foreign voyage. But his ship was never heard from, and doubtless foundered at sea, with all on board. The young husband, as he was dressing for sea on the morning he left home, playfully threw a pair of stockings backwards over his head, to test some sailor's charm or other, and they chanced to land on the top of a canopy bedstead, he remarking, "Sarah, let them stay there till I come back." And many and many a long year they have laid there, but alas! he never returned. But neither love, nor hopes, nor expectations, ever died out in her faithful heart during all the many years of her lonely pilgrimage. To the last, whenever a door opened, or a step was heard approaching, she turned to see if it might not be he whom she mourned and sought. But he never came again to her—let us hope and trust that she has gone to him. By her desire she was buried in her wedding dress, with white gloves and wedding-ring.

Burlesquing the Whisky Crusade.---The Memphis *Avalanche* gives an elaborate description of the carnival of Mardi Gras, in the course of which occurs the following: "One of the cars in the procession of the Mystic Crewe of Momus was placarded 'The Merry Wives of Ohio.' It was a burlesque upon the crusaders now at work in the North. In the rear end of the car was a bar fitted up with kegs of beer and all the mysterious black and fancy cut bottles which adorn similar institutions all over the world. A gallus-looking whisky smasher presided and dealt out the liquid poison with skill and alacrity. In front of the bar on the platform was a group of spectacled and unbrellaed women, with prayer-books in hand, who knelt in fervent supplication whenever one of the many hardened-looking bummers on the car tipped the rosy, which they did frequently. It was noticed with mingled sorrow and pain that, at quiet intervals, some of the sisters would slip to the bar and take a sly nip. At either end of the bar was a placard "Copper Distilled Prayer Meetings," while in rear was the inscription of "Rectifying Saloon Keepers in the State of Ohio." The general effect of the whole scene was most ludicrous.

The most curious trial which has been before the Tribunals this week is the French Tichborne case, which threatens to become a *cause celèbre*. The young Prince or Comte Adelbert de Bourbon, an officer in the service of the King of Holland, claims to be heir to the estates and pretensions to the Throne of France assumed by the Comte de Chambord and the Orleans Princes. To the latter he makes no claims, by the way. M. Jules Favre has commenced his pleading. Should this young officer be able to prove his claims, which may be within the verge of possibility, the recognition of his rank might produce a material change in the detinies of the French nation; for he might combine in his person qualities which might efface the unpopularity hanging over the Legitimist and Orleanist claimants.

Wagers a l'Anglaise are now all the rage in Paris. The other day a young French Count laid a wager to walk round the racecourse in the Bois-de-Boulogne eight times without stopping. He did it in four hours and eleven minutes. A man named Orteig, who has walked to Paris from Pau, is to walk five hours without stopping—but is first to pick up *fifty eggs*, placed at a metre from one another, and to carry them one by one to the starting point. He is also to carry a weight of eighty pounds on his shoulders.

A new style of preserving food has been successfully tried on some pheasants sent from America to Paris. They were packed in hampers of very close fabric. The bottoms of the hampers were filled with ice on which was strewn the dust of resinous wood, a great preservative against worms. The pheasants were placed on this, and then covered over with snow. The hampers were then hermetically sealed, and dispatched to their destination.

Non-Edible Mustard.---A high medical authority makes the following statement as one that should be generally known:—In making a mustard plaster no water whatever should be used, but the mustard mixed with the white of an egg; the result will be a plaster which will "draw" perfectly, but will not produce a blister even upon the skin of an infant, no matter how long it is allowed to remain upon the part.

The London birdcatchers are actively at work in Kent, Surrey, and Herts netting linnets, finches, larks, thrushes, and other song birds for exportation to Australia, where very high prices are given for singing birds. They pitch their nets chiefly on secluded commons, as very few farmers allow them on their land. In a few weeks the Small Bird Preservation Act will render the taking of field birds illegal, and subject offenders to imprisonment.

The London Court Journal says that "the new novel, 'Far from the Madding Crowd,' which is so good as to have been almost suspected to have come from the pen of George Eliot, is in reality written by Mr. Hardy." If so, the readers of *Every Saturday* certainly have a treat in store for them from the author of "A Pair of Blue Eyes."

Millie Christine, the double lady, is the subject of a lawsuit by a railway company in France, who contend that she or they ought to travel with two tickets. Miss Christine says that one is sufficient.

THE BATTLE IN FRONT OF THE WHAT CHEER HOUSE.

Oh Muses Nine, in thrilling verse,
Help me to sing of battle fierce,
Fought down in Sacramento street,
Beside the What Cheer, where did meet
Two preachers in an argument
So fierce, it very nearly sent [some
Of the What Cheer House Christians
Half dozen to their Kingdom Come!

Eleven. Dr. Cox held forth
Abont glad tidings to the earth,
And of the great Commandments ten,
So little thought of now by men.

Then from the congregation rose
An ugly Christian, one of those
Who had each Sunday forenoon sought
With Dr. Cox to find some fault
In grammar, argument or teaching,
And failing, now thought by his preach-
To draw the Dr.'s crowd away. [ing,
He spoke: "One word just let me say;
Each Sunday Dr. Cox comes here,
And talks in front of the What Cheer,
Of ten Commandments, which, he says,
You have been breaking for six days;
Well, if you have, upon my word,
He helps you out, for read the third,
Which says, 'The seventh day for beast
And man shall be a day of rest.'
Now, friends, I'll bet you any money,
That Dr. Cox's Shetland pony,
A day of rest don't find this day.
It has to travel a long way
With that great mass of flesh and blood
And bone, called Dr. Cox, for a load."

Then Dr. Cox did thus reply:
"A sinner well I know am I;
Now on this point we are agreed,
But let the gentleman just read
A little more, and he will find
'Thou shalt not steal;' now to my mind
To him this well applied may be—
He steals away my crowd from me."

Some of the What Cheer Christians jeered
The Dr. now, and others cheered,
While, to add force to the debate,
The congregation separate,
And 'long the sidewalk on each hand
In terrible array they stand;
Having the open street between,
Where many feats of arms are seen,
Of one of which I here must spin
A verse. The gallant Chamberlin,
Watchful as ever, quick did see
The weak point of the enemy,
And for a cripple old he went,
Who over two low crutches bent;
He went for him prize-fighter style,
The cripple stood it for awhile,
Then balancing upon his pegs
(Alas for him he had no legs!)
Suddenly and with either hand
A crutch he lifted upward, and
On Chamberlin's head down they come,
Like drum-sticks on a kettle drum.
The cripple was not balanced well,
For when both of his crutches fell
On Chamberlain, trying to recover,
Into the street he toppled over;
Then side by side the rivals lay,
First victims of that dreadful fray.

In place of text and argument
Now missiles 'cross the street were sent,
Hymn books now filled the air, and rocks.
A moment stood brave Dr. Cox;
"For once," thought he, "my match I've
Then stepped into his chariot. [got,"
Just then the other preacher took
With upraised arms his ponderous book;
A moment o'er his head he swung it,
Then right at Hallelujah flung it.
Right through the intervening air
Went that fierce thunderbolt of war;
And then a spill, and poor Cox lay
In a most melancholy way
On one side of the narrow street,
His pony knocked clean off its feet,
His buggy smashed a wreck complete.

Far worse the battle might have been,
But now there came upon the scene
Four policemen, who said they thought
The fight had been completely fought;
Hoping that they did not offend,
They said that they did not intend
To come thus and to spoil the fun;
Alas, alas, the fight was done!

TISWELL ALLRIGHT.

Graceful Condescension.—Sebaud, the faithful body servant through many years of Marshal McMahon, was married recently at Versailles to the waiting-woman of the Duchess of Magenta. The ceremony was attended by M. and Mme. de MacMahon, who presented the bride and bridegroom with many valuable and useful presents. The contract was signed by the President and his wife, who and appeared at the wedding-breakfast and dance. The presence of the Marshal also his wife, who are now the sovereigns of France, at the wedding of their servants, says the *Catholic Review*, reminds one of the good old times when Mary Stuart danced—for the last time, alas—at the marriage of her valet, Sebastian.

A manufacturer of artificial flowers on the Boulevard Hanssmann, who has always been devoted to the Empire, has renewed the display in his shop windows, and attracted a crowd of spectators. Two immense nosegays were to be seen, one of violets and the other of tricolored flowers, each surmounted by a vast Imperial crown and surrounded by the words, "16 Mars, 1874; à Napoléon IV." Below the tricolored bouquet was a label inscribed, "Commandé per un American, ami de la France." In another case was an immense crown of Parma violets, and a knot of black ribbon, with these words in golden letters, "A la mémoire de Napoléon III.: les habitants reconnaissants du Pas-de-Calais."

The superstition in Rome is that Cardinals die off regularly by threes. A few days ago Cardinal Tarquini died, Cardinal Barnabo followed, and Cardinal Capolli is said to be on the point of death. The accuracy will gratify statisticians.

NEW BOOKS.

Catalogue of the Library of the Mercantile Library Association of San Francisco. Published by the Association. San Francisco. 1874.

We are too apt, in this our work-day world, to associate the term catalogue with sales by auction or inventory of personal property, but the catalogue of a library must no more be confounded with a list of books than an herbarium with a nursery gardener's window. To this publication of over nine hundred pages a vast amount of erudition and patience has been brought. Mr. Whitaker, the librarian, organized an efficient staff of assistants, and under his direction the work has attained its somewhat formidable proportions. Two catalogues have already been published at distant periods, one of four thousand the other of about twelve thousand volumes, whilst this present exhaustive compilation embraces over twenty-six thousand. The system upon which the catalogue is prepared is commonly termed the "dictionary plan," consisting of an alphabetical arrangement of *author*, *title* and *subject*, with a subdivision, when such is deemed of sufficient importance. This system is the same as that adopted at the Boston Public Library, also very commonly used in England, and has been found to answer the purpose of reference, as well as of study; for be it understood that a good catalogue is a study, as well as an informant, in the same way that a good encyclopedia is an instructor as well as a dictionary. For example, and as a specimen of the painstaking manner in which this catalogue has been compiled, let us take the heading "California." There are twenty-six divisions of the different books on this subject, extending from page 129 to page 138, inclusive, being ten folio pages, embracing the registers, maps, bibliography, discovery, history, botany, zoölogy, geology, etc., all thoroughly catalogued, with the dates and full titles. The whole book has been subjected to a crucial proof-reading by Mr. Evans, and the type and general getting-up is excellent. It was printed with new type by Francis & Valentine, the body of the work in brevier and the contents in agate. One thing only is wanting, and that is, blank leaves interbound after each letter, to insert the new books that are constantly arriving. Now comes the difficulty. The Library Association is somewhat in the condition of the City Hall Commissioners, and in their love for the construction they have exceeded their estimate. It was originally intended to give a plain, kind of circulating library, catalogue, but when the many valuable books came to be registered, it was thought that they were worthy of a better treatment, and that they deserved as well as their European congeners. Consequently, the catalogue was made (just as the City Hall ought to be) a credit to the community and an ornament to the literary world. But it costs money, and instead of the two and a half dollars originally estimated, the cost has swollen to over six dollars. The Directors only ask five dollars. The work is well worth the money, and our liberal citizens, members of the Library, must not hesitate to pay it. A catalogue like that, exhibited in the Old World, will do more to take away the old reproach from San Francisco than fifty praying women at the doors of corner groceries can do.

FROM A. ROMAN & CO.

RECORD OF A SCHOOL. By A. Bronson Alcott. Third Edition Revised. Published by Roberts Bros., Boston.

The popular author of "Little Women" and "Little Men," Miss Alcott, has been so often asked "if there ever was or could be a school like Plumfield?" that she decided on a republication of the "Record of a School," which was published thirty-eight years ago, and from which many of the scenes described in "Little Men" were taken. In the preface Miss Alcott says: "Not only is it a duty and a pleasure, but there is a certain fitness in making the childish fiction of the daughter play the grateful part of herald to the wise and beautiful truths of the father—truths which, for thirty years, have been silently, helpfully living in the hearts and memories of the pupils who never have forgotten the influences of that time and teacher." The book makes no high pretensions, and will be useful to parents and teachers as an actual record of a school.

THE CONSERVATION OF ENERGY. By Balfour Stewart, L.L.D., F. R. S., Professor of Natural Philosophy at the Owens' College, Manchester. With an Appendix Treating of the Vital and Mental Applications of the Doctrine. D. Appleton & Co., New York, publishers.

This present contribution to the international scientific series, by Dr. Stewart, is probably the clearest and most elementary explanation of the modern doctrine of Conservation of Energy or Correlation of Forces, a subject which has lately assumed a prominence in the world of thought, and this treatise is all sufficient for the requirements of the general reader.

ANIMAL LOCOMOTION, OR WALKING, SWIMMING, AND FLYING, WITH A DISSERTATION ON AERONAUTICS. By J. Bell Pettigrew, M.D., F. R. S., F. R. S. E., F. R. C. P. E. Published by E. Appleton & Co., New York. Contains 130 engravings on wood, by Mr. W. Ballingall, of Edinburgh.

Lord Gifford was actually the first man to enter Coomassie. We regret to hear that he was wounded. After the scouts followed the 42d, then the 23d; the Rifle Brigade came next, and finally the Naval Brigade.

MY OWN.

My own—my own—O breathes there one
To whom those words are not most dear?
Beats there a heart so drear and lone,
That holds not some loved object near?
Whose spirit, like the Arkless birds,
From all companionship hath flown;
And finds no gladness in the words,
My own! My own!

Who, dull to every finer tie,
To every soft affection cold,
Lives on in cheerless apathy,
And in his very youth seems old!
Tho' frequent cares my mind enthral,
Could wealth, mere earthly wealth atone
For the sweet beings *lost*—I call
My own! My own!

No; Time may still but speed to show
How false is Hope's delicious song;
And many a sorrow I must know;
But O, I trust, may it be long
Ere those I love from me are gone;
And life a wilderness hath grown,
And of earth's millions there are none
I call—my own!

San Francisco, April 4, 1874. ABJÆL.

THE SECOND BOOK OF CHRONICLES.

CHAPTER IX.

1. **And the angel** said unto me, Look again. So I looked, and behold were there many women in the streets. And they were chiefly virgins, well stricken in years and ill-favored.

2. And some of them did cry out continually, Make us, O Lord, to be even as the men are, but others said, Go to, would ye now have the people to find out what we want? Shout ye, therefore, and pray and sing hymns unto the Lord, and cry Down with them even unto the ground, and may they be like unto Zebah and Zalumnah.

3. Now of they that sold wine and strong drink, even the phortie rod and rhawt gut, some were sore and afraid, and did run to and fro, crying and making a great noise.

4. And the tribe of the Bhummers and the tribe of the Ted Peats, standing upon the corners of the streets and in the market place, were sore afraid, and when any one of them did see the women coming, he said unto his fellows, The enemy be upon us, wherefore did they all vamoose.

5. Now to vamoose, in the tongue of the men of Phrisko, is to git, and to git is flee, even as Saul fled before David and the Philistines before Joshua.

6. And I saw in my vision that the women were led by one who was old and well stricken in years, and she carried a standard, and on it was the image of a man, and the superscription thereof was Hwumin's Rits.

7. Then said I unto the angel, What is the meaning of this? Expound thou it unto me. And he answered and said, The women that thou seest are those who would put an end to phortie rod and rhawtgut.

8. Then did I fall on my knees and say, Not so, O Lord, for thy servant doth love both them and they that dispense strong drink. Hath not thy servant taken the advice of the Apostle Paul, to take a little wine for his stomach's sake? There being no wine, doth not thy servant take strong drink in the place thereof?

9. And the angel answered, Be not afraid; still shall there remain strong drink in the land. Seest thou the woman who goeth before the others, and who hath the standard in her hand. The meaning thereof is this:

10. The figure of a man that thou seest is the god that they worship, and the superscription meaneth that having all power and dominion, yet would they have more. For the men of the land of Unculpsalm having the fear of God before their eyes, do follow the commandment of the Lord as given through his servant Paul, and will not hearken to the women when they would preach and exhort the people. Neither when the time cometh that a man should be put up in the midst to be abused of the scribes, will they let the women speak.

11. And for this do the women grieve, and some of them do lift up their voices in the midst, and so will they do in this matter even as they have done before, wherefore shall it perish.

12. Then was my spirit rejoiced within me, and my tribulation at an end.

The appearance of Jeanne d'Arc's statue has been most timely. It really seems to re-animate the desponding, and to infuse fresh efforts into all. The monument is becoming a Holy Place, but where no priests dispute. Bouquets of beautiful flowers are daily placed on the railing, with notes of a most patriotic character. Instead of exciting any animosity against *perfide Albion*, it serves to keep wrath warm against the Prussians. One piece of poetry, waving from a wreath of camelias, implores the Maid to pardon every Frenchman who passes by without depositing at her feet a flower or a prayer.

Strauss has left two unfinished works: a Life of Lessing and a Life of Beethoven.

[From the San Francisco News Letter.]

THE LONDON TIMES ON CALIFORNIA AFFAIRS.

Seeing that several of our banks and many of our largest enterprises are largely aided by British capital, and looking to the advantage it is to a State needing capital to develop her resources to stand well with the great money mart in London, it would be idle to attempt to "pooh pooh" the importance to us, financially, of the letters which the London *Times* is now periodically publishing from a correspondent in this city. The writer's chief object is evidently to supply the *facts*, leaving his readers to form their own conclusions from the data furnished by him. His last communication appears in the *Times* of March 4th. The *News Letter*, having a keen eye for everything calculated to influence the material interests of the State, makes no apology for republishing these important communications:

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.]

SAN FRANCISCO, February 6th.—A bill has been introduced into the Legislature, now in session at Sacramento, for the abolition of capital punishment, but in a State where such little reverence for human life has been exhibited as in California, such legislation would simply tend to encourage murder. A reward of $15,000 has been sanctioned by the Legislature for the capture of the notorious Vasquez and his band, who are still at large, committing outrages in whatever neighborhood they take up their quarters. Since the murders at Tres Pinos (referred to in a former letter) and the robbery at Kingston, they have shown themselves in detached parties at different points. Two of the band rode into the suburbs of Visalia a few days since, and, visiting the dwelling of a widow lady, tied her up and robbed her of all she possessed. Great consternation and excitement were caused in the San Joaquin Valley, and in Kingston an armed party was placed over the Treasury to protect it from the depredations of the Vasquez gang. Governor Booth at first offered a reward of $1,000 for the capture of Vasquez, which was subsequently increased to $15,000 by the Legislature.

THE UNION PACIFIC.

Under its present management the Union Pacific Railroad has reduced its running expenses and has increased its business over the road, its earnings in eleven months being $9,507,271, which shows a gain over the previous year of $1,372,516. The working expenses were $4,725,733, against $5,448,744 on the lighter business of the previous year, leaving the net gain on the income of the road $1,095,527. The Central Pacific Railroad has long been dealt in at New York, but has only recently been placed on the official list of the Stock Exchange. The following particulars have been taken from an official report of the road: The aggregate mileage of main line, branches and sidings is 1,328.91 miles; bonded debt of the company, less bonds in sinking fund, $53,411,210 65; United States subsidy bonds, $27,855,680; floating debt, $3,244,136 60, making a total of $84,511,027 25. The amount of authorized capital stock, in shares of $100 each, is $100,000,000; amount of capital stock subscribed, $62,608,800; and amount of capital stock issued, represented by 542,755 shares of $100 each, $54,275,500. The total cost of road and branches, including equipment, is $139,746,311 14; total number of acres of land grant, upwards of 13,000,000. The returns of the company for 1872 show that the gross earnings in currency were $12,734,729 88; the net earnings, $7,207,284 63. In 1873 the gross earnings were $13,871,089 82; the net earnings, $8,381,649 76, or $4,767,292, as a surplus above interest on bonds, which amount to about $3,194,870 in gold. This is equivalent to 8 per cent. per annum on the capital stock of the company. One dividend of 3 per cent. gold has recently been paid on the stock now introduced into the New York market, where it will stand third in rank for number of shares, whatever may be its position in point of price. In consequence of the Government having refused payment of the subsidy to the semi-monthly line unless the service be performed in iron ships according to law, the Pacific Mail Steamship Company now dispatch only one vessel a month to China, and this state of affairs will continue till April or May. By that time it is expected that the large steamers building for the company, one of which—the *Colima*—has already arrived, will be ready, and then the semi-monthly service will be resumed. As the company has severed its connection with the Trans-Continental Railroad Companies, freight from China and Japan will be forwarded by the Isthmus route at considerably reduced rates. This arrangement makes San Francisco simply a way port for coaling and landing passengers. Fortunately, at this juncture, the China Trans-Pacific S. S. Co. (Limited), a British company, will have a powerful line of steamers in operation on the China route. The first vessel of this line, the *Vasco de Gama*, is expected to arrive to-morrow from Yokohama. After discharging her cargo, of which 9,000 packages of tea go overland, she will immediately prepare for her return voyage. The imports of teas from China, Japan and Java were, for the year 1872, 3,640,167 lbs.; for 1873, 3,750,101 lbs. The exports of tea for 1872 were 320,871 lbs.; for 1873, 199,519 lbs. The business done in teas last year was by no means profitable to our merchants, while in the Atlantic and Western States several failures were occasioned, owing to the large stocks carried

by various houses at the time when the sudden removal of duty on tea made heavy losses inevitable.

THE PACIFIC MAIL COMPANY.

It is thought unlikely that even if the Pacific Mail Steamship Company reduced their through rates considerably, they will continue to control the carrying of teas as they hitherto have done. The fact that by the Panama route the cargoes will be exposed to the sea air for at least 60 days, and have to undergo three or four different handlings, will induce shippers in China and Japan to send them by the shorter route, by way of San Francisco and overland. The shippers of wool will, however, be greatly benefited during the coming season, as the company have offered to carry that staple to New York at 1¼c. per lb., and they state that they have in readiness all the requisite tonnage to carry every pound offered. The freight by railroad last year was 2¾c. currency, and by steamer 2c. As the anticipated wool clip is estimated at 28 million pounds, a considerable amount will thus be saved in freight by wool-growers. One of the most valuable consignments that ever passed across the Continent was a car-load of silkworms' eggs, *en route* for France. They were purchased in Yokohama by the French Government, and their value exceeded two million dollars.

The attempt to pass a Bill through the Legislature which would recognize the claims of our black population to admittance to the public schools on equal terms with the children of white men has met with great opposition. By the 13th amendment the slave was emancipated, by the 14th he was made a citizen, but, as he could not vote, the 15th amendment was necessary to enfranchise him. Public sentiment has not yet been educated to believe in the complete equality of races, and as the colored population do not contribute to the support of public schools, it is held that they have no claim to derive any benefit from them.

POPULATION AND TAXATION.

That this State is so sparsely populated may be attributed to the fact that we are far more heavily taxed than any other State or Territory in the Union. By a recent Report of the Controller the enormous disproportion between the taxation existing in California and other States is made manifest. With a population of 560,000 we have been spending $10,500,000 a year for Government purposes, or at the rate of nearly $20 per head. Ohio, with a population of 2,665,260, spent last year only $22,248,979, or at the rate of $8 72 per head. The Controller says that "the highest rate per caput of any other State I have been able to ascertain is $14 35," which is a higher rate than any European country pays. This arises chiefly from bad legislation and malfeasance in office, and until a higher code of public morality is recognized, the evil will only be repressed in one quarter to crop out in another. The continued rainfall, which has lasted almost to the present time, has operated injuriously in many quarters, as the ground is so wet as to prevent plowing or sowing for weeks to come, and as February is the last month for these purposes many of our farmers are laying in a stock of horse feed and discharging their men. In the San Joaquin Valley and other dry soils of the State, the farmers have learnt to depend on summer fallow, and have not been able to sow their new lands because, from frequent failures, they have lost confidence in the seasons, and have, therefore, generally failed to prepare for seeding largely until it was too late, not having the means when they considered it advisable to do so. Much of the grain land will thus be unavoidably left for grass. Nevertheless, there is a general disposition evinced to persevere and to endeavor to overcome the vicissitudes of weather as far as it is possible for such a thing to be done. One farmer alone in Colusa county is prepared to put in 40,000 acres of wheat, the yield of which, at 25 bushels to the acre, would be 1,000,000 bushels, which would require two years' time for delivery in San Francisco and 20 ships of 1,300 tons each for transportation to England. A trial shipment of wheat in bulk has been made lately in the case of the ship *France*, which carries a cargo of 32,000 centals loaded in this manner:—The ordinary wooden bins were dispensed with in favor of tiers of sacks, between which the loose wheat was contained. Should this system of shipment prove successful, it is probable that cargoes of wheat will in future be conveyed to their destination in bulk instead of in sacks, as heretofore.

HALL'S AUSTRALIAN LINE.

The first steamer of the new line established between America, New Zealand, and the Australian Colonies made her appearance several days after she was due, the penalty for overtime being at the rate of £2 per hour. Till November the contract provides for a speed of ten nautical knots per hour, but after that the voyages between San Francisco and Sydney must be performed at the rate of 12½ knots per hour, when a subsidy of £80,000 will be granted by the Governments of New Zealand and New South Wales. The voyage from Sydney to San Francisco is usually made by sailing vessels in from 80 to 90 days, while the return passage, owning to more favorable winds, does not occupy generally above 40 or 50 days' time. It is thought that a sufficient allowance has not been made for the delays likely to occur from adverse winds and storms, and that consequently the new line will not, as a rule, be able to fulfill the terms of the contract as far as relates to performing the voyage between Sydney and here in 29½ days' time.

THE CHRONICLE-SUN DIFFICULTY.

An incident of by no means an uncommon kind occurred a day or two since in California street, where one of the proprietors of a daily paper called the *Chroni-*

cle shot twice at the editor of the *Sun* newspaper, who was at the time in custody of a constable. Missing his aim, the assailant attempted a third shot, but was fortunately arrested before he could commit the murder he contemplated. The origin of the quarrel arose from certain infamous charges published in the *Chronicle*, which were replied to by the *Sun* in an equally infamous strain. Upon this the proprietors of the former sheet—three in number—proceeded to the office of the latter paper and destroyed the type, forms, etc., making prisoners of five of the compositors, and threatening them with loaded revolvers. The most remarkable part of the business was that an officer of the police force accompanied and encouraged the outrage, though he had no warrant or authority to do so. The compositors were taken to jail, where they have been ever since, in default of finding $5,000 bail. Two of the editors of the *Sun* were also arrested, and it was while one of them was out of prison, in custody of a policeman, for the purpose of procuring the necessary bail, that he was attacked and shot at as related. The would-be murderer, having been taken to prison, was joined by his two brothers, also proprietors of the *Chronicle*. They here again attempted to take the life of the editor of the *Sun*, who stood near by, but were prevented by the timely interference of the police. Shortly afterwards they were liberated on giving bonds of $3,000 each, but as they are not bound over to keep the peace, and only held over to answer a charge of libel and attempt to do bodily harm, it is likely that the shooting process will be renewed at a convenient season.

CHINESE AND CHEAP LABOR.

Two volumes of anti-Chinese petitions, signed by 22,211 of our inhabitants, have been forwarded to Congress, with the view of obtaining a modification of the treaty with China, so as to prevent the immigration of Chinese. The bill on the Chinese question now before Congress provides for the appointment by the President and confirmation by the Senate of three Commissioners, whose duty it will be to collect and report all available information relative to the Chinese in the United States, and the effect of their presence on the white labor of the country. Authoritative data thus obtained will, it is believed, facilitate the means of securing such Federal action as may be found necessary. That most of the Chinese who come to the coast, but especially the women, are not free agents, has lately been exemplified by the production in Court of a bill of sale written in Chinese characters, by which a woman had been kept in infamous bondage for the sum of $500 for the term of four years. It is proposed to meet the difficulty of the cheap labor question by the introduction of an apprentice law, which would bind our rising generation to some trade. The cheap labor of the Chinese prevents, it is said, boys from obtaining employment and learning a trade. If a sufficient force of well-trained boys could be made available, it is thought that Chinese labor might be dispensed with eventually, but at present the great difficulty to be encountered is to make our white youths work and learn a trade, when they decidedly prefer liberty and "hoodlumism."

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL, OAKLAND.

The Grand Central Hotel, Oakland, is an hostelry well worthy a visit. This really magnificent hotel is situated in the pleasantest part of Oakland, within two blocks of the principal thoroughfare, Broadway. It is built in the latest style of Franco-Italian architecture, combining all the solid comforts of the French fashion with the elegance and taste of an Italian villa. The interior arrangements are such as one might expect from so magnificent a facade. There are 240 rooms splendidly furnished throughout, and provided with all the requirements of modern luxury. The principal dining room is a really fine apartment, 100 feet in length. The *cuisine* there discussed is worthy the wide spread reputation of the "Grand Central." A pleasant phase of life in this hotel, and one greatly conducive to society and mutual enjoyment, consists in a dance given occasionally. A grand view of the surrounding country can be obtained from the cupola, which is easily reached by an elevator. The hotel is close to the railway depot. Moderation in charges is the rule of the house. Our friends throughout the various countries of the world to which the *News Letter* penetrates would do well to visit this beautiful spot, which combines, as in a focus, all the advantages of luxury, picturesque scenery, and salubrity. A great inducement to invalids and others offered by this hotel consists in the facilities for bathing; as not only is there a magnificent bathing palace attached to the establishment, but the greater number of apartments are furnished with a fine bath-room *en suite*, a convenience which every one will appreciate. The city of Oakland is worth a visit from every one who can compass it, and in Oakland no spot more worthy of interest and attention than the Grand Central Hotel.

A dancing chicken is the latest attraction at Salem. This is another evidence of the goodness of the Almighty in adapting their surroundings to the capacity of his creatures. Salem is amused. We patiently await his action in the Oakland line.

The Indians have invented a new method of scalping victims, so that now a bald-headed man stands no more show than any one else. This is as it should be.

IT MAY BE.

It may be thou art fairer
To other eyes than mine;
To other ears seem dearer
Thy language half divine.
It may be thou dost cherish
A love that's not for me;
But mine can never perish,
Nor ever change, for thee!

I've seen thy ringlets streaming,
And waving in the wind,
Then droop like woodbines dreaming,
Dew-pearl'd, and fondly twined:
I've seen thy fingers wreathing
Young wild flowers down the dell;
And heard thee, felt thee breathing,
With every word a spell.

I've seen thee kneeling—praying;
The raptures of thy words,
Like angels sweetly straying,
Thrilled Love's immortal chords!
It may be thou art fairer
To other eyes than mine;
But no one loves thee dearer—
Believes thee so divine!

H.

A WOMAN'S POCKET.

The most difficult thing to reach is a woman's pocket. This is especially the case if the dress is hung up in a closet, and the man is in a hurry. We think we are safe in saying that he always is in a hurry on such an occasion. The owner of the dress is in the sitting room serenely engrossed in a book. Having told him that the article which he is in quest of is in her dress pocket in the closet, she has discharged her whole duty in the matter, and can afford to feel serene. He goes at the task with a dim consciousness that he has been there before, but says nothing. On opening the closet door and finding himself confronted with a number of dresses, all turned inside out, and presenting a most formidable front, he hastens back to ask "Which dress?" and being told the brown one, and also asked if *she* has so *many* dresses that there need be any great effort to find the right one, he returns to the closet with alacrity, and soon has his hands on the brown dress. It is inside out, like the rest—a fact he does not notice, however, until he has made several ineffectual attempts to get his hand into it. Then he turns it around very carefully, and passes over the pocket several times without being aware of it. A nervous movement of his hands, and an appearance of perspiration on his forehead are perceptible. He now dives one hand in at the back, and feeling around, finds a place, and proceeds to explore it, when he discovers that he is following up the inside of a lining. The nervousness increases, also the perspiration. He twitches the dress on the hook, and suddenly the pocket, white, plump, and exasperating, comes to view. Then he sighs the relief he feels, and is mentally grateful he did not allow himself to use any offensive expressions. It is all right now. There is the pocket in plain view—not the inside, but the outside—and all he has to do is to put his hand right around in the inside and take out the article. That is all. He can't help but smile to think how near he was to getting mad. Then he puts his hand around to the other side. He does not feel the opening. He pushes a little further—now he has got it—he shoves the hand down, and is very much surprised to see it appear opposite his knees. He has made a mistake. He tries again; again he feels the entrance and glides down it only to appear again as before. This makes him open his eyes and straighten his face. He feels of the outside of the pocket, pinches it curiously, lifts it up, shakes it, and after peering closely about the roots of it, he says, "By Gracious!" and commences again. He does it calmly this time, because hurrying only makes the matter worse. He holds up breadth after breadth, goes over them carefully, gets his hand first into a lining, then into the air again (where it always surprises him when it appears), and finally into a pocket, and is about to cry out with triumph, when he discovers that it is the pocket to another dress. He is mad now; the closet air almost stifles him; he is so nervous he can hardly contain himself, and the pocket looks at him so exasperatedly that he cannot help but "plug" it with his clenched fist, and immediately does it. Being somewhat relieved by this performance, he has a chance to look about him, and sees that he has put his foot through a band-box and into the crown of his wife's bonnet; has broken the brim to his Panama hat which was hanging in the same closet, and torn about a yard of bugle trimming from a new cloak. As all this trouble is due directly to his wife's infatuation in hanging up her dresses inside out, he immediately starts after her, and impetuously urging her to the closet, excitedly and almost profanely intimates his doubts of there being a pocket in the dress, anyway. The cause of the unhappy disaster quietly inserts her hand inside the robe, and directly brings it forth with the sought-for article in its clasp. He doesn't know why, but this makes him madder than anything else.—*Danbury News.*

Col. Coey's nomination having been confirmed by the Senate, that gentleman will take charge of our Postoffice on the 1st of May. The gallant Colonel is to be congratulated on the manner of his appointment. As a brave soldier, he had, during the war, attracted the attention of General Grant, and as he stuck to his duty, so now his Commander-in-Chief has stuck to him.

STEAMSHIP POSSIBILITIES.

Much is being said just now about steamship matters that is worthy of very special attention. Trade with the various countries washed by the Pacific Ocean is a supreme consideration to San Francisco. In the complete acquirement of the commerce of the Pacific rests much of our city's future. The production of the precious metals has hitherto done much for our State; indeed, it almost may be said to have done everything for it. Nothing short of the excitement attendant upon the discovery of gold would have so rapidly attracted to these shores so considerable a population. But times have changed, as also have our necessities. We have here a large city, that we want to make much larger. It is to our admirable situation as a great central port, and our consequent ability to attract and control commerce, that we must rely in the end for a certain and ever increasing prosperity. Gold and silver are but the handmaids to commerce. The great use of money is found in its purchasing power; as the representative of values it controls trade. It is therefore simply a means to an end, and that end in our case should be the winning of the largest possible share of the commerce of the vast ocean that surrounds us. These seem trite, commonplace truisms. Yet, in view of the too little attention given to our commercial outlook, their repetition may certainly be pardoned. Coming, then, to the conclusion that the trade of China, Japan, Australia, New Zealand, the South American republics and of the innumerable islands of the Pacific *must* be ours, by right of our position on the map of the world; we may well ask ourselves, "What are we doing to assert that right?" Not long ago the answer could only have been an unsatisfactory one. But the signs of to-day are that we are just entering upon an important era of progress. Effective steam lines have long been our great want. We repeat the word "*effective*," in order to emphasize it. Steamers, to win us the commerce of any of the countries we have mentioned, must be as speedy and as economical as any that are running elsewhere. It is safe to say that no such steamers have been accustomed heretofore to arrive in our harbor. We have before us a statement showing the time made by the White Star steamers, during a period of twelve months, on the route between New York and Liverpool, which shows that the splendid average of 13 knots outwards and a fraction over 12 knots homewards has been attained. If the passages made during the four months of Winter—so terrible on the Atlantic, but which have no parallel on the Pacific—are taken out, the average will be 14 knots per hour. These steamers carry over four thousand tons of cargo, and run on a wonderfully small consumption of coal. We have little coasters running from San Francisco, averaging about eight knots, which consume more coal per day than do these giants of the deep. Suppose all our ocean-going steamers were at this moment equal to the White Star lines, what would be the result? China and Japan would, via this continent, be brought nearer, in point of time, to Europe than by any other possible route. The same is equally true in regard to Australia and New Zealand. With such vessels we should soon revolutionize the trade of the Pacific in our favor. As we have said, the signs are that we are entering upon an era of progress in this direction. The Pacific Mail Company, having got rid of the Stockwells and Webbs of unhappy memory, has, during the past year, made most creditable exertions. New steamers of the right kind have been built, and others are on the stocks. For the China line, one enormous iron ship—the *City of Pekin*—said to be of unexcelled beauty, speed and strength, has already been launched; another, the *City of Yedo*, is almost ready to breast the waves, and two more are under way, and will be completed in a few months, and soon we may expect to see this pioneer company reaping the reward due to improved management. Then comes the new unsubsidized competitor for the trade of the East. In respect to this line, to which the *Vasco de Gama* belongs, and of which Messrs. Macondray & Co. are the agents, the *Real Estate Circular* says: It is understood that an alliance has been formed between the Central Pacific Railroad Company and the company which recently inaugurated a new line of first-class steamships between this port and China and Japan. The railroad company is about to build an extensive wharf for these steamships. This wharf will extend from the railroad ferry-slip, at the foot of Second street, southeasterly, from King to Channel streets. Tea and other Asiatic freights brought here by the steamships will immediately be run out of the hold of the vessels on board the freight cars, which will come alongside. The closest possible connection between the steamships and the railroad will thus be had, and the speediest and most economical transshipment of through freights secured. This arrangement will give the new company equal, if not superior, facilities, in the above respect, to those heretofore enjoyed by the Pacific Mail Company. The new line is erroneously supposed to be an English one. The stock in it, however, is mostly held by capitalists here, and by the great American-Chinese firm of Russell & Co., Shanghai, which firm almost exclusively controls the steam navigation of the inland wafers of China. This new arrangement—combined with the fact that the railroad company contemplates the erection of a great passenger depot on Townsend street, between Third and Fourth—will tend to improve now-stagnant South Beach property; but, above all, the facilities mentioned, and the reduction of fares and freights between this continent and Asia will tend to make the American route the favorable one between Asia and the Atlantic States and Europe, and, of course, San Francisco will be the great entrepot of the traffic created. The new line of steam propellers are more powerful and rapid than those of the Pacific Mail Company. All this seems like business. We are evidently getting into the right groove. In respect to the Australian line, we would like to speak hopefully. Its existence has yet been too brief to speak with certainty. It has been long enough, however, to develop

the fact that mistakes have been made, as we showed last week by reprinting a dispassionate article from the *European Mail*. Errors are perhaps inseparable from new enterprises. White Star liners on the Australian route would bring a stream of trade and travel through our city that would soon grow into enormous proportions. But the best and speediest steamers afloat are essential to the special requirements of that line. We have no fear but that in the end such vessels will be forthcoming.

THE UNIVERSITY.

Its Enemies—Their Signal Failure—Collapse of Opposition—Liberal Appropriation by the Legislature.

It is very generally known throughout the State that a desperate effort was made during the last session of the Legislature, by a few soreheads and political intriguers, to get control of the University of California; to displace the Board of Regents, who have hitherto conducted its affairs with great ability and much individual sacrifice, and to install in place of those gentlemen—all, or the great majority of whom, are located within convenient reach of the University—a Board of politicians, scattered all over the State. The great object was to place this noble institution, just rising to usefulness and power, in the hands of the "Grangers," and to contract its scientific scope within the narrow limits which that particular class of theorizers might see fit to impose. Hence, an organized and bitter attack was made upon the present Board under the guise of investigation, public economy and the like. The proceedings of the Board were criticised in the most unfriendly and unjust manner; all the scandal and slang that could be raked up from the lowest sources was eagerly seized upon by legislative committees and paraded in the newspapers, to the prejudice of the Board. And finally a treacherous, bad-tempered man, a professor whose services had been dispensed with, exposes the true character of the opposition by giving vent to his spleen in a pamphlet of a dozen pages. Thanks to this recalcitrant professor, the public, after reading his book, knew what was the matter. The eyes of the Legislature, too, were opened, and not only was the little game frustrated, but a liberal appropriation was made for the support of the University during the next two years. This indorsement by the Legislature, after so strong an effort to overthrow the Regents and to censure their policy as to the course of instruction pursued in the University, is a great triumph to them, and a matter for public congratulation. The high character of those gentlemen, their wealth, influence, culture and devotion to the cause, had inspired great confidence in the institution, both as to its permanency and proper management. And some of our wealthy citizens had contemplated, and were about carrying into effect, large and liberal donations for the use and benefit of its various departments. We still hope they will do this, although the danger to be apprehended from political complications, which has just been disclosed, appears to stagger them for the moment.

The Asiatic Commercial Company.—The House Committee upon Commerce has reported favorably upon a bill to incorporate the Asiatic Commercial Company. The bill names James Otis, E. E. Eyre, Benjamin Flint, John L. Goodwin, L. H. Newton, and Heber N. Tilden, of California, and W. L. Ladd, of Oregon, as the Pacific Coast incorporators. It limits the charter to fifty years, for the purpose of shipping and dealing in the products of China and Japan, and provides for the personal liability of stockholders. The capital stock is fixed at $5,000,000.

A press dispatch, dated Victoria, V. I., April 3d, says: The steamer *California* arrived in Esquimault last night from the north shore. She reports things as very lively at Cassiar, that the miners were making from $12 to $30 per day to the hand. There are between seven and eight hundred men at the mines. The weather was very mild and the river is expected to be open about the 1st of May. Sylvester, of Barnard's Express, arrived in three and a half days from Buck's Bar, on the ice, with $7,000 in dust.

Here is News.—The Australian papers contain a press dispatch which says that "reliable information has been received in Auckland from a San Francisco firm, announcing that the United States have annexed the whole of the Navigator Islands, and have dispatched Special Commissioner Steinberger to assume control over the group in the name of the Government." Verily, this is going from home to learn news. If the "San Francisco firm" had written that information on the 1st of April, we might have understood it.

Mr. Robertson's comedy of "School" was played the other night at the Prince of Wales' Theater for the five hundredth time.

THE MEN'S REFORM VS. THE WOMEN'S CRUSADE.

There was a large meeting at Jones' Hall, a few evenings since, of the "Reform Your Milliners' Bill Association." The debate was opened by Professor Brown, who observed: "The Association must not be debarred from proceeding on its holy mission by the vastness of the work it had undertaken. Had Hercules been disheartened at the extent of the lash imposed on him, when he had so cleaned out the Augean stables, he never would have secured for himself a place amongst the denizens of Olympus.

Mr. T. Mulligan.—It is all very well to talk about Hercules and the denizens of Olympus, but what we have to do is to put our shoulder to the wheel, to make a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether. No Hercules—no, nor a dozen Herculeses—could do it. I go in for getting up a combination of all the existing societies, the Masons, the Odd Fellows, Red Men, Foresters, Druids, Unions, military companies, and, if necessary, even the regular army, and pledging every member to carry out the objects of our Association under pain of dismissal. Most of these societies were founded to promote the happiness and comfort of their members, and every man who has a grain of common sense can see that nothing could better assist in carrying out these objects than lending us a hand, and I for one think they will do it. I am pretty sure the Crispins will come in.

Rev. Mr. Snodgrass.—I think the clergy should be requested to support the movement. They exercise an important moral influence on society, and I am sure they would do all in their power in aid of so holy a cause. Mr. Mulligan here rose in an excited manner and said: I know plenty of parsons' wives who carry more silk in their skirts and more false hair on their pates than any member of their congregation. Have sane men been paying the parsons for centuries to keep things straight, and where are we now? Why, worse off than ever. I don't mean anything personal to the gentleman who has just sat down—in fact, I am very glad to see him here—but these are my views.

Mr. T. Robins.—The time is past for generalities; men had been harping on these for years, and with what results our wives' millinery bills will show. The only way to bring about the necessary reforms is to appoint committees, each of which shall attack some particular vice. I will move the appointment of the following committees: 1. The ladies dress committee; 2. The high-heeled boot committee; 3. The false hair committee; 4. The piano committee; 5. The cooking committee; 6. The general hygiene committee. I therefore move that the Chair appoint the committees above named, each committee to consist of not more than one thousand or less than five hundred.

Rev. Mr. Snopkins.—I do not come prepared with any definite plan of action on so important a subject, but I would, with all due humility, throw out a few hints which I think might assist the committee alluded to by the last speaker. I believe a strong appeal might be made to the finer feelings of women by the publication of tracts containing the history of some of the thousands of cases of those who have been first tempted to a life of misery and shame, and consigned to a premature grave by a desire to gratify their love of dress. Again, I think the committee might find a powerful means of furthering their labors by presenting to women at balls, at theaters, and even in their own homes, the dried bones of the skeleton, showing the deformities of the chest, the pelvis and the feet, that result either directly or indirectly from their absurd styles of dress. Lectures might be given, pointing out how much rational and health-giving enjoyment might be had from the money now squandered in dress, and I have no doubt but that other means will suggest themselves, by which an appeal could be made to the reason and finer feelings of women, which would not fail to produce an effect.

Mr. Radkins.—I am sorry I cannot agree with the Rev. gentleman as to any chance of success from an appeal to the reason or better feelings of women in regard to dress. How many eloquent pens have described the ruin, the despair, the last fatal plunge into the cold, dark river that has resulted from the love of dress. How often has the groan of anguish from the overworked milliners of our large cities found expression through the appeal of some philanthropist to the feelings of woman, and yet not a yard of ribbon the less has been sold; not a flounce the less has been worn. This absurd love of dress is, of all the vices that afflict our race, the one that most steels the heart and blunts the reason. Tracts, skeletons are as useless against its onward course as is the saplin pine to the rush of the avalanche. Weekly, monthly thousands upon thousands of pages of our periodical literature are devoted to its developement, and these are introduced with the most unblushing effrontery into every family circle. Even those journals which endeavor to convey a little useful information to our women are obliged to gild it over by pandering to this unholy vice, and but too often the pages in which this is done are the only parts read. It is only by repressive measures, sanctioned by legislation, that we have a chance of doing any good. Let us get a law passed in the first place preventing the circulation within the State of all books relating to woman's dress, and making it a misdemeanor to sell or circulate or exhibit any print or engraving relating to the subject. We have already analogous laws on our statute books in relation to other vices. We should petition Congress to prevent the circulation of all such literature through the mails. We want a law licensing milliners, and making it a misdemeanor for any milliner to put more than a certain number of square feet of material into the dress, depending on the hight and size of the wearer. We want a law in the same direction for our bootmakers, and one abolishing the sale of artificial hair. * * * * *

But we have reported enough to show the scope, intent, and meaning of the new reform, and wish it the success its importance deserves.

SUNSET.

How beautiful the evening beams are falling on the sea,
Where many a white sail pleasantly is moving up and down;
There's not a cloud the sun to shroud, the sky from speck is free,
As on a painted landscape sleep the forest, tower, and town.
So freshly fair are everywhere the features of the scene,
That earth appears a resting place where angels might alight,
As if sorrow ne'er a visitant in human breast had been,
And the verdure of the summer months had never suffered blight.

Now sinks the sun—a twilight haze enwraps the sea and shore;
The small waves murmur on the beach a dirge for dying Day;
The blackbird from yon poplar green his ditty warbles o'er,
And the evening star peeps forth afar above the hills of grey.
In the glory of the sunset glow my thoughts abroad had flown,
I only saw the landscape in its splendid hues arrayed;
But the dreams of long-lost pleasures, and of friends forever gone,
Came to me when the scene had changed to loneliness and shade.

DROPPINGS FROM THE SANCTUARY.

"Like holy oil which did drop down
Upon the beard of Aaron."—*Methodist Hymn.*

It has always seemed to us that one of the most peculiar things about religion and religious people was their willingness to commemorate any and everything in the life of Jesus Christ. This was brought to our mind on last Sunday by seeing the number of persons on the street who were occupied in "toting" branches of the *Eucalyptus*, and on investigating the reason of this, we were informed that it was "Palm Sunday." Now it was on this day, if we believe the accounts, that this same Jesus made his disciples steal a colt, therefore the godly of the present time can scarcely commemorate this; and as it was the multitude that a short time afterwards crucified him, an act which they say they do not believe in, we can scarcely imagine they intend to glorify that. So we are forced to the conclusion that they do it simply for show, which, after all, is quite likely. Some of our clergy still stick to temperance, while others have gone off on their own hook and preached on other subjects. One thing which we notice is, that they seem to be more inclined to take sensational titles, on the principle that "a good cry" will draw a full house. For example:

Rev. Dr. Cunningham preached on "The Railroad to Hell," from the text, "Her house is the way to hell," being what Solomon said about the fallen women of his day. He took the text to mean a licentious life, and said, to begin with, that he knew nothing at all about the subject. This was satisfactory as concerns the moral character of the reverend gentleman, but it really sounded as though, before he undertakes to lecture on such a subject, he had better find out a little about it. It seems to us that it is just here that so many of the clergy make such a great mistake, in that they attempt to teach those of us who are on the outside about things of which they literally know nothing, and in this they are by themselves. How absurd it would be for a lawyer to attempt to inform a great surgeon of how he should proceed to cut off a man's arm, and how equally absurd it is for men who profess to know nothing of some sins, except theoretically, to attempt to teach great sinners of what they are doing. Let any one of the clergy come out and tell us of sins which they themselves have committed, and about which they know practically, and we will listen, and listen gladly; but when they try to fit theory to practice, it produces about as much effect as pouring water on a duck's back. Their usual method is to set up a man of straw, call him a sinner, knock him down again, and then go home thinking that they have abolished sin, while the truth of the matter is that those who are outside of the church, and who are supposed to be utterly "squelched" by this proceeding, entirely refuse to see any resemblance to themselves in the figure which they have just seen destroyed. The mistake is just here, that the *sinner* of the church is not a human being, and until the gospel sharps recognize this fact, their preaching will not have the effect that they wish. Dr. Cunningham did not think that the license system was worth anything, because it legalized sin, and he was equally averse to letting the thing alone. He did not agree with the idea that it was a necessary evil, and thought the real remedy lay in the alteration of public opinion. Now it is at this point that we join issue with him, as we think that it is a necessary evil; necessary in the sense that it is impossible to stop it. Whether we take the ground of sin being in the world by the aid of the devil, or that sin is the effect of certain natural laws which are certain in their operation, either will bring us to the point that we cannot remove an effect as long as the cause exists; and under the former idea we come to the old conundrum, "Why God did not kill the devil," which we leave to the reverend doctor to answer. Believing, as we do, in the latter solution of the difficulty, we hold that in process of time the evil will cure itself, but that in the meantime it is as well to adopt the license system, because, although we cannot cure it, we can ameliorate the bad results. As to France being such an example of the bad effects of licensing, we are unable to see it, because we do not believe that the German war was the visitation of God for sin, any more than we believe that the moon is made of green cheese. Dr. Cunningham's advice about keeping young people

from contamination was thoroughly good, and also when he spoke of the different views of society about the seducer and the seduced.

The Rev. Dr. Platt lectured on Judas as a specimen sinner, and drew some very instructive lessons from his life and death, taking the view that he was not all bad, which is an amount of charity which we rarely hear in the pulpit.

Dr. Stone lectured on "Old Bachelors," and spoke of many of the reasons that prevent young men from marrying—among others, that of the expense and the conviction existing in the minds of many young men that marriage is far too costly a luxury to be indulged in before they have succeeded in getting together a goodly quantity of money. The truth of this no one but a fool would doubt. We suppose that there are in this city at least ten thousand young men who would gladly marry (if they could get any one to have them understood) if they only had the money. Suppose a man to be brought up in what is ordinarily called good society, and to be in the receipt of a salary of one hundred and fifty per month. He sees the young ladies of his acquaintance wearing things which he knows must cost a good deal of money; he hears them speak of fine houses and horses, and all kinds of extravagance, into which some of their friends have gone; he hears them also speak of their detestation of household work, and of what a nuisance it is to have to look after a house; and then he sees those of his friends who have ventured, and with whom the venture has turned out badly, and he says, if he has ever gambled, "The odds are too great—I can't afford it." Would it not be a good idea for the "praying women" to try and cure the extravagance of many of their sex? Would not the enabling young men to marry while they are young do more to keep them from drink and evil habits than four hundred years of prayer? We think it would. We do not mean to say that young men are blameless on this point, but many of their extravagances would be cured by marriage, whereas it seems to increase it wonderfully on the part of the women. The sermon was a good one, and if it has the desired effect we will put up a statue to Dr. Stone, and on it we will write the words, "The greatest benefactor that young men of small means ever had." As to young ladies yearning for a home more than young men do, this, we think, is a mistake. If Dr. Stone thinks that young men do not tire of their ordinary mode of life, he had better consult them and find out.

Rev. Mr. Noble preached from Isaiah, xxviii. chapter, 7th and 8th verses, on "Drunkenness." After speaking of the strong picture given by the old prophet, which, by the way, proves that manners at least were not understood in those days by the priests of the Lord, he went on to say that it was not too strong to describe the effects of drink in the present day. He thought that the chief efforts of the present movement should be directed towards those who consume liquor rather than those who sell, being the first of the gentlemen of the cloth that we have heard speak on the subject who recognized in the slightest degree the law of supply and demand. The advice given by him was thoroughly good, because, until such time as these temperance howlers recognize those laws of trade which apply in their case, they can never hope to do anything of any account either for their own glorification or the good of others.

Rev. Mr. Hemphill preached on the same subject, but he thought that "a little wine for the stomach's sake" wasn't at all a bad thing, and warned the crusaders not to go too far in their efforts.

Rev. Dr. Scott preached on the parable of the sower, taking up the subject of the soil on which the seed is sown. He spoke of the use of parables in bringing before the mind's eye, in one picture, a truth; then of the method of cultivation in the East, where there are no fences (No-Fence Law, in fact); how the paths get trodden down, so that no seed on them could possibly grow. The sermon was not only a good one, but was so well worked up that it really was a splendid example of logical argument.

Hallelujah Cox, the man who has no regular gospel shop, but who peddles it on the sidewalk—who, in fact, is a theological curb-stone broker—has at last got into a row, which, to say the least, is rather disgraceful. If he had any influence on the men there at all—and if he has not he had better stop his howling—he might have stopped the affair. We do hope that Judge Louderback will put an end to this street nuisance, because it really would be a good thing for the spiritual welfare of the young men who accompany Cox to remove the cause of their spiritual pride and conceit at being better than their neighbors.

Mrs. Pitt-Stevens, before she tries to preach the gospel, had better read what St. Paul says about women in churches.

Grace Church Easter Sunday.—Dr. Platt, one of the most eloquent and popular divines in the city, is to preach the sermon. This gentleman, since his advent among us, has produced more sensation than anything in the religious line for a long time, for the reason that, in addition to having natural gifts as an orator, he unites the advantages of great cultivation and poetic feeling. The music will be rendered by the best talent in the city, supported by a chorus of fifty voices. The church is really beautifully dressed in flowers and evergreens, so that, altogether, those who go there on Sunday morning may expect a rich treat. The receipts of the morning will be donated to the Protestant Orphan Asylum. In the evening the Protestant orphan children will be there, at the service especially for them.

LOCAL DOTTINGS.

The ever devout News Letter thanks the sender of all good things for having at last vouchsafed to this much afflicted city a safe deliverance from the evil intentions of the wicked men who have been loafing around Sacramento all winter. The Legislature has adjourned!——The past week ought to have passed without one single sensation. We say it *ought*, but it didn't. The papers would dish up that story of the poor artist's griefs and suicide. What devilry possessed them to drag in the name of the city in which that poor girl resides, so as to certainly reveal her identity? One commenced the wrong and the others added to it. Cursed, thrice accursed be such journalism!——The *Call*, unable to account for the rise in stocks the other day, put its readers off with the excuse that it was an "April fool's trick." People don't get fooled out of money so easily. The worst "April fool" this season is the *Call's* stock sharp. Things don't pan out as he expected.——The affairs of Rockwell, Coye & Co. are to be investigated in bankruptcy by Mr. Register Gitchell.——Decapitation is still going on in the Fire Department. Scannell now has it all his own way. Whitney is preparing for the next election.——Police salaries were paid on Tuesday amounting to $19,425. That ought to give us protection enough.——The Chinese are, as we all know, wonderful imitators. They are copying the "Melican Man" now with a vengeance. Two have recently become insane and have been sent to Stockton.——Fashionable music in churches is now all the rage. Mrs. Howell has been engaged to conduct that at the First Baptist Church, Washington street, at $100 per month.——A volume of photographic views, from the establishments of Watkins, Houseworth, and Bradley & Rulofson, handsomely bound by Bartling & Kimball, and adorned with quartz specimens from California mines, is on exhibition at C. L. Steylaer's drug store, corner of Dupont street and Montgomery Avenue. The volume will be presented by the Netherlanders residing in California to the king of their country, William III. of Orange, on the 25th anniversary of his coronation, the 12th of May next.——Judge Morrison has given a verdict for the plaintiff, in the case of John B. Laporte against the California Bible Society, in action to recover $2,000 for services as a broker.——The Art Association have held their annual meeting and have made a most creditable showing. Art matters are apparently in a flourishing condition. Certainly the Association is.——The City and County Treasury contained $866,779 87, on Tuesday, including about $12,000 silver. City Hall warrants are now paid to registered number 993, inclusive; all other audited demands against the city are promptly paid on presentation.——John Lear, a dealer in fruit, on Geary street, near Mason, assaulted his wife, a few days since, and, while administering what he was pleased to term "personal chastisement," fell against a window and gashed his wrists in a frightful manner. He was shipped to the Hospital for repairs.——Geo. Hinckley by some mysterious means had a bullet passed through his leg the other night. He says he doesn't know how it was done. Bullets must be flying around loose somewhere.——The next crusade will have for its object the extermination of the large and boisterous rats in the County Jail, who raise such an uproar that the noise made by escaping prisoners cannot be heard.——In September last, George H. Mixer and William Webster entered into copartnership to manufacture and sell patent bungs. They failed to get along well together, and Mixer now commences an action in the Twelfth District Court for a copartnership accounting.——Here is another instance of traveling from home to learn news. *Harper's Weekly* says: "Saloon keepers in San Francisco have gracefully yielded to the movers of the temperance crusade. It is stated that they have agreed to close out selling liquors and confine themselves to selling groceries."——The *Alta* says: "The Beefsteak party elected Booth United States Senator, but they failed to pass any Railroad bill. The act would have been suicidal, because their mission would have ended. They want to be elected again, and their organs want a policy." True, Granny, for once in your life!

Money continues to be very plentiful, real estate loans being freely made at 8 @ 9 per cent. per annum, while call loans and bank rates rule at 1 @ 1½ per month. There is considerable building going on at present, many fine blocks of dwellings being erected by the Real Estate Associates in the suburbs, while down town in the business centers—in the heart of the city—permanent buildings of high cost are being erected or under contract. Business is all astir, and the outlook exceedingly encouraging.

As an indication of the probable ruling of freights late in the season, we may mention that the ship *Ivanhoe*, now on her way from Mobile to Liverpool, has been chartered to take coal from Birkenhead to Rio, at 32s. 6d., thence with wheat from San Francisco to Liverpool at 80s., making 112s. 6d. for the round trip. The *Ivanhoe* will not be due here until November.

A Washington correspondent says that lots of people at the Capital, who were unfortunate enough to be born out of Ohio, are trying to get up an invention by which they can be "born again," with that State for their birthplace. It's a big thing in Washington to hail from Ohio.

THE CAFE MOVEMENT.

It has often been a matter of surprise to us that the café, as an institution, has not found favor in America. There is but one so called, and hardly answering to its name, in this cosmopolitan city. In London the subject is being agitated seriously, and a "People's Café Company," with a capital of £250,000, is proposed—such philanthropists as Lord Shaftesbury and Sir Charles Trevelyan lending their influence for its establishment. The same subject has been advocated pictorially in the New York *Daily Graphic*, and recommended to the notice of the crusaders as better worthy their attention, as a means of counteracting intemperance, than all their wrestlings with Heaven—or the barkeeps. "The object," says the London *Daily Telegraph* of March 5th, "as put forth in a preliminary prospectus, is to open large and cheerful rooms, capable of accommodating respectively from one to two hundred persons, in the leading thoroughfares of the more densely populated portions of the metropolis, 'which shall serve as counter attractions to the public houses during the week, and, in addition, be used for religious services on Sunday evenings.'" The *Telegraph* highly approves the scheme, minus the latter clause, which it condemns as strongly as would we. London badly needs such pleasant places for quiet relaxation and intercourse, her "coffee houses" being generally miserable holes, where you are served with bean coffee, musty bread, rancid butter, rusty bacon, ancient eggs, greasy cutlery and linen, and well-thumbed papers; while the public houses are, in fact, only used by the lowest classes, some few luncheon bars and superior saloons excepted. To such wretched places, such cafés as those of the Palais Royal or the Boulevards of Paris, and hundreds of others in the leading capitals of Europe, afford a great contrast. There, in brilliant and tastefully decorated saloons of large size, you can obtain light refreshments, but (except in the case of hybrid café restaurants) usually nothing more solid than omelettes, eggs in other forms, pastry, ices, coffee, chocolate, etc. In all of them you can get wines, beer and other spirituous liquors, but there is as much or more *eau sacree* and coffee consumed, and an air of moderation pervades the spot. You can play chess, cards and dominoes, and frequently there are billiard tables. You find the papers and journals of the day, while ladies, accompanied by their escorts, enter unremarked, and sit down with their husbands or lovers—as the French would say, by-the-bye, a very different thing. Every traveler knows some pleasant café in one or a dozen of the leading cities, where you can sit outside, with your *petit verre* and cigar, under the shade trees, scanning lazily the gay crowds as they pass. It seems to us that the café would not prove an exotic in California, and commend the idea to some of our respectable saloonkeepers or other caterers as an experiment worth the trying.

SCIENCE IN CALIFORNIA.

At a lecture recently given at Boston by the distingnished English scientist, Proctor, he prophesied a great scientific future for the United States. It is fortunate that he was not aware of what was going on in the Capitol of this State, or he certainly would have qualified his assertion by excepting the Pacific Coast. With a Governor so unenlightened as to be incapable of appreciating the advantages of science, backed by a Legislature rather less enlightened than himself, the scientific interests of the State are undergoing a sad ordeal. As with the Vandals of old, "strike and spare not" is the motto when anything in the shape of science meets their eye. The two most eminent scientific men in the State, men who have done more for it than the whole horde of politicians who disgrace our Legislative Halls, have been more particularly the subjects of their persecution—we allude to the President of the University and the State Geologist. Had these gentlemen been living in Rome at the time of the invasion of Alarie with his Goths and Vandals, they would not have been in a much worse position than they are in this *enlightened* (?) State in the middle of the nineteenth century. One State Geologist has already been virtually dismissed, and that to at a moment when the information he had been accumulating for years was nearly in a state to be made available for the instruction and advantage, not only of our own citizens, but of the world. The other, the President of the University, has been subject to a process of bullying enough to disgust him with California, and which must forcibly remind him of the way in which the Jews treated the prophets of old. This is a pretty way to encourage scientific men to come amongst us. Whilst the more enlightened States are importing scientists from Europe at a great expense to instruct them, the only use we can make of one when we get him here is to badger him almost to death.

We regret to hear of the death of Max Bachert's father in Europe. On account of business being so pressing, Max was obliged to send a power of attorney to Europe. "On dit"—That the deceased left over half a million dollars.

Auerbach's new novel, "Waldfried, a Family History," is to be published this month. American readers will probably have the opportunity of taking their choice of two translations.

THE ADJOURNED LEGISLATURE.

The Legislature, now happily adjourned, has disappointed all parties. It went into session like a lion, but has gone out like a lamb. It presents one more instance of great promises and little performances. So loud were its early boastings that men of conservative instincts naturally felt alarmed. Everything was to be interfered with and "regulated," until men who had anything to lose wondered where its despoiling hand would stop. Hounded on by the personal spite of the *Bulletin*, *Call* and *Union*, its duty first, last and all the time was understood to be to deal out ruin to the Central Pacific. But it turned out that even a railroad company has rights which a Dolly Varden Legislature cannot ignore. "Unjust discrimination in freights and fares" was a good cry at the election: It was easily gotten up and won many votes, but when the subject was up for action before the Legislature, common decency required that there should be some *proof* of that "unjust discrimination" which sucking politicians of the independent school knew so much about when seeking the votes of their constituents. That proof was asked for in the most urgent terms. It will be remembered that not one jot or tittle was forthcoming. Never was there a *fiasco* more complete. The "cry" which called the Dolly Varden Party into being stood exposed as an imposition, a fraud, a lie! Then, as there was no "unjust discrimination," it became impossible to frame a law to prevent that which had no existence, and so it came that the mission of the *Bulletin's* party proved to be no mission at all, and here we are at the end of the session of its own particular Legislature, with things pretty much as they were at the beginning of it. Now that the din has ceased and the smoke cleared away, it is discovered that there has been no real battle after all, and consequently no one killed. It is hard to fight a battle without an enemy. That has been the misfortune of the Dolly Varden warriors. As gallant knights errant of the Don Quixote school, they could, during the election, find any number of windmills to attack, but, like their prototype, they soon found that their supposed enemy was, after all, only a creation of their own disordered imaginations. The railroad is an institution so intimately bound up with the material progress of California, that it is impossible to maintain, even at the bidding of the *Bulletin-Call* and *Union*, this insensate cry against it without hurting the best interests of the State. It is about time it should cease. If we mistake not, this is the conclusion to which even the Dolly Varden Legislators have in their hearts arrived at ere this. Many of them to-day are at their homes, engaged, let us hope, in chewing the bitter cud of reflection. The past should teach them that a party cannot be a permanent creation that has no more substantial basis than a deceptive, though perhaps taking, cry. Upon the whole, the *News Letter* has no reason to lament over the impotent conclusions of the late Legislature. Our predictions have been fulfilled and our hopes realized. We predicted failure to the Dolly Vardens. Their organs admit that they have achieved it. We hoped for nothing, and we have got it.

"SPIRITS FROM THE VASTY DEEP."

The Spiritualistic Anniversary, just passed, was a lively affair among themselves, but to a disinterested adventurer slightly incomprehensible. Upon entering the hall we observed an ancient and toothless dame, whose solemn aspect we have frequently observed on Montgomery street, doubled up in a fit of spasmodic laughter. We were informed that the old girl was having a chat with Dan. Setchell. A young man with an exceedingly long nose, which nose has been many times tweaked and the tweak never resented, was strutting up and down the floor with a fierce martial air and a desperate bravado of manner. An inquiry elicited the fact that our usually meek friend was possessed by the spirit of a defunct soldier who had taken part in the Amador war. It is needless to say that the young man's strut resulted in nothing. An honest young gentleman, so far as we have ever heard, had his eyes drawn up into the shrewd twinkle of a politician, and seemed to be laboring under the influence of a deceased enrolling clerk, who was instructing him in the chances of that worthy during the last hours of the session. Another honest gentleman was in the toils of a defunct Supervisor, who, by the gleam of satisfaction in our honest friend's eye, was putting him up to a neat little job. The Supervisorial Heaven is reported as being a very unsatisfactory affair, Abraham, Isaac and those other old fellows having got the dead-wood on the San Francisco gentlemen by awarding all the contracts for the houses of gold and silver before the later lots got in. When the dancing began, our Spiritual friends commenced to trip the light fantastic with spiritual partners, but didn't seem to dance with any vim. Later, when the spirits had all gone to bed, they danced with each other, and to our fleshly eye seemed to take a great deal more comfort out of the corporeal substance.

We were a good deal amused the other day to hear a man speak of one of the sixteen mule teams that they have in the back country, and about what that team could do. "Yes," said he, "if they once got a good holt, they'd yank Judas Iscariot's soul outer h—l." We do not know how much power would be required to perform this feat; but if the team in question were able to do it, it would only be with harness made by Main & Winchester, 214 Battery street.

LETTER FROM LONDON.

—— LONDON, March, 3, 1874.

My Dear Mail Bag:—The mining market here continues as much depressed as when I last wrote to you, and in the opinion of many of the jobbers things will remain the same for quite two months yet. The "Emma" mine seems to have been a settler for this market, and is really the barometer which governs the movement here for the time being. The city of London is, however, more indebted to the Emma mine than it has any idea of, and has lately come into possession of Leicester Square, by and through the agency of that identical mine. Of course, 'tis rather a foggy way of putting it, but such, nevertheless, seems to me to be the case, which happened in this manner. Baron Albert Grant was, I understand, instrumental in floating the "Emma" on this market, for which job he is said to have received £200,000 sterling; but I imagine that his name suffered somewhat from the connection in the transaction, and in order to remove the blemish, if such was the case, he has lately presented Leicester Square to this city, and proposes to put it into a condition that will make it a handsome acquisition to that part of the town in which 'tis located, instead of an eyesore, as it has been for a long time past, hence, I say; the Emma has resulted in some good to this country.

One unfortunate result from placing non-dividend mines here is, that people will not now take hold of a good property which is now here—one which would redeem the standing of American mines and pay an enormous dividend on the investment, and there is a slight chance that the property to which I refer to will be manipulated by some shrewd Californians, and placed on the market in San Francisco; then, after it commences to pay the astounding dividends, which in the opinion of all who have seen it will equal those of the Crown Point and Belcher, then, I say, the people here will commence the old cry of why don't you bring some such mines over here, so we can realize some profit from our investments, instead of keeping all the good ones yourselves and sending us only the bad ones. It is a remarkable fact that several mines have been refused on this market, which to-day are paying dividends from 40 to 80 per cent. on the amount invested. Such will be the case with the mine I have referred to above. I mean the "Ortiz" of New Mexico, or properly called the Ortiz Mine Grant.

This property, comprising 69,548 acres or 108 square miles, situate near the city of Santa Fé, is in the hands of certain parties who have been trying to place it on this market, but up to the present time without any decided success. Now, it is rumored, that it is about passing into other hands, who will bring it out in San Francisco, so if such should be the case you may look out for something which will rival the best mines on the Comstock Lode.

Professor R. W. Raymond, Ph. D., United States Government Commission of Mining Statistics, and President of the American Institute of Mining Engineers, after having made a thorough examination of the property, concludes, in his report, by saying, "It is the richest mineral property of which I have any knowledge."

I should be very sorry to have this property taken away from this country, as I am satisfied that if it was placed here it would redeem the character of American mines, and give confidence to the public in general, and enable other good properties to be floated which now have to seek other markets. Money here is very plentiful at this time and to be had for a very low rate of interest, but intending investors seem to prefer to invest in sure interest-paying properties, even at 3 per cent., to taking any chances in what are called outside investments.

Yours, truly, G. O.

FOREIGN DOTTINGS.

Henri Rochefort has escaped from New Caledonia. He left in an open boat, was picked up by a passing vessel and landed in Australia. He is now on his way to California. He is doubtless ere this a sadder and wiser man.——Heavy fighting is said to have taken place in Spain. The result being, as usual, doubtful.——The North German Lloyd's steam line running between Panama and Bremen is to be withdrawn, because the company can find more profitable employment for their vessels.——The prospects of Cuban independence are brightening. But then they have been doing that any time these many years past.——Peter Andrew Hanzek, the German astronomer, is dead.——Great excitement prevails in Canada. The "rebel" Riel has been elected to the dominion Parliament. The Speaker has ordered him to take his seat. A mob say they will Lynch him if he does. Another mob say they will Lynch that mob if they do. Things must be rather mixed thereabouts.——Sir James Anderson has introduced into the House of Commons a resolution declaring that as Great Britain was adjudicated wrong in permitting the escape of the *Alabama*, and compensating Americans suffering by depredations, British subjects also ought to receive compensation for suffering similarly.——The Tichborne claimant has been removed from Newgate to Pentonville Penitentiary.——Reports from the famine districts of India indicate a great improvement.

In Paris, breakfast-caps for ladies are now made in the same shape as the pretty caps worn by Normandy girls.

NOTABILIA.

The Woman's Temperance Crusade.—The formidable proportions to which this movement has grown has induced some of our most profound thinkers to go to the root of the matter, and inquire into first causes. With this object in view, committees have been organized to visit the homes of those who have fallen victims to intemperance. In 87½ per cent. of the cases thus inquired into it was found that the homes were cold and cheerless, the children squalid and unhealthy, and the surroundings generally unattractive. In almost every case the warming and cooking apparatus was of the most wretched description; hence, by natural inference, all the other evils followed. Moral: If you would have home attractive, children healthy, husband sober and contented, get a good cooking range. Get the best, which is the Union. Get it from J. De La Montanya, 214 to 220 Jackson street, who sells them on the most reasonable terms.

"He who can make two blades of grass grow where only one grew before," is said to be a benefactor to his race. How much more is he to be commended who creates excitement when all is slow and quiet and dull. We are a people who like to be stirred up. Nothing with us falls like dullness. Your true Californian prefers the fire and smoke and noise and sensation of the place down below to the placid happiness of the regions above. This may be, and doubtless is, a very vitiated taste. But it is Californian notwithstanding. On Saturday evening last we were out for a walk, and were thinking that San Francisco needed some new excitement. We were wondering what it was to be when suddenly we saw a great crowd gathered on Montgomery street. Here was excitement, but it was the excitement of true pleasure. Houseworth's window on the one side and his illuminated views on the other attracted all beholders. His Sun Portraits, at 12 Montgomery street, are a marvel of beauty.

What will not woman do, says a Brooklyn paper, for the man she loves?

"Her hand was the first to reach and drag
The bottle from the shelf—
'It is your curse, dear John,' she said,
And drank it up herself."

Adam and Eve, if Milton's account be true, left Paradise in a state bordering on insanity. The Talmud, that most curious of all books, gives a great many reasons for their dispair, and among others says it was because Eve foresaw that she would have to do all the cooking and house cleaning, and that her wailing over this state of things made Adam peevish, and so increased the matrimonial discomfort of our first parents. The *News Letter* aims at keeping its readers well informed on every subject, and has therefore spent a great deal of time in searching out the real state of things. We have found that the true reason was that they foresaw the depressing effect on the others of their descendants in the same trade that the success of the establishment of D. A. McDonald & Co, 217 Spear street, would have, and therefore mourned.

Photography seems destined to find its home, *par excellence*, in San Francisco. Here the conditions are all favorable. A clear sky, skilled operators, and a generous and appreciative public all tend to produce excellence in this branch of art. Competition, too, keen and lively as it is, has, nevertheless, a powerful and beneficial effect. One artist surpasses all his previous efforts; another, commendably jealous, works night and day until he beats the last best picture of his opponent; whilst a third soon excels them both, and so on *ad infinitum*. The result of these advantages and of this competition is that the best sun portraits in the world are taken in San Francisco. Visitors all admit this, and so never leave our city without a portrait. For uniform excellence commend us to Bradley & Rulofson, 429 Montgomery street, where an elevator lifts you into their art gallery.

Charley Crothers, of Greenfield, Ind., is one of the saloon-keepers the Ohio women have been laboring with. He received them day after day with welcome, and looked happier at every visit. One day an old patron broke out: "I say, Charley, ain't you gittin' most tired of this singin' and prayin' bizness?" "What! me gittin' tired? No, sir!" responded Charley, emphatically. "If I git tired of the little singin' and prayin' they do in my saloon here, what will I do when I'm in company with the angels who don't do nothin' but sing and pray?"

When did mankind first begin to practice music? Now isn't that a pretty tough question. Tell us when man first began to speak, and we will tell you when he first heard music. The human voice divine has music in every sound. The first step was to educate that voice by drilling and marshaling every utterance into its proper place. When music thus became an exact science, the next idea was to find instruments to serve as aids and accessories to the human voice. Step by step advance was made until at last the highest ingenuity of the mind conceived the idea of the piano—the noblest work of its Divine creator! The piano with the best tone, and most skilled workmanship, is that made by Hallet, Davis & Co., and sold by W. G. Badger, 7 and 13 Sansome street.

One of our citizens has such a large mouth that his friends claim he can whistle two tunes at once.

How few minds are really well furnished. By being "well furnished," we mean supplied with a large fund of precise and valuable information. Many men, perhaps a majority, go through the world with almost every avenue to their minds closed. Having ears they hear not, and having eyes they see not. Thus it comes that the mind is as ill stored as an empty room. If, however, you have empty rooms that require furnishing, just call upon Plumb, Bell & Co., whose carpet, upholstery and furnishing warehouse is at 22, 24 and 26 Post street, and you will be able to select from the best and cheapest stock in San Francisco.

"What is honesty, anyhow?" asks the editor of a Rochester paper. It is none of his business, replies an impertinent co-temporary.

This is an age of great discoveries. The steam engine and telegraph are the oft-referred to marvels of this age. Yet bygone times had their triumphs and their achievements. That man who, gathering shells upon the sea-shore, picked up a live oyster, with the shell partly open, and had his finger nipped, made a discovery when he sought to suck away the pain. He discovered the delicious flavor of the most desirable of bivalves. He left the world wiser than he found it. That wisdom is being perpetuated at Emerson Corville's, 410 Pine street, where the best "Saddle Rock Oysters" are always to be had.

The balmy breezes which do blow. We do not know who said that, but we know where the balmy breezes are to be found. A ride through the Golden Gate Park will introdnce you to a beautiful bracing atmosphere and to a good appetite. Then call at the Villa, kept by Mr. and Mrs. Mangenbers, and you will get a breakfast or lunch that will be infinitely more enjoyable than even the best dinner at the Grand or other leading San Francisco hostelry. The power to enjoy is born of those "balmy breezes which do blow." Try 'em; then learn what it is to visit "the Villa."

A man out West, who has married and buried three sisters, now comes up smiling at the altar, having begun on a new family.

Our devil has just come into the editorial sanctum howling, "California is ahead." [Sensation on the part of the corps.] The chief arose, and, with that mild dignity for which he is so justly famous, said, "I have heard that before, therefore, what is the reason of this unseemly conduct?" The devil replied that "Sanborn & Byrnes have just finished a new set of stairs for the Duke of Edinburgh and have a letter of thanks from the Grand Duchess directed by the Duke to their place on Mission street, between First and Fremont." He was excused. Look for that letter in their show window. Will see it there. Fact.

Bismarck is so firm in his resolves that he is frequently called the "man of iron." What is it that inspires the great German Chancellor with a will that never bends? A correspondent says that during the Franco-German war he had special opportunities for observing the habits of the great man of whom all the world talks. The said correspondent vouches for the fact that Cutter's Whisky is the usual stimulant of the "man of iron," and to it he attributes many of his successes. Pure and good Cutter's Whisky can be purchased at the agent's, A. P. Hotaling, 431 Jackson street.

Charley Stoddart is writing horrid bosh from the old country. Those who know say that his letters but poorly represent the scenes supposed to be described Yet one word-picture he recently furnished does much to redeem an otherwise prosy letter. He was wandering through Kenilworth Castle. All at once his ear caught a sound exquisitely lovely. He stood entranced until the notes died away in the distance. Upon inquiry he found that he had been listening to an Arion Piano, such as can be purchased of B. Curtaz, at 20 O'Farrell street.

Two Home Ruler sportsmen went out shooting recently in Wicklow. The first Home Ruler had the gun, but it was not loaded, and they started a rabbit rather suddenly. He put the gun to his shoulder, the other Home Ruler squealed out, "Hould on—the gun is not loaded!" "Och," said the first, "hold yer whist now; shure the rabbit does not know that!"

To make glad the heart of man is an object the attainment of which is worthy the thought of the greatest minds, and of the most advanced scientists. What is there, then, that can accomplish this end—that can drive away dull care and sorrow and impart new life to the weary? If any man alive foolishly or unwittingly doubts upon the subject, let him try Gerke Wine and doubt no more. It is to be had at George Hamlin's, 418 Market street.

"The one thing," says Jean Paul, "which a maiden most easily forgets is how she looks—hence mirrors were invented."

"**Old King Cole** was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he."—*Shakespeare*

The aforesaid King Cole has verily become an historical character; but, being a king, it is not claimed that he is in any way related to that distinguished firm of furniture and bedding makers located at 220 Bush street. The name of that firm is N. P. Cole & Co.

Ven some man slaps me on the shoulder und say, "I vas glad to hear you vas so vell," und den sticks behind my pack his fingers to his nose, I haf my opinion of dat veller, or any under veller.

The Legislature has adjourned. The cooking shop at Sacramento is shut up, the cooks all dismissed, and yet some of the viands are left. The cooking has been miserable. Things never at any time during the session moved along as the head cook desired. Cause why? The capital was not supplied with the Richmond Portable Range, which is procurable at the agent's, George H. Tay & Co., 614 to 618 Battery street.

"**Don't come on Sunday night; I've got a boil,**" said a postal card received in Chicago the other day, and signed "Angil."

We have studied Mythology all our life, and nothing interested us as much as the life of Achilles. Often have we wept at his untimely fate, dying in the prime of his manhood. Poor fellow! If he had only known P. Kelly's shoes, and got a pair at his place on Bush street, he would still be among us, and have the proud distinction of being champion of the P. R.

The natives of Fiji have a warm climate and need few of the particular luxuries of life that are necessary to Americans. The warm sun does pretty nearly all the cooking that their peculiar tastes yearn for. In San Francisco we need something more, and so we go to the warehouse of J. De La Montanya, 214 to 220 Jackson street, because the stoves, ranges, etc., sold by him are so perfect in all their appointments.

The Tax on Light in England is now considered a huge joke. The Gas Company of this city seem to have revived it for our especial benefit, but Bush & Milne, 29 New Montgomery street, with their improved burner have succeeded in saving the city from the plague of darkness, and thereby earned for themselves the thanks of all of our citizens.

A burglar who was found under a man's bed in Philadelphia excused himself on the ground that he was looking for his dog.

All the excitement in San Francisco at present is about Miss Nellson. She has dined with Mr. Ralston, been to the Cliff, and now has to do the Yosemite, Geysers and Big Trees. Of all the places she has been to and the drives she has taken, there is none in which she found anything as nice as Harry Blanken's house on the San Bruno Road.

There is, if we believe our exchanges, a man in Paris who makes a speciality of "American drinks," and also, that he is making a fortune at it. By our special telegrams, we hear that lately he has had a much greater rush than ever, because he has ordered from the agency, 18½ Geary street, a large consignment of Napa Soda.

Caution.—Host: "Just another wee drap 'fore you go?" Guest: "Na, na, a'll tak nae mair! I'm in a new lodgin', and I'm no vera weel acquainted wi' the stair!"

"**Open your mouth,** and shut your eyes, and see what God will send you," is the manner in which many happy-go-lucky folks attempt to go through the world. They would do better to keep their eyes wide open, and wear Müller's Brazilian Pebble Spectacles, which they can obtain only at 135 Montgomery street.

Our Notabilia man means to strike work for a week soon. He needs a holiday. The question is where is he to go to spend it? San Rafael at present is his choice. To his mind it is about the most charming spot in California. His friends will find him at the Marin Hotel.

"**What makes you feel so uncomfortable** when you have done wrong?" asked a teacher, who was lecturing his pupils on conscience. "My father's leather strap," answered a little boy.

TO MY WIFE.

How many Summers, love,
Have I been thine?
How many days, thou dove,
Hast thou been mine?
Time, like the winged wind
Bending the flowers,
Hath left no mark behind
To count the hours.

Some weight of thought, though loth,
On thee he leaves;
Some lines of care round both
Perhaps he weaves;
Some fear—a soft regret
For joys scarce known,
Sweet looks we half regret;—
All else is flown.

Ah, with what thankless heart
I mourn and sing!
Lo, now, the tears do start
Like sudden spring;
But, O, my darling wife,
Full well I know
All that is bright in life
To thee I owe.

San Francisco April 11, 1874.

FEMININE CHIT-CHAT.

At last a small part of the English people have seen the Duke of Edinburgh's bride, and her pretty face and winning smile have made their way straight to the hearts of the thousands who managed to see her on Saturday. She seemed thoroughly pleased with her first sight of England, and certainly she could not have seen her husband's birthplace for the first time under a brighter sky. The idea of the dress for the flower-strewing little girls at Gravesend was very good upon the whole, but the blue-stockings were not pretty; there was something ludicrous about the long rows of blue legs. The little ladies performed their part with becoming grace and dignity, though it struck me that her Imperial Highness was rather embarrassed by the floral homage, and hesitated to put her feet on the fragrant blossoms that rained down before her. The Duke looked, dare I say it, just a little bored, and as if he wished it all over, though he smiled and bowed with untiring politeness to every one. I can hardly tell what the Grand Duchess wore; all I could see was now and then a peep of a pretty face covered with something white, whether bonnet or hat I can hardly say, and a gloved hand resting on her husband's arm, then the face again bowing from a rapidly moving carriage, and the pageant had passed. The portraits of the Duke's bride are likenesses certainly, but they are very inaccurate ones. She has a very sparkling speaking face, and looks a very happy unaffected girl. It is said that her presence in England this season is to bring the Queen very much more among her subjects than she has been lately, and the trades people are expecting a very brilliant season. Her Majesty seems to be assuming a very much lighter style of dress than she has adopted since the Prince Consort's death; she still wears black, but a great deal of white is permitted to lighten it, and she looks exceedingly well. The Marie Stuart cap which she has worn so long, made of white crape, was replaced by something very much lighter in material at the last Drawing Room. I saw a model of a dress, made for her Majesty, in which a great quantity of white lace was used; so we may hope to see her throw aside her mourning altogether sometime. Trimmings are nearly all diagonal on the newest dresses, having an indescribable resemblance to a corkscrew about them, which is very ugly. Bands of velvet or lace are put on the skirt, slanting up from the bottom to the waist, and sometimes the bodice is also adorned in the same way. I am afraid we are coming to wigs in the way of head gear—the newest style is the "Marie Antoinette." In this coiffure the hair is of a yellowish white, and is dressed in a profusion of rolls and curls, making a pile of several inches above the head. Those I have seen do not appear to be powdered (ladies soon find out how destructive hair powder is), but were composed of beautiful glossy hairs. One or two black velvet bows, with little clusters of brilliants upon them, are the proper ornaments for these really beautiful head dresses. Another style very much in vogue is as opposite to the last named as can well be imagined, and is called the "Juno." In this the hair is tied back from the face, plaited, and coiled round and round, till the front plait comes almost to the forehead. A coil is sometimes substituted for the plait, with a thin cord of gold or silver twisted in and out with it. An odd style of paletot for ladies is labeled the "Alexandrovna" in the shop windows. It is long, and tight fitting, "Princesse" shape in front, with square pockets, collar, and cuffs. The black is very wide and full; and for some inscrutable reason, known only to milliners, it is looped up on one side right to the back of the waist, where is placed an enormous square of jet, holding a velvet band, which passes under the skirt and loops it up. *Glasgow Mail.*

The Western Times (Exeter paper) mentions the case of a young couple who were ruined by the Tichborne case. They set out in life with every comfort, but the husband, much against the wishes of his wife, invested £14,000 in "Tichborne Bonds." After the cross-examination of the Claimant by Sir John Coleridge, the young man became disheartened and desponding, and died in a short time, his early death being attributed to vexation consequent upon the feeling that he had lost his money and had shown a great want of prudence.

IS SEX DETERMINED BY NUTRITION?

Mr. Thomas Meehan exhibited to the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences specimens of the *Juglans nigra* (black walnut), with a view to showing that sex in plants is the result of the grade of nutrition, the highest grades of nutrition or vitality producing the female sex, and the lower grades the male. Examining a walnut-tree at the flowering season, even the superficial observer will perceive three grades of growing buds. The largest buds make the most vigorous shoots. These seem to be wholly devoted to the increase of the woody system of the tree. Lower down the strong last-year shoots are buds not quite so large. These make shoots less vigorous than the other class, and bear female flowers on their apices. Below these are seen numerous small, weak buds, which either do not push into growth at all, or, when they do, bear simply the male catkins. As some naturalists hold that the feeble condition of these lower shoots is the *result* of their bearing male flowers, Mr. Meehan invited attention to the specimens themselves as conclusively proving the contrary. He was fully satisfied that any one, who would go out into the woods and fields for facts fresh from Nature, would see that there is not so great expenditure of vital force in the production of male flowers as there is in that of female flowers, and thus all he had advanced on this subject was fully sustained.

It will be remembered that, in our June number, we recounted the observations of Mrs. Mary Treat on the subject of controlling sex in butterflies, from which it appeared that butterfly-larvæ developed into male or female butterflies according as they were stinted in food, or liberally supplied with it. Besides the very interesting observations of Mr. Meehan, we have now further confirmation of Mrs. Treat's results in a paper communicated to the Philadelphia Academy by Mr. Gentry. The latter author, in the summer of 1871, had confined the larvæ of various species of moths, and neglected to supply them with food for four or five days. These larvæ had advanced toward their final change, possibly within a week or ten days. When the box was opened, the greater number were found in cocoons, while the remainder wandered about, as if in quest of food. The latter the author removed to another box, where they were provided with abundance of food. After three or four days they began to assume the chrysalis form. The first batch proved to be males without exception, while the last batch proved, with but two exceptions, to be females. (The whole number in the two batches was about sixty.)

Mr. Gentry then details further experiments made by him to decide this question, and states that the result was always the same. He adds the following facts, which came under his notice in the course of his observations and experiments: 1. That males are the invariable result when the larvæ are fed on diseased or innutritious food; 2. That in the fall, when the leaves have not their usual amount of sap, males are generally produced; 3. That more males are produced late in the season than females; 4. That the sexes, in early life, cannot be distinguished, the change being brought about, late in life, by the conditions of nutrition.

KAULBACH.

One of the greatest of modern artists has passed away, as we learn by two or three telegraphed words. The man is dead, but his works are immortal. Wilhelm Von Kaulbach was born in October, 1805, and at an early age studied under Cornelius, at Dusseldorf. Cornelius was the founder of that school of fresco painting whereof Kaulbach was the apt scholar. In many respects Cornelius was the master, but in conception Kaulbach was superior, and in drawing fully his equal. In 1825, the young artist went to Munich, and in 1828, produced the wonderful and painful picture of the madhouse, which at once established his fame. From that time he became attached to the household of the King of Bavaria, and was employed by that lover of the arts to decorate the public buildings with which he adorned his capital. In 1837, Kaulbach finished "The Huns and Romans in the Spirit World," "The Sack of Jerusalem," "Crusaders First Sight of the Holy City," and subsequently many others. Most of our readers are familiar with his illustrations to Faust and his sweet Margaret. No modern painter was more complete a master of the human form than Kaulbach, and at the same time he possessed a very great talent for humor and satire; witness one of his later works ridiculing the Pope, who had placed a ban on his productions. Even those concealed improprieties of his are such wonderful works that the grossness of the conception is forgiven in the talent which could give such drawing and evidence such force of imagination.

The Stock Exchange Clearing House.—The committee made their experiment in clearing with satisfactory results. Although the trial was upon a very limited scale, representing about fifty members and seven stocks, the total amount of stock passed through the clearing was £10,761,364, and 6,506 shares (Lombardo), while the balances for which names were issued only reached £1,725,572, and 1,677 shares. The clearing system will now probably become an established institution in the London Stock Exchange, as it has long been on the Berlin and Frankfort Bourses.

The New York newsboys have opened their theater again and the policemen have had to retreat. Intellect always triumphs.

BLOOD.

There was a time when deeds of death
Were spoken of with bated breath,
In simple words and plain; [sought,
When sin and shame were shunned, not
When law was meted out, not fought,
When he who slew was slain.

But times have sadly changed, we find,
For Justice is no longer blind—
Gone are her sword and scales;
She stretches out her greedy hands,
And favors him with gold and lands,
But him with nothing, fails.

The people glut on deeds of blood—
They grope among the filth and mud,
For dainty scraps of crime;
Murder and Lust are welcome guests,
Sorrow and Shame are pleasant jests,
Death shrieks a merry chime.

The daily papers love to dwell
On news of horror, and to tell
In each minute detail, [round
How blood and brains were scattered
Upon the floor, the walls, the ground:
All this improves their sale.

These panders to the public taste
Have long enough the craft disgraced
With foul sensation traps;
"A Carnival of Blood!" yells one;
"The Harvest-time of Hell has come!"
Another cries, perhaps.

And thus in these degenerate times,
The papers hope to draw the dimes,
With plasters made of blood;
With blood they hope the mob to bleed,
By blood they grow rich, and succeed
In all they do with blood.

THE JAPAN PUNCH.

We have had the pleasure of receiving from Yokohama a most unique and witty production, called "*The Japan Punch*," accompanied with the following letter:

YOKOHAMA, January 19, 1874.

DEAR SIR:—I send you over a few of my *Punches*, and also wish to make your acquaintance symbolically. I read your paper with immense delight; it is sublime. Mr. M. has spoken to me about you and your doings in England. Good; very good. Let us shake hands figuratively, and allow me to subscribe myself,

Your Brother Editor, C. W.

The writer is both artist, editor, compositor and publisher. The work is lithographed on Japanese paper in chirography, and the illustrations are capital. We would fain give some, but must content ourselves with extracts from the letter press. The Japs propose to establish a native post affice, and this is what *Punch* says about it:

"The Japanese Government, ever desirous of imitating, have resolved to initiate a postal service. Mr. Brian Boroo, a celebrated Irishman, well known in history, has initiated them in the mysteries thereof. The Japanese Government guarantees Mr. Boroo certain sums, of which he stands much in need, but does not guarantee the delivery of the letters; yet, for the convenience of correspondents, they will have a large letter box in their post office, with the characters "under consideration" written thereon. Into this box, all letters, well stamped with fifty per cent. postage stamps, will be thrown and left till called for. Letters destined for America will be sent in junks, the Japanese Government not being in a position to subsidize steamers. It is true that many years may elapse before the letters reach their destination—if ever they do—but, as Cæsar Octavianus Augustus justly observed, "Sat celeviter fieri, quidquid fiat satis bene." We wish the Japanese Government every success in their arduous undertaking, but do not undertake to send our *Punches* through their post office. Nay! not even for Joseph."

This is what *Punch* has to say of human nature:

"The good in human beings and their fellow animals predominates over the evil; at least it would, were the evil not encouraged by education such as shooting, racing, bull-baiting, psalm-singing, drinking strong drinks, going to church, roulette, playing cards, rowing alone in an outrigger, riding alone in a sulky, hunting, fishing, steeple-chasing, writing bad verses, reading novels, caricaturing, breach of promise, singing 'for he's a jolly good fellow,' betting, wearing Knickerbockers and other curious coats when on a trip, sitting long at meals, talking politics, calling on people without their expressed wish, scratching ponies, thimble-rig, draft ale, borrowing money, sour-facedness, seriousness, cant, five o'clock tea and scandal, cock-fighting, race meetings, religious meetings, Chambers of Commerce, humbug, bad champagne, over-dressing in the three sexes, speaking unpleasant truths, believing in the 'Old Gentleman,' doing good with the expectation of future reward, keeping beggars alive contrary to the laws of nature, fasting, prize-fighting, reciting the abominable creed of Athanasius, the Scotch and English Sunday, going to law, calling Asiatics 'niggers,' bullying the weak and cringing to the strong, idleness, making dogs chase cats with intent to do them grievous and bodily harm, swearing, American newspapers, late suppers, self-inflicted dyspepsia, the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Saturday Review*, rudeness, Butler's Analogy, Simon Stylites, a dirty table-cloth, bizique, doing to others that which you would not like them to do to you, double dummy, fifes and drums, registration, after dinner speeches, superstition, and English music."

Jones says the ladies don't seem to give a thought to us fellows who keep away from saloons.

THE RUSSIAN NATIONAL ANTHEM.

Mr. John T. Naake writes as follows to the editor of the *Standard*: Sir—As the Russians have frequently played the English National Anthem in honor of his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, either before or immediately after their own National Anthem, I venture to think that a translation of the latter may, perhaps, at this season, prove interesting to the general reader. The words were composed by the poet Zhukovsky (born in 1783, died in 1852), and set to music in 1833 by A. Th. Lvov. I would just add that in the following translation I have endeavored strictly to adhere to the original, without any regard to versification:

God save the Czar!
The glorious! Long life
Grant him on earth!
To the subduer of the proud,
The defender of the weak,
The comforter of all,
Send down every blessing!

The most powerful
Orthodox Russia
God defend!
From her beautiful kingdom,
Peaceful in strength,
Everything injurious
Keep away!

The ever-ready warriors,
The Elect of Glory,
God save!
Grant to the warriors, avengers,
Saviors of honor,
Providers of peace,
Long days!

The peaceful warriors,
Lovers of truth,
God save!
Their virtuous lives,
Without hypocrisy
Devoted to heroic deeds,
Remember, Thou!

O, Providence!
Thy blessing
Send down on us!
The desire of good,
Moderation in happiness,
Patience in adversity
Grant him on earth!

Be our Defender,
Our faithful Companion,
Lead us on!
O, Thou the most glorious
Divine Life,
Known to the heart,
Shine to the heart!

THE TICHBORNE CASE.

The English papers are still busily engaged discussing the Tichborne case. *Reynolds' Newspaper*, after pointing out the illimitable power vested in the Lord Chief Justice, in regard to contempt of Court, concludes:

"To our mind the summing up of Justice Cockburn in the Tichborne case is a remarkable specimen of judicial intemperance. It was not an equal-handed balancing of justice, but dogmatic, intemperate, vituperative, and petulant. He seemed most at home when abusing Dr. Kenealy, whose bold and brave defence of the Claimant aroused the ire of the Chief Justice to fever heat. The attack was scarcely fair, seeing that the judges on the bench resemble parsons in the pulpits, or bulls in china shops, having it all their own way. At one moment the judge was storming at Dr. Kenealy, at another plaintively and pathetically asking the jury for a verdict in accordance with his own views, and at last appealing to the bar, in almost blubbering and whining tone, to whitewash his memory should it be assailed when he has given up the ghost."

The *Daily Mail* says: "Except Mr. Hawkins, none of the counsel engaged in the case have gained much by it, while Dr. Kenealy has lost a good deal. Orton, however, has fared sumptuously all through, with money in both pockets—driving in his carriage, going to pigeon matches, acting the popular hero, and enjoying all the pleasures of the town. He could hardly have had more material enjoyments if he had been the real heir; and being possessed of a phlegmatic disposition, which hitherto has taken the ups and downs of life pretty calmly, perhaps he may now be chuckling to himself that his "spree" has lasted so long. For some years to come, however, he will find that his brains will bring him in no more money, but he may console himself with the reflection that he is the stoutest rogue since Sir John Falstaff's time."

The Glasgow *Herald* says: "The Claimant played for high stakes, and he played with consummate skill. One marvels at the daring and the ingenuity of a coarse, uneducated butcher, who had spent a wild, and evidently criminal, life in the Australian bush, impersonating for seven years, with an approach to success, the heir to one of the oldest estates in England. The labor that he has gone through must have been immense. The sleepless energy and watchfulness, the intellectual litheness, the skill in working out hints and in piecing information together, all constantly exercised as they must have been, seemed to some people beyond the power of human faculties. But the Claimant is no ordinary man. He is the genius of imposture. The charge which he made against Roger's cousin, and the story which he wove in connection with it, was a master-stroke in deceit and wickedness. But everything has failed him. The speech of the Lord Chief-Justice and the verdict of the jury have unmasked this mystery of iniquity, and Arthur Orton is now the inmate of a felon's cell."

DR. KENEALY.—This learned counsel is having briefs showered upon him from all quarters. He is engaged in a great will case in Wales.

BANK OF ENGLAND.

It will be recollected that some three years since Benj. B. Green, Esq., the then deputy Governor of the Bank of England, visited this coast. An intelligent and careful examination of our resources led him to form a high opinion of California as a field for the safe and profitable investment of capital. The new China line of steamers is one result of his visit. He left behind many pleasant recollections of his visit. Mr. Green is now Governor of the Bank of England, and presided the other day at the annual meeting of that great institution. We take the following report from the *Pall Mall Gazette:* A general court of proprietors of the Bank of England was held on Thursday at the Bank; Mr. Benjamin B. Green presiding.

The Chairman said—I have now to acquaint the court that this is one of the half-yearly general courts of the Bank appointed by law for making its dividends; that the net profits for the half-year ending 8th of February last were £733,298 5s. 8d., making the amount of the rest on that day £3,760,694 14s. 9d.; and that, after providing for a dividend of 5 per cent, the rest will be £3,033,044 14s. 9d. The board of directors therefore propose that a half-year's dividend of interest and profits be made on the 7th of April next of 5 per cent., without deduction on account of income-tax. It will be in the recollection of the court that at this time last year we had the misfortune to announce that we had lost considerable sums by forgeries upon our western branch. We on that occasion write off a sum of £77,000, the assumed loss, from profit and loss account. I have now the pleasure to inform the court that of that sum we have recovered property which has realized £73,420 13s. 3d.; leaving a deficiency, therefore, of only £3,579 6s. 9d.; but this, of course, has been obtained at considerable cost, the Bank pursuing the policy which they have ever done, of not leaving a stone unturned to recover property which has been fraudulently taken from them; and in bringing to justice the offenders it has on this occasion done the same. But a great deal, of course, was expended in tracing, discovering, and recovering this property, part of which would go in the way of rewards of services for which we had to make presents, and the employment of a great number of people to trace this property. The extradition also of George Macdonald from New York, the extradition of Austin Bidwell, alias Warren, from Havana, and the trial here, all, of course, forming very considerable sums. The total amount was £46,419 0s. 9d.; but this being deducted from the £73,420 13s. 3d., the amount of the property recovered, leaves a balance of £27,001 12s. 6d., which has been carried to the credit of profit and loss account, and is, of course, not included in the rest. I therefore now put the question, "That a half-year's dividend of interest and profits be made on the 7th of April next of 5 per cent. per annum, without deduction on account of income-tax." Those who are in favor of that proposition will hold up their hands. Mr. W. Botley seconded the proposition, and commended the course adopted by the Governors of not leaving a stone unturned to bring about the conviction of forgers. By doing so they had done good service, not only to the commercial community, but to every person who had property at stake. The proprietors were to be congratulated on the successful prosecution of the forgers, and also on the profitable operations of the Bank, notwithstanding there had been 24 changes in the rate of discount in the year 1873.

TOURISM.

Already the signs are upon us. Eastern people, weary of their long, wet, windy, sleety Winters, weary of the leafless trees and the absence of vegetation or Spring flowers, are crowding our hotels. The Englishman, who wants to do the Yosemite in the Winter and the Sierras in the snow, has been here some time, and everywhere is talk of excursions and packing up and going into the country, which is now bursting with exuberance of youthful beauty. As a sign of the time, look into the window of the Ville de Paris (City of Paris), and see those cunning traveling suits, with satchel attachments. Why, the very sight of them makes us long to put one on, rush to a railway car, and go into the country to inhale the free, life-giving air that fills our hearts with lightness and our bodies with health and strength. We don't know whether those arrangements at the City of Paris are French or English, as we have not seen them anywhere else.

Australian Gold.—The value of the Australian gold imported into the United Kingdom, in January, was £557,855, as compared with £1,289,952 in January, 1873, and £994,541 in January, 1872. There has been some little stir of late as regards alluvial mining in New South Wales. A good patch of new ground has been struck at the Forest, and at Cargo, on some ground which has been fairly payable, a second bottom has been found showing heavier gold than was obtained in the first instance. At Forbes, also, some very large nuggets have been found. Several excellent yields of gold have been lately obtained at Gympie, Charters Towers, and the Etheridge river, Queensland.

"Wife, wife, what has become of the grapes?" "I suppose, my dear, the hens picked them off," was the reply. "Hens, hens!—some two-legged hens, I guess," said the husband, with some impetuosity; to which she calmly replied, "My dear, did you ever see any other kind?"

EXCUSE ME.

Whatsoe'er she'll vow to-day,
Ere a week has fled away,
She'll refuse me!
Then shall I her steps pursue—
Follow still, and fondly woo?
No; excuse me!

If she love me, it were kind
Just to teach her *her own mind;*
Let her lose me!
For no more I'll seek her side—
Court her favor, feed her pride—
No; excuse me!

If in idle, vain display,
She can cast my love away,
And thus use me!
For a fickle heart, at best,
Shall I grieve, and lose my rest?
No; excuse me!

Let her frown—frowns never kill;
Let her shun me if she will;
Hate—abuse me:
Shall I follow like a boy—
Let her make my heart her toy?
No; excuse me! ARJÆL.

DOWN SOUTH.

SANTA BARBARA, April 6, 1874.

Dear News Letter:—But a very few years ago this portion of our golden State went by the name of the cow counties. A sort of *terra incognita* to the inhabitants of San Francisco and the then flourishing mining districts was it, a place frequented only by wild cattle and wilder aborigines. To settle below Monterey was to go into voluntary exile. Although treated with a contempt not merited, Southern California was indeed a sleepy hollow, where the world stood still and held a place in the young commonwealth of but little importance. But a marvelous change has came over the spirit of her dream. The star of empire has inclined its course southward, and the "cow counties" have grown into wondrous significance beneath its rays.

No part of Southern California has felt the magic of the genius Improvement like the charming spot from which I write. The very fact of my being stationed here with a copy of the *News Letter* at my elbow, the pleasing music of the little ones, broke loose from public schools, in my ears, mingling with the voices of corner politicians settling the affairs of a young but flourishing municipality, in front of a gin palace that would reflect credit upon any city in the Union, and this is sufficient evidence of a great awakening from the sleep of years, and an omen of a brilliant future.

Santa Barbara is at the present moment well worth a correspondent to the *News Letter*. I know that you have been as exclusive as the dwellers in the inner temple in Philadelphia society, and have not paid any court to country correspondents; still, I am aware that you are interested in the events and the development of every portion of our State of any importance, and that you will be glad to have reliable facts furnished to you on all occasions. No one knows better than you, blunt old *News Letter*, that a deal of knowledge and wisdom is picked up in the byways in the world, and that he who never strays from the beaten track can be no monitor.

If you will bear with my eccentric ramblings, I will initiate you into the life of this favored spot on our favored slope, and from time to time furnish you with a synopsis of the events that here transpire.

There is no better time than the present to introduce Santa Barbara to your numerous readers. She is about laying aside her short dresses, and to-day assumes the habiliments of woman, and salutes San Francisco as a sister city. No young girl ever burst into womanhood with brighter dreams and fairer prospects than attend our *debût* into cityhood. Although some there be among us who wisely shake their heads and say that we will, before the year goes by, wish ourselves back in short clothes, nearly every one feels that the promotion is fraught with a deal of good to the community. It must be remembered that we are making the change at the most appropriate of times; when the voice of reform is uplifted in the land, and the galled people have turned upon their rascally oppressors. The rottenness existing in every corner of our nation has, within the past year or two, been so completely exposed, and the stench is so great in the nostrils of our countrymen, that a most healthy feeling of disgust and alarm has been awakened, and pervades our country. The mortal dangers of allowing a community to fall into the hands of unscrupulous schemers and demagogues, to be manipulated by rings, are apparent to all, and to none more than the conservative people, who now form the greater part of our population. A determination is manifested to place our government at the outset in the hands of our ablest and best citizens, and no fears are entertained that it will ever leave such.

The first election under the new city charter took place to-day, and the result is a triumph for the best element of our society. The Mayor elect is Mortimer Cook, the President of the Santa Barbara National Gold Bank, a large property holder, and a man of intelligence, enterprise, and integrity. His opponent was one of our best citizens, and a man of wealth. He would have stood a fair chance of election had he not been identified with a greedy, factious party in our midst, who care more for the spoils of office and the attainment of selfish ends than the welfare of the community as a whole. The five councilmen chosen are substantial merchants and business men of Santa Barbara, who will labor earnestly and faithfully for the best interests of the city.

Another reason for our being sanguine of the good to come of our new government is the order of dignity with which the first election was conducted. The

metropolis might well take its young sister as an example. Although great excitement prevailed, and a deep interest was felt in the result, the utmost good feeling was displayed by the adherents of both parties, one to the other, and not a single belligerent exhibition took place.

Indeed, Santa Barbara, in addition to her host of attractions published to the world, has one virtue which writers rarely comment upon: It is free from criminals, great and small, as well as rowdies and disreputable characters. It is, without exception, the most orderly city I have ever sojourned in. This is one great reason why I have pitched my tent here, and I feel that the quiet and peace I love so well will never be broken in upon by the vandals that infest nearly all cities. There is something in the soft, balmy atmosphere which is not congenial to ruffianism, and the hoodlum shuns us as he would a place of worship.

I have many things of interest, dear *News Letter*, to tell you about our "hamlet by the sea," and I will open my budget next week. Until then, God bless you.

BARBARENO.

From the San Francisco News Letter.

FIJI ANNEXED.

Our dailies are terrible blunderers in their way of gathering news that comes to us from the Pacific. They are quite at home in dishing up a local murder with all proper and improper details, but news of national and international interest, that may come to us from China, Japan, Australia, New Zealand or the isles of the Pacific, they care not for, failing, as they so often do, to understand its importance. Many instances of this have of late come to our notice. A very prominent case in point is just now worthy of mention. During the past week the dailies have been publishing expensive press dispatches received from London, announcing the cession of the Fiji Islands to England, and those dispatches have been followed by leading articles discussing the subject of annexation generally. These "live papers" ought to have known that this news, with all the amplitude of interesting details, has been in this city since the arrival of the last Australian steamer, three weeks ago. The *News Letter* at the time gave the particulars, and pointed out the importance of the proceedings upon the future interests of the innumerable isles of the South Pacific. The letter delivered by Commodore Goodenough and Consul Layard, the Special Commissioners sent to consult with King Cakoban, is particularly interesting, and indicates the *modus operandi* by which England now proposes to acquire new territory. The ballot-box settled that which once would have been determined by force of arms. The Commissioners told the King "they were two chiefs sent out by Her Majesty the Queen to visit Fiji, to inquire and consult with the King of Fiji and the chiefs respecting the Government of Fiji." They want to know what the King and chiefs desire and prefer: "Whether the King of Fiji shall govern, or whether Her Britannic Majesty the Queen of England shall govern Fiji." They tell the King in this letter that should he and the chiefs desire to give up Fiji to England to govern, they will seek only Fiji's peace and welfare; "that the King and chiefs, with all their people and all the inhabitants of the land, may live in peace, and prosper." They add that it is no new thing for England to govern islands like Fiji, and that she can do so with ease, but that England will never take the country by force or stealth. If given by the King and chiefs, well and good. If not—if they think they can govern themselves—all that the Queen will require is that they do equal justice to white men and to natives. Upon these representations the natives voted unanimously for annexation, and in consequence they are to-day British subjects, entitled to all the protection which England never fails to accord to her people, at home or abroad. During the week almost every city paper has had one or more articles in reference to the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands. In more than one of these England is represented as casting longing eyes upon King Kalakau's dominions, and as being specially jealous of the influence of the United States therein. It may be news to our ill-informed contemporaries that during a recent visit of the British Hawaiian Minister, Mr. Wodehouse, to England, he was instructed that upon his return to his post he was to aid in extending and consolidating the power of the United States in Hawaii. It is known that during the discussion of the *Alabama* treaty in Washington, a verbal understanding was arrived at as to the interests of Great Britain and the United States in the Pacific. It is believed that the acquirements of England are to be confined to the south of the equator, whilst all to the north of that boundary is left to the United States. That leaves all the ocean clear for us between here and China and Japan.

Arctic Ocean.—C. Grael draws attention to the gradual opening up of the Arctic Seas. As the meteorological conditions alter from year to year, the extent of the ice field varies also, but every year, and even in the extreme depth of winter, large spaces of open water forming navigable channels extend throughout the whole region of ice. He therefore considers that scientific expeditions to the Polar Seas should rely rather upon stout steamers than sledges.

They have got a Dr. Tupper in the Canadian Parliament. But his philosophy is not of the proverbial sort.

PACIFIC MAIL COMPANY.

Among the events of the week we notice the resignation of Captain Edward Higgins, agent for the Pacific Mail Company. We were somewhat surprised, as the gentleman has only had time to get himself well worked into harness, and was administering the duties of his position as well as it was possible for a stranger to do. However, change has been the order of the day in the office and on the wharf of this Company, and we need scarcely be surprised. In this connection we are pleased to see that our old friend General Taylor has been appointed to take the place of the gentleman just retired. This is eminently fit. General Taylor has been in the employ of the Company for more than twenty years, and no one certainly could be more thoroughly acquainted with the duties and necessities of the office. The great mistake of the Directors of the Pacific Mail Company has been the removing of men who have devoted the better part of their lives to the service of the Company. They have been discharged in many cases without a moment's warning, and utter strangers substituted in their places. It has not mattered how long they have been in this place, nor how thoroughly they have gained the confidence of the people. The caprice of a Director has been an all-sufficient cause, and they have been removed without other reason. If this state of things be likely to continue, employés will scarcely take the employers' cause to heart and work with such earnest interest. Good pay and appreciation will secure good work. Let a man be assured of his situation as long as he attends to his duty faithfully, and all will go well. The New York Directors seem to have looked upon San Franciscans as a parcel of thieves, and have made sudden discharges to catch them napping, to no effect. A few minor mistakes have been made on this side of the continent, but the difficulty lies in stock jobbing on Wall street, "*a la* Stockwell." Furthermore, they have attempted to run the Mail Company by telegraph from New York. This will never do. Let them appoint an agent in San Francisco who is acquainted with Californian affairs—such a man, for instance, as Captain O. Eldridge or Captain Baby, each of whom is a worker, and not a mere stock jobber. These men are experienced. They know the ropes. Give such a man as Captain Eldridge reasonable power to act, and he would soon lift the Pacific Mail Company into a position of honor and success. We think we observe on the part of the Company a disposition to reinstate those gentlemen who have worked for them so many years. Such a step is commendable. What with fewer changes, old employés and the fine ships now building, the outlook for the Pacific Mail Company is all that could be desired. Why should it not make money? With all the lines crossing the Atlantic, each one is successful. The Mail Company has the Pacific Coast almost entirely to itself. It only needs proper management, and there is light ahead.

ECONOMY OF BEER.

Prof. Max van Pettenkofer, the eminent Munich chemist, states that, to make a quart of good beer, there is required, at least, a pint of good barley, besides hops, etc. The product contains not a single trace of albumen, and only a very small percentage of alimentary principles; in short, it is only a *condiment*, not a food-stuff properly so called. The question now arises, Would it not be better to send this barley to the mill, and make of it a bread-stuff, instead of brewing from it a costly beverage, which contributes little or nothing to the system? Or, better still, Would it not be advisable to grow, in place of barley and hops, wheat and rye, either of which would give better bread than barley?

Prof. Pettenkofer holds that the need of mere condimente is no less imperative than the need of food-stuffs, properly so called. "Butter and cheese," says he, "are neither as good nor as complete food-stuffs as milk, and yet butter and cheese are made, and will continue to be made, even though it were possible to transport milk in good condition to considerable distances." The same is to be said of barley and beer. Prof. Pettenkofer observes that the consumption of beer is steadily increasing in spite of the advance in prices, and he is convinced that this state of things will continue, no matter what weight of argument may be brought against it. "Condiments of this kind," says he, "are often, no doubt, the occasion of real waste, but yet the majority of mankind can always, to their great profit, find, by observation and self-control, the proper amount of them to consume."

Sensitive Plants.—Miss Mary Treat publishes in the *American Naturalist* for December, 1873, a remarkable contribution to our knowledge of the sensitiveness of the leaves of the sundew, her experiments being chiefly made on the large American species, *Drosera filiformis*, the leaves of which capture and kill moths and butterflies two inches across. Her observations are in accordance with those already recorded on English species, that the motion of the glands is excited only by organic substances, or if for a very short time by mineral substances, that the excitement passes off almost immediately. The most astonishing of her observations is, however, that when living flies are pinned at a distance of half an inch from the apex of the leaf, the leaf actually bends towards the insect until the glands reach it and suck its juices.

Mrs. Sarah F. Ames, of Boston, has been importuned to go upon the stage by a leading actor and play *Lady Macbeth* only.

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

The Saturday Review pays a great deal of attention to women. It is never so happy as when criticising or teasing them, as boys never enjoy themselves so much as when worrying a cat or throwing stones at frogs. It is the "Discontented Woman" this time, and this is the way it goes for her: "She is discontented on all sides, because her husband is not her lover, and marriage is not perpetual courtship; because he is so irritable that life with him is like walking among thorns if she makes the mistake of a hair's-breadth; or because he is so imperturbably good-natured that he maddens her with his stolidity, and cannot be made jealous even when she flirts before his eyes. Or she is discontented because she has so many household duties to perform, the dinner to order, the books to keep, the servants to manage; because she has not enough liberty, or because she has too much responsibility; because she has so few servants that she has to work with her own hands, or because she has so many that she is at her wit's end to find occupation for them all, not to speak of discipline and good management. As a mother, she is discontented at the loss of personal freedom compelled by her condition, at the physical annoyances and mental anxieties included in the list of her nursery grievances. She would probably fret grievously if she had no children at all, but she frets quite as much when they come." If the discontentment were all on that side of the house, it would be a great deal better and happier world; but every discontented woman is matched by a cross, irritable, fault-finding or disappointed man, so that the scales always tip the other way. The *Review* says that if women would perfect themselves in those things which they do already, before carrying their efforts into new fields, it would be much better for the world. But then it would be cruel to men to leave them so far in the background.

If there is one thing for which we have a most uncompromising disgust more than a School Director, it is a School Director's daughter. That economical gentleman who has undertaken to lead the other eleven by their educational noses has a whole flock of them, and a very strutting set of little bantams they are. One or two are already comfortably ensconced in the Department, but another is trying to get in, and takes her place as yet amongst the substitutes. This undefined position gives the young miss an extensive sphere of observation, of which she takes full advantage. It is most unfortunate that this young creature is a pullet, for she would make a fine effort to crow. It is her custom, upon entering a strange building, to cast a shrewd eye around in search of delinquencies, elevate her nose with a snort of disdain, and crush the trembling Principal with the remark, "I shall tell my pa." We have seen beautiful young maidens bathed in blushes, who modestly cast their eyes down and said "Ask pa," and we rather admired it. But when we think of the insolence of this young upstart aweing a crowd of her betters when she ought yet to be in the school-room, by transfixing them with fear with "I shall tell my pa," we are animated with an uncontrollable desire to take her across our editorial knee and spank her good. Our feelings would be further relieved if the toe of our boot could deftly land her respected pa from the educational rooms back to his carpenter shop. He knows a deal more about nails and panels than about pot-hooks and slingers, and it is our earnest hope that he has put a period to his efforts in the daughter line.

Cabby is in a rage, and Cabby, strange to say, is right. People have been asking, with laudable curiosity, what our late Legislature has done. After a lengthy burrowing into the stupidity and inanity of their tedious proceedings, we find that they have in the neatest and quietest manner possible transferred a generous slice of our county taxes to the Alameda treasury. We had thought there was an end to the Oakland wharf, at least to the dispute about it. We fought and wrangled over it for the privilege of holding the Fair trial on the wrong side of the Bay. We sent a wise Surveyor over, who settled the matter, and Oakland wharf paid its taxes into the coffers of the metropolis, when, presto! our Legislators sit down with a grin on their faces, and we find the disputed property belongs to the Oakland side again. Cabby gets his license in San Francisco, and they arrest him in Oakland, or he gets it in Oakland and they arrest him in San Francisco. What is Cabby to do with his overland passengers? It is happiness to know that Dolly Varden has adjourned. We might have found ourselves distributed into small parcels. The inhabitants of North Beach might have been tacked on to Marin county, and the *Alta* would have set itself up in Warner's menagerie, while the Cliff House would have rendered tribute to King Kalakau.

When a man attempts suicide, it is our custom to give him every reasonable encouragement. We consider him fully justified in the "mad act," as the papers put it, for, by the time he arrives at a realization of his own worthlessness and uselessness, his friends must be having rather a horrible time of it. In the Tennant case, however, we protest. It is setting a fearful example, this giving a woman her own way to such an extent. Mrs. Tennant thought she had a good thing of it, till the stomach-pump put an end to her plans, but the consequence has been the same. All the discontented wives in town have been leaving the laudanum bottle convenient, the petroleum in the way; verdigris has collected on the copper kettles, they have blown the gas out after the old man has crept under the sheets, and then, in a fit of absence of mind, have gone down in the basement to rummage. But nothing will work. Tennant has set the fashion of coming to life again, and all the suicides will do likewise, till the epidemic takes a fresh start. On Tennant's account we are sorry, but there is such a comfort in seeing a woman balked in a little caprice.

We have always given the Chronicle the palm in the diagram business. In fact, we had regarded it as a bloated monopolist in that particular, and looked up to it accordingly. It was our custom, whenever a rousing murder case occupied the public mind, to study the topography of the scene in the columns of the live paper. An habitual strict adherence to truth compels us to observe that the matter was never quite thoroughly elucidated, but we always knew that B was either a corpse or a window, and K was either a bedstead or pistol, or *vice versa*, and so on. All of this gave us comfort, and we relied upon it with the confidence of years. Judge of our dismay when the *Post* launches out in a similar line of business, but thoroughly outwits the *Chronicle* in that it is even less comprehensible. Why didn't the *Chronicle* get a copyright for its marvelous diagrams, and save our wits from this bewildering maze of C's and D's, revolvers, bedsteads and balconies? We dread to open the *Post* lest it confront us with a copy of the *Chronicle's* wood-cuts. That would be the unkindest cut of all.

Our worthy coroner doesn't look half so much like Falstaff as he used. His waist girth is reduced by several feet, and his well lined capacity is becoming a valley rather than a promontory. His pomposity even has decreased visibly since the remarkable verdict of the Fredericksen jury. The present rush of corpses is too much for him. Even his worthy deputy finds himself obliged to knock under. He belonged to the Board of Education so long that he got used to having nothing to do. It is our earnest hope that this notice which will meet the eyes of parties in the bullet line of business will let up at least till the dog days are over. The thing is becoming monotonous. In the meantime, as we are always pleased at benefit accruing to any one, it is our happy privilege to mention that Mr. Noah having been appointed to the office of Deputy Coroner, the long obscured Tibbey will probably come in for unclaimed effects.

Father Powers is chewing the end of bitter reflection. It is rather hard times that it should cost a man two hundred and fifty dollars to be virtuous, when he can be comfortably wicked for much less than that sum; but then there is a great deal in having one's pick, and every one doesn't incline to the Potiphar family. We hope old Infallibility will appreciate the worthy Father's Joseph-like traits, but the big fine will go hard against him. The padres like to gather the money in, but they hate to pay it out among heretics as badly as the Chinese do. The hat will be passed around in St. Patrick's many a time on the strength of this little scrape, and there will probably be another fair in Platt's Hall. If the reverend gentleman will take the advice of an experienced sinner, he will accept the goods the gods provide next time, and kick up no rumpus. "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned."

Although the temperance business in this degenerate place has fizzled out in a most ignoble manner, we rejoice to know the cause is not yet dead. It lives—in Oakland. It is perhaps needless to remark that, being in its last stages, that is about the only place it could live, since it hasn't much to do. Drinking suggests conviviality, and the average Oaklander is not convivial. The houses are too far apart, and the trip across the bay too dismal. Still, it became necessary for Oakland to have a crusade. It is the custom of the little village to have everything we have. It had a taste of the Court House fever, and a touch of the epizooty, to say nothing of its hotels and promised market. So far as our personal experience goes, the crusaders will obtain all the signers they like for that clause which binds these good men to promise not to stand treat. Oakland will forward, to a man, on that line.

Budd Butterine Smith has come to town, and we may shortly expect an installment of his remarkable compound. The attention of families in distressed circumstances is particularly called to it. Its variety of uses is something extraordinary. Spread it on bread in a simple state and you have butter; munch it with ale and crackers and you have cheese; toast it with mustard and you have Welsh rarebit; fry it with parsley and you have an omelette; serve it with pepper, salt and cream, and you have smearkase. Perhaps, boiled down with a little vivid imagination, it would make ox-tail soup, and so on, *ad infinitum*, but the patent only guarantees butter, cheese, omelet and smearkase. What more can one expect? The cow which fulfills all these conditions may be said to have performed her mission in a world where all is vanity and vexation of spirit.

We haven't been able to catch Vasquez; but it is really consoling to know where he is, and to feel that we can put our fingers on him when we want him. One fine morning last week he paid his poll-tax in Los Angeles, thereby greatly impressing an admiring generation with the keenness of his irony. Towards noon of the same day he was seen in Virginia City, and a rumor went the rounds that he made a social call on the Ophir mine in company with the Superintendent. At sunset that evening he was observed sketching the western light as it fell on the crest of Mount Shasta. Oakland hasn't had him yet, but we are constantly expecting to hear from there.

An exchange informs us that Mrs. Martha Rodier has just celebrated her twenty-fifth anniversary as a school teacher in Washington. It is well for the old girl that she isn't in San Francisco. Our Board wouldn't stand any such gammon. By the time they have taught long enough here to feel their importance, it is time to lop off their heads and show them their helplessness. What an iron constitution the twenty-fiver must have! A woman who can teach school for twenty-five years and still live, would have worn out several generations of husbands.

The practical jokers have kept the reporters on the *qui vive* during the past week looking up bails, wounds and inquests. We ourselves have been victimized to a most fearful extent. A considerate friend, one intimately acquainted with our most thorough abominations, was kind enough to inform us that a couple of reporters had been shot. Just as we were ready to swing our best hat high in h-air, a flock of them appeared in the distance, on their way to interview a batch of corpses. We no longer believe in the fitness of things.

We notice the death of a dear little boy, whom the deluded parents had christened Darwin. For ourselves, we express perfect resignation at his departure. Laboring under the difficulties of such a cognomen, he would have found it necessary to have a theory, had he grown up. His distinguished namesake has succeeded in persuading us that we are all monkeys. How terrible, if this youth had lived to tell us that we were hippopotami or kangaroos.

Fredericksen left word that he died like a Roman, whatever sort of a process that may be. Our numerous friends who stepped out this week entirely forgot to tell us of the manner of their going, but went at once. We are left in a state of hideous doubt as to whether they perished like Choctaws, Esquimaux or Heathen Chinese. We have only the satisfaction of knowing that they are gone. Even that much is something.

We notice a disposition on the part of the newspapers to censure the Kearny-street clothes dealer who swindled a pair of Sandwich Islanders. If the clothes dealer manifest a laudable desire to increase his pile by following the example of some of our incorporated companies, fleecing the gulls, why should any one object? They had no business to be Kanakas, anyhow.

The T. C. is disposed to believe that Coroner Rice is *bulling* the murder market, and fervently hopes the present activity may continue until all the hoodlum stock is *placed*, to satisfy decent citizens. The only drawback to this explanation is that decent citizens are murdered occasionally.

SPECIAL BREVITIES.

The Imperial Census.—In the palmiest days of Rome the Empire was numbered, imperfectly and loosely; but, Gibbon, no reckless computer, fixed the population of the Imperial Dominion, with its vast area of 1,600,000 square miles, at the moderate figure of 120,000,000. The British census of 1874 makes it clear that Queen Victoria rules over nearly twice the number of subjects who were governed by the Emperor Claudius. The Imperial Crown of Great Britian is the symbol of Sovereignty to which "two hundred and thirty-four millions" of people look up; and these inhabit 7,769,449 miles of territory. They live and die in 44,142,651 houses or other habitations, and they are congregated for the most part in 2,200 towns and villages, of which London, with its population of 3,800,000—taking the "natural circular limits of fifteen miles' radius"—is the center. The whole of this domain has been either settled or conquered by the British race, drawing strength and ardor from these little islands, which now can boast, after having peopled another hemisphere, of a population of their own numbering more than 31,000,000.—*Times.*

The Grand Duchess Marie, like the sex in general, carried the day at the very outset of her wedded life by having the ceremony on Friday, which, with the Russians, is regarded as a lucky day. The Duke of Edinburgh, although partaking of the prejudices which are generally held against that day, gracefully yielded his wishes to those of the bride.

The Claimant's Wife and Family.—A correspondent says it may interest your readers to know that for a considerable time Orton had been living apart from his wife, in whose manner of life his convictions and incarceration will, therefore, make very little change. His children are to be taken care of by a few friends.

Anonymous Munificence.—Among the donations and subscriptions acknowledged last week by the London charities were nine sums of £1,000 each, in addition to ten sums of similar amount announced in the previous week.—*London Mirror.*

Victor Hugo's great romance (English version), "Ninety-three," was commenced in last Saturday's *Graphic*, and will be continued from week to week until completed. The story is illustrated by eminent English artist.

Orton in Newgate.—Since his confinement in Newgate the Claimnant has stoutly refused to answer to the name of Castro or Orton, but readily enough owns to the name of Tichborne. He has now been supplied with his prison clothes.

The Russians are reported to be constructing a road from Khokan to Yarkand, and building steamers for the navigation of the river Kashgar. There are also to be branch roads leading to Ladakh and Affghanistan.

Calixa Lavalee, a young Canadian pianist, is now in Paris, where he has exhibited remarkable talents as a composer as well as an artist. It is said of him that he has what cannot be learnt—inspiration.

The Duke of Brunswick is to receive the art treasures of his estimable brother. The celebrated onyx, and the equally famous gem which formed part of Mary Stuart's signet ring, are included in the collection.

REV. VAN DE MARK.

Professor Tyndall once observed
That there's a strong resemblance existed
A certain cold in Egyptian land
Just about a thousand years away:
And the theology which it's time would
That the [illegible] a vacuum [come,
Let by the receding tide
Of darkness into which
Its vampire element would be—
In fact, to use it, in poetry.

Now, not to use in satire
The remarks of such a strange state
Of things as Mr. Van De Mark,
Who as one wandering in the dark,
Has sent after the fleet fairy ray
The harbingers of coming day—
And so he pioneered as preaching
A course of sermons on the "Living
Yankee Poets," at Platt's Hall,
On handing over tops from head!

Whether Holland Bryant Hammon,
And whether Browning too "Most curious
Lancelot" had one a great work" go
For him, and so to a rest in bed.

Van De Mark mounts on the stage,
A host of noble spirits of the
Heroic past, while a great throb swings,
Under the observation of
The audience with the air of pleasure,
For he a great and good work of
His sense that whether round the place,
Upon pretext him to speak fate,
Half of our Time and long rest
Upon the Lyrical poet.
At either hand a mystic gloom
Is on the face of the house
For one and one and all of care.
O, where they come to pass this there,
More and of the words to sing—
"Shall be a poet must be young"—

Around the great from women to read
Were gossamer of [illegible]
That around him and [illegible]
Between somewhat out of place to me.

To some broad pathway, Sawyer said,
That shone first of northern land

At bottom of your dish put them
A layer of [illegible] fried whole,
Then another layer of onions and sweet,
And so on till the dish is complete.
I would like to do what he may
My [illegible] well [illegible]
To [illegible] Van De Mark, whose views through fine,
In search of the truest positions [illegible]
To [illegible] were expressing, [illegible] were
At first sense [illegible] to read,
That somewhat [illegible] and [illegible] a
And so [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
Or a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
Whether it was a [illegible] or natural.

In truth, I do not ponder
And sermons and [illegible] were
Not a ware—with the [illegible] mind;
But when [illegible] [illegible] I find,
I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
Some broad [illegible] to me thought
I heard for [illegible] [illegible]
"Have [illegible] [illegible] away!
Bring [illegible] [illegible]
The [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
And of the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

O, Van De Mark, be good enough
To give us [illegible] of such stuff!
Keep [illegible] [illegible]
And [illegible] [illegible]
Or if you will [illegible] [illegible],
We [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
Thereby [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
I think you in [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

The [illegible] of this [illegible] [illegible] only,
Are [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
The [illegible] of a [illegible] [illegible]
"I went [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
And [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
You're [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
For what, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
For [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
But [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
Those [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
I bet you [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

THE WEEKLY ARGONAUT

"The Waking of Ekkhard."—Under this head there is a [illegible] in the [illegible] Mr. [illegible] [illegible]. The writer regards the [illegible] of the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

FASHION NOTES.

The Patti is the name of one of the new bonnets. Gray is one of the fashionable colors in silk. White cheney lace over white is the elegant parasol. All feathers disappear at the approach of summer weather. Some of the new collars fasten at the neck with a small gold bell. Pendant earrings are coming again into fashion this Spring. Old-fashioned China crepe scarfs are revived by the young ladies. Tiffany has a new necklace made of nearly one hundred small gold stars, fastened together on a fine gold chain. Sash ends are getting wider and wider and handsomer. Those now worn are nearly three-quarters of a yard wide, and of the heaviest watered ribbon. They are very stylish. All fancy nic-knacks on the new bonnets will be ruled out, and it is to be hoped will never be allowed to come into fashion again. There are changes in gentlemen's and even in babies, fashions for the ensuing summer which will be fully described in a future issue of the *News*. Overskirts are made very long and come from the waist to the edge of the skirt in front and puffed into the side seams so as to be looped very high on the hips. This is the latest style. The hair is now arrayed in a mass of light curls at the back of the head and in front of a series of small puffs. The new is decidedly an improvement on the old style. Combination suits (dresses of different shades of the same material) will not be worn this Summer. The fashion will be a dress of one plain color—gray, blue, purple or brown. The basque waist with moderately tight coat sleeve with retain is popular for ordinary house dresses, although some dressmakers are making an effort to revive the old-fashioned "baby waist" for Summer dresses. Scarfs of Spanish guipure net lace, from three to four yards long and half a yard wide, are now worn around the neck instead of the fur boas. The handsomest, however, are of real guipure or thread lace. Pretty and convenient suits of brown linen striped with a dark and light shade, are now exhibited in the stores ready-made. They can be folded into an astonishingly small parcel and strapped on the outside of carpet bag or traveling case. The Spring bonnets or hats (there is very little difference) are to be trimmed entirely with flowers, fruit, lace and ribbons. The straw shapes are very much the same as the Winter ones. The face trimming will consist of a wreath of flowers going completely around the hat and under the braid or curls at the back of the head.

—*Compiled for the Danbury News.*

HENRI ROCHEFORT.

Henri Rochefort, the distinguished French political exile, having escaped from New Caledonia, is now on his way to San Francisco, and may be expected here in a few weeks. His arrival will create no little interest, especially among our French citizens. A man who has occupied so prominent a position before the world, and who now comes from that far off island prison, where life-long banishment was intended for him, to seek liberty in this home of the free and land of the brave, cannot fail to be an object of interest, whatever his political opinions may happen to be. If he really holds communistic doctrines, we need hardly say that he will find little sympathy with his opinions here. But it may well be doubted whether Henri Rochefort is certainly a Communist. Hitherto we have read only of the opinions attributed to him by his enemies. One possible advantage of his coming here is that we may now get a true picture of the man, and of that terrible state of affairs in Paris, of which it may be said he was rather the victim than the author. His misfortune was that, being essentially a man of the people, he was in Paris when that passionate uprising of the masses took place, which he was alike unable to resist or control. That Rochefort is an ardent Republican, few can doubt. Belonging to one of the oldest families of France, he has voluntarily shorn himself of the title which comes to him through a long line of ancestors. As the Comte de Lucay, his natural position to-day would be that of a "respectable" royalist and supporter of Henry V. A man who, for opinion's sake, abandons titles and honors, is at least honest. That he is a writer of remarkable gifts, Napoleon III. had much reason to know. The author of the *Lanterne* will be at least a curiosity on our streets. Whether he will ever again see Paris, is a matter difficult to tell. The indications of to-day are that he will. Election after election goes in favor of the Republicans. The time is not far distant when the Assembly must be dissolved, and if, as now seems certain, the result is the establishment of a republic under such a man as Gambetta, it may well be that Henri Rochefort, rendered somewhat more conservative by his experiences, may yet go back to France and give effective service to a form of government in accord with his liberal instincts.

On a cold evening last winter a hackman was engaged to drive two couples (colored) to a ball in Pawtucket, R. I. They arrived about ten P. M. The driver remained outside about an hour, when he thought he would go in and look on. The room was full and very warm. He had not been there very long when one of the floor managers came to him and and asked him to "leave the room, as de ladies objected to his presence, he smelt so very 'hossy.'" He left.

According to Beecher, "the cheapest thing on earth is a mean man. A faithful dog dies and is missed; the emigration of the birds in the autumn is a source of endless sadness to us; but mean men die and few tears fall."

SOMEWHERE.

How can I cease to pray for thee? Somewhere
In God's great universe thou art, to-day.
Can He not reach thee with his tender care?
Can He not hear me when for thee I pray?

What matters it to Him who holds within
The hollow of his hand all world, all space,
That thou art done with earthly pain and sin?
Somewhere within His ken thou hast a place!

Somewhere thou livest, and hast need of Him;
Somewhere thy soul sees higher hights to climb;
And somewhere still, there may be valleys dim
That thou must pass to reach the hills sublime.

Then all the more, because thou canst not hear
Poor, human words of blessing, will I pray,
O true, brave heart, God bless thee, wheresoe'er.
In His great universe thou art, to-day!

OUR NEW MINISTER TO CHINA.

Benjamin P. Avery, erewhile of the *Bulletin*, is the new Minister to China. How, in the name of all that is wonderful, did that particular appointment come to be made? There are many reasons for astonishment at it. The greatest of these is, that it is an eminently fitting one. In these days, when places are the wages of corruption, it is little short of marvelous for so important an office to seek so worthy a man. Then why should Senator Sargent, in whose gift the position virtually was, go with it to the editor of the *Bulletin*? We mistake not if this fact does not explain two reports that have ere now reached us, both of which are creditable to Mr. Avery. It will be recollected that the *Bulletin* supported Mr. Sargent for the position which he at present so ably fills. It is said that that support was owing to Mr. Avery's personal indorsement of him. Soon the time came when Sargent incurred the wrath of the *Bulletin*, and was villified daily as a corrupt and purchased tool. B. P. Avery knew the allegations to be lies, and it is understood that he did not hesitate to say so. There might be grounds for a difference of opinion as to the wisdom of the public course of Senator Sargent, but there were none as to his honesty. About this time Avery resigned his connection with the *Bulletin*. To-day he is virtually U. S. Minister to China. The appointment does credit to Senator Sargent in more ways than one. The *News Letter*, of course, congratulates a valued contributor upon his appointment to so high and responsible a position, and predicts that he will fill the bill with credit to himself and honor to his country.

INTERESTING TRIBUTE OF GRATITUDE.

Not many weeks before his death, Charles Dickens received from Liverpool a letter from a person describing himself as a self-raised man, who attributed his prosperous career to what Dickens' writings had taught him of the wisdom of kindness, sympathy, etc. He begged to offer some acknowledgment, and enclosed £500. Dickens was greatly touched by this, and told the writer, in sending back his check, that he would have taken it if he had not been himself a prosperous man; but if the writer pleased to send him any small memorial, he would gladly accept it. A richly worked basket of silver, inscribed "from one who has been cheered and stimulated by Mr. Dickens' writings, and held the author among his first remembrances when he became prosperous," was accompanied by a handsome silver center-piece for the table, representing the seasons. The kindly donor shrank from sending Winter to one whom he would fain connect with none but the brighter and milder days, and he had struck the fourth figure from the design. "I never look at it," said Dickens, "that I don't think most of the winter."

Bismarck on Ultramontanism.—As many people, remarks the *Leisure Hour*, seem to think that Bismarck, in the conflict with Papacy, is acting against the principles of toleration, his own explanation should be accepted:—"I acknowledge it as my duty to respect the dogmas of the Catholic Church as dogmas, and I have never interfered with anybody for believing in them. But, if the infallibility dogma is so interposed as to lead to the establishment of an ecclesiastical *imperium in imperio*, if it occasions the setting aside of the laws of this country, because unapproved by the Vatican, I am naturally driven to assert the supremacy of the State. We Protestants are under the conviction that this kingdom of Prussia ought not to be ruled by the Pope, and we demand that you, the Ultramontane section of the Roman Catholics, respect our convictions, as we do yours. Unfortunately, however, you are accustomed to complain of oppression whenever not permitted to lord it over others."

A pugilistic Irishman, being bound over to keep the peace on all British subjects, remarked, "Heaven help the first foreigner I meet!"

MURDER MOST FOUL.

We are no believers in Vigilance Committees. The arm of the law ought to be strong and supreme. It should be long enough to reach the highest and richest as certainly as the lowest and poorest. Its blows should be effective enough to stamp out crime wherever and whenever it shows itself. Murder *is* murder, call it by whatever other name you please. The law provides that the penalty for murder is death. That law ought to be carried out with the certainty with which the day follows the night. The truth is, this is a subject that has been greatly paltered with. Too much sickly morbid humanitarianism has given us a most unhealthy public opinion. True humanity is best served by the gallows. That jury which acquitted the red-handed murderess, and the whining parson who kissed the murderer into eternity, have, through their weakness, caused more innocent persons to lose their lives than they wot of. The influence of their pernicious examples, who shall tell it? A very carnival of blood is upon us, as a result of the manner in which we have always dallied, and often even sympathized, with the most awful crime known to the law. We hesitate to call that crime murder. With lisping, stammering tongues we euphonize the term into "emotional insanity," "justifiable homicide," and like sugar-coated phrases. De Quincey's flight of fancy is with us a realized fact. Murder in California is "a fine art." Sometimes it is considered only "a difficulty," whilst at most it is but "a shooting scrape," which is talked of to-day and forgotten to-morrow. Hanging is played out. It is about time, however, this state of things was ended. The first and highest duty of all government is to protect the lives of the governed. Life is man's most invaluable possession, and if that cannot be insured to him as against the ruthless hand of the assassin, then, indeed, government is at an end. The influence of the press, the pulpit, and of every true man ought to be brought to bear against this monstrous crime. It was assuredly a great mistake to repeal the law against carrying concealed weapons. The administration of the law ought to be effective enough to make it unnecessary to carry such weapons for defense. We know that it has been urged that the law was obeyed by good citizens, whilst the roughs ignored it. That was not the fault of the law, but of its administration. It may sound harsh to some ears, but it is nevertheless true, that the man who deliberately loads a pistol and puts it in his pocket with intent to use it, if occasion offers, is an incipient murderer. When that truth is rightly taken to heart, there will be fewer murders committed in haste, to be repented of at leisure.

BALLOONING IN SIAM.

The young King of Siam having come of age on 10th October last, great feasts were given to his subjects at Bangkok, the chief town of his dominion. Amongst other attractions was the ascent of a small mounted balloon, which had been constructed in Paris, and had arrived by steam a few days previously. Liberal offers were made to procure an aeronaut, but were of no avail, nobody amongst the Siamese presuming to ascend. Consequently his Majesty ordered a slave, selected from amongst the less heavy of his household, to be sent up in the car. In order to encourage the poor aeronaut, so frightened for his life, he was promised to be rewarded with his enfranchisement. The ascent took place, and elicited much enthusiasm from the bystanders; but, unhappily, nothing was heard from the poor fellow or of the craft.—*From Nature.*

The following curious occurrence took place recently at the Salomonski Circus of Berlin. During a pause in the performance a fashionably dressed man descended into the arena and made sign to the actors, the musicians, and the public. Some important communication was expected; the performance ceased, and profound silence ensued. The new-comer then called out in a strong voice, "Is the midwife Hermann here?" The question produced a shout of laughter; but as soon as the merriment had subsided, another voice from the second tier replied in the affirmative. The querist, perfectly undisturbed, then said, "Hasten to the Cerlstrasse No. —, where you are expected with impatience." He then retired majestically, without caring about the sensation caused by this unexpected dialogue. The incident was the great success of the evening.

The Colorado papers are bragging over the wonderful restorative effects of their climate upon an Ohio lady who could not sweep her room at home, but shortly after her arrival in Colorado was able to chase her husband a mile with a pitchfork.

A California man tied one end of a rope around his waist, and lassoed a cow with the other. He thought he had the cow, but at the end of the first mile he began to suspect that the cow had him.

Owing to the abandonment of the female hoops, and the lengthening of the female white skirt, the condition of the pavements is unusually good for this season.

THE LILY SLEEPS.

The lily sleeps: whose scented breath
Floated like music down the gale;
The woodbine wove a twisted wreath,
But found her arts of no avail.
Through all the day the wood-dove spoke
In thrilling accents softly low,
No other sound the echoes woke
Within the woodbine's sylvan show.

The lily sleeps: her beauty pale,
Exhausted by the glaring day,
Dreamlike and still, can yet prevail
To woo the slanting moonbeam's ray.
In dewy glades, unseen by man,
The fairies meet in revel rout,
Fresh blooms the patient rose's plan,[out.
The glow-worms' lanterns glimmer

The lily sleeps: nor hears the song
Which palpitates in heavenly chords,
From Philomela's bosom wrung,
A poem unexpressed by words.
The lily sleeps: in hushed repose
A lovely vision purely fair,
And Nature, wise forever, knows
The secret of her beauty rare.

—*Public Opinion.*

London and San Francisco Bank.—At the meeting held on the 3d of March, the report of the London and San Francisco Bank (Limited) showed that, including £2,792 brought forward, the net profit for the year 1873 amounted to £88,952, from which it is proposed to pay a dividend of 12s. per share, making, with the previous payment, 24s. per share, or 12 per cent., free of income tax, for the 12 months. It is also proposed to add £10,000 to the reserve fund, raising it to £100,000, and, after the appropriation of £6,000 by the founders, to carry forward £952.

Something for the Farmers.—Seamless bags are the last new invention gotten up for the benefit of the farmers. They are really a great improvement, and are certainly destined to entirely supersede the old kind of bags with seams sown by hand. They are stronger, more economical, and better in every way. The seam is woven in during the process of manufacture. Ellis Read, of 304 California street, is the California agent. These bags are made in Forfar, Scotland.

The Union Insurance Company have declared their regular quarterly dividend of three per cent., and an extra dividend of five per cent. on account of the Chicago fire assessment, amounting in all to $60,000, carrying over a surplus of $59,000. The assessment referred to was forty-five per cent., which the Company hope to fully repay. The extra dividend yesterday is the second on that account, the previous one of eight per cent. being paid last July.

Captain Bob Waterman, long and intimately known to the public of San Francisco, has associated himself with Captain James Blow, formerly Captain of the *Lord of the Isles*, as marine surveyor. A look at their shingle will be sufficient to the public, to whom their names are so familiar. Captain Waterman is one of the oldest surveyors in the State, as well as the very best, and his new partner is worthy of him. Success to the firm.

We were gratified on having received a visit from our much-valued friend, General J. C. Fremont, and hope that instead of leaving us so abruptly, which he expects to do in a few days, he will remain several weeks longer, so as to see more of our improvements, and induce his early return.

Mixed Requests.—Jack, who is at boarding-school in the country, writes home: "Please send me a good trap to catch birds, and a piece of carpet for me to say my prayers on."

New Books from A. Roman & Co.—"Sex and Education." A Reply to Dr. Clarke's "Sex in Education." Edited by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. Published by Roberts Bros., Boston. "A Summer Vacation." Four Sermons, by Edward E. Hale. Roberts Bros., Boston, Publishers.

The journalists will have their fun, as witness the following from a Cincinnati paper: "A favorite amusement at Laramie is slashing off strangers' ears. One blow is enough for all except Louisville ears."

THE BALLADS OF FREEBOOTING LIFE.

A considerable section of our national ballads, both English and Scottish, relates to outlawry and freebooting life. This can hardly be surprising when we remember how unsettled society was, in both divisions of the island during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries especially, and on the border land between the two countries at a still later period.

The Border land, both English and Scottish, was the favorite haunt of marauding bands down to comparatively recent times. No doubt international jealousy tended to perpetuate this state of matters, and to obtain for it a kind of semi-official sanction; for the "raids" were regarded as quite legitimate so long as they were made by either party on the other side of the Border, and were conducted in conformity with "the truce of Bordertide." On either side there was a Lord of the Marches, to whose judgment doubtful cases were appealed, and who not only sanctioned, but often led, the predatory inroads. The Scots of Buccleuch, on the north of the Border, had their counterparts in Lord Scroops and false Salkelds on the south. If England had its Clym o' the Clough and William of Cloudesley, Scotland had its Johnnie Armstrong and Kinmont Willie, its Jock o' the Side and Jamie Telfer, and a host of others. For the Scottish rievers were both more numerous and more daring than their English rivals, to which the fact is, no doubt, in great measure owing that Scottish Border ballads of this class are superior, not in number merely, but also in merit, to those of England. The great mass of Border ballads are connected, directly or indirectly, with the lives and deeds of adventurous freebooters, who lived by levying blackmail upon their weaker neighbors. Of John Armstrong, the laird of Gilnockie, it is the minstrels' boast that, though

> "He has no lands, no rents coming in,
> He keeps eight-score men in his hall.
> He has horse and harness for them all—
> Goodly steeds that be milk-white;
> And goodly belts about their necks,
> With hats and feathers all alike."

Their whole life was a well-planned system of petty warfare—a prolonged struggle for existence—in which

> "The good old rule
> Sufficed them—the simple plan,
> That they should take who had the power,
> And they should keep who can."

This was their creed; yet there was method in the mad lawlessness of these marauders. There was honor among these Border thieves. One of them could boast, with his last breath, on the gallows—

> "I've lo'ed naething in a' my life,
> I will daur say't, but honestie!"

Their conception of honesty, however, consisted in a loyal and profitable adherence to the *lex talionis*. They held that they might do as they were done by, with impunity. Lord Scroop says to Dick o' the Cow, a noted Cumberland riever:

> "I give thee leave, my honest fool—
> Thou speak'st against my honor and me;
> Unless thou gie me thy troth and thy hand,
> Thou'lt steal from none but who stole from thee."

And Dick replies: "There's my trowth and my right hand—
My head shall hang on Haribee,
I'll ne'er cross Carlisle Sands again
If I steal from a man but wha stole fra me."

In the same spirit Johnnie Armstrong boasted to the King:

> "England should have found me meat and mault
> Gif if I had lived this hundred year:
> She should have found me meat and mault,
> And beef and mutton in all plentie;
> But ne'er a Scot's wife could have said,
> That e'er I skaithed her a poor flea."

Such strokes of humor are frequent in the ballads of plundering warfare. "Kinmont Willie," for example is full of them. But no less common are touches of the finest pathos. What, for instance, could be finer than these stanzas from "Edom o' Gordon," in which the fate of the little daughter of the castle, to which Edom has set fire, is described?—

> "They rolled her in a pair of sheets,
> And dropped her o'er the wall;
> But on the point of Gordon's spear
> She got a deadly fall.
>
> "O bonny, bonny was her mouth,
> And cherry were her cheeks,
> And clear, clear was her yellow hair,
> Whereupon the red blood dreeps.
>
> "Then with his spear he turned her o'er;
> O, but her face was wan!
> He said, 'You are the first that e'er
> I wished alive again.'
>
> "He turned her o'er, and o'er again;
> O, but her skin was white!
> 'I might have spared that bonny face,
> To have been some man's delight.
>
> "'Busk and boune, my merry men all,
> For ill dooms I do guess;
> I canna look on that bonny face
> As it lies on the grass.'"

GEMS FROM THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

[FROM OUR PIOUS HONOLULU CORRESPONDENT.]

HONOLULU, April 1, 1874.

Dear Old News Letter:—It is a tender and affecting sight to enter an editorial office in this city and look upon the handsomely carved and beautifully polished "billy" which ornaments every sanctum. Then there is the leather belt, strong enough to hang up a bullock, and which is to adorn the delicate waist of editorial gladiators when quelling mutinies, earthquakes, revolutions, tidal waves, mobs, or other unnatural phenomenon. The "billy and the belt" are the gifts of the Government, and a tribute of reward for the heroic conduct of the editors in writing fiery editorials while the mob was tearing down the Court House in February last. The prime mover in this munificent affair of courtesy is Chief of Police Hartwell, who has likewise the honor of being Attorney General of the kingdom. The General has played his part handsomely, but the editors, with characteristic ingratitude, have failed to puff the Government, General H., or the tax payers who foot the alarming bill. We can account for this base ingratitude only on one ground, namely, that the aforesaid implement of war meant military service, and, O horror of horrors, there is no pay attached to the duty. It is a matter of patriotism, love of country, respect for law and order, which, in reality, prompt men to accept positions on the special Police force. In the United States, England, and other puny, poverty-stricken Governments, patriotism and love of country mean good pay, good feed, and big positions, while here in this powerful and healthy kingdom subjects are supposed to be patriots out of charity. But the press of the civilized and uncivilized world should raise an unearthly howl about the ears of our Chief of Police, for his attempt to drag down "the cloth" editorial to the level of bruisers, bullies, and prize fighters. Editors, sir, are the Angels of Peace of the 19th century; their mellow bugle blasts are sounding the millenium; the sheep (the people) know the voices of their shepherds, and are rolling up subscriptions—by the thousands—*a la News Letter*; yes, sir, editors are "on to it" in every good work which can soften and embellish the heart of mankind, which can add to the peace, prosperity, and happiness of humanity. To the eternal disgrace of Hawaii Nei must it be said that "a handful of miscrab-e foreigners" in official positions have thus shamefully and outrageously attempted to defile the editorial "cloth" by magnificent bribery in the shape of a "billy" and a "belt." Will not our genial friend Whitney, of the *Gazette*, "buck" against this insult! Will not the war-like shepherd of the *Nation*, Walter Murray Gibson, tower in anger at this preposterous attack upon editorial honor! Will not Harry Sheldon, of the *Advertiser*, belch forth devastation and destruction upon the "War Department." But there is a more serious aspect to this most serious affair. This, sir, is a Christian nation. Missionaries, priests, and parsons may be run over by the platoons in the public streets, the *Friend*, old Father Damon's monthly, in trumpet tones has thundered forth the glad tidings that the Kanakas *were* Christianized and civilized, yet in the face of all this billies and belts have been distributed to dozens of natives and six dozen of foreigners, who are to act as a special Police force in case the civilized and Christianized Kanakas should rise in rebellion against the Government. Even a printed document, signed by "A. S. Hartwell, Attorney General," has just been sent by courier to each foreign special, informing him that when the bell tower taps "three, three and three times"—legal phraseology, I suppose—and there is a response from the fire tower, ye said special is to flee to the Court House by day and the Police Station by night. An irreverent missionary friend of mine calls this "military popycock." There are, no doubt, correspondents here who will use these facts to prove that the people of Honolulu are on the eve of a dangerous revolt, or else why keep up exciting the specials, who are all business men, and notoriously opposed to practicing "muscular Christianity." But the *News Letter* may inform the world, that is, the really intellectual and virtuous portion of it, that though there is a little silent trouble, King Kalakaua is as firmly established in his throne as any monarch in Europe. He is now making a Royal Tour through the islands, and is being everywhere received with the deepest demonstrations of affection. The Ministers, who, in his absence, are lording it in this city, should wear their honors modestly and not waste printer's ink and paper in issuing semi-war bulletins. Finally, sir, if editors are to drop the pen for the policeman's billy, in dropping their favorite weapon, let them be provided with something worthy of their metal. A huge blunderbuss, a gauntling gun, or a mitrailleuse would be a greater adornment for the editorial sanctum than those weapons used by ordinary guardians of the peace. If the Government cannot afford to so adorn the sanctum, a six shooter or a bowie knife might be substituted. Then the editorial fraternity of Arkansas and Arizona would boast of the civilization of the Sandwich Islands as illustrated by its editorial furniture. As the thing now stands they will be apt to write leaders d—ing our billies, our editors, our generals, and the whole caboodle. Shall I add that your correspondent is dry and is off to drink with, or fight, the first editor he meets. Until the next epistle, may "the grace of God" and your historical cash book be abundantly overflowing unto you.

ADONIS.

It is a fact that at the election for Staleybridge, a voter drew the image of a donkey's head on his ballot-paper opposite the name of one of the candidates. When the returning officer came to examine the votes, he rejected this paper on the ground that the voter had put some mark upon it by which he could be identified!

GIVE US BACK THE TAILS.

If we, as Mr. Darwin says,
From monkeys are descended,
Old Time, in changing things, hath not
As yet the matter mended.
Descendants of our ancestors
Have no such times as they,
Who had no rent of house or tax
Of Government to pay.
No tailor bills came in—Dame Nature
Clothing gave—
And freaks of fashion did not make
Of monkey-girl a slave.
So the olden way's the happiest way;
The new condition fails;
And, Darwin, if you can, by boy,
Just give us back the tails.

No hurrying out of bed had they,
No bolting breakfast down,
No hasty walk to shop in fear
Of some old boos's frown.
The lady-monkey sat not up
Till day the night did rout,
In waiting for the lodge to close
And let her husband out.
They had no votes, 'tis true, but they'd
No officers to keep,
And o'er defaulter's cash account
They never had to weep.
So the olden way's the happiest way;
The new condition fails;
And, Darwin, if you can, my boy,
Just give us back the tails.

They had no fashion's promenade,
Where Beauty's feet could stray;
But then the old boss-monkey had
No milliner to pay.
They had no wine, the monkeys young
Through night to keep a storming;
They saved thereby (you know yourself)
A headache in the morning.
A peaceful race were they, who ne'er
To war's appeal did fly;
They saved thereby occasion for
A Joint Commission High.
A smarter race were they than that
Which from them hath descended,
And Time, by changing things, hath not
As yet the matter mended.
For the olden way's the happiest way;
The new condition fails;
So, Darwin, if you can, my boy,
Please give us back the tails. —*Harper's Magazine.*

INDIVIDUALITY.

What are these times coming to? The things which erewhile made life enjoyable are being taken away from us by a too elaborate civilization. No wonder that so original a mind as John Stuart Mill's should complain of the decay of individuality, and predict a dead level of acting and of thinking. Other people think our own thoughts for us. No longer do we each for ourselves seek out our own methods of enjoyment. Our pleasures are provided ready to hand. European touring is now almost exclusively done by contract, and the tourist is labeled and ticketed, and all but packed up and handed over to the conductor, like a living parcel. He belongs to a particular "tour," and dare not step beyond his tether. Our duties even are being marked out to a T. The duty of alms giving must be done through a duly organized society. We all run in grooves, or follow our leader. The old bell wether jumps the fence and the whole flock of silly sheep follow him, unmindful of the slough which he and they alike fall into on the other side. In that respect man has a good deal of the sheep about him. A blind follower of the blind, he often falls into the ditch. The worst of it is the fall does not open his eyes. He is ready at the first opportunity to again follow his leader; and so on to the end of the chapter, and even when that is reached he shuffles off his mortal coil and plunges into the dark stream that carries him into the land of the unknown in exact imitation of the millions who have preceded him. There is now no originality in living; and there is certainly more in dying. We all lie pretty much alike; swear the same oaths; wear clothes of a similar pattern; eat the same food, and imbibe the same drinks; worship the same heroes, and faithfully applaud the actors and actresses whom we are told ought to be applauded; admire alike only the popular authors who know how to get talked about. Even "home" has lost its individuality. We live in rooms and dine in crowds. We are swindled by the same schemes. Lose our money on the same stocks, and at last we die and are damned exactly in the same fashion, which is about the only comforting thought in the whole business. The modern idea of freedom, which means that all men are equal, scorns the idea that there should be an aristocracy in the next world.

"I don't think you are half as smart as you think you are," said a petulent wife to her husband. "Perhaps not," he retorted, "but everybody knows I am awfully *shrewed!*"

GERALD MASSEY.

A thoughtful, earnest and original spirit has come amongst us, and, in the brief space of a week, has created almost a revolution in the domain of intellect, and set those thinking who rarely thought before. Gerald Massey, until of late years, has been known to the world as a writer of impassioned verse, some of the love strains of which are destined to live as long as our mother tongue shall last, but recently the poetical faculty seems to have given place to the more generally attractive one of the public teacher, and the later triumphs of our friend have been won upon the lecturer's platform. Born with somewhat unfavorable conditions for the fostering of the more gentle qualities of our nature, it was somewhat surprising to find a boy of 18 or 19 dashing with such charming rhymes as those well known love lyrics of his, beginning—

"No jeweled beauty is my love,"

And—

"Heaven hath its crown of stars,"

The former of which has found its way into every selection of poetical beauties which of late years has issued from the press. Sprung from among the people, his association has always been with them, and sympathy for their sorrows, and advocacy of their rights have ever enveloped his life, and borne him onward upon the stream which carries the old prejudices of the past toward the great ocean of oblivion. A deep and inquiring thinker, he has shaken off the trammels of sectarianism, and boldly dared to think for himself upon all matters most intimately concerning his own moral and spiritual nature. The conclusions to which he has come upon religious subjects are such as would startle the class of minds accustomed to regard them only through the spectacles of their ancestors, but placed as they are before his audiences in terse and vigorous language, and with an earnestness which is the fullest proof that they are the purest convictions of their author's mind, they tell the listener that there is much room for doubt as to many of his cherished theories, and send him seeking into new paths for treasures of truth which may lie there, to him, as yet, unknown. Mr. Massey's subjects are various and widely separated, and touch the very opposites of mental thought. Poetry, science, the drama, the ancient myths, modern religious creeds, wit and humor, and the teachings of Spiritualism, are all treated by him in their fullest measure, and receive the advantage of candid and impartial research. The visit of this remarkable man to this city has been unfortunately too brief, and only three of his many topics have received illustration before a San Francisco audience. The first of these, "The Man Shakspeare," was a careful epitome of the author's more extended analysis of the sonnets, and a pleasant inlook upon the private life of the grand poet of the world. It was full of gems of masterly English, and when published, as it doubtless will be, will serve as a text upon the phases of Shakspeare's life and character of which it professes to treat. "Why does not God kill the Devil?" is a startling title, and the interest in the subject displayed by a very numerous audience showed how attractive was the lecture in which the question was to be answered. In this Mr. Massey scattered to the winds the trumpery doctrine of a personal fiend, and showed that God did not kill the devil, because there was no devil to kill. Bold and perfectly outspoken, he cares not to shelter himself behind glittering flowers of rhetoric, but, without a fear, dashes into the midst of what he believes to be error, and does his best to vanquish it. His third lecture, on "The Coming Religion," we could not hear, but we are willing to believe that it was marked by all the originality and breadth of thought which distinguished his previous efforts. It is a matter of regret that we should have seen so little of Mr. Massey, and that his many calls among the cities of the Eastern States forbid the prolongation of his stay. He may, however, be assured that such is the impression he leaves upon the minds of his hearers, that his second visit to the Pacific Coast will be hailed with delight by a large number of the most thoughtful minds amongst us, and that a warm welcome will be extended to him when he again bends his steps hitherward. In the hope that we may soon witness his return, we for a time regretfully bid him farewell!

A few additional particulars of the marbled pillar, with long Greek inscription, presented by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to the British Museum, may be of interest at the present moment. The inscription forms a curious parallel to the Indian famine subscription lists. The gist of it may be thus stated:—Great distress having arisen in the town of Rhodes, from some cause not set forth, it was resolved at a public meeting there to raise a subscription for its relief, and to inscribe the name of donors, with the sums given by each, on three pillars, to be erected in public places. It is one of these pillars which the Museum has now obtained through the liberality of the Prince of Wales. The list is a long one, and the sums considerable in some cases. When the Knights of St. John built their church in Rhodes, they used this pillar as a paving stone, when of course only one side of it could be read. The church afterwards became a mosque, and the vaults under it used for a powder magazine. The powder having exploded in 1856, the pillar was shattered into many pieces, a few of which were lost. The rest were presented by the Pacha, as formerly stated, to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales on the occasion of his visit to Rhodes some twelve years ago.

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

The workingman is bumptious again. Unfortunately it is the normal condition of the workingman to be bumptious. He enjoys nothing so much as a little misery. He likes to howl for work, and snarl at the capitalists, but nothing makes him so roaring mad as to get it. He enjoys panics, hard times, and soup tickets. He would be completely prostrated if his eight hour demands are acceded to. The workingman without a bone of contention would be like a baby without a thumb to suck. If there were an equal division of all the capital in the world, the workingmen would all be dead in six months. A capitalist is to a workingman what a red rag is to a bull, only the bull in this case can't dispose of the red rag. The workingman particularly loves to deliver himself of a combination growl over the signature of a protective association. This is his pet caper and harms no one. Still, for his own sake, it is wise for him to be a little careful. He is his own worst enemy when he goes after a man like Charles Peters. If there is no worse fault to be found than this gentleman's method of advertising it would be wise to keep still. Mr. P. is cheery, bustling, and brisk himself, and likes no whining mopes about. If his own workmen cared to take up the grumbling chorus, the energetic market man would impart several gross of Kamschatkans, teach them the trade in thirty days, and send the growlers to metaphorical thunder. But they won't growl. In the meantime, if any good-hearted soul feels like sending up a big dish of pap, with an 8 on the top, to the Anti-Protective Bricklayers' Association, the antes will take it as their just right and never trouble themselves to say thank you.

We are not art critical—we leave such to the special department of this paper—but when our heart expands at the sight of beauty, it must perforce speak out of its fullness through our pen. There are two portraits in a news-vendor's window at the corner of Sansome and Washington streets that would bring tears into the eyes of Titian—one of a lady, who may in compliment be called of a ripe age. The bloom of her once soft cheek has changed to the pale cast of thought, and those soft eyes, that once were eloquent with love, now look upon the world with the cold gaze of supreme contemplation. Her male companion, a noble specimen of Darwinian attainment, is, as an inscription on an accompanying photograph informs us, a Fenian Head Center. The artist who put that head on that Center is a man of no mean daring. The noble forehead, calm in its unwrinkled majesty, the glassy eye that arrests the beholder with awe, the compressed under lip protruding from a wilderness of beard, betoken a man firm in his Fenian purposes and eminently worthy of being handed down to posterity. He who buys those two valuable works of art will never be able to part with them. They will remain as household gods—where he goes they will go, unless he ruthlessly abandons them or presents them to the Anatomical Museum. The artist, with a modesty so rare as to call for our commendation, has concealed his name, but we learn from an economical obliteration on a dirty card that he has changed his *ateliers* from the Brooklyn to the Eagle Hotel. He saw his bill at the former and soared to his eyrie in the latter.

If the Bulletin has prided itself upon one thing more than another it has been its tone. It has been its boasts that it never descended to the level of cheap puffs and quack advertisements. In the innocence of our heart we believed them. It is our custom to believe everything we are told until we find out differently, and we generally find out differently. We did in this case. We had just settled ourselves to the reading of some stuff on the editorial page, hoping it might be some of the blatant nonsense which we are accustomed to amuse ourselves after dinner, when the paragraph developed itself into an advertisement. If it had been brief and spicy, like unto our Notabilia, it might have done very well, but it was long, prosy, and tedious, like unto a sermon, and was written in the confidential, nobody-but-you tone which a man uses when he has a lot of stock to sell, and wants to start somebody buying. Furthermore, it was the advertisement of a jeweler who sets a big diamond in the middle of the window, and disposes of manufactured diamonds in tasteful profusion around. Three times we stumbled upon this advertisement variously contorted, until at last we are compelled to exclaim, "How are the mighty fallen!" That little story of the Mexican was worthy of the "live paper." We expect to read an elaborate description of the nasal catarrh next in the column occupied by the leader, unless, indeed, it give us an analysis of Dr. O'Donnell's accomplishments.

From the action of the Board of Education, it seems that Mr. Bragg will be obliged to leave his daughter at the Mission for a little while to come. Principals whose schools are in the neighborhood of Mr. Bragg's domicile will be careful in their consumption of stationery, lest that gentleman take occasion to reduce his daughter's car-fare by transferring her to some place nearer home. He will be keener on the scent, probably, now that he has missed his first little game, and Mrs. Wood is reinstated. It is the doctrine of Gerald Massey that we create our own devil, and that our own creation accommodatingly provides us with a little earthly hell to pay us up for our delinquencies. We are old in sin, but we hope we have never done anything wicked enough to make a school teacher of us while this Board is in power. We would be done brown in four weeks, and nothing of us left to repent. We await with impatient anxiety the action of Mr. Bragg's little devil. We hope it will be a stationery hell.

Our usually sedate, mild-mannered and temperate grandmother gets off the following: "The week dawns upon the city, as did the last past, bathed in blood drawn from murdered meat—another human sacrifice immolated on the altar of Moloch, another unshrieking soul sent into eternity by the cold hands of a fellow being." She further asks, "Is the coming week to be sanitary and ghastly disgusting?" Knowing that the old lady's head must be done up in an "emphatic" press after such a wicked rhetorical effort on her part, we have in the most disinterested manner made all inquiries in the matter that might satisfy the cravings of her curiosity. We discover that the cold bodies of fellow beings are about to get a rest, so to having come in, and besides being unsteady. For the benefit of the compositor, we will also state that there is a corner in strychnine. It is also customary to leave a letter behind, but the last man who committed the rash deed couldn't write, and comfortable undertakers and would-be widows fear the seventh season is coming to an abrupt end, in consequence of the gentleman's not following the customary precedent. In conclusion, we consider that the carnival of blood may end by God's help the devil. The step will be taken and no sign for grander reward has as yet been given, but we beg to stop metaphysical preachers and pulpit posts from propounding useless conundrums.

We wish the papers would stop saying such complimentary things of Mr. Avery. It puts us in the *Bulletin* office to keep saying what is known. It is very well that the *Bulletin* should be able to keep saying what is known to newspaper readers, it is unwise to call attention to it

We advise Maxey to die. We don't know of any good he may do by living. The food at the County Jail is certainly not worth striving for, and jurors are becoming more addle-headed every day. They used to agree on some sort of balderdash; they now don't agree at all. Then nobody wants him to live; he is out of a situation if he does live, and, for all practical purposes, he has lived long enough. It is true, the picnic season is just coming in, but they can probably get up a crowd without him, to say nothing of the expense of tickets and soda water. Looking at the case from all points of view, he might as well die.

An enterprising patient of Dr. Toland's, who doesn't like to miss a turn of fortune's wheel, has been trying to get a little start in business off his broken leg. He estimates its value at ten thousand dollars an inch. If an obscure individual, whose name even we do not remember, be worth that much, what amount of United States coin must that man represent who is somebody? Our mind is distraught with calculations as to what our worldly wealth would be if it were possible to invest Messrs. Friedlander or McDonald in Belcher or Crown Point for our own exclusive benefit.

In last Sundays Chronicle there was a piece of nondescript scribble entitled "A Just Criticism in Rhyme," on the pronunciation of the words neither and either. It will suffice to take two of its points at random, for a sample of the whole. In the first place the writer attempts to prove that because b-e-l-i-e-v-e-r spells believer, then n-e-i-t-h-e-r should be pronounced neether, and secondly, the fact that w-e-i-g-h is pronounced *way*, is thought to prove conclusively that e-i-t-h-e-r should be pronounced *eether*. In the name of fourteen million devils let the "Just Critic" bag his head!

We consider the newspapers culpably careless in publishing certain of their items. They do not know what ruin has been wrought upon domestic hearths by this careless exposure of ways and means. Last week Tennant's letter set all the women thinking of widow's caps. This week Nelly Bacon's little affair has started them all on diamond ear-rings. Half the women of our acquaintance are ready to start out in life with two pairs of big diamond ear-rings for a beginning. It costs a man a small fortune to get rid of a wife, to say nothing of the wear and tear.

It is consoling to know, by means of a card, that Mr. Ijams is to remain in Alameda. His congregation have probably by this time become used to his extraordinary cognomen. It would scarcely be worth while to harrow the feelings and jaws of another community by breaking them in. We sincerely hope Mr. Ijams has not been guilty of the absurdity of perpetuating it. Fancy a brood of Ijams!

The chronicles of the Police Court inform us that a head has been put on a gentleman of this city by one Flynn. Flynn deserves credit for having done that which the Almighty failed to do in the beginning. It remains for Flynn to add still further to our obligations by putting something in the said head. If he can do this he can get a job in all the newspaper offices in town.

We hear of an organist on Stockton street, who employed himself in taking a comfortable little nap when he ought to have been knowing that his Redeemer lived. The congregation is in arms, the vestry in session, the organist in suspense, and his salary in danger. It has not yet transpired what is to be done with the minister who put him to sleep.

The vitality of some people is simply astounding. There is a long-haired youth at Buffalo, who has written seven hundred verses, the refrain to which is, "I am dying, mother, dying," and withal he isn't dead.

This is what the Court Journal says about "Home Rule:" That stupendous movement, while we write, may be making its voice heard within the House of Commons, and achieve for the forty odd members the permission to go home and rule there without any further molestation or interfence on the part of England, to sever Ireland from all future right to interfere in the affairs of England, Scotland, and Wales; and from that date, of course, as any fool, or only one, can see, would reckon the glory of Ireland. She would develop her natural resources without capital; she would draw back her absentee landowners, or if they would not come, divide the land, with an equity of procedure which should forever please, and gratify, and still strife and wrangling among the spoilers. To her beautiful, though penniless, capital would flock all the talent of art, literature, science, and the drama (especially farce) which now abounds in the capitals of Europe, and a priesthood, at length satisfied with the beneficent change, would gather them all under the wings, which hatch only the true breed, though the world standing by laughs to see young geese go into the water, to the astonishment of the parent that thought them chicks.

Shame.—A farmer, reading a journal to his wife, in which was the sentence, "The Premier was received with three huzzas," pronounced the last word "hussies." "More shame for him!" exclaimed the indignant and scandalized lady.

THE DEATH-BED.

Poor Pickering's heart is in his throat,
And the Deacon grieves full sore,
For the *Bulletin-Call* lies gasping its last
On the threshold of Death's dark door.

The poor little thing is on its last legs,
Corruption has long set in,
Though guarded from Death with a coat of [black mail,
The armor has proved too thin.

"Our Father, and must it be," cries Fitch,
"That the poor little thing must die?"
"To the joy of the *Alta*—the virulent [witch!"
Yells Pickering, piping his eye.

"Long have I served thee, O God!" cries Fitch,
"Methinks thou shouldst act on the [square."
"Must we grow poor while De Young grows rich?"
Screams Pickering, tearing his hair.

But weaker and weaker the poor thing grows
It tries to utter a joke,
But the feebleness of its dried-up wit
Will only permit of a croak.

A fearful figure stands by the couch,
The mourners stand spell-bound.
They recognize horns, and cloven foot,
And a tail that sweeps the ground.

And a voice comes forth: "O *Bulletin-Call!*
Thou plague-spot, thou living lie,
Thou art rotten, thou shalt die."

A pop, a snap, that are scarcely heard,
And the *Bulletin-Call* has "bust,"
And the voice of the few who knew it alive
Proclaims its death to be just.

With wonder aghast, Fitch falls on his knees
And praises God in a prayer,
That the Devil had come to call for his own,
And left him and Pickering there.

San Francisco April 18, 1874.

GRAND DUKE ALEXIS POKING FUN.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the Baltic Gazette has, according to the *Cincinnati Gazette*, seen advanced sheets of the first volume of the Grand Duke Alexis' account of his voyage around the world. The first volume is exclusively devoted to a description of the Grand Duke's adventures in the United States. He was very weak when he landed in New York, and during his progress up Broadway frequently felt like fainting. But everybody was so kind to him that he liked to look pleased, as he was in his heart of hearts. Broadway, he says, in his opinion, is the finest thoroughfare in the world, because everything there—houses, shops, and people—looked not monotonous but gay, lively, and bright. What amused him, perhaps, more than anything else was that the band, upon catching sight of him, struck up, not the Russian anthem, but the so-called "Dirge of St. Catherine," which is played in Russia only at the funeral of a member of the Imperial family! The Grand Duke cannot praise too highly American hotels. American fare he thinks, however, is too rich. "There is at their table," he exclaims naively, "always too much of a good thing. I asked for the peculiar dishes of America, and at the hotel they could not give me any. Their cooks were Italian and French. The landlord shrugged his shoulders when I asked him about it. Out West, however, my desire was at once gratified. I dined one day on baked pork and beans, a very palatable dish, which would certainly bear transplanting to Russia." American manners, the Grand Duke thinks, are a little awkward and angular, but decidedly pleasant on account of everybody's frankness. He tells a number of curious anecdotes of his experience with the aborigines. In Washington he was told that the Irish servant girls at the residence of M. Catacazy were dying to see him. He put on a cap and an old traveling great coat, and went unhersided down into the kitchen among them. He was not recognized by the women, and chatted with them for half an hour. He found out that none of them had an idea where Russia was situated, and one of the girls even asked him if the Czar always wore a crown on his head, adding that she knew the Queen of England always did. Equally amusing is the account of his reception at Omaha, Neb., where a member of the Legislature congratulated him on the success of his father in the war with France! Another legislator in the State wanted to know if it was always cold in Russia. These funny episodes of the West, however, were amply made up for by the extreme kindness and consideration with which the army officers were treated by the Grand Duke. For General Custer and his subordinates the Grand Duke has words of the warmest gratitude. General Custer's photograph is published in the volume, which is most sumptuously printed and profusely illustrated. Only a few hundred copies of the book will be issued.

The London Graphic, like its New York namesake, is one of our most valued exchanges. Its engravings surpass everything of the kind previously produced. Excellence in this branch of art is reaching a degree of perfection hitherto unknown. This result is largely owing to the stimulating influence of the *Graphic's* enterprise. The reading matter is in every way worthy of the pictorial. The *Graphic* has a large sale throughout the United States.

What trade is it whose works are trampled under foot? A shoemaker.

SPECIAL BREVITIES.

Spanish Gipsies.—It is impossible not to be struck by the originality and cleverness of the gipsies even in their vices. A gipsy man was at confession one day; and, whilst he was confessing, he spied in the pocket of the monk's habit a silver snuff-box, and stole it. "Father," he said, immediately, "I accuse myself of having stolen a silver snuff-box." "Then, my son, you must certainly restore it." "Will you have it yourself, my Father?" "I? Certainly not, my son!" "The fact is," proceeded the gipsy, "that I have offered it to its owner, and he has refused it." "Then you can keep it with a good conscience," answered the father. —*Wanderings in Spain.*

Those who feel a wish to gratify their curiosity respecting the valuable plate at Windsor Castle, which has now again been shown to the public at the recent State banquet at St. George's Hall, on Her Majesty's reception of her Royal and Imperial Highness the Duchess of Edinburgh, will do well to read a little work, entitled *The Gold Plate of Windsor Castle*, which contains some most interesting particulars, pleasantly told, of the most remarkble historical objects and works of art in that splendid collection. It is sold by Cockem & Co., booksellers, Torquay, and the price is one shilling.

A gay young Aberdeen widow said recently to her jolly little daughter of seventeen, who was brought up on porridge and exercise in the Highlands in strong easterly winds, and was, as a consequence, unco' sharp, "It's o'er young for you, Annie lassie, to talk thus o' the trowsered sex. When you are of my age you will be dreaming of a husband." "Yes, mamma," replied the Highland hussy, "for the second time."

At the Glasgow revival meeting as Mr. Moody moved down the crowded aisle of the church, he put his hand upon the shoulder of a young man, and said, "Are you saved, brother?" The young man appeared electrified, and stammered out, "Oh!—I'm the reporter for the *Mail*." The gentleman of the press was there perfunctorily; official interest in the matter of personal salvation was out of the question, of course.

No credence is attached to the rumor in regard to Sir Robert Peel's acceptance of a diplomatic appointment at a Foreign Court. No intimation has been made to the supporters of the right hon. baronet in Tamworth of a probable vacancy in the representation. It is not too much to say that no one was more surprised at the statement in the papers than the right honorable baronet himself.

Sir George Rose's wit was sometimes expressed in a single word. On one occasion when a new sergeant had been created, and it became his duty, according to custom, to present rings to the judges, inscribed with the usual brief "posey" in Latin, Sir George indicated his appreciation of the then existing company of sergeants by suggesting for the motto in question, "*Scilicet*" (silly set.)

Mr. John Bright, M. P., has arrived at Invergarry, Fort Augustus, for the purpose of salmon fishing. During the month which has elapsed since the opening of the fishing, the party at Invergarry, consisting of three rods (occasionally only two), has been very successful, having landed over 80 fish, including some of the finest and heavist captured for several seasons.

Mr. Wm. Cumstie Williamson, of Glasgow, intimates "that, in consequence of the present name being in Gaelic language, and unpronounceable to all persons not conversant with the Gaelic language, and for other reasons," it is his intention to change the name of the ship Maighdeann na Herradh to the more generally understood one of Highland Lassie.

During the coming season a visit to London will be paid by 18 cricketers from America. Although cricket is to be made the specialty of the team, they will nevertheless give two illustrations at each ground of the American national game of base ball as played by the two champion Nines of this country. Their stay is limited to one month.

The German democratic authorities have expressed their thanks to Mr. Disraeli for endeavoring to grapple with the great social difficulty of the day, the labor question. They highly approved of his proposal to set on foot a labor commission, and think that the effort will find quick response in most continental countries.

A new movement has been started in London within the past week. It is nothing less than a parliament of working men. A conference of the most advanced amongst the leaders of the working class in London was held, when the organization was formed, and a large committee oppointed.

At an Aberdeen examination of some girls for the right of confirmation, in answer to the question, "What is the outward and visible sign and form in baptism?" one of them replied, "The baby, sir."

The Laureate's welcome has been turned into Russian for the Duchess, although she speaks English well, and it is even better in Russian.

It is expected that Mr. Disraeli will recommend Her Majesty to grant a pension to the widow of Mr. Shirley Brooks.

Do not run in debt to a shoemaker. It is unpleasant to be unable to say your sole is not your own.

SHIRLEY BROOKS.

Another blithe voice missing from our mirth,
One more bright blade to our wit-combats lost,
One springing seed of life the less on earth,
Nipt by what seems to *us* untimely frost.

Still our small band grows smaller: still there show
Fewer old faces, and more empty rooms:
Till, shadow-thronged, our table seems to grow
A place of memories—a field of tombs.

What though new growths spring to replace the old,
Though seats be filled as merrily and well,
Though young hands spring pencil and pen to hold,
And new themes find new wits the laugh to swell?

The life of *Punch* lives on, and knows not loss;
His deaths are theirs whom death robs of a friend;
Then let a timely tear his laughter cross,
And seemly mourning with his motley blend.

But three Springs have been green, since we stood round
To hear the clod fall on Mark Lemon's bier,
The wild-flowers yet have hardly claimed the ground,
Where sleeps the Chief whose memory still is dear.

Now our worn mourning must for him be donned,
That took *his* place, whom we left sleeping there,
Wondering, as homeward from the Church we wonned,
Who likeliest to fill best that empty chair!

And he was chosen, whom in heart we knew
The brightest, blithest, readiest and most bold,
The keenest eye to point wit's arrow true,
The deftest hand to plant it in the "gold."

But more, because, beside the ready wit,
The well-stored memory, the pointed pen,
We knew his temper for right ruling fit—
His genial art that charms in guiding men.

So he has sat, the focus of our board,
The best jest, sunniest presence, cheeriest voice,
The center of our council, deed and word,
And none has e'er misdoubted of the choice.

It seems but yesterday that he was here,
The busiest in the business of the hour,
With ready judgment, quick wit, vision clear,
Full of the easy consciousness of power.

The clasp of his kind hand still seems to cling
To mine, his blithe voice still rings in my ear,
E'en while his poor memorial wreath I fling,
With brother's hand, on his untimely bier—

Untimely!—Yes, to those who count by time:
But who can say how long his life has been,
Gauged by the toil, the thought in prose and rhyme,
Experience of things heard and read and seen,

Recorded, in those swift growths of the brain,
Leaves of the tree, whose sap no Winter stays,
That spring to die, and die to spring again,
But sum who knows what toil of nights and days!

And who that marks God's way in nature traced,
The million germs to round one life that die,
Shall say that all this work, or aught, is waste—
Meteors that fade e'en while they fire the sky?

To tell our sons what our friend wrote or thought
Little or nothing may o'er-float Time's foam;
What he *was* we know best, with whom he wrought,
And they who sit, sad in a darkened home. —*Punch.*

Money in England.—The *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "There is no lack of money in the country. If the security offered be satisfactory, it is always forthcoming. This is just now illustrated by the great success of the issue of the Russian Five-and-a-Half Per Cent. Land Mortgage Bonds, by Messrs. I. Thomson, T. Bonar & Co. The applications have far exceeded the entire amount of the proposed loan—another proof, if any proof were wanting, of the excellent credit which Russia enjoys in financial circles. It will be remembered that a similar success attended the Russian five per cent. loan brought out by Messrs. Rothschild in November last."

What three letters denote strength and activity? N, R, G (energy).

From the San Francisco News Letter.

DOWN SOUTH.

SANTA BARBARA, April 12, 1874.

Dear News Letter:—I fear that my reputation as a good Sabbatarian is gone forever by writing to a sheet so utterly without the pale of the Christian Church as your sacrilegious self, on this holy day. The world will not appreciate that it is a missionary work I am engaged in, trying to reform an old heathen. I do not know whether you have ever experienced what people term religion—whether that obdurate and profane old heart of yours has ever melted beneath the rays of divine fire; but I am inclined to think it has, at certain moments, and I believe that could you stand with me, this quiet Sunday, in this lovely little nook in the Lord's great creation—could look upon the peace-bringing mountains, with their thousand tints, the teeming fields, the sprouting gardens, the vineyards and the orchards; could hear the solemn chant of the old Pacific, and could feel the holy calm which pervades all nature—you, old sinner, would, if you could be got to admit it, be a little impressed, and have at least a slight sensation of devotion, and would, perhaps, depart with a bit of charity even for a tract distributer. One is perforce obliged to observe Sunday here, or else be outrageously *outré*. He need not attend the sanctuary, or confine himself to his closet. He can stroll in the fields or upon the strand, bask in the sunshine or snooze by a mild fire; but he is expected to *rest*, as the commandment terms it—or, in ordinary parlance, to take it *as easy* as possible. The policy of the people of Santa Barbara's luxurious clime is to work no more than one is obliged during the week, and do nothing at all on Sunday.

This promises to be a most bountiful year for fruits, the almond trees, especially, being borne down with nuts. We now revel in strawberries, and hardly know which is the greater luxury—they or the tender asparagus from our own gardens that grace our tables.

When Santa Barbara's attractions have come to be still more widely known, and our people get to be a little greater theater-goers, the Temple of Thespis will be the feature of the city. The building is worthier of a larger place. It is admirably constructed as to accoustic properties, having a large and well-proportioned stage, fine scenery, and the old, familiar California Theater drop curtain—the entrance to the Golden Gate—and an auditorium that will accommodate twelve hundred persons. We have not yet quite learned how to amuse the invalids and loiterers that come among us, and to entirely kill the *ennui* that the idle experience, but it will not be long till we become *au fait* in this science. It will not be an age until a large watering-place hotel will be constructed, with ball-room, ten-pin alleys, shooting galleries and the usual important attachments. The present hotels of Santa Barbara are very good. The principal ones are the Morris House and the Occidental. The Morris House is commodious, and comfortable, and quiet, with an accommodating host and polite attachés. It has a capacious reading-room, and a bar-room well stocked with choice wines and liquors, kept by my intelligent, polite, gentlemanly, bald and venerable friend, Mr. Fred. Bell, who, in addition to his other good qualities, keeps a pure heart, a clear conscience, and old rye of no mean quality. The Occidental is a great favorite with the *bon vivant*. The sight of mine host, with "his fair round belly, with good capon lined," is sufficient to attract the gourmand, who rarely goes away empty or disappointed with the fare.

With the close of the Winter season in Santa Barbara begins the Summer season, equally delightful. What makes this spot a pleasure resort *par excellence* is the fact that every part of the year has its peculiar charms and attractions. The Winter is mild and balmy, and the Summer cool and pleasant. It is a city of refuge to the frozen and to the suffocating. Our people differ as to which season is the more enjoyable, each having its virtues and neither many faults. The sea bathing has just begun, and in a week or two Santa Barbara will be disporting herself in the waves. I do not think that I am guilty of any exaggeration when I say that our beach is the safest and best for bathing on the coast. The descent into the ocean is so gradual that it is scarcely perceptible, and there is not the slightest undertow. Men and women consequently venture far from shore without any artificial protection. I think that even thou, old *News Letter*, might venture beyond the breakers with thy gouty limbs without any danger of prematurely making thy *discensus averni*. Perhaps, however, thou would'st prefer, like old Curtis, of whom and whose hot water I will speak anon, to prepare thyself for thy destiny beyond the grave, by boiling thyself in this world. Santa Barbara is at thy service, if this be so, with her Hot Springs, and I wager they will give thee as keen a taste of heat and as healthy a smell of brimstone as thou carest to experience this side of the tomb.

BARBARENO.

A teacher, who, in a fit of vexation, called her pupils a set of young adders, on being reproved for her language, apologized by saying that she was speaking to those just commencing their arithmetic.

An ingenious baker sought to justify the high price of his loaves by saying that he had it on the authority of an eminent naturalist that the doe belongs to the deer tribe.

AN OLD LOVER.

Mary Cowden Clarke [illegible] a peculiarly fortunate [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

SENATOR ROACH.

Now that the session is over, we think it our duty to pay a tribute to the industry and intelligence of the above-named gentleman. No one could have more faithfully and conscientiously performed his duty than this Senator, and his labors have been productive of benefit. First and foremost among his useful works has been his action with respect to the State Prison. In the portion of Governor Booth's first biennial message treating of this matter, after referring to the crowded condition of the Prison, his Excellency continued by referring to the appropriation in 1872 of a hundred thousand dollars for a Reformatory, or Branch State Prison, and gave as his opinion that one prison could be more economically managed than two, and arranged so as to afford better facilities for classifying prisoners with reference to age, crime, character and conduct. Against this Mr. Roach took strong ground, and his able speech on the 18th of March last, advocating Folsom as the location for the Branch Prison, not only carried the house but convinced the Governor. The necessity for relieving the overcrowded building at San Quentin being granted, the next thing was the selection of a site that should combine economy, salubrity and facility of access. The working of the Folsom stone quarries, even for supplying material for the Belgian pavement, was proved by the Senator to be able to yield a good profit; the testimony of General Alexander and the personal knowledge of other members of the House were adduced as to the healthy nature of the chosen site; and the railroad from Sacramento to Folsom rendered access easy. This was one of the useful enactments that Senator Roach labored to pass. Many others, such as sufficient donations to various charitable institutions, and working many local bills through committees, have been the result of his unceasing attention, a consummation which was aided by the knowledge of parliamentary rules acquired by previous experience in the State Legislature. Mr. Roach's probity and integrity are too well known to require mention, and we think that he deserves the thanks of the community. He was never absent a single day when the House was in session.

A NEW IDEA IN STOCKS.

The prospectus of a new company has just been issued in London, that seems eminently practical in its character. The new organization is called the "Omnium Stock Trust," and proposes to buy all sorts of stocks, and so lessen the risk by spreading it over a variety of investments. Thus every stockholder becomes a sort of Baron Hirsh, with a venture in everything—good, bad or indifferent. If one fails, another succeeds; and so the chances of a loss are reduced to a minimum. This is certainly a laudable attempt to pluck the flower safely from the nettle danger. In that respect it is eminently characteristic of the safe and cautious Briton. How would the idea work on California street? A medley of Savages, Belchers, Ophirs, Crown Points, Consolidated Virginias, Challars, Raymond & Elys and Meadow Valleys, thrown into one speculation, and the profit and loss—as the case might be—divided amongst several hundred stockholders, ought to work out a safe result. How would this suit the speculative brokers? We fear they would not like the plan over well. The outside small speculator would be enabled to snap his fingers in Fortune's face, and say heads I win, tails you lose—at least up to say eight per cent. But then the man with a few loose dollars is never content with eight per cent. He wants two per cent. per month, or perhaps more, and besides he values the fun of choosing his own investments, and watching how things go, quite as much as the chance of making a rise. The "safety" of the new plan would, we fear, be its worst recommendation to our *habitues* of the curbstone. Take away the element of gambling from stocks, and the principal attraction would be gone. Perhaps even that result would be desirable. At any rate, the new idea is worthy of discussion and thought. We make it a present to the Board of Brokers, and to all whom it may concern.

Henri Rochefort.—The escape of the renowned Communist from banishment in New Caledonia is causing a flutter among the crowned heads of Europe, and is especially foreboding to the tranquility of conservative Republicanism in France under McMahon. It is rumored that he is on the way to California. We predict that he will find but little sympathy with his incendiary ideas in this country. We had a little taste of communistic horrors a few years ago in New York, and were not agreeably impressed thereby. As for that other rumor, that he is coming here for the purpose of perfecting arrangements with J. De La Montanya to act as European agent for the sale of the Union Range, we are authorized to say that it is all false. Montanya employs no agents; it is not necessary. His Ranges are their own recommendation, and he has all he can attend to in supplying his customers from his stores, 214 to 220 Jackson street, San Francisco.

During an examination, a medical student being asked, "When does mortification ensue?" replied, "When you pop the question, and are answered, 'No!'"

THE DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH.

Star of the North, all hail, fair opening flower,
Who com'st among us in auspicious hour,
Fill thine high place, and to thy young heart take
Thy husband's people, for thy husband's sake;
And teach us all thy gracious name to bless,
Making us happy in thy happiness.
May all propitious powers combine to shed
Their choicest blessings on thy favored head,
And make the name of Marie long to stand
A household word through all our English land.
And young and old shall each day more and more
Bless the glad breeze that bore thee to our shore.

And when it comes, that most eventful year
Bids thy young life begin a new career,
Where higher ties shall holier duties claim,
And hail thee with a Mother's blessed name,
Then may each virgin grace, each beauty glow
With added lustre on thy matron brow;
May every thought, where'er thy fancies roam,
Turn back, and nestle in thine Island Home.
May every year, as Time's long course is sped,
Bring down fresh blessings on thy much-loved head,
And find thee still of every good possessed—
A happy Wife, still blessing and still blest.

March 12, 1874. —*London Times.*

[From the San Francisco News Letter.]

DROPPINGS FROM THE SANCTUARY.

"Like holy oil which did drop down
Upon the beard of Aaron." *Methodist Hymn.*

We have before adverted to the fact that the preachers seem to intend to call their audiences together by the aid of sensational titles and headings to their sermons. To this we do not object in the slightest degree—in fact, we think it a very good thing—but we protest in the name of honesty against being scared out of our editorial boots, by seeing in the papers some flaming caption as the subject of discourse by the Rev. Melchizedech Asinoid, such as "The Source of the Nile, or, Does the *Trichinae Spiralis* Exist in African Pork," and then when we go to hear him, expecting some good scientific discussion, to find that the real state of the case is that he is going to lecture on the "Pool of Bethesda, or the Origin of the Cry Unclean," and we are taken back at once to those same old, old questions of which we are sick and tired. We hope that the black coats will take heed to our suggestion. And by the way, while we are on this subject of drawing a crowd, why would it not be a good thing for some enterprising Church to start the plan of regularly billing up the city for a week or two before hand. How well it would look to see a flaming poster on the side of the street, with an angel subduing a devil, something in the good old style of the pictures they used to have in all the churches. And then they might be printed with the face of the conqueror left blank, and a photograph of the head of either of our distinguished divines could be easily put in. Fancy the effect that would be produced if Mr. Jewell's face were on the body of one of the angels, wings and all, standing over the writhing figure of the arch enemy of mankind. The *News Letter* gives this idea for nothing, and hopes to see it carried out.

At St. Ignatius Church, on last Sunday, the sermon was on the "Sacrament of Confession and Absolution." Taking the words, "Whosoever's sins ye remit they are remitted unto them," etc., as a text, he launched at great length into the stream of exaltation of the church on the one hand and depreciation of mankind on the other. Really, we are tempted to exclaim, "Can no good come out of Nazareth!" for we have heard so much of our exceeding sinfulness that we are beginning to despair of the possibility of even absolution doing us any good. He spoke of the fact that in any temporal court the process of law was hindered by delays, and that also before practicing in it a man had to be prepared by study and examination as to his fitness, but that in the spiritual court, which he said was far higher, the merest tyro at the business has supreme power to do as he chose. This did not make us any easier. Then he went off into a strain of glorification of the power of this spiritual tribunal, and having got hold of this idea, he thought it such a good one that he stuck to it, and brought it out again about every five minutes. He finished up by devoting to eternal damnation all who would not avail themselves of its blessings, after which, our fate having been satisfactorily settled, we took our leave.

The Rev. Mr. Hamilton preached for Dr. Stebbins in the morning, and took for his text, "Verily, verily, except a man be born again, he cannot see he kingdom of God."—John iii., 3. He could not see any great difficulty in understanding what this new birth was, because he thought that we saw it every day all around us. The infant, as it gradually acquired new faculties, was being born again, that is, it was again coming into a new world of thought and understanding.

Then he sketched the career of a child through youth into maturity, experiencing all the emotions of friendship and love, but not in these feeling the truest and greatest of earthly blessings, that given when the soul was first stirred by the love of God. The sermon was a good one.

Rev. Dr. Stone preached on the subject of "step"-parents. His text was Romans, the vii chapter and 2d verse. He took the ground that when one of the two, either husband or wife, died, there was no impropriety in the remaining one marrying again, which *per se* is a fact. He then spoke of the trials which those doing this must expect, particularly if there were children, and how great the temptation would be to indulge the ward at the expense of the real child in the case of one who was very conscientious. His sermon was all very pretty and nice, and all the rest of it, but we think the difficulty is just here. He took up the case only when the step-parent, coming into a family, is all that he or she should be, and also when the children were small. In a case like this, things would naturally go all right, that is, with only some slight jars; but where the reverse of this is the fact, what then? We are afraid, Dr., that you are prophesying smooth things only, and we think that it would be a good thing for you to take up the reverse of the medal, and give some advice both to the partner and the children, in such a state of things as that we speak of.

Rev. Mr. Patterson preached on the "Mania for Murder." After adverting briefly to the horrors of the past week, and about its appearing as if there was murder in the air, and also about what an epidemic it appeared to be, he went after Cain; but with the benevolent idea of clearing him from the imputation of being the first murderer, who, he said, was most undoubtedly Satan. This individual, according to the Rev. gentleman, has been busy ever since his first successful attempt on Adam and Eve, but during the last century his success has been much greater than ever before. It seemed odd after this to hear him say that the best remedy was the religion of Jesus Christ, because if the state of things after eighteen hundred years is worse than it was at the beginning, it is not much encouragement to go on with the work. He plead strongly for capital punishment, not as a means of reformation, but revenge, representing the Almighty in the light of a revengeful Deity. He also went after Governor Booth, and informed that gentleman, much to his astonishment, no doubt, for we question if he ever looked at it in that light before, that he was God's representative on earth, and that it was mistaken mercy on his part to pardon criminals, because if he did, God would take the matter into his own hands, and the last state of that man would be worse than the first. His idea that suicide was committed for the purpose of obtaining notoriety, we do not believe in, because although we have a saving faith that there are many fools in this world, we cannot go quite as far as that.

We have all heard the celebrated story of the man who drew the white elephant in the lottery and was ruined by his luck. It received a most striking confirmation last Sunday evening in the Temperance Howlers and Dr. Stebbins. It seems that they (the T. H.) went to the Dr. and requested him to lecture on "Temperance," which he finally agreed to do, but with the reservation that he should treat the subject in his own way. Blind as fanatics generally are, the T. H. did not take the hint, but joyfully accepted the conditions, and when the affair came off, they were more than disgusted with the result. The Dr.'s sermon, or rather lecture, was the first really philosophical consideration of the question that we have heard. He took the ground that it was not by any manner of means an unmixed evil, even when carried to excess, because it then became a disease that had to be treated just exactly as any other would be. Beginning at the starting point and analyzing the causes that lead to intemperance in a most masterly way, both those which exist in mankind through their natural constitutions and also the peculiar ones existing among us as a nation, he went on to discuss the remedies, and here the same broad view of cause and effect was visible. It is our opinion that the T. H. aforesaid will not again ask any one to lecture on the subject whose ideas they are not acquainted with. We would be glad to see the sermon published in full.

Rev. Mr. Jewell, that evangelical Col. Dudley, went after Ahab as a "land-grabber," and covetous people in general, and, in his own opinion, "got away" with them. The opinion was not shared by some of his hearers.

Rev. Dr. Platt preached to a large congregation, who, as usual with this gentleman, were very much interested in the sermon.

Hallelujah Cox has removed to Meiggs' Wharf since the row in front of the "What Cheer House," and intends (he is a believer in Darwin) to start at the beginning this time and try the effect of hereditary influence by converting the monkeys at that delightful place, having failed so signally with their descendants. We think this a good idea, and therefore support him in it. We understand that he has already got a Sunday School class from among the smaller and younger ones, but that there is one hoary old villain with a short tail who resists Cox's most honeyed words. We do not believe anything short of a meat-axe will ever get the gospel in that beast's heart, but still Cox is searching in his discourse, and we live in hope.

"**What will become of us if the brake should give way,**" asked a nervous lady passenger as the train was going down a steep decline. "That will depend entirely on the way in which we have lived in this world," was the cool but not very consoling reply.

THE SPIRITUAL SEANCE

At Charter Oak Hall, Market street,
The mediums are wont to meet;
I went there upon Sunday last,
And here in brief is all that passed.

Demanding dimes, with outstretched hand,
From all who seek the spirit land,
Stood at the entrance of the room,
The *circulating medium*.

At two, upon the rostrum went
A Mrs. Foye, as President;
And after giving all warm greeting,
Then unto order called the meeting.

At first there was a silence dead,
Then, as when withered leaves are shed
In Autumn time, a rustling sound,
As if some spirit, fetter bound,
By struggling with his fate did seek
Through lips of mediums to speak.

A lady medium arose,
And spoke a piece in verse and prose;
The poetry was not so bad,
Considering the source it had,
For worse than Della Crusca's school
Of poetry is, as a rule,
The trash that to our sad world comes
Through inspired lips of mediums.
Such trash as hoodlum girls would pen,
Or semi-idiotic men, [sweeter,
Than "Sand Hill Poems" scarcely
With Tupper's sense, Walt Whitman's metre.

The ladies young and ladies old
Rose, and about strange spirits told;
Spirits of poor relations, who
No person in the meeting knew;
And spirits, too, who wished to send
Some message to a living friend,
Or 'shake hands,' may be, to a brother;
And lastly to a weeping mother, [this
Through medium's strange lips, came
Last gift of love, a dead child's kiss.

Timid somewhat, with eyes downcast,
A pretty lady rose at last
With voice most sweet and musical;
Then silence reigned within the hall,
Save when the low voiced words would come: [some."
"She's pretty?" "Yes, you bet, she's

The lady said: "A spirit young
And fair as ever poet sung,
Is just now whispering in my ear;
Her earthly lover is as dear
To her as he was long ago;
And she would wish him, too, to know
No joy of heaven is half so sweet
As making love in Minna street."

As no one seemed to recognize
Their lost love in this sweet guise,
And as 'twould be too bad, I thought,
To let such spirit by default
Evaporate, I said: "I guess
She is my girl, that is, unless
Some person else would wish to claim
This Miss——, I don't know what's her name."

Down by the medium I sat;
But nothing more could she relate,
So I spoke to her: "Madam, were it
My girl come back to me in spirit,
She'd kiss me as of old, I know:
Don't she tell you to do so?" "No!"
I said: "Well it can't be the same;"
But as I spoke, an ancient dame,
As ugly as the primal sin,
And near so old, did thus begin:
"The self same spirit comes to me,
And, lest doubts in your mind there be,
Because of this one feature missing,
Commissions me to do the kissing."

I said: "'Tis all a sad mistake;"
But the old woman would not take
Such an excuse, and so I made
Another thus, and briefly said:
"The fact is, that just now I can't
Remain; I've promised Elder Grant
To dine with him at four, and, though
Reluctant, yet I needs must go.
The young man of the *Chronicle*
In my place will do just as well;
Give him, and the same thing 'twill be,
All the kissing that should come to me."

Whether she kissed the *Chronicle*
Young man or not, I cannot tell,
For not an instant more I staid,
But straightway for the door made;
And down the stairs I'm very sure I
Went just about as fast as fury.

TISWELL ALLRIGHT.

THE LATE G. O'HARA TAAFFE.

This well-known member of our community died last Friday, after a short illness. Mr. Taaffe has resided almost entirely in California since 1851, and at the time of his death was Consul for Denmark, as well as for Sweden and Norway. His amazing activity and business capacity admirably qualified him for the position of agent of insurance companies. For many years he was the acting manager of the Imperial, of which Falkner, Bell & Co. were the agents, and at the time of his death was agent for the Commercial Insurance Company, of London, in addition to other foreign companies. Mr. Taaffe was one of the first to venture grain shipments to Europe, and his energy and enterprise have contributed to the advancement of our city. His death will be a loss to the community. He was a native of Denmark, and in his forty-ninth year. His demise was occasioned by Typhoid Fever.

Alluding to chignons, Mrs. Cleaver said "a girl now seems all head." "Yes, until you talk to her," answered Mr. Cleaver.

Shakspeare's "Seven Ages of Man"—Mess-age, lugg-age, saus-age, ramp-age, marri-age, parent-age, and dot-age.

YOUTH v. AGE.

Youth is genius, says Mr. Disraeli, and Dr. Beard, of the Medico-Legal Society of New York, appears to agree with him. At last he has sent us a paper, read before that society, apparently with approval, in which he endeavors to defend the thesis that we have all of us an undue reverence for age, and that though regard should be given to the aged, respect should be paid everywhere, as in America, to youth, which does all, or nearly all, the work of the world. He holds that the undue respect for age, so marked in the fact that many of the names for governing bodies, such as "Senate," are synonymous for bodies of old men, has arisen mainly from the time it takes most to become famous, thus producing a confusion in the public mind between the time of effort and the time at which that effort has been recognized by the world. "It may be said of nearly all famous men, as it was justly said of Humboldt, that he had the greatest reputation when he least deserved it." The late Mr. Whitty put the matter more clearly, perhaps, when he said, in his clever, scandalous, and nearly forgotten novel, "Friends of Bohemia," that power belonging in each generation to the old, and the old having little sympathy with the young, everybody had to wait long for important position; but he did not, as Dr. Beard evidently does, think that the world lost much by that arrangement. Dr. Beard argues boldly not only that almost all successful campaigns have been fought by young Generals, which is partially true, Alexander, Julius Cæsar, Marlborough, and Napoleon outweighing Von Moltke and Radetsky, but that it would be well even to limit the age at which statesmen and judges may work, to elect Presidents and appoint Judges when men are at their highest powers. In fact, he affirms that the brain follows the body in its decay; that intellect, allowing for exceptions, begins to decay at forty, and that we are all in the wrong in insisting on age as a qualification. He has "noted the ages at which philosophers have founded and announced their systems, at which divines and religious teachers have originated their creeds, and have been most effective as preachers; at which statesmen have unfolded their highest acts of legislation, of diplomacy, and reform; at which men of science have made their greatest discoveries and written their best works; at which generals and admirals have gained their greatest victories, and carried on their most successful campaigns; at which lawyers have led the bar, and physicians made their explorations in medicine, and artists have painted their masterpieces; at which musicians have composed and performed their most illustrious creations; at which architects and engineers have planned and executed the greatest monuments to their memories; at which actors and orators have been at the zenith of their power, and at which teachers and professors have led eras in the service of education." From the data he has with infinite patience collected, Dr. Beard declares that men, besides losing their intellects, become worse, often much worse, as they become older; that they lose their moral enthusiasm, or moral courage, or capacity of resisting temptation and enduring disappointment, and frequently sink into senile debauchees. He even tells all his friends over fifty—we are not sure it is not over forty—who happen to remonstrate with him, that "the best of your original, pioneering, radical work is in all probability already accomplished. The chances are tens of thousands to one that you will originate less in the future than you have in the past; for, just as we know by statistics that a man at forty has a certain average expectation of life, so do we know that he has a certain average expectation of original work. There is a chance in many, many thousands that you will live to be a hundred years old; there is about the same chance that you will make some great discovery or invention, or conceive and execute some original production in art or literature. Fame and wealth may come to you far exceeding your wildest dreams, but they will be the result and the reward of the work you have already done, or are now doing. Happiness may augment with years, because of your better external condition: and yet the highest happiness is obtained through work itself, more than through the reward of work." Dr. Beard, as we have said, allows of exceptions, as without them his averages could not be made up, and allows for qualifying circumstances, but fights hard for his general conclusion that, whether we like it or not, age is degeneracy, that the turn towards age begins at forty, and that after that time men may as well give up originating, except in departments essentially creative, like painting, music, or poetry. Titian painted at ninety, and the "Paradise Lost" was written when Milton was fifty-nine, but these are no more proofs than Shelley's or Keats' precocity in verse. They do not alter the averages.—*Spectator.*

A Worthy Pioneer.—Mr. Charles Main, of the well-known firm of Main & Winchester, has just started on a well-earned holiday tour to Europe. Mrs. Main accompanies him, and they will join friends and relatives who have preceded them. They expect to be gone about six months, and will doubtless experience a thoroughly enjoyable time. Their many friends in San Francisco wish them *bon voyage*. Mr. Main is one of our Pioneers, having arrived here in the eventful year for California of 1849. He has since then taken part in many matters calculated to benefit the city, and by an intelligent, enterprising, and honest spirit has, in conjunction with his partner, built up one of the largest businesses on this coast. Having thoroughly earned this respite from business, he will surely enjoy his trip. We wish him a real good time and a safe return.

"**Mynherr**, do you know for what we call our boy Hans?" "Do not, really." "Well, I tell you. Der reason dat we call our boy Hans, dat ish his name."

HOW WE ARE DOCTORED.

In health we probably regard no man more lightly than the doctor; whilst in sickness he is esteemed little less than a God. When the heavy hand of disease is upon us, and life hangs in the balance, the physician's hopeful look and word of cheer are worth more to us than all the world besides. This is true in reference to all ranks and conditions of men. Lately England's good Queen sat by the sick bed of her eldest son, himself the heir to the throne of that kingdom upon which the sun never sets. He was nigh unto death. By his side sat a great physician. That man's slightest word of comfort was more to that Queen mother than the combined wisdom of her wisest statesmen. Why? A Gladstone could have spoken words of comfort more eloquently than Dr. Gull, but then they would have been words without knowledge. That is just where the all important difference comes in. The scientific knowledge of the doctor was known to approach absolute accuracy, and when he spoke his words were not only based upon what he wished, but upon what he *knew*. Having mastered the signs held out by nature as evidences of recovery, he was God's interpreter at that royal bed. In view of functions so important, how essential it is that our physicians should be trained to a perfect knowledge of all that science has revealed of the noble art of healing. But are they? We know that in San Francisco there are many practitioners in this, the noblest of the professions, who are an honor to it. But whilst bearing that willing testimony we fear it is a fact that a large number—which probably amounts to a majority of the whole—must be set down as quacks and charlatans, or half educated boors. In this profession, above all others, a little learning is dangerous. A true physician should drink deep of the Pyerian spring or touch not the dangerous thing. Medical practitioners without diplomas are about as plentiful in San Francisco as blackberries in the season. We once helped a deserving stranger to an humble but honest position, in which he failed. The next we heard was that he had elevated his shingle as full blown medico. To-day he is plus a thriving practice, but minus education, experience or legal status. An erewhile reformer of the city's health and morals never rose elsewhere higher than to the dignity of a hospital nurse. Another ex-city officer, with more hirsute appendage than education, to whose care the health of the city was entrusted during a critical period, ventured to write an official report, the MS of which we have before us. As we read it over, our gorge rises at the thought that to such an ignoramus the lives of 200,000 people were for some time intrusted. With the caligraphy of a coal heaver, and amidst whole pages of murdered syntax, he tells us he is "entitaled" to credit, and ought to be "hansomly" paid for the "concise manor" of his reports of his "diagnoseses," as he did not wish to be "volumines." Will it be believed that the author of these original specimens of orthography is at this moment a Professor in one of our medical schools? That school, too, is the one that seeks affiliation with the State University, to the exclusion of all other schools. Fancy such a man being not only a doctor, but the maker of other doctors, and the principal claimant for a monopoly of the business. With such teachers—for he is no worse than some of his fellows—what are our future physicians to be? If that question is ever to be answered satisfactorily, we fear it will only be after it has been taken out at the hands of the profession. Cliques and coteries, unfortunately, dominate the medical world of San Francisco. The good men who have acquired their knowledge by no royal road but who, being first thoroughly educated, have, by infinite patience and toil, gained experience, and so added practice to theory, are in a minority. Merit, too, is modest, whilst quackery is bold, and pushes itself to the front, and thus even captures the fountain of future medical knowledge. Quackery will perpetuate quackery. A home-made doctor will become a laughing stock and a reproach. This ought not to be. Thoughtful laymen should unite with our best physicians in elevating a profession to which we all owe so much.

Shoddy in Silk.—A correspondent of the *News Letter* writes that a San Francisco husband has made a discovery which throws all others of modern times into the shade (not excepting Stanley's great find of Livingstone). The worthy citizen is reported to have given it as his opinion that a lady's silk dress, if turned, ought to last twenty years, and his oracular doctrine has provoked considerable discussion among those husbands who find $500 dresses wear out in four months. The report of experts, however, prove the husband's opinion to be perfectly correct, for the simple reason that no such thing as a real silk dress has been procurable for love or money for years past. Formerly, silk was silk, but now it has had to yield to the system of adulteration so prevalent everywhere, and now is a mixture of bad fibres with a certain proportion of the real article. Perhaps when our silk-worm education is completed, our wives and daughters may yet walk in silk attire grown on our own mulberry trees, and defy the foreign importer of shoddy. Perhaps some of our "upper ten" dry goods merchants will not inhorse the above.

"Your future husband seems very exacting. He has been stipulating for all sorts of things," said a mother to her daughter who was on the point of being married. "Never mind, mamma," said the affectionate girl, who was already dressed for the wedding, "these are his last wishes."

COMPARATIVE MYTHOLOGY.

Ixion loved a cloud, they say,
In the good old days long past—.
Which was, of course, the Attic way
Of saying "liked his blast;"
And in old Jove we plainly see
The patiently bloke
Who sternly puts his ki-bosh on
His youthful hopeful's smoke.

So here's my hand, Ixion boy,
Across the gulf of time,
I pass the dhudeen, lad, with joy
For sake of auld lang syne.

The cares of life do look but dim
When seen through a cloud,
While all the joys that are therein
Loom up, a mighty crowd;
Jean Nicot chokes your moody fiend,
And laps him in his shroud.

When forth the wandering Hebrew went,
The House of Bondage fro'
Was not a cloud sent forth to cheer
The way that he should go?
With it, for Egypt's fleshy pots
He didn't care a damn,
But stuck his pipe below his nose
And hummed another psalm.

And like a plucky little Jew,
More wise than thou, Ixion,
He prigged enough before he left
To stock a "fence" in Zion.

From the San Francisco News Letter.

CHRISTIAN DRUNKENNESS.

Our correspondent, "Tanglefoot," has an ugly way of putting things. Whilst, however, objecting to his phraseology, we cannot exclude from the *News Letter* truths because they are not prettily told. Truths seldom are. Tanglefoot asks: "Why do the parsons rage and the females imagine a vain thing? Why do the bald-headed young Christians exalt themselves against the Lord and his Christ? Why? Whence all this worry about whisky, this tease about tanglefoot? Is not drunkenness a Christian institution, and shall we degenerate ones in these latter days go back upon our Saviour? Doth not Christ stand preëminent amongst prophets as the only founder of a great religion who has not forbidden alcohol to his followers? Let us at least give him credit for knowing what he was about. The wicked Jews of his day called him a wine bibber, but he bibbed on unheeding; called him a glutton, yet he glutted still. The first miracle that he ever wrought was that of turning hogsheads of indifferent water into wine. The last public act of his life was to join his disciples in drinks all round, and to enjoin upon them to keep his memory green by frequent imbibition. Did not the early churches, notably the Corinthian, comply so lovingly with this injunction that they went staggering from the Lord's Supper? See St. Paul! Has not the habit of intoxication followed Christianity in every age, and through every land? Is it not still almost the only distinguishing badge of the Christian everywhere? Should a man be put down blindfolded in the streets of any town on earth, could he not tell at once as soon as he was able to look about him how far it had been Christianized by the prevalence in its streets of prostitutes and drunks? Should he be transported through the air to each of the islands of the Pacific, could he not tell by the same signs where "rum and true religion" had yet enlightened the heathen darkness. Do not the heathen know this themselves? They do not look upon a man as converted. They do not believe him to possess the grace of God unless he shows it thus. 'Hair cut short, and drunk as hell: allee same Mellican man,' cried the Christianized Chinese miner; and I am positive that the coolies of Indian plantations regard intoxication as one of the most sacred rites. Why not? They see us drink wine in our churches as a sacred ordinance, and they see their masters drunk in their bungalows wherever they meet together. In fact, I have known more than once a newly baptized coolie send for brandy and beer to the bungalow, saying, 'I Christian now; must drink same as Master.' What do the parsons mean then by going back on their Master and his sacred institution in this absurd way? 'Man being reasonable, must get drunk,' as Byron says; and Christ knew it. He must of course; otherways what superiority could many of us show over the brutes that perish? None. But they can't laugh or get drunk, and there we have a pull upon them. 'Shall we drink like men or beasts,' asked a cynical host once of his guests, when the ladies had retired. 'As men, of course,' they cried, indignantly. Then replied he, 'We shall soon be all under the table.' Away with this tectotal and blasphemous bosh! Let us stick to our colors and our Christianity like men, and not, like cowards, deny our Master. Who are we, poor miserable worms, that we should fear to bear his cross and the reproach of wine-bibbing that was first cast upon him. Here in Frisco, with the heathen Chinee all around us, it behooves us more than elsewhere to show that we are true Christians, and in what other way can we do it? We are not more honest, chaste, more self-denying, more charitable, but we can be more drunken, and by the assiduous imbibition of lager beer and fancy drinks prove to the heathen Chinee, the miserable Hindoo, the benighted Buddhist, and the beerless Moslem that we are not ashamed of our creed; that we recognize our high calling, and are determined to follow in the footsteps of our crucified Redeemer. They, poor fellows, are bound by doctrines of devils, which forbid them to touch julip or cocktail. Let us convert them to the freedom with which it has made us free to drink how and when we damn please. Let us show them that we remember the marriage feast of Cana in Galilee, and love to reenact the last supper of the Lamb. So shall all men see that we are his disciples; the worthy disciples of the only great religious teacher who has not forbidden, but strictly enjoined upon his followers, to 'drink ye *all* of it.' Yours, in the Lord, TIMOTHY TANGLEFOOT."

A PRINCESS' PARADISE.

A St. Petersburg correspondent writes to the London Times: "The apartments which the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh occupied in the Winter Palace during their stay in St. Petersburg look out on the Neva, and perhaps your readers will be interested in a short description of the very luxurious and beautiful rooms. After crossing many saloons and passing many pairs of doorway sentinels, infantry of the First Division with fixed bayonets, and Don Cossacks with drawn swords, you enter first the Duchess of Edinburgh's reception room, an exquisite chamber in gold and malachite, which was occupied by the late Empress. Here, placed on a table in a handsome ormolu stand, is the wedding cake, of British baking, I believe, a tall and beautiful confection of many stories, wreathed with white flowers and hung with white silk banners. The columns of this room are veneered with fine malachite, and at one side an immense malachite vase is exalted above a thicket of greenery, starred with camelia blossoms and bordered round with hyacinths. A little drawing-room beyond is hung with gray silk, and the air is faint and sweet with the warm scent of flowers arranged in the windows which command the river view. Passing a "raspberry room," all in crimson satin, and with a fine Murillo on the walls, you enter the Duchess of Edinburgh's boudoir, a paradise of costly and artistic luxury. Fine pictures by old masters hang on the walls, creeping plants of delicate green climb over a trellis-work of carved wood, and a marble Vesta half hides her loveliness in a bower of ferns. The furniture of the writing-table is malachite, and set thereon, just opposite the chair in which the young Duchess sat to indite her notes is an equisite small shrine, also of malachite. The ceiling is finely painted with stars and a circle of nymphs. The bedroom is in azure satin; the bed is an alcove, closed by marble columns and silk curtains. The dressing-room is in gray satin, and leads to a small bath-room, dainty and beautiful, with Moorish pillars and enameled decoration, and where is a sunk white marble bath. One notices the great Russia leather brass-bound trunks and the electric bells. These, which resemble small paper weights, with silk-covered wires leading from them, lie on every table. Passing a miniature boudoir in flowered gray satin, you enter the loveliest little Winter garden, which woos you several rooms off with its cold green vista. This is open in the center, and the descent of a few steps brings you into a small secluded valley, at the end of which is the furthest bower of the Eden, a warm and shadowy retreat, cosey and luxurious, with satin sofas and deep cushions. These were the apartments of the late Empress of Russia, and passing down a narrow staircase, used by the late Emperor, and which runs round the open space occupied by a lift, you come to the Duke of Edinburgh's rooms, exactly under those of the Duchess. His Royal Highness' drawing-room is another paradise, not "of ormolu," but of satin and gilding, and palms and greenery. The writing-room is crimson and gold, and a snug and luxurious window corner, looking on the Neva, is enclosed by gilt trellis-work half covered with ivy. The next room is in blue, and is also for writing, and here on a sofa lay a large photograph of the Duchess of Edinburgh."

A MODEL CERTIFICATE DEDICATED TO OUR DOCTORS.

To the Editor of the News Letter: DEAR SIR—My dauchter, who is seventeen years of age and unmarried, has for the past six years been unable to get away with a sufficient amount of grub to keep a Montezuma mosquito alive, her rations being only three pounds of bacon per day, and five slices of salt pork. She has been tronbled at times with deafness, not being able to hear her mother when told to wash dishes or mop the kitchen floor. Her sight has been very bad, and before I took her to Dr. Comfoodlem I told her to sew a button on my coat, and she said she couldn't see it. She has also had a whole suit of boils from head to foot. Her guitar was awful, and when she would hawk everybody had to get out of the room. Her breath was so offensive that we could never get a feller to come to see her more than once, and almost despaired of ever getting her off our hands. She was also knock-kneed and couldn't knead bread worth a cent. One eye was a little further up in the top of her head than the other, and had a bad fashion of looking at the ceiling while she was goin' the other straight ahead. In our sad extremities we read the advertisement of Dr. Comfoodlam in your valuable paper, and of the real genuine cures which the editor of your paper knew of his own knowledge. Him we sought with our daughter and $10. In one treatment he knocked the crook out of her knees, and them boils vanished like things as were. That off eye come down, and her hair, which was yaller, turned to a beautiful brown. Her breath is as sweet as new mown hay soaked in coffee. She has got a feller, and is goin' to be married. We have invited Dr. Comfoodlum to the wedding. You may publish this for the benefit of your afflicted readers and send your bill to Dr. Comfoodlum. The doctor is a very handsome man.

JOHN HASHFINDER.

During Col. Tom Scott's recent visit to our city, he was hailed on the street by a little bootblack with: "Boss, have yer boots shined?" The Colonel pleasantly shook his finger at him, saying: "My boy, I am no boss." The little waif swung his box over his shoulder, and, eyeing the great railroad king from head to foot, replied: "You're boss of yer boots, ain't yer?"—*St. Louis Globe.*

THE SICK MAN AND THE BIRDS.

ÆGROTUS.

Spring! art thou come, O Spring?
I am too sick for words—
How hast thou heart to sing,
O Spring, with all thy birds?

MERULA.

I sing for joy to see again
The merry leaves along the lane,
The little bud grown ripe;
And look, my love, upon the bough.
Hark, how she calleth to me now—
"Pipe! pipe!"

ÆGROTUS.

Ah! weary is the sun:
Love is an idle thing;
But, bird, thou restless one,
What ails thee, wandering?

HIRUNDO.

By shore and sea I come and go,
To seek I know not what; and lo!
On no man's eaves I sit
But voices bid me rise once more,
To flit again by sea and shore—
"Flit! flit!"

ÆGROTUS.

This is earth's bitter cup:
Only to seek, not know.
But thou, that strivest up,
Why dost thou carol so?

ALAUDA.

A secret spirit gifteth me
With song, and wing that lifteth me—
A spirit for whose sake,
Striving amain to reach the sky,
Still to the old, dark earth I cry,
"Wake! wake!"

ÆGROTUS.

My hope hath lost its wing.
Thou, that to night dost call,
How hast thou heart to sing
Thy tears made musical?

PHILOMELA.

Alas for me! a dry desire
Is all my song—a waste of fire
That will not fade nor fail;
To me, dim shapes of ancient crime
Moan through the windy ways of time,
"Wail! wail!"

THE RECOGNITION OF CUBA.

Mr. Sargent is on the right track. His latest effort is for the recognition of Cuba—not, as the sapient *Chronicle* has it, as a "belligerent," but as an "independent nation." On the 16th instant he brought forward a resolution to the effect that it has become the duty of the United States to recognize Cuba as one of the independent nations of the earth. The main reasons advanced in the preamble, in favor of such a recognition, are: The undoubted right of any American colony to sever its connection with the mother country whenever the good of its people require it; the fact that the people of Cuba have declared themselves independent, established a Government, abolished slavery, and resisted successfully for five years all the efforts of Spain to reduce them to submission and re-establish slavery; the barbarities that are being practiced in the conduct of the war, and the absence of reasonable prospect that Spain will be able to re-establish her dominion over that people; and lastly, the injury to the people of the United States, in consequence of the proximity of the war. Without attempting to enter into the question of International law involved in such a resolution, and without weighing its effect in case of adoption, as a precedent in future contingencies that may arise, we at once exclaim, let it be adopted. Man's rights and obligations are better understood and more clearly defined than they were in the age to which Spain belongs. As society improves and advances in civilization, our conceptions of what unadulterated justice is become more correct and less warped, and international law, in those points where humanity and the welfare of large communities are concerned, must undergo proportionate modifications. In such a cause let us have no punctilious scruples or delicacy in our Government's attitude towards a country that stays behind with barbaric ages, rather than keep up in the race of progress. Spain not only has gained, but would still persist in gaining, historic infamy for tyranny and cruelty. She, no doubt, would feel herself agrieved, and maintain that no recognition of independence ought to be extended by a foreign power to a colony until the mother country has ceased in her efforts to re-establish her dominion over it. But "tempora mutantur," and if she cannot change with them and keep pace with other nations, let her grin and bear the consequences. We don't want to see any longer a black slave-spot just at our very door. As for international law, it is at best a Court of Justice whose jurisdiction is very indeterminate. It's an elastic code of great expansive and contractile capacities, and we don't think it would burst under inflation. We would suggest that this principle be applied to it, and that it be stretched in this case, aye! and well stretched, too, if necessary.

Two Pounds and a-half of Human Curiosity.—The smallest twins ever heard of are said to be living in Kalamazoo, Michigan. One is a boy, and the other a girl; and they weigh together less than five pounds! They are perfect, and seem to be in good health. They take food naturally, and make a noise very much like young kittens. Their bodies are about six inches long—the boy being a trifle the larger.—*New York Paper.*

Milwaukee has had a wooden wedding. Henry Block was married to Amanda Board.

A ROW AMONG THE SCIENTISTS.

There has been a row in the Academy of Science. That is at least something new. We had supposed that the majority of that institution were old fossils, incapable of a rough and tumble fight, such as may be witnessed on occasionally between the rival forces led by Col. Coons and General Emily Pitts Stevens. We hasten to acknowledge our error. When those scientists do quarrel, their fighting is terrific. They make the hair fly like so many Kilkenny cats. A bull in a China shop could not make a greater clatter. At first an unscientific observer wonders why all this bother should so suddenly start up. It all arises from the fact that the Academy has at last something worth quarreling over. Thanks to the princely munificence of James Lick, the institution is about to become disgustingly rich. One rejuvinated fossil thought this wealth was about to be looted away, and said so. He wanted it placed where it would do the most good. Fancy Dr. Blake, at his conservative age, starting in as an ardent reformer! Better late than never. It is wiser to be right, even at the last, than to continue wrong to the end. We verily believe the Doctor was right. There is nothing like keeping an avenue being turned into a cow pasture. We don't believe in shutting institutions open through which the light may be let in, as occasion may require. That's what Dr. Blake, as we understand it, proposed to do. Just this and nothing more. Wonderful that so great a noise should be created by so small a cause. The very row the suggestion stirred up is perhaps the best evidence of its value. Be that as it may, the scene was a lively one. Whilst a carnivorous looking member was worked up to his highest pitch of excitement, very curious phenomena were observed in the dried specimens around the room. A decided movement was noticed in the vast jaws of the preserved shark, as if anticipating a meal from some inanimated member. The skins of the lizards changed color, and the huge bones of the mammoth gave a shudder, as if remembering the rush of glacial drift that extinguished his race. During the speech of our scientific man, who, as a life member, boasted loudly of containing a hundred dollars worth of science, the facial expression of a well-preserved ostrich, or common jackass, made a very decided attempt to smile, and many of the mollusces endeavored to leave their shells, evidently under the impression that as they were capable of adding to science, they ought to join their fellow members. Who would have thought there was so much life in the old fossils of the Academy? We begin to believe in the doctrine of a resurrection. This marvelous activity is a veritable awakening from the sleep of death.

THAT VETO.

The whole press, not only of the United States but of the great financial centers of Europe, is teeming with laudatory remarks upon President Grant's veto. The action of Congress in passing the inflation bill made thoughtful, money-ed men stand aghast. It seemed as if a great nation, through its representatives, was bent upon repudiation and financial ruin. If there was on other more than another to which the Republican party was pledged, it was to redeem the paper promises of the government by a speedy return to specie payments. In reference to the debates upon this question in the Senate, the *Nation* observes: "The minority in both the Senate and House have been compelled to see their efforts defeated by the able and exhaustive arguments they have made to the dishonest. It is quite true that the principles of sound finance have never been more powerfully and acutely expounded, or the fallacies of the paper-money champions more keenly exposed, than in the debates of the last three months. No matter what causes of the madness of the majority, the honor and common sense of the country have had worthy defenders in a way that as Messrs. Schurz, Sherman and Thurman in the Senate, and Hoar, Dawes, Garfield, Phelps, Cox, Hawley and Townsend in the House, so that we shall not be wholly put to shame. We ought not to omit to mention, either, the happy device in the Senate of Mr. James, of Nevada, who entered the other day with not any other reputation than that of great wealth, but showed in the currency debate that he had a very clear head and a very keen and ready tongue. To the surprise of everybody, he fell foul of the wretched Morton, and gave that statesman about the two hardest scores making he has received since the pass at Lawsonne began. In none of the debates, however, did the inflationists make even a show of resistance. To history, to logic, to argument and invective, they opposed simply a stout brute vote, like so many Asbantees. The man who has won most laurels in the fray is Mr. Schurz, whose oratory has been worthy of the best days of parliamentary history.

Sambo's Bet.—A Georgian negro was riding a mule when he came to a bridge and the mule stopped. "I bet you a quarter," said Sambo, "I'll make you go over dat bridge," said with that he struck the mule over the head, which made him not suddenly. "You take the bet, den," said the negro, and continued to get the stubborn mule across the bridge. "I won cat quarter, sah how," cried Sambo. "But how will you get the money" asked a man who had been close by unperceived. "To-morrow," replied Sambo, "massa gib me a dollar to get corn for de mule, and I take de quarter out."

What things increase the more they are contracted? Debts.

EPITAPH ON A MODERN FINE GENTLEMAN.

Here lies
Without any hope,
And
equally useful in death as life,
The flimsy carcass
of
A very fine Gentleman,
Vulgarly called
A MACCARONI.
The only proofs of his existence
were
That he picked his teeth at Almack's,
And
Ruined himself at the Scavoir Vivre.
Though born to a great fortune,
With a good understanding,
He made the worst use of 'em,
Turning blessings into curses;
And, though young,
Outlived them both.
At school he learnt to be vicious,
By travel he was made ridiculous;
Returned from abroad without any
acquisitions,
But a thorough contempt of his
own country,
And with every vice and folly of those
he had seen,
He gamed to kill time,
Married to live single,
Wandered from place to place,
Because he was miserable every-
where.
At last,
By refining away every moral and
social virtue,
Without desires, passions, inclinations
or affections,
Almost without senses,
He lived despising and despised,
And died
Without fortune, friends or faith,
Returning to the nothingness from which
he sprung,
And in which he remained
During the short term of his
unnatural life.
Reader,
Though thou be blessed with
extensive knowledge,
And the warmest imagination,
Thou hast never read of or
canst fancy
A more insignificant and contemptible
Being
than that
Which lies here.

—*Contributed by G. L. to the Ladies' Own Journal of Miscellany, Glasgow.*

THE POOR OLD DEVIL.

Quite a little hubbub it is that Gerald Massey has raised in the orthodox camp. The dispute runs high whether there be a real devil or not. Of course, the divines won't give up his Majesty, after having sworn by him for so many hundreds of years; and, indeed, we hope to goodness that they'll make out a clear case of his individuality. If we are to go to Heaven, we don't want to see such time-honored royalty turned into a bag of sawdust. We want to find him a reality, and get something out of him. Nor do we want to have him chained down, either, all the time hereafter, and never allowed to "get on the tear" occasionally. We would like to see him break loose, now and again, and make things lively. We feel convinced that the eternal musical programme promised will become terribly slow and tedious. Depend upon it, we shall be bored; we can feel it in our bones as we think of it, and would stake our reserved-seat entrance ticket against a second-hand pass-check to a third-class theater that we shall—that is, if the thing is going to be done at all in the style as laid down by the orthodox divine. Eternity has an uncommonly long run, and we don't think we should like to spend it all in sweets. Sugar sickens in time. We shall want occasional diversions—a little periodical excitement of the good old terrestrial days—and we are seriously of opinion that it would be much better for us that there be a devil, and a "live" one at that. Figuratively, we shall stand in need of our street rows, dog fights and such like condiments. We may reasonably expect to have our nitro-glycerine and steamboat explosions in the shape of bursting planets, and that our railroad accidents and collisions will be properly represented by solar systems running off the line, or comets getting on the wrong track; but what should we do for our every-day murders, our assaults and battery, our blowing out of brains, cutting, stabbing, and other such-like excellent ennui-fuges? We shall want them to fall back upon, we know we shall. What is more, judging from our obstinacy in getting our own way, we are bound to have them, too; and what a pretty kettle of fish there would be if we had no poor devil on whose shoulders we could saddle such playful, yet mischievous, propensities.

A Fat Woman.—Miss D. Heenan, the sister of the well-known boxer, died some days ago in Berlin, literally of suffocation. She was, says a correspondent, undoubtedly one of the most corpulent women in the world, and had been for some time exhibiting her not uncomely features and her all too solid mass of flesh to an admiring Berlin public, together with a selection from the silver cups and other presents received by her from enthusiastic citizens and crowned heads during the course of her travels, when, almost without any previous warning, the poor lady's career was cut short.

"**I fear,**" said a country minister to his flock, "when I explained to you in my last charity sermon that philanthropy was the love of our 'species,' you must have understood me to say 'specie,' which may account for the smallness of the collection."

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

A number of the disinterested friends of that member of the Board of Education who is making himself particularly obnoxious, are concerned to know by what manner of means that gentleman contrives to live since he has given up carpentering and taken to education, there being no salary appertaining to his present office. We are constrained to reply that his means of support are at present invisible, the popular method of traveling on shape being utterly impossible in his case, owing to an absent mindedness on the part of the Almighty during the construction of the honorable gentleman. It is some comfort, however, to know that his family is amply provided for out of the school fund. One young lady in the capacity of Principal is very careful of stationery, and draws a salary of one hundred and fifty dollars. A couple more, not regularly appointed, are substituting at a very comfortable rate of pay. A son, the pride of his father's heart, and who has followed in that father's footsteps in the matter of chisel and plane, is employed in the repairing shop of the Board, at the rate of six dollars per diem. We have not ascertained the length of the family list, but it is probable that as far as it goes the Board of Education, like the House of Parliament, duly provide for them. Disinterested inquirers will, therefore, be glad to learn that the gentleman is not starving, although he has given up work. We are compelled to acknowledge that we do not know whether the gentlemen is using the educational stepping-stone to Supervisorship or a fat commission. In either case retrenchment is his bait. It remains for the people to bite.

Although the name of the Claffin woman among the overland passengers was a false alarm, yet it is threatened that this fearful female contemplates a descent upon California. In what have we offended, that heaven should choose a set of wicked women to be our especial scourge? We have had a long line of them, ranging from the wickedness of our pet hyenas to the stupidity of the breeched Clark. And now the Claffin comes to cap the climax. O, Lord! keep her off, if she is not too much for thee. Are we not a city of churches, parsons and prayers? Do we not use thy name long, loud and frequently? Have we not done away with the City Hall Commission, and are we not going to shut up the whisky shops at twelve? Are we not fighting the devil and all his works during all of our leisure hours? and wilt thou therefore persecute us with a Claffin? Send us rather a defaulting treasurer, a thieving Congressman, or any other one whose ways are not altogether past finding out, but not another woman. O Lord! if thou lovest us, not another woman. We have several batches of the article which we are ready to deliver into thy hands, whenever it shall please thee to call for them, but we can't recommend them; O Lord! we have not yet sunk so low. We scorn a lie.

In reading the pathetic report of the Grand Jury in relation to the disgusted, displeased and disheartened state of their minds, because of the fearful state of the County Jail, we are inclined to weep with them. It is true that the Lord, in striking the inmates of the County Jail with an epidemic, displayed a temperate willingness on his part to rid us of this portion of our superfluous society, but then we constitutionally oppose ourselves to his way of doing things. He doesn't know the dodges in an election campaign, nor how much a jailbird's vote may be worth when the time comes to take him out. Therefore we coincide with the Grand Jury, and say, feed them well. Give them soup to delight an Alderman's heart, with lumps of green fat floating on top; give them woodcock and snipe, truffles and champagne. We know they like it, because we once gave a small hoodlum a piece of boned turkey, and when the youth had swallowed it, he rubbed his nose on his coat sleeve, smacked his lips, and asked for some more *head-cheese*.

That irrepressible little imp has come to the surface again. We had imagined her quietly buried among the tomes of Berkeley, resting after her lobbying toils, and becoming learned in the cheerful secrets of the law, when, presto! up she pops again in a new capacity. Sallie is a species of policeman now, and is commissioned to arrest any one who is cruel to animals. We advise her to begin on the man who appointed her. They are thrusting honors too thick upon a little mite of seventy-five pounds' weight and four feet high. Grant will be consulting her upon the inflation question next. By the way, if some kind soul would invent some process whereby Sallie could be inflated lengthwise, the eternal fitness of things would be more evident. It is probably her size that impresses us with the idea that she is a little roly-poly, fit only for fondling, and gives us an irresistible inclination to spank her like fun.

A preponderance of pointed heels and forehead locks, of long-tailed coats and cigar stumps, together with a fluttering of calico gowns in the neighborhood of the boats, warn us that the picnic season is upon us once more. Beside, the first rape of the season has taken place, and whenever we are furnished with an unusually nasty item, it comes either from the vicinity of Oakland or San José, where picnics most do flourish. Although it is sad to reflect that several classic hoodlums have departed this life since the last 1st of May, the ranks have not been depleted by one hoodlumess, and we are promised a lively season. Miss Curtin, having finished her term of mourning, will probably inaugurate the row. Mothers are respectfully notified that daughters are to be allowed to do just as they please, that the devil may have a fair chance, said devil having been created according to the Massey prescription. Hurrah for picnics!

It is our confirmed and candid opinion that Judge Stanly's part in the original scheme of creation was that of a mule. It is not for us to say that the Almighty changed his mind regarding the distribution of characters. We will obligingly leave ears out of the question, and content ourselves by saying that the old gentleman is balky. He can be neither driven nor coaxed. When he plants his fore feet in the ground and balks, heaven nor earth nor all the juries and newspapers between here and kingdom come could move him. He made up his mind that there should be an epidemic in the County Jail, and he has it. It was his original intention to wait till black vomit, small-pox, yellow fever and Asiatic cholera had a fair start before he took any decisive step, but they haven't come, and he has been obliged to receive typhoid and typhus as all the concession that can be made. A case of leprosy, on the part of some obliging jail-bird, he would take as a personal compliment. It is probable that the Judge, not having had his way satisfactorily in the epidemic matter, will shut down on the rations altogether, and try to find out upon what minimum of food a prisoner may live without dying of starvation. The prisoners have one resource. Let them swear they don't want anything to eat, and they will be fed like a brood of capons.

The Bulletin, in its local paragraphs of late, has assumed a style to which we object. It has become diffuse, not to say jocose. Whereas a robbery, a murder, a burglary, was formerly given in the most succinct way, a mere mention of the accident and the cause thereof, the story is now verbose and flowery, elaborate and ornate, to say nothing of a fine line of jesting sarcasm which runs through it, making light of the ills of life. We used to read the *Bulletin* for the facts of the case, and the other papers for the embellishments. Latterly, however, when searching for its old-time horror of the evils of intemperance, when narrating the incidents of a police court, or its righteous indignation over gamblers and robbers, we stray into a labyrinth of would be funny description, and immagine ourselves reading the *Chronicle* or the *Post*. It may be the spirit of the age, but it is as unbecoming to the *Bulletin* as rouge on the cheek of a beldame of seventy years.

We like Jimmy Denman's spunk in throwing his glove in the face of the addleheads who censured him. It is true Jimmy was wrong, but the idea of the present Board of Education knowing enough to judge of the matter is too absurd. Somebody ought to send them out to make sand pies in Yerba Buena, under the shadow of the new Court House, while somebody that knows how takes charge of the schools. They are as helpless as a girl with a new piano who don't know how to play, and James tries to give them lessons and can't. According to James Denman, the Board don't know anything, and according to the Board, he is a numbskull. According to both of them, the teachers are all presuming blockheads, and according to the teachers, the parents and the children are all arrant noodles. Can any one solve the educational muddle?

Philomena is hushed. Her plaintive thrill echoes no more through the silence of the midnight hour, and the burden of song which freighted the stilly darkness has died away. The complaining moon peeps out in woderment from among the clouds and hears no sound from the cadenced throat of the silver-voiced night bird. The leaves hang lifeles on the trees, and quiver no more beneath the burst of melody which was wont to set them shivering and sighing in the night wind. The lark waits vainly for the last echo from the dark ere she lifts her voice in the melody of the dawn. Philomena is a night bird no more. She lies in the County Jail expecting an attack of delirium tremens. Her last name is Bailey.

Another parson has come to grief. The Reverend Tunas Titus Kendrick, of Brooklyn, has been presented with his walking papers because his breath smelt of strong drink. This fact was ascertained by the female members of the flock. Had it been patent to one member only, all might have been well, but he diffused its balm among too many, and a row was the result. This is another of the many warnings to parsons either to eat cardamon seeds and boil the communion wine down with cloves, or go after the lambs of some other flock in moments of exaltation. It is the mistake of parsons that they can't condense their affections, and the women won't stand a scattering. Take warning, O San Francisco reverends, by the fate of Tunas Titus and the warnings of the *N. L.* We are your friend, if you would only believe so.

We have observed that the Dress Reformers invariably begin with their legs; and we also observe that they are as a rule very sparsely endowed. This must be the reason of the insane desire these women have to swathe their legs on ungainly broadcloth bandages. Nothing else can account for the invariable sympathy between legs and reform. We had looked forward to a tide in the affairs of women which would take less cloth, less money, and leave them the same pretty creatures kind nature intended them to be. We utterly rescind our commands to Mrs. *T. C.* We prefer long bills and long clothes to the two legged abominations Mrs. Clarke would make of women. For that persevering female herself, we have a shade more respect than we had a week ago. It is a comfort to know that when she did peel there was a little white underneath. We had been commiserating Mr. C for passing his nights with a red flannel gnome.

It is pleasant to know that a Catholic may be a Granger if he wants to. The Pope has said so, and of course the Pope knows. Timothy McMannus asked Father McGrath, who asked the Bishop, who asked the Pope, and the Pope, concluding that the times were too many for him, said yes! The Pope, who is a wise old gent in his way, forbore to remark that the said Timothy was a damphool, but the *T. C.* delivers itself of the epithet, and shoulders the responsibility.

The McCullough dispatches continue to come to the *Alta* with unfailing regularity. We hope when the *Alta* dies and goes to Heaven—where it certainly will go, if it be true that the exceedingly dull are generally exceedingly good—that Peter will have a John McCullough manufactured into whose bosom it may creep—vice Abraham, deposed. If not, John McCullough will have to permit a suit of his old clothes to be buried in the coffin with the defunct granny, lest the corpse become restive and hanker for McCullough. We have seen many bad cases of McCullough—he goes through town periodically, like the measles—but the *Alta* has him bad.

The Matinee Brigade feared for a time that Nathan's fountain had quite eclipsed Wakelee's corner as a grand stand on review day. But the old hands, the knowing ones, have come to the conclusion that distance not only lends enchantment to the view, but gives a more extensive sweep of prospect, and bidding for reserved places has been quite as lively as usual. It is not yet announced whether the best spot has been secured by Harris, Clark, Logan, Cahill, Wakelee himself, or the pompous little Major, but the brigade itself bets freely on Logan and Clarke.

Some students fixed up a ghost and placed it on the staircase of a Troy newspaper office the other night, and then retired and awaited developments. One of the editors came along and didn't get frightened. He disrobed it, and now wears a fifteen-dollar pair of pantaloons, a ten-dollar vest, a seven-dollar pair of boots and an eight-dollar hat, while one of the students goes about without a vest, and another roams around through the least frequented streets wearing a very ancient pair of inexpressibles.

George Francis Train Seeking a Tomb in Westminster Abbey.—We are told by a New England paper: "George Francis Train is understood to have been so powerfully affected by the wish of Canon Kingsley that some American might be buried in Westminster Abbey, that he has determined to abandon his prospects of the Presidency, never so flattering as now, and go over to London to furnish the requisite corpse. Only a great soul could be capable of such an act."

A Scotchwoman advertises for a situation to do general housework, premising that she don't do up-stairs work nor washing and ironing. Housekeepers are in a state of distracted wonder as to what she calls general housework. Her ideas are probably so general that she don't want to do anything in particular except draw her wages. But then she is a canny Scot, and this accounts for her being after the "siller."

The infant's shelter contains eight rooms and six babies. There's one for each and two over, as the children say in division. Yet in the face of this surplus room they are trying to get up another. We sniff a collection on the rising breeze. Somehow there never is a good deed without a collection. Upon this subject we are marble, but when the plate is passed for the extermination of babies we shall contribute.

It is truly touching to read of the crusaders in Oregon. Satan drove the mob and the saloon keepers to deeds of violence, but those lovely women faced the mad throng, the infuriated saloon keepers, the sneering, jeering crowd, and with pathetic fidelity, unwaring constancy, and the most imperturbable gravity and childlike devotion prayed and sang and howled hallelujahs—just for spite.

Experiments made upon a healthy soldier in London go to show that alcohol is useless in a greater quantity than two ounces daily. The same experiments, however, indicated an advantage in its use if employed in rousing a feeble appetite or exciting a feeble circulation of blood.

"Do you believe there are any people who never heard 'Old Hundred?'" asked a musical young lady at the family table. "Lots of folks never heard it," interrupted the precocious young brother. "Where are they, I should like to know?" was asked. "In the deaf and dumb asylums."

True Patience.—"I remember," says the celebrated Wesley, "hearing my father say to my mother, 'How could you have the patience to tell that blockhead the same thing twenty times over?' 'Why,' said she,' if I had only told him nineteen times, I should have lost all my labor.'"

Plates.—"Has that cookery-book any pictures?" said Miss Ernestine Wilhelmina Fubbs to a book-seller. "No, miss—none," was the answer. "Well," exclaimed the young lady, "what is the use of telling us how to make a good dinner if they give us no *plates?*"

"**John,**" said a schoolmaster, "you will soon be a man, and will have to do business—what do you suppose you will do when you have to write letters unless you learn to spell better?" "Oh, sir, I shall put easy words in them."

The Siamese twins were Baptists. "But," says the *Presbyterian*, "suppose one had been a disbeliever, how could the other have been immersed?" But another says they were not Baptists—they were United Brethren.

A Brooklyn sea-captain, just returned from a tour of the Holy Land, expressed himself disgusted with Jerusalem. "It is the meanest place I ever visited! There is not a drop of liquor in the old town fit to drink."

The following appeared lately in the Philadelphia Ledger: Wanted, to trade a vault in Monument Cemetery for a piano. 227 North Sixth street.

THE HUNTING OF PAUPUK-KEEWIS.

Gingerly walking
Over the snow,
See, a deer-stalking
The poor Digger go,
Seeking for muck-a-muck,
Haply an antlered buck,
Or, failing such good luck,
A fawn or a doe.

Up long before the sun,
Ere the gray dawn,
Armed with his faithful gun,
He must begone.
Up from his leafy bed,
Rime glistening on his head,
Slowly with dogged tread,
Famished and wan.

His shirt is of cotton
And grievously torn,
His breeches half rotten,
His moccasins worn,
And with a ragged clout
Wraps he his head about,
And with his gun sets out
Savage forlorn!

Climbing that rocky bluff
Makes him feel sad,
But now he is warm enough,
Well enough clad;
The sight of the river
No more makes him shiver,
But with carniver-
Ous hopes he is glad.

Now his eye glistens,
And still as a snake,
He eagerly listens:
He hears a twig break,
And in clump of fir,
Cresting the mountain's spur,
Sees he an antler stir
And an ear shake.

Snuffing the morning air,
See, they come on:
An old antlered buck is there,
A doe and a fawn;
Facing the eastern gate
Stand they with heads elate,
And while the sun they wait,
Gaze on the dawn.

Round by that rocky cliff
Steals he behind;
Vainly the air they sniff,
He has their wind,
And that fell Digger,
With motionless figure,
Sets back the trigger
With murderous mind.

Grave is his attitude,
Slow is his aim,
To hit is beatitude,
Missing is shame;
He covers a vital part—
Bang! he has cleft the heart,
And with convulsive start
Falls the dead game.

Quickly upon his back
Hoists he the spoil,
Light seems the precious pack,
Pleasure the toil,
And with a jogging pace
Runs he his homeward race;
One in his smiles may trace
Thoughts of a broil.

How his papooses
To welcome him run;
His pack he unlooses,
Unshoulders his gun,
And with a loud guffaw
Bids he his grimy squaw
Feed him with roast and raw—
His work is done.

And though till sunset
Cram they and stuff,
They have not done yet
Nor eaten enough;
But in the dead of night,
Rising with fresh delight,
Gorge with keen appetite
Tender and tough.

Picking the marrow,
Commending its worth,
And banishing sorrow
With infinite mirth.

OUR MINISTER TO CHINA.

We exceedingly regret to hear of the continued illness of Mr. Benjamin P. Avery, our new Minister to China. Mr. Avery, during a long series of years, gave his very best energies to the *Bulletin*, and is now paying the penalty by a severe indisposition, the result of long continued and exhausting labors. The everlasting round of that treadmill prostrated him, and when compelled by ill health to slacken off his exertions somewhat, he was permitted to resign without one word of sympathy or of commendation, and now that Mr. Avery is being congratulated by the press of the whole State upon his highly fitting appointment as Minister to China, the only journal that studiously refuses to give him one kind word is that paper, which his labors for so many years have done so much to sustain. But this only proves what we have all along insisted upon, namely, that there is no heart in the *Bulletin*. Mr. Avery's illness confined him strictly to his rooms on Bush street for some time, but the past few days he has been able to take a drive out. With care it is hoped and believed that he will shortly be sufficiently restored to start on his mission. A sea voyage will doubtless be of benefit. Mr. Avery's numerous friends will anxiously anticipate his entire recovery.

The Madisonville Times prints this sensible paragraph: "Correspondents will oblige us very materially if, in their articles, they will confine themselves to the use of either 'we' or 'I.' The indiscriminate use of both is vexatious. Neither is it necessary to quote every other word and italicise the rest."

Never kick a man when he's down, unless you are sure he can't get up.

THE LAST LETTER.

This hand to-night will surely pen
The fatal word that rends
The chords so cherished once; but then
We both were better friends.
'Twill scarcely give us pain at last
To break the silken bond
That bound us to the tender past,
Fair, promising, and fond.

And let it go! without a sigh—
At least with slight regret—
For better days are doomed to die,
And we can both forget.
A friendship, which was that in name—
But was it more—or less!—
That brought a sweetness into life
And left a bitterness.

I can send back each souvenir
And calmly, heaven knows;
Nor wish to keep one loving line,
Nor hide a withered rose!
No wild pulse thrills my bosom now,
Nor bids my fingers stay;
Our idyl has been dead so long
We'll bury it to-day.

Beneath the careless morrow's smile,
As though the tears that blot
The story of all else that's lost,
In this had been forgot;
And let it be a nameless grave—
A hidden hermitage—
But one to which our sated hearts
Shall make no pilgrimage.

FIFTY CELEBRATED AUTHORS—WHO ARE THEY?

Hearth and Home propounds the following puzzle to its young readers, and offers premiums for their successful answer. Our young readers can try their hands at cracking the fifty hard nuts: Author number 1 is what a rough man once said to his son when he wished him to eat his food properly; 2 is a lion's house, dug in the side of a hill where there is no water; 3, a good many pilgrims and flatterers have knelt low to kiss him; 4 makes and mends for first-class customers; 5 represents the dwellings of civilized countries; 6 is a kind of linen; 7 can be worn on the head; 8, one name that means such fiery things, I can't describe their pains and stings; 9 belongs to a monastery; 10, not one of the four points of the compass, but inclining toward one of them; 11 is what an oyster heap is apt to be; 12 is any chain of hills containing a certain dark treasure; 13, always youthful, you see—but, between you and me, he never was much of a chicken; 14, an American manufacturing town; 15, humpbacked, but not deformed; 16 is an internal pain; 17, the value of a word; 18, a ten-footer whose name begins with fifty; 19, brighter and smarter than the other one; 20, a worker in the precious metals; 21, a very vital part of the body; 22, a lady's garment; 23, small talk and a heavy weight; 24, a prefix and a disease; 25 comes from an unlearned pig: 26, a disagreeable fellow to have on one's foot; 27, a sick place of worship; 28, a mean dog 'tis; 29, an official dreaded by the students of English universities; 30, his middle name is suggestive of an Indian or a Hottentot; 31, a manufactured metal; 32, a game and a male of the human species; 33, an answer to, Which is the greater poet, William Shakspeare or Martin F. Tupper? 34, meat, what are you doing? 35 is very fast indeed; 36, a barrier built of an edible; 37, to agitate a weapon: 38, red as an apple, black as night, a heavy sigh, or a "perfect fright;" 39, a domestic worker; 40, a slang exclamation; 41, pack away closely—never scatter—and doing so you'll soon get at her; 42, a young domestic animal; 43, one who is more than a sandy shore; 44, a fraction in American currency, and the prevailing fashion; 45, "Mamma is in perfect health, my child," and thus he mentions a poet mild; 46, a girl's name and a male relative; 47, take a heavy field gun, nothing loth, and in a trice you'll find them both; 48, put an edible grain 'twixt an ant and a bee, and a much-beloved poet you'll speedily see; 49, a common domestic animal, and what she cannot do; 50, each human head in time, 'tis said, will turn to him, though he is dead.

A HIGHLANDER AT SEA.

On one occasion a Highlander sailed in the packet from Abedeen to Granton. It was the first time Donald had been on ship, and the novel scene interested him greatly. So long as the vessel was in smooth water he enjoyed the sail very much, but ere long a squall came on, causing the ship to pitch and roll in a manner which to Donald was very alarming. Irritated by being bumped about, and suffering, besides, from disagreeable internal sensations, he made his way to the deck to find out the cause of the ship's bad behavior. Arrived there, he was taking a survey of the scene, where his eye lighted on the steersman. The latter did not work by the wheel, but by the old-fashioned long-handled rudder, and, after eyeing his proceedings for a minute, the cloud of wrath on the Highlander's brow grew black as night. He advanced towards the steersman in a stealthy way, and the instant he was within reach, knocked him down by a blow with his fist, exclaiming as he did so, "Tak' that, you villain, for kittlin' her tail wi' that stick, and makin' her jump!"

A Model Husband from the Land of Fiction.—"He admired his wife so much that he used to light the candle three times every night to look at her; and he became a very celebrated bankrupt two or three times."

DELIGHT IN NATURE.

I clasp, as bees do flowers, with amorous wings,
The spirit of life in moving joyous things;
  Where'er desire receives the boon it craves,
A new Athene from my forehead springs.

When on the rose-stock a fresh blossom blows,
I live within the young triumphant rose;
  I stretch my plumes with new-born butterflies,
And with the yearling linnet's my voice grows.

But most I find the answer to my mind
Where men and women live as God designed,
  With natural aims, warm loves and sympathies,
By no court-rules or uncouth laws confined.

Lovers behind the hay-stacks out of sight,
And peasants dancing in a barn at night,
  Rough fishers chanting as they haul the net,
And whistling mowers in the fading light.

Slim country girls that chatter hand in hand,
Men singing homewards through the harvest land,
  The fiddler straping, when the moon has set,
A May-pole ditty for a laughing band—

All these are more than my own life to me;
I haul the moon-shot fishes from the sea,
  I fiddle on the village green, I dance,
I thrill with others in their honest glee.

—"*On Viol and Flute*," *by E. W. Gosse* (*King & Co*).

COURT CHAT.

Prince Bismarck's Illness.—The nervous affection from which Prince Bismarck suffers acutely at intervals, and which at present afflicts him, is an evil of long standing. Naturally robust, he enjoyed perfect health during youth and early manhood; but about fifteen years ago he became liable to neuralgic and rheumatic attacks, which are a severe trial of his strength. At a hunt in Sweden he was severely wounded in the shin-bone, but the wound was long neglected, and when at last he placed himself in the hands of the doctors the blunder of one of his medical advisers in the selection of a blister increased the evil. A severe illness was the result it 1859, and never since that time has the Chancellor enjoyed perfect health. After going to St. Petersburg he suffered greatly from a rheumatic attack in the left leg, and it was necessary after a time to get leave of absence. Another severe illness followed at Berlin, and reduced his strength terribly. One of the most distressing symptoms of his malady is sleeplessness, from which the Prince suffers terribly.

The directions given by the Pope for the celebration by the Church of the Jubilee of King Victor Emmanuel's twenty-five years' reign are that his Majesty being, by the grace of God, King of Sadinia, Piedmont, and Liguria, and by regular treaties of cession King of Lombardy and Venetia, the Jubilee is to be celebrated in all the churches of these provinces, and *Te Deums* are to be chanted. In the churches of the rest of Italy, where the King is considered by the Pope as a temporary, illegitimate master, no Church celebration of the Jubilee is to take place.

A number of photographs, about the size of a postage stamp, of the young Prince Louis Napoléon were affixed recently against houses, in passages, and particularly on various public monuments. Many inscriptions were thus worded:—

"16 Mars.
Vive Napoleon IV."

Certain individuals, provided with plates of zinc or strong card, pierced with holes, were seen marking the walls and using a blackened brush to leave traces of the letters. One of these persons, caught in the act, was arrested. As to the portraits and mottoes, they were carefully removed or effaced by the police.

Marshal de M'Mahon, in accord with the Committee of Pardons, has just commuted the punishment of several persons from deportation to banishment. Amongst them is the sculptor Capellaro, an artist of some talent, who had only played an insignificant part in the insurrection of the 18th of March. In his case the favor was accorded through the intervention of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, and also on account of the good conduct of the prisoner, who completed during his captivity a statue of an angel for Sainte-Eustache.

An historical curiosity has just been placed in the Museum of the Invalides, namely, the suit of armor which Charles VII. presented to Joan of Arc, and which the heroine went to deposit at St. Denis after having been wounded under the walls of Paris. It is composed of steel plates, weighs about fifty pounds, and in every respect resembles the one in the Pierrefonds collection, which the Maid of Orleans wore at the moment when she fell into the power of the enemy in making a sortie from Compiègne.

Miss Rose Evans, whose performance in *Rachel the Reaper* we noticed, is a young lady, says the *Court Journal*, who has won laurels in Australia and America, and bids fair to occupy the attention of the English public. It is interesting to find that, in return for the talent which this country has supplied to our transatlantic friends for years, we are being gratified by the appearance on the London stage of high-class artistes, full of energy and enthusiasm, from "across the Ferry."

To a Spaniard a good cigarette is one of the necessaries of life, and so important does it seem to the Government that the army should have a supply of smoking materials that an official announcement has been made to the effect that nearly twenty-five thousand pounds of cigarettes have been gratuitously granted to the military. In order to pay for this and the other expenses of the war, telegrams are to be taxed at five centimes after the 1st of April—All Fools' Day.

A curious incident happened with Sir Watkin Wynn's hounds recently. They found and ran their fox for some distance along the Great Western Railway, when he made for Wrexham town. Darting up an entry, he finally plunged into the middle of a cottage, closely followed by the whole pack. He was finally extricated with a pair of tongs amid a scene of much excitement, a kill in the streets being a novelty to the good folks of Wrexham.

Rifling of a Royal Tomb.—The journals announce that a robbery has just been committed at the Mausoleum of the Rothenberg, Stuttgart, which contains the ashes of King William and Queen Catherine, *nee* Grand Duchess of Russia. The thieves blew open the door of the vault with gunpowder, and carried off all the valuable objects they could find, the whole, in gold and precious stones, being worth 500,000 francs. The thieves have been arrested.

There is one lady in Dean street who is happy. Her rival belle, at an exclusive party one evening last week, got her hair entangled with the button of a gentleman's coat, and she was soon bald-headed. "Poor dear," said the Dean-street lady, "how I pity you! Take this handkerchief and tie it round your head. You may take cold. What a terrible affliction it must be to be old and bald-headed!"

At the hunt of the Royal Buckhounds, Windsor recently, the Prince of Wales was attired in a black velvet jacket and dress, trimmed with dark grey fur, black velvet turban hat, trimmed with sable, and black lace fall. The Duchess of Edinburgh wore a similar costume to the Princess of Wales, with the exception that Her Imperial Highness' turban hat had crimson velvet on the crown.

The Czar has, it is believed, definitely expressed his desire to be present at the Derby, but, if he should not arrive in time, he will attend Ascot instead. Some of the State apartments at Windsor, as well as Buckingham Palace, will be placed at His Imperial Majesty's disposal, and a grand review in Windsor Park in his honor is also spoken of.

A correspondent at Portsmouth, describing the preparations in that town to welcome the troops from the Gold Coast, says that a huge flag with the inscription, "Welcome Home!" had been hoisted over the police station. It was fortunately seen and removed in time.

One evening recently, at a Paris *café*, a group of idlers were discussing politics and people who change their opinions. "Well," said one, "I've never cried 'Long live anybody!'" "Quite so," remarked another; "but then you're a doctor."

The Shah intends to undertake a pilgrimage to Meched in the course of the present year, in pursuance of a vow taken during his travels in Europe. The journey is expected to occupy some months.

The King of Holland is said to have expressed his desire that all the moneys collected for the celebration of his accession jubilee shall be devoted to charitable and generally useful purposes.

A final rupture is said to have taken place between Prince Napoleon and the Empress and Prince Imperial, through the refusal of the former to visit Chiselhurst recently.

The Prince Imperial has gained the largest number of marks at the Woolwich examination, and therefore has the first place on the list.

The Duke of Edinburgh is about to be made a Freemason. The chief part of the ceremony of installation will, it is said, be performed by the Prince of Wales.

The monthly nurse, presenting two little strangers (twins) to a father for the first time: "Is it," said he, blushing, "to make a choice, madame?"

"**Gentle Caloric**" is the name given by a French firm to a toddy they have imported from Scotland.

The wife of Don Carlos (the Duchess of Madrid) gave birth to a daughter recently.

A novel by Signor Castelar is announced at Madrid—*The Story of a Heart*.

A newly-converted reporter thus notices a minstrel troupe: "For those who do not consider it a sin to witness minstrel shows, this entertainment will furnish a pleasant relaxation from revival meetings."

MY BROWN-EYED LASSIE.

I have a winsome darling,
Who prattles all day long,
And cheers my home with music
Sweeter by far than song;
A bright-eyed, brown-eyed lassie,
With teeth of perfect pearl,
In whose soft hair the sunshine plays
In many a golden curl.

I know my lassie loves me,
Her sweet eyes tell me so,
And warm within her bosom,
He heart beats true, I know;
And often rose-bud kisses
Greet me with tender grace;
And love lights up with glowing smiles
Her honest, radiant face.

Yet something tells me, sadly,
"Not always will it be
That she will greet thy coming,
As now, so light and free!
For there will come a stranger,
Who'll make her heart his own;
And far away thy rose may bloom,
Whilst thou art sad and lone."

And when this shadow cometh
Between her heart and mine,
Though mine may break with anguish,
Yet I must not repine!
It is the fate of mortals,
Repeated day by day,
And pays the debt—for once I stole
Some other heart away!

THE PIONEERS AND GENERAL EMORY.

The daily papers contain the following notice: "Passengers who arrived by the steamer *Panama*, on the Fourth of June, 1849, will please call at the office of John V. Plume, No. 319 California street, and register their names as early as practicable, to facilitate necessary and suitable arrangements for celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of their arrival in this city, on the 4th of June next. Wm. M. Gwinn, Hall McAllister, John V. Plume, Fred. F. Low, Lafayette Maynard, John C. Morrison, Jr., John B. Weller, E. W. McKinstry, W. H. V. Cronise." In reference to this celebration, the following letter has been received:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF, New Orleans, April 6th, '74.

TO MR. JOHN V. PLUME.—Dear Sir: I regret very much that the distance is so great, and my official duties such, that I will not be able to join the meeting of the passengers who arrived by the steamer *Panama* on the 4th of June, 1849, on the 4th of June next, 1874. I regret greatly it is not in my power to join the meeting in San Francisco of what is left of that intelligent and gallant set of men who have done so much to make California what she is—the leading State on the Pacific Coast, and among the leading States in the Union. It was, as you are aware, my second visit to that country, the first visit being with the Army and Navy in 1846 and 1847, when we fought the battles which gave you that country. The so-called California Pioneer Society have steadily ignored the services of the Army and Navy in the conquest of that country, and on the part of the Army, services rendered in a campaign of unparalleled hardships and privations, that army being the first regular military force that had crossed the continent. I am sure, from the honored names signed to the card calling the meeting on the 4th of June next, no such line of conduct can be anticipated, and I cordially wish you all a happy and merry meeting. With great regard,

Your friend and obedient servant,
W. B. EMORY, Major-General United States Army.

NEW BOOKS FROM A. ROMAN & CO.

The Old Masters and Their Pictures. By Sarah Tytler. Roberts Brothers, Boston, publishers.

MODERN PAINTERS AND THEIR PAINTINGS. By Sarah Tytler. Roberts Bros., Boston, publishers.

We know of no two books more worthy to be placed in the hands of the American art public. They are filled with accounts of the great masters, both ancient and modern, and with descriptions of their most famous works; and so charmingly written as to interest the learner in art as well as the artist.

PRETTY MRS. GASTON AND OTHER STORIES. By J. Esten Cooke. Auther of "Surry of Eagle's Nest," "The Virginia Comedians," etc.

One of those light, graceful stories, filled with excellent descriptions of character, for Mr. Cooke has the happy knack of hitting off the peculiarities of his *dramatis personæ*, so that they stand out with great distinctiveness.

THE TRUST AND THE REMITTANCE. By Mary Cowden Clarke. Two Love Stories in Metred Prose. Published by Roberts Bros., Boston.

We quote The Dedication: "To the Lover Husband of Eighty-Five, these Love Stories are Dedicated by the Lover-Wife of Sixty-Three." The question now rests "How old must one be?"

NO INTENTIONS. A Novel. By Florence Marryatt. Author of "Forever and Forever," "Woman Against Woman," etc.

SCIENCE PRIMERS. No. 5, Geology. A. Geike. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

The Saturday Review tells of a Scotch clergyman who quoted a text of Scripture in his prayer, and added: "For that, O Lord, is the correct translation of the passage."

THE SECOND BOOK OF CHRONICLES.

CHAPTER X.

1. **And I saw in my dream** a great house standing in the middle of a plain, and in it were two rooms, in the which were many men sitting and standing and walking around.

2. And over their heads was there a thick smoke which floated around near the roof, which was continually changing its shape. And at first I could not see what manner of thing it was.

3. But when the angel touched me on the shoulder, I saw clearly, and behold, it was the likeness of two demons, but sometimes were they hid.

4. And I said unto the angel, What manner of place is this, and who are these men, and what are the figures in the smoke? Then said he unto me, son of man, hearken thou unto me:

5. The place that thou seest is the Kap E Tabl, and the men are the Ledgus Lay Ture, a tribe of vain men who afflict the people continually, and the figures of the demons are their familiar spirits, whose names are Bungkom and Blustah.

6. And as he spoke, behold, one of the men arose, who was fat and ill favored in countenance, and he cried, Phrates, Phrates, and while he cried, lo! did the demon Bungkom come out of the smoke and settle on his shoulder, and when he felt the demon he cried yet the more, but no man heeded him.

7. And when he had made an end of speaking, he sat down in the midst, and the other demon, even the spirit Blustah, entered into one of the men, who rose and spoke many words, but no man hearkened unto him, in that they said, He asketh questions of which no man knoweth the answer, not even he that speaketh, and I saw that he held in his hand a book, yet was he not able to read it, in that he himself had written it. And at the end thereof was the name and superscription of him that read it, and the letters thereof were J. F. S., of Phrisko.

8. And one who seemed to have authority over them sat at the end of the room, and he spake unto them all, but they heeded him not.

9. And one of those who sat in the upper chamber spake continually. And aforetime had his reputation been even as Aaron, the High Priest, for that he was gifted in speech, and ready to address the people. And in those days had he been given to wine and strong drink, but in the latter times he gave them up, so that man hearkened not unto him as they did.

10. Now this tribe were elected by the people to talk and govern, and for that the people had been deceived by the representations of those that worshiped the false god, Grand Jah, and they would have put an end unto Tych Phlatt, and therefore did say unto the members of this tribe, Now shall ye give your voices for such a thing, and so shall ye be profitable servants. Wherefore they did promise.

11. But they that sent them reckoned not on the influence of the Lobi. Now the Lobi was that which did rule this tribe. And the Lobi were the friends of the Tych Phlatt, wherefore did the wishes of all such men come to naught.

12. Great, therefore, is the person of the Lobi, and some men did say, Lo, will the people now pray unto the Lobi that they may be gracious unto them, and cause this tribe to do what the people want.

13. And when the people heard this they did all of them say, Amen.

14. And the angel said unto me, Behold, the day is not far distant, yea, is even now here, when all things shall be accomplished. Return thou unto earth and write.

15. And I awoke from my dream, and my head did pain, and my vision was not clear, and the spittal in my mouth was even like unto the chips that come from the axe of the carpenter. For had I not been under the influence of the spirit?

ABOUT THOSE APPLES.

The old conundrum about the number of apples eaten by Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden has started on another tour. We are sorry, for the answer has never been correctly given, making the result as follows: Eve 8 and Adam 2, a total of 10 only. Now we figured the thing out differently long ago, but through exceeding modesty never proclaimed the result, which is now given; Eve 8 and Adam 8 also. Total 16.—*Boston Journal.*

We think the above figures are entirely wrong. If Eve 8 and Adam 82, certainly the total will be 90. Scientific men, however, differ. On the strength of the theory that the antediluvians were a race of giants, and consequently great eaters, they reason something like this: Eve 81st and Adam 82. Total 163.—*Gloucester Advertiser.*

Wrong again: what could be clearer than if Eve 8-1 and Adam 8-1-2, the total was 893?—*Lawrence American.*

Though the mystery seems inexplicable to others, we are satisfied we have the true solution, in that Eve 81 and Adam 8124 company, making a grand total of 8205.—*Border City Herald.*

We have a German friend who says that before Eve commenced eating Adam ate *nein.* This makes a total of 8214.

They were going to put a man out of a San Francisco theater, says an Eastern exchange, for creating a disturbance, when a voice cried, "He's all right, he's killed a Chinaman!" and they let the man alone.

WASHINGTON "COURT CHAT."

There is one class of persons which takes no gloomy view of the present or the future—bridal couples. We have half a dozen marriages announced in official life, and two of the brides are to be daughters of no less distinguished persons than General Sherman and Senator Stewart, of Nevada. Miss Minnie Sherman is a piquant and graceful young lady, a native of Ohio, exceedingly modest and even shy, of a fair appearance, without pretensions to being a belle of the period, and her choice is a stalwart officer of the navy. General Sherman has a republican family. His wife is a charitable, peace-making woman, the daughter of Secretary Ewing, who raised General Sherman. Mr. Ewing was a Protestant, I believe, but in later life became a convert to the Roman Catholic Church, and all the Shermans in the General's family, unless I am misinformed, are Roman Catholics. Mrs. Sherman is a devout woman, and her residence in the old Douglas row puts her into neighborhood relations with St. Aloysius' Church, where there is the best singing in the city. General Sherman, I think, is not a communicant of any church. He is liberal in his views, yet no optimist where his individual character comes in question, as can be seen from his course when the State of Louisiana, which had given him employment, concluded to abandon the Union. He spoke with a directness which should have had influence at the time with the secession element, and spared them much money and blood, and should have shown them that Northern-born people were perfectly in earnest in their attachment to the Union, no matter what their social feelings might be on slavery or the negro. Some days ago I heard Mrs. Sherman say that she thought her husband's letter in favor of the Union, dated January, 1861, was a prouder subject with her than any battle he ever fought. To a thinking race, which could have the reason to measure resources and apprehend such a war as came about, this letter ought to have been invaluable. Gen. Sherman has two daughters whom many think to be twins. He has been scrupulous to educate his children in the West instead of in the East, and he likes the Western States better than the old sections of the country. His Louisiana letter in 1861 obtained for him the commonplace appointment of a captaincy in the regular army, the same rank he had resigned. He appeared at the battle of Bull Run as a colonel, commanding a brigade. His patron was General Robert Anderson, who demanded him for the second in command, and under him appeared General Nelson and General Rousseau. His opinions are about wholly original, and he is sometimes the victim of his individuality, earnestly believing what nobody else believes, and frequently overturning opinions astray from his mode of life. Nobody leaves him, however, without believing in him more and more. His temperament is just the reverse of General Grant's—the one phlegmatic, cautious, silent, and receptive, the other decided, outspoken, unintermittent, nervous. These two men probably appreciate each other for their oppositeness, which is also in a measure appositeness. Nellie Grant, too, is to be married to her Englishman, and from all accounts the match is one of those little romantic things which make the world kin, and draw together great forces and races by the merest accident. The young woman was returning from Europe, and on the steamship, where, as you know, the appetite becomes very good after three or four days, the drapery feels the wind and delineates the pretty figure, and the piquancy of drawing near home on the one side, and visiting a new country on the other, bring those who never dreamed of each other into intimacy, and next into love and matrimony. Nellie Grant is no beauty, and yet is quite pretty. She resembles both her father and her mother, has an earnest spirit, a personal loyalty, some merriment, and much real goodness. The young man whose name she is to take is said to be resolute, considerate and genuine—in fact, just the person to match Miss Grant's fortune and condition. Miss Bessie Stewart is another of the brides set down in the book of destiny. She is a graceful young woman, and by some is considered quite handsome. Her husband that is to be is a Lieutenant in the navy, and the cousin, I think, of General Joseph Hooker. We form very decided opinions of men we do not know, and are guided by them for years, when suddenly a new revelation will be made to us which will have the effect of making us doubt our own positiveness. I had the opinion of Senator Stewart that he was a sort of wild, headlong frontier lawyer, used to dealing with miners, and knocking down and dragging out. The sale of the Emma Mine and its collapse, as was stated, did not impress me the more in his favor. A few nights ago I found myself in conversation with Mrs. Stewart, a bright-eyed, merry woman, and when I heard her depiction of the Senator's nature, it had at least a cheerful flavor.

Six times had Stewart built a home for his family. Taking large chances, and buoyant and confident, he had each time met with a reverse, and had begun the contest anew. His wife told me she never had known him to be dispirited; but was always sunshiny, radiant, and suggestive. "He is a good man to have in the family," said his wife, "for he keeps low-spiritedness out of the house." It struck me that it was as comforting to hear such an account of a public man as to read over long columns of imputation and scorn upon a thousand things which are merely strange to us because we have no acquaintance with large transactions and do not know the intimate relations between material enterprise and public office. Take any of our Presidents and statesmen, and they have had something to do with material affairs, enough in this censorious period to have given them a doubtful reputation. Washington earnestly labored to have the capital seat pitched within a few miles of his estate, and he bought three parcels of property in the Federal District, and then used the argument of the probable supremacy of the city to dispose of his estates in letters to Arthur Young and the Earl of Buchan.

O TEMPORA! O MORES!

There was a time when men of worth,
Unsullied fame and gentle birth,
Filled every place of trust;
Living, they were a nation's pride,
A nation's hot tears when they died
Fell thickly on their dust.

The people placed them where they stood,
They labored for the public good,
Not for the public gold;
They did not strive for private fame
But strove their native land's fair name
Free from all spot to hold.

Their power was not gained by stealth,
'Twas proof of worthiness, not wealth,
To hold a public place;
To each was meted out his meed,
The flower was cared for, but the weed,
Down-trampled in disgrace.

None dared approach the judgment-seat
With ruffian-threat, or promise sweet,
To beard or bribe a Judge; [clear,"
A man's "friends" could not "get him
For neither proffered gold nor fear
Could make firm Justice budge.

But now all this is sadly changed,
The better men are all estranged,
Except a very few;
They feel that character were lost
If they should take a public post,
Which, sooth to say, is true.

The right man is no longer sought,
But vacancies are sold, and bought
By men whose *trade* it is
To speculate in politics,
With which no decent man may mix
And still be pure, I wis.

With greedy leer old Law looks round,
And where the fattest prize is found
He lays his dirty claw;
The proffered bribe of flaunting sin
He reaches for and clutches in,
To cram his filthy maw.

The battle now is to the strong,
And might is right, and right is wrong;
The pistol and the knife
Are brandished in the light of day,
And men and boy and women play
At taking human life.

San Francisco, April 18, 1874. T. A. H.

PACIFIC MAIL COMPANY.

The insensate Call is after the Pacific Mail Company, on grounds the most monstrous and absurd. It demands that the Mail Company shall make no agreements with the trans-continental railroads; or, if it does, it must suffer the penalty of losing its subsidy. In the name of all that is good, what common sense is there in such a proposition? How is the Mail Company to conduct such business as carrying passengers, teas and silks without making agreements and arrangements with the railroads concerned? In their mad hate the *Bulletin-Call* proprietors' cry is, "Anything to be revenged upon the Central Pacific Railroad Company." It is this which has induced them to industriously puff the Panama route of late. If the Mail Company will attempt the impossible task of forcing the trade of the Eastern States with China and Japan into the old Isthmus route, it will have the very cordial backing of the *Bulletin-Call*—whatever that may be worth. Anything to beat Stanford. Reverse the laws of gravitation, make water run up hill and attempt any other stupid and impossible thing, if it will only injuriously affect the great railroad, whose interests are so intimately bound up with those of California that it is impossible to injure the one without hurting the other. One of the great objects sought to be obtained by the building of the overland roads was the acquirement of the trade with the orient. Upon that point the *Bulletin*, ere now, has printed scores of emphatic articles. In those days its vision was not distorted—on the railroad question, at any rate—by motives of personal malice and revenge. It could see clearly enough then the immense value of bringing our great cities as near as possible to the vast trade, teeming population and valuable productions of the East. Now that this has been accomplished, and much money spent in accomplishing it, all is to be undone at the bidding of a couple of querulous, spiteful, disappointed newspaper proprietors. Instead of bringing steamer and car together, and sending the new, fine flavored teas across the continent to the consumers in the quickest possible time, with the least possible handling, the Mail Company must, forsooth, reship their teas in San Francisco from the large China steamers to those used on the Panama line, necessitating several handlings and transshipments at the Isthmus, and finally reach New York with an article greatly damaged by the tropical climate which it has passed through, and after having occupied a length of time on the voyage, that will utterly fail to compete with the Suez Canal. Then the teas for the great West must be sent by railroad to Chicago, St. Louis and other cities. All this would be fun to the *Bulletin-Call*, because it would seem to spite the railroad company, but it would be that kind of infamous fun which would be death to the Mail Company and ruin to San Francisco. The truth is, the Pacific steamers and the Pacific railroads have identical interests, and no attempt to separate them can be for their own good or for the benefit of the community. The more the Pacific Mail Company develops the trade of the East, the better it will be for the railway; and the more facilities the railway offers to the Mail Company, the better it will be for both parties. Their interests are mutual, and what is more, they cannot benefit themselves without at the same time conferring equal advantages upon the public.

A celebrated barrister was in the habit of saying: "I always study the *feesibility* of a case before I undertake it."

MERCHANT FLEETS.

The following interesting statement of the comparative strength of the merchant fleets of the chief maritime nations, is published in the French *Journal Officiel*. European sailing vessels under 50 tons burthen, and American under 80 tons, are not included:

Name of Countries.	*Sailing Vessels.*		*Steamers.*	
	Vessels.	*Tonnage.*	*Vessels.*	*Tonnage.*
England	20,832	5,320,089	3,061	2,624,431
America	6,786	2,132,838	403	483,040
Germany	3,834	893,952	200	204,894
Norway	3,930	1,137,177	88	41,602
Italy	4,220	1,126,032	103	85,045
France	3,973	893,952	392	316,765
Spain	2,867	540,211	202	138,675
Holland	1,417	397,232	95	72,753
Greece	1,955	392,294	8	3,390
Russia	1,327	347,744	114	67,522
Sweden	1,827	327,409	143	53,327
Austria	965	336,113	91	84,155
Denmark	1,226	170,834	71	34,498
Portugal	415	93,815	17	14,536
Belgium	46	14,704	42	30,444
Turkey	224	34,711	9	3,049
Various	407	152,022	109	70,067
Total	56,281	14,311,129	5,148	4,328,193

FOREIGN DOTTINGS.

The remains of Dr. Livingstone have been received in London and buried in Westminster Abbey.——General Garnet Wolseley is to receive a grant of £25,000, as an acknowledgment of his services in general, and of his successes before Coomassie in particular.——The *Europe* steamer, belonging to the French line between Havre and New York, went down at sea. Her officers and passengers were taken off by the *Greece*, belonging to the National line; and now comes the news that the *Amerique*, belonging also to the French company, is a total loss near Brest. The unfortunate *Ville de Havre* was also owned by this company. Three such losses in a few weeks is altogether unprecedented.——The English budget for the year has been produced, and is highly satisfactory. The *Alabama* award was paid entirely out of overplus, and even then a considerable balance remained. The sugar duties have been abolished, and the income tax has been reduced to the nominal sum of one penny on the pound.——Riel has been expelled from the Dominion Parliament.——Lesseps threatens to virtually close the Suez Canal. The rate of tolls fixed by the powers interested does not suit him.——The civil Courts in Prussia, acting under powers vested in them by recent legislation, have dismissed the Archbishop of Posen from his see.——Dockery, an American citizen, has been sentenced to death in Cuba.——The Cubans will present Sir Lamberton Lorraine with a magnificent silver service. Thirty of the *Virginius* captives will call on him and thank him for his noble action at Santiago de Cuba. Well they may! Amid all the talk and bosh of the late *Virginius* affair, he and the Spanish commander were the only two men of action. He was Captain of the *Niobe*.—— The Carlist force before Gerout have received one hundred thousand reals to leave. Money makes the mare go.——The Emperor Francis Joseph has gone back on his recent Ecclesiastical bills; at least, he has sent very conciliatory messages to the Pope.——The famine in India is decreasing. The poor people have suffered enough to satisfy the Almighty.——The French Government has issued orders to prosecute all journals attacking the seven-year Presidential system. Penalty, seven years in the penitentiary. Poetical justice.——Official reports say that 2,000 insurgents attacked the camp at Artegra, and then retired. *Ex parte* testimony as to the number. Probably 200.——The new Atlantic cable is to be started in June. The end will be at Valentia; thence to Newfoundland.

THE NATIONAL GOLD BANKS.

The National Gold Banks of California have just issued a statement of their condition. These institutions are peculiar to this State, though the law under which they were organized was passed by Congress in July, 1870. The First National Gold Bank of San Francisco was the first to incorporate under the new law, and commenced business in January, 1871. We append the list of Capital paid in, and of Loans and Discounts:

	Loans and Discounts.	*Capital.*
First National Gold Bank, S. F.	$1,739,462	$1,500,000
National Gold Bank and Trust Co., S. F.	2,176,360	1,000,000
National Gold Bank, D. O. Mills & Co., Sacramento.	435,562	300,000
First National Gold Bank, Stockton	369,917	300,000
First National Gold Bank, Santa Barbara	123,756	100,000

DRIFTING.

Across San Pablo's heaving breast
I see the home-lights gleam,
As the sable garments of the night
Drop down on vale and stream.

The daylight on his royal couch
In crimson glory dies,
While northward, on belated wing,
The sad-voiced bittern flies.

For miles—from where yon rounded hills
Darken the southern sky—
I hear the bells of browsing kine,
And catch the herder's cry.

Just where the silver of the moon
Falls on the shimmering tide,
Marking that line of light, I see
Twin islands side by side.

Hard by yon vessel from the seas,
Her cargo homeward brings,
And soon, like sea-bird on her nest,
Will sleep with folded wings.

The fisher's boat swings in the bay,
From yonder point below,
While our's is drifting with the tide,
And rocking to and fro.

Carelessly rocking to and fro,
As shifts the fitful stream;
Two Nimrods dreaming as we drift,
And sketching as we dream.

San Francisco, April 16, 1874. L. H. F.

"On the Road to Khiva."—This is the title of a work just out, the publishers being Messrs. Henry J. King & Co., London, and the author Mr. David Ker, the special correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, who accompanied the Khivan expedition. The work has been rendered more than usually interesting to newspaper and literary men, from the fact that the author, having come to loggerheads with the journal he represented, which charged him with various misdeeds, writes in the preface his version of the affair, which proves to be a complete vindication of his conduct and action. This having appeared *in extenso* in the London *Times*, the facts of the altercation have been fully ventilated, and the merits freely discussed by our cousins on the other side of the Atlantic. The volume itself is full of interest, abounding in details of stirring interest, illustrative of Tartar life and customs. It is well worthy of perusal, and should meet a ready sale.

Inadvertently Presented at Court.—The London correspondent of the *Dundee Advertiser* says:—It appears that a Mrs. Johnson, whose name appears in the *Gazette* as having been presented "through inadvertence" at the last Drawing Room, had lived with Mr. Johnson in the bonds of love for some time before assuming those of matrimony, or to use a euphemism, she was not married before she was married. The lady is a foreigner, and her husband married her abroad. Lord Derby presented her, but the late Lord Chamberlain is the person responsible for the "inadvertence," and, as that was not discovered till after the presentation, it might have savored more of Christian charity to have let the matter drop; but the social laws of Her Majesty's Court are those of the Medes and Persians, and the result is that there is not in Christendom another Court so pure or beyond reproach.

Head and Heart Arrangement.—The following is rather old, but it will bear telling again. The way John Stuart Mill proposed to the young lady who eventually became his wife is strange, but true. "I wish I had your head, Mr. Mill," said the lady, on an occasion when that gentleman had solved for her a knotty point. "And I wish I had your heart replied Mr. Mill. "Well," said the lady, "since your head and my heart agree so well, I am willing that we should go into partnership." And so it was.

"Are oysters healthy?" asked an old lady of her physician. "I never heard any of them complain of being unwell," was the reply.

Why is old England, transposed, like California? Because by putting the G first you make it Golden Land.

When is a lady's arm not a lady's arm? When it is little bear (bare).

The way to make a fire real hot is to keep it thoroughly coaled.

REAL ESTATE TRANSACTIONS.

Recorded in the City and County of San Francisco, Cal.

Compiled from the Records of the Mercantile Agency of Hope, McKillop & Co., 317 California Street, San Francisco.

Monday, March 9th.

GRANTOR TO GRANTEE.	DESCRIPTION.	PRICE
Rich'd Hall to Chas W Davis	Mission sw 6th, 25x160	15,000
P H Blake to Mary Ann McCabe	20th Av and Pt Lobos Av, w 105:4, etc	400
John W Nye to Same	Lot 27, blk 263, Geary St Ex H'd	1
Same to Same	Lots 1, 2, 3 and 4, blk 264, O L	800
Henry Mahan to John W Nye	Same	1,600
Same to M A McCabe	21st Av s Pt Lobos Av, e 115:5, etc	400
M J Braly to John Cahill	Hyde n Union, 15x60	1,200
A B McCreery to Geo Brown	Und ½ 50 v 2 and 3, blk 510, W A; also, und ½ 50 v 4, blk 511, W A	10
Wm J Gunn to Eliz'th M Gunn	Sundry Outside Lands	10
James Otis to Paul Rousset	50 v 981	1
Pierre Ellen Rousset to Same	Same; also, n cor Mission and Stewart, 137:6x45:10	2
Geo Edwards to John D Turner	Lot 4, blk O, Eureka H'd	1,625
Henry Stewart to Thos Young	Lombard e Stockton, 34:4½x137:6	9,000
W F Bayley to Rob't Flinneken	Taylor n Jackson, 40x125	7,400

Tuesday, March 10th.

B'd of T L Com'rs to J H Bostwick	Lots 1 to 9 inc, and 14 15 16, blk 582, T L	$ 695
Same to Same	Lots 1 to 6 inc, and 15, 16, blk 540, T L	645
Thos Lawless to B J Shay	Folsom n 24th, n 25, sw 123:7½, etc	1,200
J S Rothschild to Michael Conlon	Hyde n Post, 25x68:6	3,100
E B Buffandeau to Thos Hill	Turk e Webster, s 137:6, w 56, etc	14,000
Asenath Larimer to Wm Dorgan	Mission n 15th, 30x160	5,500
John R Jarboe to Mary E Clark	Pine w Gough, 56x137.6	1
M S and L Bank to M McCloskey	Dora nw Bryant, 25x80	....
B'd of T L Com'rs to G Berger	Lots 1, 2 and 6, blk 7, Tide Lands	35
Geary St Ex Hd Asn to S Tichenor	Lot 39, blk 262	350
Edw Durkin to Wm Shine	Sundry lots in various parts of city	10,000
S A Gridley to Chas H Ackerson	Parker Av n Fulton, n 272:3, etc	2,000
S and L Soc'y to A H Wulzen	23d e Guerrero, 25x114	800
A L Frank to Jacob Haaf	Geary w Laguna, 34:4½x137:6	2,100
S and L Soc to Thos C Maher	23d e Guerrero, 25x114	800
Wm Thompson to August Voss	Tehama n Norwich, 25x80	1,400
S and L Soc to Jas Ambrose	Fulton e Laguna, 32x120	2,250

Wednesday, March 11th.

Seth Walker to Maria L B Riggs	Pine w Webster, 25x100	$2,000
C Tully to John Parnell	Clay w Davis, 20x119:6	9,592
John Parnell to Jas Burke	Same	10,600
John Fogarty to James Fogarty	Bush w Broderick, 27:6x137:6	....
D Marucci to John Chas De Voy	Oak Grove Av nw Bryant, 25x112	4,500
C Sturzenegger to P Sturzenegger	Sundry properties in Outside Lands	Gif
H L Simon to Louisa Abrams	Lombard w Stockton, 84:6x50	8,500
C C Butler to Madison H Turrill	Walnut s Sac'to, 64x137:6	1,500
Paul Tract Hd As to S Armstrong	Lot 4, blk 27, Paul Tract H'd	500
David Finegan to Geo A Weaver	Se Pine and Jones, 60x80	50
Alex R Baldwin to J C Wilmerding	Bay and Gough, s 275, e 212:6, etc	2,500
J T Dean to A Portal	Folsom ne 8th, 25x160	30
A Portal to T F Cusick	Same, subject to mortgage	7,000
Wm Hollis to John Renz	Pearl n Ridley, 25x80	2,900
Alex Forbes to Thos H Williams	Se Sac'to and Sansome, e 185, s 124, etc.	25,000
F Billings to same	Same	21,666
S F Butterworth to same	Same	50,000

Thursday, March 12th.

G J Byrne to John H Tobin	Bush w Leav'th, 37:6x137:6	14,000
Drury Melone to Wm Hollis	Ne Turk and Scott, 137:6x137:6	5,500
J A Holbrook to Thos Denigan	Nw Guerrero and 23d, 122x117:6	5,100
C Bacigalupi to B Demartini	Und 11-40 Gaven n Filbert, n 70:10, etc	1,250
Gustave Nicbaum to J Benjamin	Nw Sutter and Gough, 137:6x120	18,000
B'd of T L Com'rs to J L Ubnaus	Lots 1, 2, 15 and 16, blk 517, T de Lands	451
Silver Ter H'd As'n to M Lauffer	Lot 174, Silver Terrace H'd	370
F J C Lavillan to Drury W James	Sac'to w Franklin, 128x100	100
Wm H Rudolson to Same	Sac'to w Franklin, 1⅛ inches x 127:8½	6
Drury W James to H W Newbauer	Sac'to w Franklin, 1⅛ inches x 127:8½	7,500
Michael Price to P McLaughlin	Sac'to w Franklin, 100x127:8½	1,950
John M Wolfarth to Wm H Oller	Mission n 17th, 25x105	2,950
J S Alemany to Pat'k Logan	Pacific w Jones, 22:6x137:6	10,500
Henry A Bloss to N G B & T't Co.	Se Tyler and Franklin, 85x120	9,000
Launcelot Crow to Joseph Meyer	Shotwell n John, 90x122:6	10,000
Felton Tract H'd As'n to D Damon	Post w Taylor, 37:8x70	
	Lots 1 to 13, and 36 to 48 inc, blk 1205, Felton Tract H'd	5,100

Friday, March 13th.

Mary E Clark to Pat'k Holland	N Pine 55 e Octavia, 28x137:6	$1,200
Same to James E Brannan	N Pine 27 e Octavia, 28x137:6	1,200
Wm Hollis to Wm H Birch	S Clay 118:9 w Webster, w 25x127:4½	2,800
Same to Jacob Rudolph	S Clay 193 w Webster, w 25x127:4½	2,800
W M Seaton to C H Afflerbach	Nw McAllister and Gough, 70x100	1
C Afflerbach to Isaac Raphael	McAllister w Gough, 37:6x100	3,450
T J Kennedy to Mary A Kennedy	Lot 2, blk 58, Paul Tract H'd	50
S F Sinclair to Edw Heringhi	Lot 3, blk 108, University M'd Survey	250
Sarah A Vance to Henry Chester	Harrison n 23d, 26x100; also, Alabama n 23d, 26x100	1,600
J R Robinson to Thos Conway	Hayes w Laguna, 27:6x120	5
Catharine Dunn to John Boese	Bryant sw 8th, 25x75	2,150
Emily F Tibbey to Wm Hessler	Turk w Mason, 32:6x137:6	20,000
C B Wyatt to L Gettig	Cal'a w Pierce, 137:6x137:6	1,523
Wm Hooks to C B Steane	Clay w Webster, 25x120	2,800
Same to John Lawlor	Sac'to w Stetner, 29x103	2,500
Anton Riesner to City and Co S F	Dupont n Broadway, n 21, etc	3,637
Maurice Dore to Lizzie J Coghill	Se Pine and Hyde, 62:6x87:6	7,500

Saturday, March 14th.

J B Palmer to Zoe M H Cobb	Und ⅛ Tehama ne 3d, 25x80; also, und ⅛ Tehama ne 3d, 25x80	$1,600
Geo L Bradley to Wm D Heath	Eddy w Gough, 55x120	8,250
John M Browne to John Walsh	Dolores s 21st, 75x125	1,200
Jos S Alemany to John Lughes	Tyler e Franklin, 50x120	6,000
Diedrich Schwartz to P Meacham	Sw 25th and Guerrero, 125x60	2,500
J S Alemany to Wm Bacome	Clementina ne 4th, 25x80	2,900
Ann E Slamels to O G Moore	Pine w Fillmore, 25x127:6	800
Gustavus Bilicke to J W Pearson	Chatanooga n Park, 100x32	600
Pierre Iche to Pierre Merry	Lot 11 in blk 11, University M'd Survey	250
John Rosenfeld to Samuel Fisher	Turk w Steiner, 25x137:6	10
Aaron Stolz to Paula Wurkheim	Sutter e Hyde, 25x137:6	10,200
M P Holmes to O F Savings Bank	19th w Church, 50x228	2,606

Monday, March 16th.

Haynes & Dunn to P R Rogers	Louise ne Hayward, 1x75	$ 7
B d of T L Com'rs to A Rosenfeld	Lots 1 to 8, and 21 to 24 inc, blk 850, T L	126
Eugene Trudel to Michael Kane	Various lots in Golden City H'd	684
S Schweltzer to Levi Strauss	Und ½ W cor Howard and 6th, 275x275	62,500
Geo Muller to Timothy Kelleher	Summer se Howard, 20x58	1,750
Eugene Murray to A C Libbey	Moore Pl n Union, 40x60	1,500
Bernard Morgan to M McGlading	23d w Noe, 25x114	300
A Himmelmann to Mary Small	Cal'a e Polk, 100x137:6	500
W E Smith to Henry Nash	Nw Cassella Av and Clover, 121x50	1,000
John Rosenfeld to Philip S Fay	Grove w Webster, 137:6x137:6	10
Simon Riordan to Pat'k Plover	Broadway e Dupont, 22:8x80	1
Pat'k Plover to City and Co of S F	Adler e Dupont, e 22:8, n 1:6, etc	1,380
F de St Germain to Same	Union w Stockton, w 4:2, s 100, etc	7,982
W B Cummings to W H Jolliffe	Ne Hyde and Ellis, 87:6x137:6	37,000
Eliza Kirk to W B Cummings	Ne Hyde and Ellis, 137:6x137:6	1
Julie I Haste to Same	Same	1
M Watson to Same	Same	1
W H Jolliffe to Same	Post e Mason, 82x33	12,000
Jane A Cutter to A C Titcomb	Hyde s Sutter, 37:6x116:8	5
J H Cutter to Same	Same	5,600
J A Ruttenberg to Chas Main	Battery s Sac'to, 45:10x102:6	50,000
Caleb M Sickler to Caroline Sickler	Geary e Hyde, 25x137:6	Gift

Tuesday, March 17th.

Alex Austin to E W Burr.	Shotwell n 22d, 50x122:6	$ 249
E W Burr to Theo McDougall	Same	1
Cath Campbell to John Crowley	½ of lot n Brannan e 2d, 25x80	5,000
T T Bradshaw to H L Davis	Various lots in S S F H'd & R R Ass'n	7,000
Wm D Johnston to Luke McCarty	Lots 9 and 10, blk 1, Garden Tract H'd.	300
Theo Le Roy to C H Afflerbach	Nw McAllister and Gough, 100x100	5
Philip Duffy to Geo H Goddard	Frank Place w Mason, 60x20	500
Paul Tract H'd As'n to H Kohn	Lots 7 and 15, blk 13, Paul Tract H'd	1,000
Jos Emeric to Wm L Merry	Und ⅛ nw Buchanan and Bay, 412:6x275; also, und ⅛ nw Buchanan and North Point sts, 412:6x275	23,500
John Y Wilson to Same	Ne Webster and Bay, 278x206:3; also, ne Webster and North Point streets, 275x206:3	11,150
Wm L Merry to John Y Wilson	Nw Buchanan and Bay, 275x206:3; also, nw Buchanan and N Pt St, 275x206:3	11,750
F G E Tittel to A Hayward	Clara Lane n Sutter, 74x30	20,000
Same to Same	A strip of l'd 4 inch in width x 30 ft in length, adj above lot on North	1
C H Afflerbach to S Hancock	Nw McAllister and Gough, 100x62:6	7,500
S Hancock to C H Afflerbach	Geary e Taylor, 20x60, subj to mort	3,500
Wm Hollis to W J Walker	Steiner n Sac'to, 25x118:9	3,400
Dexter Damon to Michael Ryan	15th Av se L, 25x100	550
Rosalie Desmer to City & Co S F	Vallejo e Vallejo Alley, w 26, etc	5,798
Edw Barry to Richard Bayley	Pacific w Octavia, 65x137:6	15,000

Wednesday, March 18th.

Geary St E H As'n to Wm Allen	Lot 16, blk 261, Geary St Ex H'd	$ 350
Ursula Ryan to Mary A Grouard	Jackson e Gough, 68:9x127:8¼	3,500
Milo Hoadley to Thos Larkin	Nw Clay and Lyon, w 10:10, etc	100
John H Tobin to Adam Grant	Bush w Leav,th, 37:6x137:6; also, right of way in rear	14,500
B'd of T L Com'rs to Rob't White	Lots 1, 16 and 6, blk 220, Tide Lands	260
J C H Matthai to Frank Froppiano	San Jose Rd n Virginia Av, 25x120	975
N G Norden to F McCarty	Various lots in Gift Map 3 and 4	1,310
Jas D Walker to H J Booth	Ne Francisco and Kearny, 275x412:6	12,000
Anson Averill to Sarah M Jones	O'Farrell e Taylor, 137:6x27:6	10,500
Lewis Brandt to L Hechheimer	Hayes w Polk, 30x137:6	7,000
S S Sprague to Geo R Smith	Nw Noe and Henry, 96x25	1,050
M A Tibbey to City and Co S F	Com at a pt 107:6 e Stockton, and 84½ s Green, s 53:5½, e 44:6, nw 69:6½	3,011
H S Tibbey to Same	Com at a pt 82:6 e Stockton, and 53:11½ s Green, s 23:6½, e 19:6½, nw 30:6	128
Edw Murphy to Same	Com at a pt 102:6 s Green, and 18:9 e Stockton, e 88:9, s 36, w 59:7, etc	4,343
Mas Cem'ty As'n to Sam'l Barkley	Lots 3 and 5, Sec 17, Masonic Cemetery	202
Same to Paul Bunker	Lot 7, Sec 17, same	102

Thursday, March 19th.

Jas W Shanklin to R Wegener	Und ½ 68 acs, ne ¼ of se ¼, lot 3, Sect 34, lot 9, Sec 35, T'p 2 S, R 6 W	$1,000
Silver Ter H'd As'n to A Heyer	Lots 493 and 494, Silver Terrace H'd	1,001
L Gottig to C H Ham	Cal'a w Pierce, 68:9x137:6	800
Thos Magee to Julius Quinchard	Fell w Webster, w 55, n 137:6, etc	6,200
John Murphy to C E Bowman	Sw Noe and 19th, 50x86	700
F L A Pioche to Same	Lots 35 and 36, blk 25, City Land Ass'n	180
Paul Tract H'd As'n to L L Boman	Lot 1, blk 18, Paul Tract H'd	500
Leopold Kahn to City and Co S F	Adler e Dupont, e 23, etc	7,227
Caroline Shelton to Eliz Fleming	Dupont s Greenwich, 62x25	5
T J Cunningham to J B Laninger	Lot 77, West End H'd	600
Wm Hollis to Daniel McLean	Pearl n Ridley, 25x80	2,800
Same to A N McLean	Guerrero n Ridley, 25x80	30
Henry Hentsch to Aron Meyer	Harlan Pl w Dupont, 60x26:3	1
Osborn Cross to H Hentsch	Harlan Pl w Dupont, 26:3x63	14
J Gundlach to City and County S F	Vallejo e Stockton, e 38:9, n 25:9½, nw 60:6½, s 72:4½ to beginning	6,838
Willows Land As'n to L Thompson	Lots 6, 7, 8, and 9, blk 69, Willows L As	7,800
F Thomas to Marcelin Burnet	Und 18 acs—Com at nw cor of Donohoe's Tract, containing 94.73 acres	....
F L A Pioche to Bartul Miller	Lots 28 and 29 in blk 40, City Land As'n	180
Jas McGuigan to Jas W Haley	Pacific w Leavenworth, 60x20	2,100
F L A Pioche to Sam'l McDougall	Lots 27 and 28 in blk 19, City Land As'n	180
C F McDermot to H Goodkind	Sansome s Bush, e 97, s 1:1, e 1, etc	43,500
Timothy Forde to same	Same	1
Wm Hollis to Kate Lockwood	Farren Av s Ellis, 25x90	2,650

Friday, March 20th.

		$
Wm Hollis to F Preatorious	Pearl n Ridley, 25x80	5
Adolf Hofmann to Same	Same, subject to mortgage for $2,200	700
John Satterlee to Frank B Wilde	Ne Gough and Wash'n, 127:8½x180:9	1
Dan l Mahoney to John Moore	Moss se Howard, 20x75	2,000
Lorenz Werner to Geo Gluck	Park Av se Harrison, 25x80	2,500
Jas Fenton to Eliza Noble	Ellis e Hyde, 27:6x137:6	6,000
Chester Rowell to Lloyd Tevis	4th Av s Pt Lobos Av, s 145:6, etc	5
E A Lawrence to P G Partridge	Und ¼ of 50 v l, W A 512	1,000
Jas Dods to John Spotti-wood	Ne Gough and Sac'to, s2:6x127:8½	7,200
J T McDougall to City and Co S F	Com 137:7 w Taylor, and 46:5¼ s Francisco, 91½ inch, e75.9½	2,166
H A Depierris to Same	Vallejo w Dupont, w 25, etc	10,241
Lyman Cole to Luigi Arata	Broadway e Kearny, 23x58	2,700
Marie S Girard to Joseph Kemp	Se Jones and Post, 15x60	14,000
H Hotherington to T Mallow	Gunnison Av s Precita Pl, 25x110	600
M I Carto to T Fitzgerald	Gough s Grove, 20x83:6	1,750
David Kane to Emanuel Raas	S Clay w Scott, 25x127:8½	600
Wm Hollis to Edwin Davis	N Ridley e Guerrero, 25x100	4,100
Daniel Meyer to Henry M Naglee	N Broadway, 64:6 e Sansome, 45x80	1
Henry M Naglee to John Higgins	Same	6,000
Great Park Hd Assn to John Flynn	Lot 21 blk 366, Great Park Hd	250
Mrs Elizabeth Paul to J McKenzie	Lots 12 and 11, blk 5, Garden Tract Hd	780
J McKenzie to J P Cazneau	Same	800
Chas Huber to John Fella	N Kate w Fillmore, 25x120	1,000
W Black to Matilda Roberts	Nw Harrison s w 75, 25x80, subj to mort	2,200
Wm C Ralston to Martha A Dillon	5 acres Ran de las Salinas y Potr'o Viejo	5
Wm Hollis to Geo A Bahler	E Pearl n Ridley, 25x80	2,800
Paul Tract Hd Assn to E M Lynch	Lot 1 blk 9 Paul Tract	500
R Tobin to Isidor Gutte	Dupont s Sutter, 25x100	12,500
P B Hood to Hugh Clarke	N Ellis e Buchanan, e25, n 120, w etc	1,000
M Guerin to Daniel Cook	N cor Mission and 3d, 20x57	33,000

Saturday, March 21st.

		$
Robert Brady to R F Ryan	Valencia s Ridley, 75x80	93
Edw Sweeney to Margaret Brady	Same	5
Cath Rondel to N S F Hd & R R Ass	Fillmore s Bay, w 160, etc; also, W A blk 401, 402, 418, 414, 475 and 476	8,800
Wm Hollis to E E Seebeck	Nw Scott and Turk, 27.6x100	1,950
Same to Robert Dykes	Clay w Webster, 25x127:4½	2,800
Great Park H'd As'n to W Bevins	Lots 48 and 49, blk 394	500
S A Hastings to Annie Ring	Lombard w Webster, 27.6x120; also, sw Webster and Lombard, 120x110	400
Nathaniel Gray to M H Turrell	Se Sac to & Walnut, 132:7 x137.6; also, Wash'n w Lyon, 137:6x137.8½	4,750
Lloyd Tevis to Nellie Rowell	Pt Lobos Ave w 3d, s ½ deg, w 250, etc	5
Adam Bootz to Conrath Thaler	Lots 41 and 42, Godeus Gift Map 1	Gift
Dan'l Mannion to Ellen Mannion	Jersey s 22d, 25x100	7,500
G M Josselyn to Eliz'th Hornung	Folsom w 1st, 28:4x75	Gift
E S Sleeper to E N Huntington	1st nw Harrison, 25x67.6	2,000
A R Baldwin to C Stoutenborough	Sw Franklin and Bay, 137:6x275	

Monday, March 23d.

		$
Bd of Tide Ld Com to C O Connor	Lots 9 to 20 inclusive, blk 823, Tid'l Ld's	126
Same to J L Flood	Lots 1 to 24 inclu, blk 849, Tide Lands	252
Wm Wessing to Mrs A Burgess	S Geary e Mason, 25x105	9,750
Chas L Strong to Thos H Selby	50-v 1227 Pine bt Hyde and Leavenw'th	1
J H Foster to same	Same	900
Cath Shelly to Patrick McQaid	S Henry e Castro, 25x115	500
L L Blood to Josephine Stoddard	S Jersey e Noe, 25x114	5
Geo F Coffin to Ann Hill	W Leavenworth s Geary, 68:9x68:9	68
Odd Fel Cem Assn to F Dillbern	Lot 10 plat 4, Yerba Buena Sec	
Anson Goldsmith to Wm Hollis	Sw Laguna and California, 137:6x137:6; also, n Pine, 137:6 e Buchanan, e 68:9 x 137:6, being subdiv blk 225	9,900
F S Wensinger to J A Fortune	S Post, 140:6 e Polk, s 120x140:6	100
E G Lyons to N S F H & R R Assn	N Chestnut e Pierce, 68:9x275	400
Pauline L D'Eu to Daniel Murphy	Sw Marengo and Lobos, 125x75	500
A Ruoff to Pauline Sturzenegger	Sundry properties in south portion city	600
R Brady to Margaret Brady	E Valencia, s Ridley, 75x80	500
Geo Robinson to Wm F McAlester	Und ½ Bryant sw 3d, 20x80	10
Thos Conlon to Ellen Welch	Huron Av sw Niagara Av, 106:8x40	500
Geary St Ex H'd As'n to D R Avery	Lot 18, blk 261, Geary St Ex H'd	350
M G Searing to Bridget Quinlan	Clary sw Ritch, 27.6x80	3,000
John M Barnett to F de St Germain	Union w Stockton, 100x22	5
Emelen Painter to Rob't R Givens	Clay e Hyde, 105x137:6	7,875
Wm Hollis to Fred B Wood	Steiner n Sac'to, 25x93:9	3,250
Same to Philip R Murphy	Scott s Ellis, 25x90	2,800

Tuesday, March 24th.

Geo W Frink to Peter Short	Lot 4 blk 1, Garden Tract Homestead	$ 1
Jos Libby to E Murray	E Moore Place, 77:6 n Union st, 40x60	
M Dore to Michael McDonnell	Sw Post and Montgomery s to Market, ne to Montgomery, n to commencem't	300,000
Peter Smith to Francis Mannion	Lot 1611, Gift Map 3	80
S Tams to A O Larkin	Und 2-5 nw Sansome and Merchant, w 82:6x76:2, subject to Deed of Trust for $6,000	18,000
Wm N Shelley to City & Co S F	Commencing at a pt 84:5 s Greenwich, 116:3 w Gaven, s 53:1, e 44:2, nw 69:1 to commencement	290
Bertha Ochsner to Peter Alferitz	S Green, w Dupont, 32:6x39	3,000
Henry Hahn to A T Green	S Haight w Gough, s 124:2, sw 18:10 etc	3,850
R H Waterman to Thos Menzies	Nw Grove and Fillmore, 137:6x137:6	27,000
Louis Tichner to D E Easterbrook	N Sutter w Dupont, 52:1x126	30,000
S B Thompson to Albert M Joel	N Eddy e Buchanan, 25:9x120	750
Same to O J Preston	N Turk e Webster, 51:6x120	1,265

Wednesday, March 25th.

W G Clifton to Wm F McAllister	E 24th Ave, 200 n D st, 40x120	$ 100
Wm Hollis to Thos Stewart	N Turk, 100 w Scott, 97:6x63	1,125
Edwd Martin to Charles Mayne	W Laguna, 96 n Hayes, 24x81:3	1,500
City & County S F to J F Kennedy	S Sutter w Jones, 27:6x82:6	9,700
Thos Bodly to John H Dall	W Stockton n Pine, 39x137:6	2,500
R Morton to Nathl D Arnot, Jr	N Pine e Van Ness, 33x137:6	4,000
Mary Mathies to John F Zollner	Lot 8 blk 233, S S F Hd and R R Assn	300
Mary J Gerberding to T P Johnson	Sw 22d and Bartlett, 55x125	3,000
Junction Hd Assn to M H Carlton	Lot 19 blk 5, Junction Hd	350
Patrick O'Donnell to M O'Donnell	Subdiv 386 Tide Lands	5
New S S F H'd Asn to C Patterson	Lots 3 and 4 blk 157, New S S F Hd	1,000
Lyman Alexander to David Fried	S Turk e Pierce, 25x87:6	1,100
S A Hastings to Susan McColgen	Webster n Filbert, 25x87	40
Michael Miles to James Lough	Lots 9 and 10 blk 138, O'Neil & Haley	400
C O'Connor to City & Co of S F	E Maiden Lane, s Jackson, 4 x 22:5	194
Michael Begley to Ozias Darris	Sherman n 18th, 24:8x125	1
Christopher B Wyatt to B C Cline	Nw Pine and Pierce, 137:6x137:6	4,300
A A Porter to Chas Friel	Minna sw 4th, 20x80	2,900
S Weintraub to Mis'n St Ex H As'n	Sundry outside properties	194220
Folsom & How'd St P U to I Mason	Howard s 27th, 25x122:6	1,000
L Gottig to F S Merchant	Cal'a w Pierce, 68:9x137:6	800
B J Shay to Same	Cal'a e Scott, 68:9x137:6	2,500
Cyrus Palmer to John Reuger	Lots 1, 2 and 3, blk 2, Sunny Vale H'd	8,000
Isaac Bernard to W Bloom	16th w Mission, 35x160, subject to mortgage for $4,500	6,000

Thursday, March 26th.

C M Bacigalupi to B Demartini	Und 11-40, w Gaven, 91:10 n Filbert, n 70:10, w 47:6, s 54:6, se 21:1½, etc	$1,250
D J Doolan to Dennis David	Se Shipley sw Harrison Av, 25x75	2,106
Silver Ter Hd Assn to D Kohler	Lot 27, Silver Terrace Hd	310
Felix O Hanlon to Patrick Carroll	N Minna 200 e 4th, n 70x25	4,503
Odd Fels Cem Assn to S Tetlow	Lot 4 plat 4, Radius Sect	242
Bd of Tide Land Comrs to same	Tide Lands	268
Same to same	Tide Lands	5
Peter Daly to Mas S and L blk	S Rose e Gough, 27:6, etc, sub 50-v 143	6,300
Mer Mut Mar Ins Co to J C Duncan	N California w Sansome, 40x80	150,000
A Himmelmann to D Samuels	E Polk n California, 75x100	8,600
Morris Cohen to Henry Schwartz	Ne Sutter and Sansome, s to Market etc	1
Paul Neuman to same	Same; also se O'Farrell and Stockton, e 87:6x82:6; also, nw Mission ne 5th, 25x90, subj to mortgage for $160,000	286

Friday, March 27th.

Edward Kerr to Daniel F Melville	Lot 19, S F Homestead Union	$1,100
Thos S Grotjan to Pedro Salom	Und ½, cor Washington st and Washington Pl, 30:3x16:8; also, und ½ w of Washn Pl, 16:8 n Washn Pl, 21x30	4,000
Jos L Moody to S F Butterworth	N Pine w Van Ness Av, w 50:3, etc	1,500
A M Burns to H L Davis	Ne Sansome and Halleck, n 48, e 40, etc	10
M Neuman to Aaron Stoz	N Sutter, e Gough, 27:6x120	3,500
Thos Bowen to Lot D Slocum	Und ½ s Sutter, 137:6 e Hyde, 60x137:6, subject to a mortgage for $6,5000	500
Thos Magee to C C Rohlffs	Webster n Fell, 46x82:6	2,600
H Bremer to Jonas Schoenfeld	Four lots in Gift Map I	100
Susan Exall to Jas L King	Se Hyde and Washington, 137:6x137:6	500
Sav & Loan Soc to B Schmidt	N Elizabeth e Guerrero, 25x114	700
Same to Ellen Donlon	S 23d e Guerrero, 30x114	960

Saturday, March 28th.

Wm K Van Alen to Thos Murphy	S Clay, 225:11 e Central Av, e 25x127:8½	$ 650
Wm Labinski to M Schuppert	Lots 213 and 214 blk 34, Mission & 30th St Homestead	300
E McLaughlin to A B Brady	Outside Lands	1,000
Chas H Hewitt to Chas W Smith	Nw Sacramento and Broderick, 110x77:6	500
John W Shaw to E A Cleveland	W Capp n 18th, 30x122:6	5,500
Robt S Watson to Paul Roussett	50-vara 981	1
J W Jung to Henry Balzer	E Taylor n Union, n 46x77:6	8,041
Isaac Bernard to Wolf Bloom	N 16th w Mission, 35x160, subj to mortgage for $4:500 re-record	6,000
B B Minor to Geo W Beaver	Ne Taylor and Washington, 70:1x137:6	7,061
V Squarza to Fernando Bonacona	Sundry properties in south portion city	1
Wm F Young to Silas A White	N 23d, 300 e Guerrero, 25x114	3,600
Jas L King to Wm H Patterson	Same	1
Chas H Exall to Jas L King	Same	500
Alfred Borel to Annie Crayton	Same	1
Wm H Patterson to same	Same	1
G R Parhurt to Sam'l Barkley	Green w Mason, 24x68	600
F L A Pioche to S I C Sweezey	Fell w Octavia, 82:6x120	1
Henry Harms to Albert Koster	Nw 22d and Folsom, 65x122:6	12,000
Wm A Moore to B J Shay	Chattanooga s 21st, 26x75	10
James Donovan to Wm J Gunn	Post w Octavia, 25:10x120	700
Jas Thompson to W F Whittier	N Folsom 91:8 sw Main, sw 45:10x137:6	5,000
Thos Johnson to John G Druhe	Se Dupont and Greenwich, s 27:6 x e 70	4,000
R S Clyde to John M Byrne	100-vara 21, Lagoon Survey	10
Felton T ct Hd Ass'n to Elias Miller	Lot 33, blk 1203, Felton Tract H'd	170

Monday, March 29th.

Mary Tigue to Rob't Ellon	Se Turk and Scott, 82:6x120; also, Bush e Gough, 27:6x120	$6,530
Rob't Ellon to Pat'k J Kelly	Same	6,530
Fred Trinthammer to John Bauer	Fillmore s Waller, 24x81:3	500
Jos Winterburn to Lucy Smith	Lot 16, blk 2, Junction H'd	350
Jas Lough to Wm Manning	Lots 9 and 10, blk 138, O'Neil & Haley	700
Melissa Stockwell to J W Dunbar	Chattanooga s 22d, 26x125	650
J W Dunbar to Jos Kelly	Same	750
Henry Marshall to Rob't Higgins	Jessie n 19th, 25x80	800
Cornelius Collins to Pat'k Roche	Lots 976 and 977, Gift Map 4	300
A E McNeil to Esteban Beneck	Nw Bay and Leav'th, 137:6x137:6	3,494
D McNeil to Same	Same	3,859
B'd of T L Com'rs to E R Harris	All of blk 804, Tide Lands	441
Same to Same	All of blk 867, Tide Lands	630
Edw R Harris to Wm R Sloane	Blocks 804 and 807, Tide Lands	750
Frank F Taylor to Henry S Burr	Broadway and Franklin, 343:9x137:6	1
Wm S Biebe to C F Moulthrop	Lot 4 blk 50, Excelsior H'd	250
Edw Flowers to Fred Helling	Union e Mason, 24:9x75	2,500
Fred Helling to Jos Schwarz	Same	5
Jas Canavan to Pat k O'Reilly	Clary sw Rich, 25x75	2,000
H L Davis to Geo J Smith	25th w Sanchez, 50:11x114	950
S and L Soc'y to John Murtha	23d e Guerrero, e 63:6, etc	....
Thos Anderson to P B Berges	Jackson e Stockton, 91:4x70:6	14,000

Tuesday, March 30th.

City and County S F to L Soher	Ne cor Bartlett and 26th, 117:6x130	$ ....
F L A Pioche to Dan'l Monaghan	Lot 29, blk 52, City Land Ass'n	95
Henry Bays to Ichabod Bulkley	Crooks nw Townsend, 20x110:6	3,800
Hugh Burns to Adam T Green	Folsom sw 11th, sw 27:9, etc	1,875
Same to John Dolan	Folsom 55:6 sw 11th, sw 27:9, etc	1,900
Same to Martin V Stevens	W cor Folsom and 11th, sw 55:6, etc	6,375
F A Borel to Zephirin Hebert	Sw Santa Clara and Jersey, 175x100	8,000
Hugh Burns to Rachael Jacobs	Folsom sw 11th, sw 27:9, etc	1,800
L S Welton to Cord Wrede	Ne Pine and Buchanan, 137.6x137:6	1,000
M W Welton to Same	Same	1
M Kershaw to Albert P Wade	Ne Guerrero and Liberty, 27:6x100	3,800
Peter Jacobson to City & Co of S F	Mason s Lombard, s 38½ inch, etc	13,795
Etienne Boulon to Same	Union w Stockton, w 23:10, etc	6,204
Stefane Cuneo to Same	Gaven n Filbert, s 5.1½, etc	4,445
A C Weber to C Wennerhold	Mission sw 2d, 47.3x60	20,500
Jacob Nibbe to Andrew Sharboro	Polk n Pine, 62:6x79:6	9,500
J R Arguillo to Sidney L Johnson	W A 525	25,000
Philip Duffy to Geo H Goddard	Cal'a w Mason, 20x137:6	2,100
Mary Ann Savage to Rich'd Evers	Leav'th s Wash'n, s 77:6, w 137:6, etc	8,000
Cordelia Gray to H M Blumenthal	Hampton Pl se Folsom, 20:6x55	3,000
H M Blumenthal to Dan'l O'Connell	Same	3,000
Arthur Quinn to W D Farren	Quinn e Guerrero, 50x60	1,200
T A Lord to W B Van Buren	Lots 26 to 30 inc, City Land Ass'n	200
J J Perkins to Silas Peter	Lot 13, blk 353, S S F H'd and R R Ass'n	2,200
Wm R Crawford to L Perkins	Same	3,000

Wednesday, April 1st.

Lucretia W Hughes to F Clay	Jackson w Buchanan, 25:3x100	$3,000
Reuben Morton to Wm McColl	Davis s Cal'a, e 45:10, s 86, etc	35,000
E Celle to Thos Ashworth	Nw McAllister and Octavia, 32:6x100	4,000
R I C Pulvermen to John Turley	Noe s 18th, 50x105	800
F J C Lavillan to J C Soto	1-6 of 7-12, com at e cor of 100-v 9 of the Lagoon Survey, w 68:9x275	1
J C Soto to E W Burr	Und ½, com at n cor of Lagoon lot 9, sw 68:3x275	300
John M Tully to Martin Brunings	Sw Bartlett and 26th, 75x35	1,500
F A W Davis to G T Watterson	Bryant ne Gilbert, and ne 7th, 25x80	1,550
R Feuerstein to B J Shay	Ne 23d and Chatanooga, e100, etc	2,660
John A Bauer to Peter Jacobson	Mason s Chestnut, 45x68	3,700
Geo Stewart to Wm Mulvin	Rondell Place e Valencia, and s 16th, s 32:5x47—sub M B 40	2,100
Wm Hill to John B Rider	Folsom s 21st, s 45, etc	6,500
Theodore Le Roy to Chas S Ives	Francisco e Hyde, e 5x137:6	250
A W Von Schmidt to N Porter	21st Ave n Cal'a, n 340, e 12, s 340	1

Thursday, April 2d.

Stephen C Powell to C Turner	Jackson w Montg'y, 68x21:8	$ 1
Cephas Turner to S J Levy	Montg'y Av se Jackson, se 33.85, etc	7,500
Alexis Cheminant to C G Steinwey	Geneva Ave se Honth, 25x160	5
M H Cords to City & Co of S F	Com at a pt 49:6 s Lombard, and 41:9⅜ e Jansen, e 8:2½, etc	42
J H Meredith to James Linforth	Jersey e Church, 50x114	583
Josephine Clifford to S C Talcott	Lot 7, blk 94, University H'd	150
Martha B Hunt to Richard Cass	Stevenson s 19th, 25x80	100
Edw Kennedy to James Benson	Howard s 23d, 60x122:6	6,000
Jeremiah McCartey to J P Nelson	Alabama s 20th, 26x100	800
B J Shay to Jennie B Houston	22d e Chatanooga, 25x100	625
Henry P Macnevin to M Laine	Masen n Lombard, 45:6x70	10,000
Pierre B Cornwall to C H Harrison	Ne Steiner and O'Farrell, n 218:6, etc	5
City and Co S F to E Kennedy	Sw 23d and Howard, 122:6x170	....
Wm H Jessup to J Lynngreen	Nevada se Folsom, 22:6x63	....
City and Co S F to S and L Soc'y	Se Alabama and 25th, 140x100	....
Chas J Jansen to V L Sundblad	Nw Liberty and Valencia, n 230, etc	16,100
W H Lyon to John P Jones	Block 392, Outside Lands	750
Jas Devoe, Jr. to Tobias Hock	Mission e 6th, 25x80	7,000
Thos Delaney to Henry Banahan	Clary ne 5th, 25x80	3,450
John C Coleman to N D Arnot, Jr.	Com at a pt in W A blk 55, 120 n Pine, and 170:6 e Van Ness, th n 17:6 x c 30	10
N D Arnot, Jr, to Amanda Arnot	Same	10
Wash'n H'd As'n to S C E Thayer	Lot 16, Washington H'd	300
S C E Thayer to Wm Hollis	Seymour Av n Tyler, 25x90	500
Wm Bryan to Andrew J Bryant	3d se Perry, 25x75	12,000
Sav and L Soc'y to Dan'l Sullivan	23d e Guerrero, 25x114	800
Lewis Goodwin to S and L Soc'y	Sundry lots in Western Addition	3,500
F L A Pioche to Anne Connolly	Lot 18 blk 13, City Land Ass'n	90
Eugene Celle to L Hogeboom	McAllister e Laguna, 37:6x100	3,400
M O Sullivan to John Schussler	Se McAllister and Franklin, 137:7x137:6	13,750
Alex Forbes to Archibald Peachy	Sw Sac'to and Sansome, 62:6x75	5

Friday, April 3d.

G B Dondero to City & Co of S F	Nw Filbert and Gaven, 47:6x45:10	$9,778
B'd of T L Com'rs to M F Griffin	Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 43, 14, 15 and 16, blk 501, Tide Lands	1,575
City & County S F to R H Pearson	Com on s side of Central wharf, 25 w Drumm, w 25x119:6	19,000
Thos H Selby to Edwd F Hall, Jr.	Pine w Leav'th, 137:6x137:6	20,000
Wm Bein to Adam Bootz	Nw Mason and Francisco, 6.x68:9	4,250
W H Dimond to John Good	Taylor s Sutter, 28:9x80	9,000
E W Burr to Mary Hodson	Powell s Lombard, 45x99:6	2
Jas Ballentine to Jos Hanson	Jessie sw 9th, 25x165	3,150
Cath Murray to W B Swain	Lots 24 and 27, blk 165, Geary St Ex Hd	236
Geary St Ex H'd As'n to C Murray	Same	700
Mary Hudson to E W Burr	Se Lombard and Powell, 99:6x87:6	5
Wm Hollis to Geo L Hull	Clay w Webster, 25x127:4½	3,100
John R Randolph to Ida Precht	Bush w Hyde, w 3 inches x 137:6	1
Jos Seller to Nora Spooner	Lot 11, blk 1, R R H'd	350
J B Lewis to Myer Lewis	Nw Oak and Van Ness Av, 82:9x24; also Ne Bush and Steiner, 77:6x27:3	5
J & S Lewis to Same	Same; also, Post w Octavia, 25:10x120	5
City and County S F to J Hawley	W A blk 578, Clay, Wash'n, Baker Lyon	....
Thos Bell to Isaac C Davis	M B 100, b'd by Ridley, Sanchez, 14th and Noe; also, M B 120, b'd by Ridley, Castro, 14th, and charter line of 1851.	1
B J Shay to J H Von Glahn	Ne 22d and Chattanooga, 25x100	750

Saturday, April 4th.

C P Robinson to B B Minor	50-vara 655, ne cor Wash'n and Taylor	$ 10
G H Huntsman to Chas Tence	Noe n 17th, 25x120	1,100
Jas Devoe, Jr, to J B Whitcomb	33d Ave e I st, 75x100	300
J B Whitcomb to Leopold Hersch	Same	550
Nathan Porter to A Von Schmidt	20th Ave n Cal'a St, w 230, etc	1
John Satterlee to R Brotherton	Broadway e Van Ness, 45:10x137:6	20
John Caverly to Same	Same	2'276
Mary W Kincaid to E D Sawyer	Diamond n 20th, 55x125; also, Shotwell s 14th, 50x125	5,000
Mary E Fagan to Thos Bell	M B 119, Ridley, 14th, Noe and Castro	2,500
Isaac E Davis to Same	Same	7,500
W J Gunn to Pollard & Carvill Co	Wash'n w Cherry, 135:1x257:10	1
Wm Brooks to H S Burr	W A blk 119	250
J H O'Brien to Pat'k Carr	18th e Fair Oaks, 54x101	1,350
B J Shay to James Lynch	22d e Chatanooga, 25x100	625
City & County S F to E W Park	Bryant n 26th, 45x200; also, Bryant s 25th, w 200, etc; also, ne 24th and Mission, 100x65; also, nw Mission and 24th, 130x117:6; also, sw Mission and 24th, 30x117:6	....
E W Park to H H Wood	Bryant n 26th, 45x200	1,525
B J Shay to Martin Martin	22d e Chattanooga, 25x100	625
City and Co S F to T Livingston	So 10th Ave and Cal'a St, 150x120	....
Edwin Sutherland to Wm Hollis	Sw Turk and Pierce, 137:6x120	6,450
John Rosenfeld to Same	Same	5
Rebecca B Johnson to R C Johnson	¼ interest in all estate of G C Johnson, deceased, real or personal	1
Mich'l McCloskey to Thos Haley	Dora nw Bryant, 25x80	1,000
Sam'l Ransom to A E Kennedy	Shotwell n 22d, 30x122:6	3,000
C C Vorrath to H Sammi	Ne 13th and Mission, e 91:3, etc	5
Wm T Thrasher to J C H Matthai	San Jose R'd n Virginia Av, 60x150	2,100
B'd of T L Com'rs to J C Pennie	Lots 1 2 3 4 7 and 22, blk 860, Tide Lands	115
P H Burke to Wm A Cornwall	½ of lot cor Larkin and Filbert, 100x91:3	500

Monday, April 6th.

L Strauss to City and County S F	Commencing 137:6 w Stockton, 94:5 n of Green, n 43:6, w 27:6 s 10 se 43, etc	$ 959
Emma J Johnson to F Barnard	Ne Bush and Stockton, e 87:4, n 78, w 47:2, s 52, w 40:2, s 26 to com; also n Bush, 87:4 e Stockton, e 1:6x78	15,000
W Burrows to Dennis McSweeney	N Lilly, 137:6 e Buchanan, 27:6x60	1,150
J H D Feldbusch to Mary Lynett	N O Farrell 275 w Mason, 27:6x137:6	10,500
Emile Bauer to Jas E Shean	W Fillmore, 100 s Post, 25x94:6	1,200
Thos Murphy to A W Vigoreaux	Lots 463 to 466 incln, Gift Map 2	100
Dexter Damon to Enoch Jacobs	Lots 36 to 48 incln, blk 1205, Felton Tct Homestead	5
Ellen Jobson to Joseph Sartor	N Broadway, e Powell, 20x90	3,200
Pollard & Carvill to P H Burnett	N Washington, 211:3 w Cherry, 257:10 x 135:1	1
Chas H Killey to James Vance	N Jackson 162:6 w Buchanan, 30x117	4,800
Wm Farrell to Patrick Harley	N Liberty, 155 e Dolores, 25x114	1,300
Wm Steinhart to M J McDonald	Ne Polk and Post, 120x80	16,000
Wm H Patterson to Daniel Rogers	N Haight, 273 w Baker, n 137:6 e 11:2 s to Haight and pt of beginning	1
Wm Hollis to Fredk Junker	N Turk, 266:6 w Pierce, 28x137:6	4,600
E F Clark et al to Odd Fel Sav Bk	N Sacramento, 206:3 w Pierce, 137:8 x 68:9	2,710
S Irving to Robt R Bulmore	N Pine 54 w Webster, 31x87:6	1,150
Samuel S Murfey to H Marshall	Sw of Q st and 23d Ave, s 86:8, n 75:6, e	
N B Sanitarium to C E Driscoll	So Bay and Powell, s 100:5, etc	11,000
Richard Ring to Annie Ring	Lombard w Webster, 27:6x120; also, sw Webster and Lombard, 120x110	Gift
Same to same	Und ½ nw Webster and Greenwich, 120 x137:6; also, 1st se Minna, 30x75, etc	1
Same to same	Und ½ same, in trust for childn s'd p'ties	1
Ellen Vinsonhaler to R B Turner	Lombard e Fillmore, 27:6x120	800
Wm R Crawford to Mary Crawford	Lot 13, blk 363, S S F H'd & R R As'n	Gift.
Thos Phair to Louis Graber	Clementina w 4th, 25x80	4,000
Pat'k McGinn to John Comyne	7th nw Harrison, 25x85	3,650
Nina L Buel to I C Bateman	Und ½ Harrison sw Rincon Pl, sw 75, etc	14,727
H A Cobb to Willows Land Ass'n	Mission n 18th, 25x80	2,000
Stilman N Putnam to F A Hyde	Stockton and Francisco, 122:6x122:6	9,000
Thos Prince to John Biggy	McAllister e Buchanan, 27:6x120	2,350
Wm H Grattan to Edward Geitz	Clay e Stockton, e 27:6, etc	9,000
Same to same	Clay e Stockton, 27:6x68:9	8,000
B F Bohen to Wm McCann	Und ½ Polk and Wash'n, 52:8¼x103	3,000
Nicolo Fabres to Teresa Demartini	Union e Stockton, e 24, s 74, etc	....

Tuesday, April 7th.

Newton Booth to M M Estee.....	Und ½ of blk 474, bounded by Francisco, Scott, Chestnut and Deviso.....	$ 1
T F Neagle to Giobetta Gatte.....	N Pacific 80 w Leavenworth, 20x60	1,800
Felton Tct H As'n to J Fredericks	Lots 24 and 25, blk 1204, Felton Tract H	340
Geo Lawlor to City and County S F	N Adler, e Dupont, e 1:3, nw 2, s 1:6 to commencement	28
Nathaniel D Arnot, Jr to E M Arnot	N Pine, 137:6 e Van Ness, 33x137:6.....	Gift
H Klein to Resi Auerbach	Und ¼, ne Broadway and Kearny, east 43:6x57:6	5,000
V D Moody to A T Currier.....	Lot 9 blk S, Pacific Sav and Hd Assn..	....
Walter H Cook to J F Fitzpatrick	E Steiner, 75 n Geary, N 25x94:6	650
F Junker to Louisa Junker.....	N Turk, 266:6 w Pierce, 28x137:6.....	Gift
Chas H Killey to John J Scoville..	S Pacific Av, 125 e Webster, 30x117	1,800
S Tams to Wm Burling.....	Se Market, 63:2 sw Ecker, 31:1x155.....	10
Pt L Av & Pk Hd to E D Reinhard	Lot 51 blk 326, Pt Lobos Av and Pk Hd	285
Wm M Bevins to Lewis Hudson..	W Webster, 112:6 s Tyler, 25x110.....	1,500
H M Upson to Jacob Rodolph.....	W Larkin 117:6 s Filbert, 137:6x20.....	20
Nicolas Luning to City and Co S F	Commencing 137:6 e Stockton, and 29:10½ n Vallejo, n 107:7½, w 89:7 se 140 to commencement	5,211
B Kleinclaus to Nicolas Luning...	Same.....	....
Geo A Raymond to T E Smith.....	S Washington, 162:6 e Polk, s 127:8¼ x e 40, being sub block 181, subject to a mortgage for $4,500.....	9,500
Isaac K Phillips to C Collins.....	Ne Sacramento and Larkin n 137:6x113:9, being subdiv 50-v 1409	9,000
Thos B Lewis to Bank of S Fco..	Lots 33, 32, 31, 30, 29, 28 and 27, Precita Valley Lands, except 1:90-100 acres fm lot 27, subject to mortgage for $70,000	120000
Chas Patton to T B Lewis et al....	Same.....	80,000
Henry Underwood to W Mitchell..	Howard n 24th, 60x122:6.....	10,500
Martha R Lamott to Kate McCaully	Franklin and Sutter, 120x110, sub mort'e	15,000
C H Polard to Wm H Smith	Polk s Broadway, 34:6x100	2,000
Wm Loewy to A Marshall	Franklin s Oak, 25x97:9	2,250
E J Delaney to Mary Delaney	Jackson w Octavia, w 52:6, etc	1,250
Isidore Gutte to John Miller.....	Dupont s Geary, 23:6x110, sub to mort..	17,000
M Burnet to O F Gehriche.....	18 acs of und 47 acres near Donohoe Tct, containing 94.73 acres	4,000
Luigi Ferrea to Angelo Ferrea.....	Und ¼ Vallejo e Dupont, 13:4x34.....	5
Same to same.....	Und ½ Bowdoin n Burrows, 50x120	5
Geo Blucher to Clarence C Burr ...	B'dway w Larkin, 42:9x137:6, sub mort .	750
W H Grattan to C H Stanyan.....	Wash'n w Laurel, 137:6x127:8¼.....	1,500

Wednesday, April 8th.

W Hollis to Christopher Marchant	N Sacramento, 31:9 w Steiner, 29x103..	$3,500
Mary Ann McCabe to J W Nye....	W 21st Ave, 244:5 e Pt Lobos Ave, s 80:7 etc, being subdiv O L 263	1
J W Nye to Henry W Weaver.....	W 21st Ave, 250 s Pt Lobos Ave, 75x120	1,000
Dexter Damon to Jas E Damon...	Sundry properties throughout the city..	5
Sebastian Poli to Anson G Stiles..	W Buchanan, 75 n O'Farrell 12:6x92:6..	100
Bay Park Hd Ass'n to M O Watrons	Lot 41 blk 560, Bay Park Homestead...	360
M S Taylor to Luban Parides.....	Lots 171 and 172, Gift Map 3	1,000
Thos Kain to J H Dooley.....	N Bryant, 105 w 20x80, being subject to a mortgage for $2,500.....	5,000
John F Cassell to Marion E Cassell	N Pacific e Buchanan, 68:9x128:8; also, an undivided half, n Clay, 137:6 e of Hyde, 105x137:6.....	Gift
H M Hughes to F Clay.....	S Jackson, 130:6 w Buchanan, 25:2x101.	3,000
John Satterlee to S F Butterworth	S Washington, 137:6 e Franklin, 71x127:8	8,165
B S Brooks to Thos H Williams..	S ½ of W A blk 173, bounded by Gough, Francisco and Octavia, and n by a line drawn midway bt Bay and Francisco.	1
Hamilton Sq Hd Asn to G S Ladd.	Lots 12 and 13, Hamilton Square Hd...	1,588
G Vegrini et al to H Holland.....	S Broadway e Dupont e 12:3½ s 14:9 nw 19:2½ to commencement.....	5
Henry Holland to City and Co S F.	Same.....	2,806
Bd of Com'rs to J W Hodgkin et al	Lots 14 and 15 blk 76 of Tide Lands....	897
Nathaniel Hallinan to Pat Hallinan	E St Mary's Alley, 88:9 s Cala, 25:1x58:9	3,000
John C Piercy to Ellen Fourness..	E York, 182 n 24th, 26x100	450
Geo L Bradley to John Hinkel....	W Gough, 60 s Oak, s 30x87:6.....	1,750
Samuel Moffatt to Henry Kohler..	W Dupont 111:4 s Filbert, s 1:2x97:6....	150
Andrew C Webb to Charles Kane..	S Ellis, 192:6 w Leavenworth, 27:6x137:6	6,100
F D Cottle to Paul Hoefer.....	N John, 105:6 e Mason, e 32x60.....	2,500
T R Hopkins to City and Co S F..	N Francisco, 179 e Jones, w 41:6, etc...	778
Cordelia Gray to N S Penney.....	Ne Hampton Place, 172:6 se Folsom, se 20:6x55, being subdiv 100-v 42.....	3,000
Elmir S Emmons to Sav and L Soc	N Commercial, 117:6 w Montgy, 20x59:9	12,000
Jas Hepburn to Elmir S Emmons.	Same.....	12,600

Thursday, April 9th.

Carl Hintz to Chris Wennerhold..	Nw Mission, 20 sw 2d, sw 47:3x60.....	$ 1
M M Estee to Newton Booth.....	Und ¼ of W A block 474, bounded by Francisco, Scott, Chestnut, and Devis	....
Sav and Loan Soc to O F Griffin..	N Pine w Jones, 50x137:6	4,500
City and Co S F to M Thompson..	N Sierra w Kentucky, 25x100	....
C H Kilkey to Wm W Norris.....	S Broadway, 171:10 w Laguna, 34:4x137	4,062
Wm R Sloan to Patrick Crowe ...	Ne Kate, 105 se Bryant, 25x50.....	650
H P W Davis to Stephen H Phillip	Ne Pine and Franklin, 68:9x110.....	7,000
A Meyer to Elizabeth Meyer.....	E Valencia, 230 s from sw cor of lot 1 in angle formed by Center and Valencia sts, thence s 105x87	1,436
John Connell to Edward Brady...	S 15th, 125 w Noe, 25x115	700
E Neustadt to Augusta R Neustadt	S Sacramento, 80 e Polk, e 60x118.....	1
Lau Hill Cem Assn to A L Sewell..	Lot 2070, Laurel Hill Cemetery.	62
Henry Holm to Rose A Carr.....	Se Frederic, 300 sw 1st, sw 25x80.....	2,000
Mary Mathies to John F Zollner...	11th av se G, 25x100	300
Wm Turnbull to J G Kittle	Nw Sansome and Gold n Jackson, 50x80	20,000
City and County S F to J T Doyle.	Se Franklin and Eddy, 120x259:9	....
Eugene Celle to Thos Ashworth ...	McAllister w Octavia, 50x100	4,500
W H Brumfield to Anna W Clark..	Lots 516 to 533 inc, Gift Map 3.....	3,000
Paul Rousset to Leon McJasson ...	Outside Land Blocks 628 and 629	1,250
Thos B Bishop to B F Swan	Nw Geary and Scott, 275x137:6	1
James Thaxter to same	Ne Geary and Devisadero, e to Scott st, n to Post, w 137:6, s 137:6, etc.....	1
A B McCreery to August Drucker..	Und ½ N Fulton 137:6 w Devisadero, w 275 x n 275	10

Friday, April 10th.

Louis Greenbaum to Louis Jacoby	N Fulton w Franklin, 38:9x120.	$3,500
A J Bowie to Hib Sav & Loan Soc	N Clay, 191: w Montg, 32:10x108:9; also, n Clay, 224:1 w Montg 20.10x137:6; also se cor Clay and Pike, 68:9x36:9; also, n 11th, 100 se Howard, 175x205.....	66,500
G K Porter to E R Barnhisel.....	Ne Mission and Brady, 75x50	5
Martin Detels to Wm A Lampe....	Nw Pearl and Ridley, 30x100, subject to mortgage for $4,000.....	6,000
Thos Donnelly to Ellen Feeney....	W Pierce, 100 n Eddy, 25x90.....	1,600
Bd of Tide Ld Comrs to M Painter	Lot 9 to 20 inclu, blk 790, Tide Lands..	1,323
Same to Same	Lots 1 to 5 inclu, blk 583, Tide Lands..	1,485
Same to Same	Lots 10, 11, 13, blk 530, Tide Lands.....	1,689
Same to Same	Lots 1 to 8, and 21 to 24 inclusive, block 746, Tide Lands	630
Alpheas Bull to R R Swain	Lots 4 and 11, block F, Pacific Savings and H'd Association.....	5
J J Bauer to Edward Kerr	Ne Chattanooga and 23d, e 117:6x65....	1,800
L Bacigalupi to Angela Leveone..	Undivided 11-40, w Gaven, 91:10 n Filbert, n 70:10, w 47:6, s 54:6, se 21:3, e 33:10 to commencement	1,625
Jas Ballentine to R Ruckwardt....	Nw Jessie, 180 sw 9th, 25x165.....	2,900
Wm Besecke to Geo Michaelis....	S Clay e Broderick, s 27:6x100....	1,800
Augustus C Diggins to F Maxson..	Se Broderick and Bush, 120x103.....	7,500
Sam'l Grosh to C D Farquharson..	Ne O'Farrell and Larkin, n 90x68:6.....	12,500
Stephen Card to Sam'l Grosh	Ne O'Farrell and Larkin, n 97:6x68:6 ...	1
Silver Terrace H Ass'n to J Prunty.	Lots 376 and 377, Silver Terrace H'd....	701

Saturday, April 11th.

John G Nelson to T B Kent	Se Jessie, 117:6 ne Annie and 422:6 sw 2d, ne 24x68, being subdiv 100-v 9....	$8,775
A B Grogan to N K Masten.....	Block 41, University Md Survey.....	5,000
Daniel Clifford to Mary McGuire..	Lots 34 and 35, blk 294, Haley Tract....	500
H W Newbauer to W H Ruloison.	N Sacramento, 230 w Franklin, 30x127:8	2,550
Bd of Tide Ld Comrs to H H Ellis.	Sundry lots, Tide Lands.....	278
Same to John Fisher.....	Lot 10 blk 76, Tide Lands.....	390
James Savage to Henry T Bell...	Lots 876 to 885 inclu, Gift Map 3.....	350
W C Lynde to Mary L Hoffman...	E Chattanooga, 130 n Horner, 65x117:6; also, w Bartlett, 195 n Navy, 65x117:6	1
Alice Brady to D B Brown.....	S 18th, 205 w Sanchez, 25x114.....	900
Jas R Kelly to Geo A Lowe.....	Ne cor Cala and Davis, 45:10x68:9.....	65,000
C P Ellis to U H White	57:6x25, near junction of Greenwich and Scotland streets.....	900
Paul Rousset to Natale Gaimboni.	Sw Montgomery Ave and Stockton, s 22:5, e 18:9, nw 29:3 to commencement	2,500
Same to Henry S Tibbey.....	Commencing 107:6 e Stockton and 75:6 s Green, s 8:6½, nw 10:11, e 6 to com't.	100
John Bensley to A McLaughlin....	N Francisco, 68:9 w Mason, 22:11x60....	150
Wm Arthur Jones to Thos Morris.	Undiv ½, s Chestnut, 137:6 e Dupont, e 45:10x170, being subdiv 50-v 533.....	1,500
P McDonnell to Catherine E Barry	Sundry subdi Smoke & McHenry Rancho	1

Real Estate Transactions--Alameda County.

Reported by G. W. McKeand, Searcher of Records for Alameda Co. at East Oakland.

GRANTOR TO GRANTEE.	DESCRIPTION.	PRICE
J C Hays to A M Blaire	Oakland: Marsh land near 12th	$ 1
R Cleaves to H Pierce	Same: N 6th 150 w Wash'n, w 25x100	2,000
A Borel to A B Goff	Same: W Kirkham 50 n 8th, n 50x100	1,100
Same to L Carr	Same: N 9th 300 w Kirkham, w 67:1x100; N 9th 200 w Kirkham, w 60x100; S 9th 217:7 w Kirkham, w 50x122:1	3,500
J P Lecount to J C Devoy	Same: N Sycamore 157 w Grove, 25x100	650
G M Fisher to Z Manvais	Same: 50x100 nw cor Franklin and 10th	5,000
Marg't Volz to W G Powry	Same: N 3d 50 w Chester, w 24x100	275
C O Williams to J O Mahenney	Same: 50x100 ne cor 22d and West sts	600
J V B Goodrich to P H Sumner	Same: N 17th 400 e Grove, e 70x100	7,000
Jos Lehman to H Koster	Same: S 24th 332 w Grove, w 50x96	400
E G Minor to W A Bray	Same: W Webster 345 s Moss, 215x193	3,200
W M Sack to E W Woodward	Same: W Webster 50 n 9th, n 25x75	2,200
Pac M Life Ins Co to Jos Howell	Same: S 8th 50 e Filbert, e 50x128	1,920
M Ryan to J W Coleman	Same: W Myrtle 75 s 10th, s 50x125	2,000
P C Dart to E N Still	Same: W Myrtle 114:6 s 14th, s 50x125	1,750
F Deiger to P McGee	Same: S Frederick 300 w Telegraph Av, w 100x100	6,500
M W Allen to S Dinsmore	Same: 106:6x132 ne cor 26th and Adeline	2,400
A V Wakeman to G H Gray	Same: N 10th 75 w Brush, w 50x100	10
E Bigelow to H E J Kallstrom	West Oakland: N 8th 94 e Willow, e 29x89	$00
Jacob Bacon to R E C Stearns	East Oakland: 132x140 on Clinton M T	1,500
Berkeley V H'd As'n to E Hotten	Oakland T'p: Lot 16 in B V H'd Tract	610
W E Brown to O W Armes	Alameda: Lot C in blk 3, Alameda P H	500
W Horst to R Pohlmann	Same: S Jefferson 200 e McPherson, e 67x133:6	5
J Flores to J B F Rodullat	Brooklyn T'p: 85 acres	200
J Carroll to J S Dutra	20 acres Road San Leandro to Haywood	4,056
Same to M S Lealer	15 acres same locality	3,018
Haywood P'k Union to P Keough	Lot 9 in blk 19, Haywood Park	250
A K Anderson to H Detjian	Pleasanton: 390x390	1,500
C W Hathaway to Alex Mast	San Lorenzo: 9 acres	1 405
Hans Remhardt to J Ziegenbeim	Oakland: 46:11x130:7 nw cor Middle and Center	1,000
C N Sharp to I Butler	Same: S of 4th st 75 e Brush th e 75x100	1
P H Sumner to J F Havens	Same: N 18th st 100 w Castro w 50x100	5,000
B W Caryl to G N Tate	Same: N 17th st 240 w West th w 50x103	18,000
S Adler to T J Wright	Same: W Broadway 50 n 5th st n 50x75	6,200
Delia Girot to M Plover	Same: 90x25, sw cor Lewis w 5th sts	3,500
J Traynor to J Garber	Same: W Linden 100 n 10th st n 50x132	1,500
J M Todd to C Paul	Same: Telegraph 124 n Walnut n 50x150	1,400
E Bigelow to L G Cole	Same: 300x300 bounded by 13th, 14th & Clay, 150x100 sw cor Brush & 14th sts	30,000
E Bigelow to same	Same: Same premises	....
T B Bigelow to J Foster	Same: W Henry 150 s R R Av s 27x125	500
C L des Roches to J Dolleer	Same: 78:6x61:6 se cor Market and 14th	4.200
E A Harris to Joseph Becht	Oakland: 100x100, se cor Broadway and Durant e Broadway 100 s Durant th e 100x150	10,000
J C Hays to F Connelly	Same: S 5th 25 e Myrtle th e 25x109	550
P Collins et al to C Carteron	Same: N 5th 75 e Grove th e 25x100	700
W K Rowell to M J Lawlor	West Oakland: N 8th st 160 w Willow th w 28x91:2	775
J C Van Wyck to J T Seaman	Same: S William 105:7 e Wood e 25x100	130
J T Seaman to J Hackett	Same: S William 105:7 e Wood e 75x100	300
J de Fremery to F A Marston	Same: W Campbell 60 n Linden thence n 37:6x115	750
H S Morey to J R Buffington	Same: 100x80:7 se cor Atlantic & Wood	2,630
L B Huff to T A E Watson	East Oakland: Nw Fremont sw Lacey thence sw 150x150	1,750
M H Eastman to T Richardson	Same: 150x150 w cor Lacey and Benton	2,500
H Tubbs to T W Morgan	Same: 150x150 w cor Hepburn & Benton	1,700
J E Baily to Irene Baily	Oakland Tp: Sundry lots	Gift
Berkely V H Assn to J G Johnson	Same: Lot 19 A V Hd Tract	610
John Wilson to S F & J Reynolds	Same: Und int in tract 4 miles n Oakld	3,000
A T White to B F Birnes	Same: Sundry lots in White Tract	5
Arch Edgar to Arthur Edgar	Same: 80x110 in tract adjoining Univ'ty	1
Arthur Edgar to Arch Edgar	Same: 40x110, same	1
H W Carpenter to E B Mastick	Same: 300 acs on San Pab Ave 4 miles n from Oakland	5

J D Marks to same	Same: 1-80th int in 60 ac plots 88 and 89	1
H K Clarke to same	Same: 300 acres San Pablo Ave 4 miles n Oakland	2
Ex'r of L A Pioche to same	Same: Same	3,500
B V H Assn to Kohler, Chase & Co	Same: Lots 3 and 4 in B V Hd Tract	1,220
S H Collins to H P Livermore	Same: 10 acres part of plot 33	2,500
P Hanson to H Peterman	Eden Tp: ¼ acre near Mt Eden	2,300
T Salsbury to A J & M F Masselna	Same: 300 acres	1,700
E Minturn to C H Ham	Alameda: 300x216, near Encinal station	2,750
O T Stacey to W A Stuart	Same: 100x150, sw cor San Jose Av and Walnut street	300
N Damon to A Sedgley	Brooklyn Tp: A tract near Fitchburg	3,000
R Samson to C Nelson	Same: 50x100 on Bay Ave near Melrose	250
P Hanson to John Booken	San Leandro, 50x125 Ward Ave	....
M Mendenhall to C Taylor	Livermoore: 2 acres	200
A Edson to M Altimirano	Same: 2 acres	1
M Mendenhall to J Beazell	Same: E half blk 86	300
R Williamson to Beazell & Crowell	Same: ¼ int in lot	850
Jas Beazell to W M Mendenhall	Same: Lots 4 to 9 in blk 34	1
P Nolan to M Regan	Mission San Jose: 39 acres	10
T B Bigelow to Thos Kenney	Oakland: S R Av 100 w Chester, w 25x96	500
F Cunningham to D G Hayne	Same: Undivided 2 acs 4 miles n from	400
E P Flint to W F Curtis	Same: E Linden 100 s 120, s 41.8x129	1,250
M Freeberg to J F W Sohst	Same: S 8th 37·6 w Webster, w 37·6x75	2,200
J Hackett to S T Vale	Same: ½ int s William 130.7½ e Wood, thence e 75x100·7	1,000
A Borel to F Perrin	Same: N 9th 100 w Kirkham, w 50x100	900
Sam'l Woods to John Sperrance	Same: 200x200 b'd e by Clay, s 8th, n 9th, less 100x150, sw cor Clay and 9th	21,500
John Caperton to J J Smith	Same: 92·4x25 se cor Myrtle & R R Av	800
Same to J O'N Smith	Same: S R R Av 25 e Myrtle, e 25x102	700
H Durant to W N Furlong	Same: 150x100 sw cor 13th & Franklin	9,500
E P Flint to A D Allen	Same: 100x150 sw cor 11th and Oak	5,125
M T Dusenbury to R R Yates	Same: S 16th 127 e Adeline, 127x102	2,500
J Caperton to City of Oakland	Same: Wash'n and Franklin Squares on Broadway	5
G Zimmerman to M Reese	Same: 2-9th interest in s 3d 100 e Harrison, thence e 125x100	330
H A Mayhew to H E Mathews	East Oakland: 200x300 nw by Patten, ne Franklin, sw by Jefferson	15,000
Wm Faulkner to J B Ford	Same: 225x130 w cor Jefferson & Strode	6,500
Charles Schley to P Schley	Same: Ne Washington 175 se Arroya, thence se 85x140	5
M A Fitch to E Terry	Alameda: Lot 10 in blk 27, Fitch Tract	500
C Main to S E Harvey	Same: 50x100 part block 32, Woodstock	350
Edw Minturn to C Bartlett	Same: Blks 33, 34, 35, 36, 43, 44, 45 and 46, in Minturn Tract	25,000
F A Kimball to H P Livermore	Oakland T'p: 8 acres, part plot 33	2,750
W Y Horner to R Perrin	Wash'n T'p: ¼ int in Forbes Rancho	15,000
Same to E Powell	Same: 1 acre at the "Corners"	350
W E Still to J P Still	Livermore: ½ int in 160 acr 4 miles se fr	1,500
H Brooks to B S Conrad	Same: 60 acres near	135
P Wilson to M Trainer	Same: 20 acres near	200
Geo C Johnson to J A Mayhew	Mission San Jose: 447 acres, 328 acres, 138 acres, and 80 acres	20,000
A T Starkey to J Walpert	Same: 120 acres 5 miles n from	800
B Hasson to A Moore	Same: 80 acres 5 miles se	200
Charles Schley to P Schley	San Leandro: 124 acres near	....

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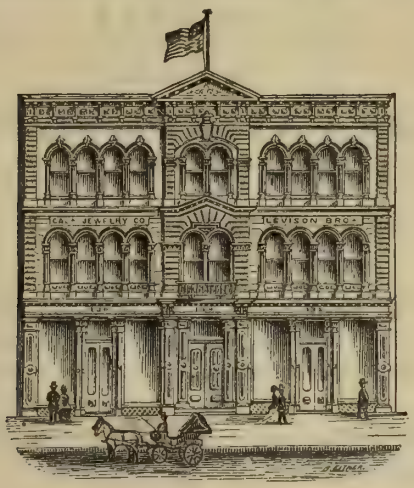

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Through Ticket Office: Corner of Fourth and Townsend Sts., San Francisco.

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Gen. Supt. U. P. R. R.

A. N. TOWNE,
Gen. Supt. C. P. R. R.

THOS. L. KIMBALL,
Gen. Pass. Ag't, Omaha, Neb.

T. H. GOODMAN,
Gen. Pass. Ag't, San Francisco.

London & San Francisco Bank.

(LIMITED.)

(Incorporated under the Joint Stock Companies Acts of 1862 and 1867 of Great Britain), with which has been consolidated the business of

PARROTT & CO., Bankers, San Francisco.

Capital, : : $5,000,000, Gold

Of which $3,000,000 is fully paid up.

Reserve Fund : : $450,000, Gold

HEAD OFFICE, 22 OLD BROAD ST., LONDON.

DIRECTORS:

Frederick Rodewald, London, Chairman; E. H. Green (late of Russell & Sturgis, Manila), London, Deputy Chairman; H. L. Bischoffsheim (of Bischoffsheim & Goldschmidt), London; J. F. Flemmich (of Fred. Huth & Co.) London; Julius May (late of San Francisco), Frankfort-on-the-Main; J. S. Morgan (of J. S. Morgan & Co.) London; John Parrott (of the late firm of Parrott & Co., Bankers,) San Francisco; Baron H. de Stern (of Stern Brothers), London; Rudolph Sulzbach (of Sulzbach Brothers), Frankfort-on-the-Main; Robt. Kyric (of Gladstone, Ewart & Co.) London.

Manager.....R. D. PEEBLES.

Secretary, JAMES M. STREETEN.

London Bankers, { BANK OF ENGLAND, LONDON JOINT STOCK BANK.

SAN FRANCISCO BRANCH, - - CALIFORNIA ST.

MILTON S. LATHAM.....President.

CAMILO MARTIN, Assistant Manager.

Cashier, ARTHUR SCRIVENER. Accountant, ALFRED BANNISTER.

This Bank is prepared to grant Letters of Credit available in any part of the world; to transact every description of Banking and Exchange Business, and to negotiate California and other American Securities in Europe.

MILTON S. LATHAM, President.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., 1st April, 1873.

Agents and Correspondents.

The following are Agents and Correspondents, on any of whom, as also on the Head Office of the Bank, Letters of Credit will be granted, and Drafts drawn: LONDON—London Joint Stock Bank, Bischoffsheim & Goldschmidt, Frühling & Göschen, Fred. Huth & Co., J. S. Morgan & Co., Stern Brothers. NEW YORK—Drexel, Morgan & Co. BOSTON—Third National Bank. PHILADELPHIA—Drexel & Co. PARIS—Bischoffsheim, Goldschmidt & Co., A. J. Stern & Co., Drexel, Harjes & Co. BERLIN—Deutsche Bank. FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN—Gebruder Sulzbach, Bank of Saxe Meiningen. HAMBURG—John Berenberg, Goesler & Co. DRESDEN—Robert Thode & Co. ROME—Plowden Cholmeley & Co. AMSTERDAM—La Banque de Credit et de Depot des Pays Bas. ANTWERP.—Nottebohm Bros. NAPLES and FLORENCE—Anglo-Italian Bank. GENOA—Henry Dapples. VALPARAISO and LIMA—Fred. Huth, Gruning & Co. CHINA and JAPAN—Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation, Comptoir d'Escompte de Paris, Deutsche Bank. MANILA—Russell & Sturgis. RIVER PLATE—Mercantile Bank of the River Plate, Limited. AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND—Union Bank of Australia, Bank of New South Wales. IRELAND—Provincial Bank of Ireland: Armagh, Athlone, Belfas, Ballina, Banbridge, Ballymena, Bandon, Ballyshannon, Cork, Clonmel, Coleraine, Cavan, Cootehill, Carrick-on-Suir, Carrick-on-Shannon, Clogheen, Dungarven, Dungannon, Drogheda, Enniskillen, Enniscorthy, Ennis, Fermoy, Galway, Kilkenny, Kilrush, Limerick, Londonderry, Monaghan, Mallow, Newry, Nenagh, Newcastle, (County Limerick), Omagh, Parsonstown, Sligo, Strabane, Skibbereen, Tralee, Templemore, Wexford, Waterford, Youghal.

The undermentioned are Correspondents of the Bank: English Bank of Rio de Janeiro (Limited), Rio de Janeiro; Aizuyeta Brothers, Acapulco, Mexico; Southern Bank, New Orleans; Geo. C. Smith & Bro., Chicago; Gilmore, Dunlap & Co., Cincinnati.

CALIFORNIA
CHINA MAIL
AND
Flying 龍飛 Dragon.

FOR EVERY CHINA STEAMER,

Will be Issued on the Day of Sailing,

Containing a Review of the Markets and Prices Current; Grain, Shipping, Monetary and Bullion Review; plete summary of Telegraphic News to date; latest Eastern Market Reports, etc. The most complete and valuable newspaper for transmission to China correspondents.

BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

San Francisco.

Capital, - - - $5,000,000

W. C. RALSTON . . . . PRESIDENT.

AGENTS:

IN NEW YORK.....MESSRS. LEES & WALLER.
IN BOSTON..... .....TREMONT NATIONAL BANK.
IN LONDON.....ORIENTAL BANK CORPORATION.

☞ The Bank has Agencies at VIRGINIA CITY, GOLD HILL, WHITE PINE, and Correspondents at all the principal Mining Districts and Interior Towns of he Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit Issued

Available for the purchase of Merchandise throughout the United States, Europe, India, China, Japan and Australia.

Exchange For Sale on Atlantic Cities.

Draw Direct on

London, Dublin, Paris, St. Petersburg, Amsterdam, Hamburg, Bremen, Vienna, Leipsic, Frankfort-on-Main, Auckland, Melbourne, Yokohama, Shanghai, Hongkong, Sydney.

Price per Copy, 15 Cts.] ESTABLISHED JULY 20, 1856. [Annul Subscription, $10.

California Advertiser.

Devoted to the Leading Interests of California and the Pacific Coast

The NEWS LETTER is the most reliable organ representing the moneyed and substantial interests of the City of San Francisco and State of California; its Banking, Real Estate, Commerce, Insurance, Mining and other Stocks. It reflects the times as they pass: men, manners, literature, theatricals and follies. It is piquant and pungent by turns—

WISE, WITTY, GRAVE, GAY, LIVELY AND SEVERE.

THE

Mentor, Whip and Mirror of the Town

The Marked Superiority of the Articles

Appearing in the NEWS LETTER to those which have the run of Newspaper and Magazine Literature, justify their appearance in a more permanent and referable form—in the CALIFORNIA MAIL BAG. The selections throughout are judiciously made: all the articles are clear and vigorous, and their substance is such as to imply in every instance much reading and vigorous thought. The utility of the acts of the men of progress are herein made clear, and the indomitable tendencies of the people inhabiting the Pacific Coast made most plain.

SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS AND AGENTS

At every Station on the

CENTRAL AND UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.

Office of News Letter, Merchant Street, 607 to 615, San Francisco.

ESTABLISHED AGENCIES IN ALL THE CAPITAL CITIES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

FOR

JAPAN & CHINA.

Leave Wharf, Corner First and Brannan Streets,

Every 14 Days, at Noon,

FOR

YOKOHAMA & HONGKONG,

Connecting at Yokohama with the Company's Branch Line for SHANGHAI, via Hiogo and Nagasaki, commencing

May 2d--CHINA,
Captain Howard.

FOR NEW YORK via PANAMA.

Leave at 12 o'clock noon every FOURTEENTH DAY, instead of every seventeenth day, as formerly, for PANAMA, and connecting, via PANAMA RAILROAD, with one of the Company's Steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.

April 25th---CONSTITUTION,
Capt. Austin.

Stopping at ACAPULCO only.

ALL STEAMERS

WILL CALL AT

MAZATLAN, MANZANILLO,

And ACAPULCO.

First Steamer of the month will call at the following CENTRAL AMERICAN PORTS: SAN JOSE DE GUATEMALA, ACAJUTLA and PUNTA ARENAS; and during the coffee season, the first steamer each month will call at these ports both ways.

☞Through Tickets sold to and from Liverpool, Queenstown, Southampton, Bremen, Brest, Havre, Hamburg, Stettin, Copenhagen and Norway.

Each Ship carries an Experienced Surgeon -- Medical attendance free.

REDUCED RATES.

For Santa Barbara, San Pedro, Anaheim and San Diego.

Steamers will leave at 10 A. M., as follows: ORIZABA, ——, Johnston, Captain, Saturday, April 11; Wednesday, April 22; SENATOR, G. D. Korts, Captain, Saturday, April 18; Wednesday, April 29.

For SAN DIEGO,

Calling at Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simeon, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, San Buenaventura, Hueneme, San Pedro and Anaheim.

PACIFIC,

CHARLES THORN - - - - - - Captain.

For SAN DIEGO and Way Ports, for combustibles, Freight and Stock, the Steamship CALIFORNIA, Stothard, Captain, at 5 o'clock, P. M.

☞ Wharfage Free on Coast Steamers both ways.

No Extra Charge for Meals or Staterooms.

Apply at the Pacific Mail Steamship Co.'s Office, corner of Leidesdorff and Sacramento streets.

EDWARD TAYLOR, Acting Agent.

OREGON

Steamship Company.

Regular Steamers to Portland,

Leaving San Francisco Weekly:

STEAMSHIPS

John L. Stephens,

Oriflamme,

Ajax,

Connecting with Steamers to

SITKA AND PUGET SOUND,

AND O. AND C. R. R. CO.,

And Oregon C. R. R. Co., through Willamette, Umpqua, and Rogue River Valleys, Oregon.

WM. NORRIS, Agent,

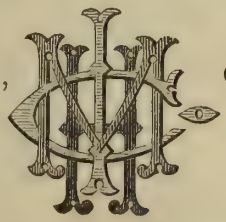
No. 217 SANSOME STREET.

HOME MUTUAL
Insurance Company,
OF CALIFORNIA.

433 California St., Merchants' Exchange Building

Fire & Marine Insurance

CAPITAL, $650,000.



CAPITAL, $650,000.

J. H. REDINGTON, President. **G. H. HOWARD**, Vice Presiden
C. R. STORY, Secretary. **N. B. EDDY**, Marine Secretary.
H. H. BIGELOW, General Manager.

California Beet Sugar Company,
CAPITAL, $250,000,
314 CALIFORNIA STREET.

C. I. HUTCHINSON, President.
BENJ. FLINT, Vice President.
L. FRANCONI, Secretary.

C. I. HUTCHINSON, BENJ. FLINT, E. R. CARPENTIER, } Executive Com.

A. D. BONESTEEL, Gen'l Manager.

A. OTTO, Superintendent of Factory.

Advertisements of the Leading Business Houses in San Francisco.

UNDERWRITERS.

HUTCHINSON, MANN & SMITH,

FIRE, MARINE, AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENCY,

No. 314 California street, represent the following well known and reliable Companies:

Girard, of Philadelphia	$655,000	Penn, of Philadelphia	$285,000
Amazon, of Cincinnati	1,114,000	Kansas, of Leavenworth	250,000
German, of Erie, Pennsylvania	450,00	Atlantic and Pacific, of Chicago	250,000
St. Paul, of Minnesota	626,00	National Life, U. S. A., of Phila-	
Mutual Insurance Association, of New Orleans	1,418,823	delphia	1,235,000

PERFECT INDEMNITY. LOSSES PROMPTLY AND EQUITABLY ADJUSTED.

HUTCHINSON, MANN & SMITH, General Agents.
August 9. 314 California street, San Francisco, Cal.

HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA.

No. 433 California St., Merchants Exchange Building. Fire and Marine Insurance Company. Capital, $300,000. OFFICERS:—John H. Redington President; George H. Howard, Vice-President; Charles R. Story, Secretary; N. B. Eddy, Marine Secretary. H.H. BIGELOW, General Manager. DIRECTORS.—San Francisco—Geo. H. Howard, F. D. Atherton, H. F. Teschemacher, A. B. Grogan, John H. Redington, A. W. Bowman, C. S. Hobbs, B. M. Hartshorne, D. Conrad, Wm. H. Moor, Geo. S. Johnson, H. N. Tilden, W M. Greenwood, S. L. Jones, Geo. S. Mann Cyrus Wilson, W. H. Foster, Jr., Jos. Galloway, W. T. Garratt, C. Waterhouse, A P. Hotaling. Oregon Branch—P. Wasserman, B. Goldsmith, L. F. Grover, D. Macleay, C. H. Lewis, Lloyd Brooke, J. A. Crawford, D. M. French, J. Lowenberg, Hamilton Boyd, Manager, W. L. Ladd, Treasurer. Marysville—D. E. Knight. San Diego—A. H. Wilcox. Sacramento Branch—Charles Crocker, A. Redington, Mark Hopkins, Jas. Carolan, J. F. Houghton, D. W. Earl, Isaac Lohman, Julius Wetzlar, Julius Wetzlar, Manager, I. Lohman, Secretary. Stockton Branch—H.H. Hewlett, Geo. S. Evans, J. D. Peters, N. M. Orr, W. F. McKee, A. W. Simpson, A. T. Hudson, H. M. Fanning, H. H. Hewlett, Manager, N. M. Orr, Secretary. San Jose Branch—T. Ellard Beans, Josiah Belden, A. Pfister, J. S. Carter, Jackson Lewis, N. Hayes, Noah Palmer, B. D. Murphy, J. J. Denny, Manager, A. E. Moody, Secretary. Grass Valley —William Watt, Robert Watt. Nevada—T. W. Sigourney. Feb. 17.

THE STATE INVESTMENT AND INSURANCE CO.

FIRE AND MARINE.

Cash Assets, $350,000. Principal Office, No. 400 California st., San Francisco. BOARD OF DIRECTORS.—Peter Donahue, H. H. Haight, C. D. O'Sullivan, J. D. Coughlin, R. Harrison, A. H. Rutherford, John J. Marks, E. W. Corbett, Geo. O. McMullin, A. J. Bryant, Frank M. Pixley, E. Burke, J. W. Nye, H. H. Watson, Alexander Austin, P. J. White, W. A. Piper, M. Mayblum, Richard Ivers, John Rosenfeld. P. H. Russell, Sacramento. William Bihler, Sonoma County. Jno. G. Downey, F. P. F. Temple, Los Angeles. H. W. Seale, Mayfield.

OFFICERS:

PETER DONAHUE, President. A. J. BRYANT, Vice-President.
CHARLES H. CUSHING, Secretary. April 11.

REMOVAL.

The Commercial Insurance Co. of California, have removed their office to No. 228 California street, in Tallant's New Bank Building, Northeast corner California and Battery streets, San Francisco. This Company transacts A GENERAL FIRE and MARINE INSURANCE business, determining rates commensurate with the hazard assumed, and independently of any combination. The attention of the insuring public is invited to this fact, and also to the following list of Directors, comprising many of our wealthiest and most responsible citizens:

DIRECTORS.—W. W. Dodge, Claus Spreckles, Selden S. Wright, W. B. Cummings, C. F. MacDermot, James M. Barney, C. W. Kellogg, A. W. Jee, Peter Dean, C. J. Deering, John H. Wise, Levi Stevens, James Gamble, E. T. Gile, W. B. Hooper, G. L. Bradley, D. H. Haskell, H. S. Crocker, F. S. Freeman, N. D. Thayer, Jas. Phelan, Charles Main.

C. W. KELLOGG, President.
H. G. HORNER, Secretary. May 3.

NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., OF BOSTON.

Has transacted the business of Life Insurance for over a quarter of a century. Its assets amount to over NINE MILLION DOLLARS. The law of Massachusetts makes all its Policies nonforfeitable. It is a Purely Mutual Company, dividing every cent of surplus among Policy-holders. This is the ONLY Company on the Pacific Coast governed by the Massachusetts Lapse Law.

WALLACE EVERSON General Agent,
April 23.] N. E. cor. California and Sansome sts., opposite Bank of California.

FIREMAN'S FUND INSURANCE COMPANY,

401 California St.—Assets Jan. 1, 1874, $382,632 02; Liabilities for Unsettled Losses, etc., $24,213 52; Net assets for Security of Policy Holders, $553,418 50. Net Assets, 1873, $558,418 50; Net Assets, 1872, $488,235 49; Gain, $ 2, 183 01. Income, 1873, $619,887 73; Income, 1872, $526,21. 87; Gain, $ 93,669 86. Jan. 31

BANKS.

SWISS-AMERICAN BANK,

Incorporated in Geneva (Switzerland) January 20th, 1873. Head office in Geneva.

Capital.....$2,000,000 subscribed, one quarter paid up.

PRESIDENT—HENRY HENTSCH, SAN FRANCISCO BRANCH (successors to Messrs. Hentsch & Berton), 27 Clay street. DIRECTORS—Francis Berton, Rob't Watt.

This Bank is prepared to grant letters of credit on Europe, and to transact every kind of Banking, Mercantile and Exchange Business, and to negotiate American Securities in Europe. Deposits received.

Bills of Exchange on :

New York,	Hamburg,	Bern,	Fribourg,
Liverpool,	Berlin,	Neuchatel,	Lucern,
London,	Frankfort-on-the-M.	Chau-de-fonds,	Aarau,
Paris,	Geneva,	Solothurn,	Bellinzona,
Lyons,	Zurich,	Lausanne,	Locarno,
Bordeaux,	Basel,	Baden,	Lugano,
Marseilles,	St. Gall,	Chur,	Mendrisio.
Brussels,	Winterthur,	Schaffhausen,	

An ASSAY OFFICE is annexed to the Bank. Assays of Gold, Silver, Quartz, Ores and Sulphurets. Returns in coin or bars, at the option of the depositor. Advances made on Bullion and Ores. Dust and Bullion can be forwarded from any part of the country and returns made through Wells, Fargo & Co., or by checks. [March 8.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital, $5,000,000. W. C. Ralston, President; Thos. Brown, Cashier. AGENTS—In New York, Agency of the Bank of California, No. 33 Pine street; in Boston, Tremont National Bank; in London, Oriental Bank Corporation. The Bank has Agencies at Virginia City, Gold Hill, and Correspondents in all the principal Mining Districts and Interior Towns of the Pacific Coast. Letters of Credit issued, available for the purchase of Merchandise throughout the United States, Europe, India, China, Japan and Australia. Exchange for sale on the Atlantic Cities. Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, St. Petersburgh, Amsterdam, Hamburg, Bremen, Locano, Vienna, Leipsic, Sydney, Melbourne, Yokohama, Shanghai, Hongkong, Frankfort-on-the-Main. Sept. 20.

THE BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO,

No. 215 Sansome street.....Incorporated January 31, 1874.

Capital.....$1,000,000.

A general commercial Banking business of deposits and discount. Accounts solicited. Interest paid on average balances and term deposits. Office hours from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. N. P. COLE, President.
March 28. FRANK M. PIXLEY, Manager.

THE ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN BANK (LIMITED.)

412 **California st., San Francisco.—London Office, 3 Angel Court;** New York Agents, J. W. Seligman & Co., 21 Broad street. Authorized Capital Stock, $6,000,000. Will receive Deposits, open Accounts, make Collections, buy and sell Exchange and Bullion, loan Money, and issue Letters of Credit available throughout the world. R. G. SNEATH, IGN. STEINHART, } Managers.
Oct. 4.

MASONIC SAVINGS AND LOAN BANK,

6 **Post street, Masonic Temple, San Francisco. Guarantee capital,** $150,000. Moneys received on Term and Ordinary Deposit. Dividends paid semi-annually. Loans made on approved security. LEONIDAS E. PRATT, Pres't; Wm. H. Culver, Vice-President; H. T. Graves, Secretary. May 16.

FRENCH SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

411 **Bush street, above Kearny. G. Mahe, Director. Loans made** on real estate and other collateral securities at current rates of interest.

THE LONDON AND SAN FRANCISCO BANK (Limited).

Sell Drafts on Yokohama, Hongkong, Shanghai and Manilla, at sight or on time, in sums to suit. July 4.

MORRIS SPEYER & CO.,

Importers and Commission Merchants, No. 13 Merch. Exchange. Hamburg-Bremen Fire Insurance Company. Office, 13 Merchants' Exchange. Policies issued against loss or damage by fire on brick and frame buildings, stores and dwellings, furniture and merchandise, warehouse and contents. Premiums as low as in any other responsible company. ☞ All losses paid in U. S. Gold Coin.
Jan 29. MORRIS SPEYER & CO., General Agents.

ELLIS READ,

COMMISSION MERCHANT,

304 California street.....San Francisco. [Feb. 14

RICHARD PATRICK & CO.,

Importers and Jobbers of Foreign and Domestic Hardware, No. 122 Battery street, San Francisco. Nov. 1.

ASSESSOR'S OFFICE.—NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS, 1874-75.

All Persons, Companies, Associations, or Firms in the City and County of San Francisco, are requested either in person or by their proper representatives, to deliver at the Assessor's Office, No. 22 City Hall, in said City and County, before the SECOND MONDAY IN APRIL, 1874, a statement under oath of all Property, both Personal and Real, owned or claimed by him or them, or which is in his or their possession, or which is held or controled by any other person in trust for, or for the benefit of him or them.—See Political Code, Sections 3433-3448.

POLL TAX—$2, NOW DUE at this Office or to a Deputy. Will be $3 when delinquent and constitutes a lien upon other property. LEVI ROSENER,
Monday, March 2, 1874. [March 7.] City and County Assessor.

S. T. SUIT & CO.'S

CELEBRATED KENTUCKY WHISKIES!

Congress Bourbon,	**National Bourbon,**
Capital Bourbon,	**Breckenridge B. B. B. Rye.**

None of the above brands are UNDER THREE YEARS OLD. Quality Guaranteed

BOOTH & CO., Sacramento, W. W. DODGE & CO., San Francisco.
Dec. 9.] Sole Agents for Pacific Coast.

W. W. DODGE & CO.,

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in Groceries and Provisions,

Corner Front and Clay streets, SAN FRANCISCO.

NEWTON BOOTH,	J. T. GLOVER,
C. T. WHEELER,	W. W. DODGE,
Sacramento.	San Francisco.

Dec. 9.]

BAGS, TENTS, AND HOSE.

NEVILLE & CO.,

113 Clay and 114 Commercial streets,

SAN FRANCISCO. [May 24.

W. MORRIS. JOS. SCHWAB. J. F. KENNEDY.

MORRIS, SCHWAB & CO.,

Importers and dealers in Mouldings, Frames, Engravings, Chro-mos, Lithographs, Decalcomanie, Wax and Artists' Materials,
Feb. 14. 21 Post street, nearly opposite Masonic Temple, San Francisco.

GEO. O. DAVIS. JOHN G. AYRES, GEO. W. COPE.

Member S. F. Stock and Exchange Board.

AYRES, COPE & CO.,

Stock and Exchange Brokers, 503 California street, San Francisco,
Stocks of every description bought and sold, exclusively on commission. [De. 20

W. H. FARWELL.] **REMOVAL.** JNO. O. HANSCOM.

Farwell & Co., Importers and Dealers in Ship Chandlery, have
Removed to **105** and **107** California street, San Francisco. March 7.

NOW OPEN.

Marple & Gump's Art Rooms. — Free exhibition of Choice Paint-ings, over Tucker's Jewelry store, from 9 A. M. till 4:30 P. M. Dec. 13.

TO EXCURSIONISTS ON THE SOUTHERN COAST.

MORRIS HOUSE,

Corner of State and Haley Streets, Santa Barbara, California.

James F. Morris, Proprietor.—Stages for San Francisco, Los
Angeles and San Diego, arrive and depart from this house daily. April 4.

LOUIS EPPINGER,

Importer and dealer in Wines, Liquors and Cigars, 113 and 115
Halleck street. Sole agent for the celebrated LA PERLE DE LA CUVEE and DRY MONOPOLE CHAMPAGNES. March 14.

NOTICE.

For the very best Photographs go to Bradley & Rulofson's in an
Elevator, 429 Montgomery street. Oct. 29

J. C. MERRILL & CO.,

Wholesale Auction House, 204 and 206 California st. Sale days,
Wednesdays and Saturdays at 10 A. M. Cash advances on consignments.
Dec. 14. E. M. PATTEN, Auctioneer.

MARBLE.

Edward McGrath, 935 Market street, opposite Mason. Marbles of
every variety and pattern in STATUARY and COLORED MARBLE, with French cor. Grate in Nickle Plate and Bronze. TOMBS, MONUMENTS and HEAD STONES. Jan. 24.

AUSTRALASIAN AND AMERICAN MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

Under Special Contract, carrying H. B. M. Mails.—The AA 1 full powered Clyde built Iron Screw Steamship TARTAR, Ferries, Commander. This elegantly appointed Steamer will sail from this port on SATURDAY, April 25th, at — A. M., or immediately on arrival of the London Mails, taking passengers for Honolulu, Fiji Islands, Auckland, and ports in New Zealand, Sydney, Melbourne and Brisbane. Ships of this line have the most elegant and comfortable accommodations for passengers of all classes, special attention having been given to perfect ventilation. No freight will be received on board without an order from this office. All Bills must be presented (in duplicate) the day before the sailing of the Steamer or they cannot be allowed. For freight and passage, or any further information, apply to J. C. MERRILL & CO., Agents,
March 21. Nos. 204 and 206 California street.

CHINA TRANS-PACIFIC STEAMSHIP CO. (LIMITED.)

FOR YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG.

The magnificent new Clyde built iron screw S. S. Vasco de Gama, classed 100 A 1 at Lloyd's (2,600 tons register, 2,650 horse power effective), J. F. Rice, Commander. This fast and powerful vessel will leave wharf foot of Front street as above on FRIDAY, May 15th, at 12 o'clock noon. She has been built expressly for the service between this and China and Japan, and is fitted up most luxuriously, with all the latest improvements for the comfort and safety of the passengers. The ship carries an experienced Surgeon and Stewardess. For freight or passage apply to MACONDRAY & CO., Agents,
April 18. 204 and 206 Sansome street.

FOR GUAYMAS AND LA PAZ.

Regular Steamship Line to Mexican Ports, sailing every 20 days. Freight at Reduced Rates. The favorite Steamers **MONTANA**, A. N. McDonnough, Captain, and **NEWBERN**, Wm. Metzger, Captain. For freight at Reduced Rates, or passage, having superior accommodations, apply to
Jan. 10. EDWARD NORTON, Agent, 610 Front street.

CUNARD LINE.—BETWEEN NEW YORK, BOSTON & LIVERPOOL,

CALLING AT CORK HARBOR.

Passage Tickets sold to and from Great Britain and the Continent. Cabin Plans can be seen and Staterooms secured at office of
May 17. E. E. MORGAN'S SONS, 320 California street.

FOR VICTORIA, DIRECT,

Carrying her Majesty's Mails, connecting with Steamers for Puget Sound. The Clyde-built Steamship PRINCE ALFRED. Leaves Hathaway's wharf on the 5th and 20th of each month at 10 A.M. For freight or passage apply at the corner of Folsom and Spear tresets. [Oct. 19.] JOHN ROSENFELD, Ag't.

NOTICE.

Shippers to Santa Barbara and other Coast Ports, are requested not to rely on a paper called "THE GUIDE" for information as to the movements of our vessels. See advertisement in daily papers.
Sept. 20. GOODALL, NELSON & PERKINS, Corner Clay and East sts.

X LINE FOR LIVERPOOL, DIRECT.

The magnificent new A 1 Clipper Ship Friedlander, 1638 tons register, Emerson, Master, is intended to sail with dispatch. Freight taken in lots to suit shippers. [March 7.] E. E. MORGAN'S SONS, 320 California st.

NOBLE & GALLAGHER,

Importers and Dealers in Painters' Materials, House, Sign, and FRESCO PAINTERS, Plain and Decorative PAPER-HANGERS, and GLAZIERS, No. 437 Jackson street, between Sansome and Montgomery, San Francisco.
Ceilings and Walls Kalsomined, Whitened and Colored. Jobbing promptly attended to. Jan. 25.

TO PARTIES ABOUT TO BUILD.

Augustus Laver has established his office at 215 Sansome st., near California (over the bank), and is prepared to furnish plans, specifications and superintendence for the Construction or Renovation of Dwelling Houses and every description of Building. Artificer's work measured and valued.
AUGUSTUS LAVER, Architect,
Jan. 24. 8 and 9 Cochituate Building, San Francisco.

A. S. ROSENBAUM & CO.

Have removed to the Southeast corner of California and Battery streets, where they invite the attention of their customers and others to their large assortment of the Best and Finest Brands of CHEWING and SMOKING TOBACCO, HAVANA CIGARS and CIGARITOS. Consignments of Choicest Brands of Cigars received by every Steamer. [Oct. 18.] A. S. ROSENBAUM & CO.

LAIRD'S PATENT SEAMLESS BAG.

Wm. Laird & Co., Manufacturers. Ellis Read, Agent, 304 California street, San Francisco. March 7.

PETER SHORT,

Merchant Tailor, No. 613, N. W. corner Montgomery and Merchant streets, San Francisco. Nov. 1.

NOTICE OF THE CALIFORNIA PLACARD EXCHANGE.

ADMISSION FREE.

The Directors of the California Placard Exchange and Bureau o Information for the Pacific Coast, hereby announce that they are now prepared to receive Placards, consisting of Chromos, Photographs, Lithographs, Diagrams, Maps, Business Cards, etc., and Public Notices of every kind relating to all Business Matters bearing upon the Interests of the Pacific Coast. These collected in one General Repository, easy of access, properly classified and made most attractive, will fill a great public want and powerfully stimulate our common interests. In a word, the Exchange will present to the eye of the visitor an Epitome of the Pacific States and San Francisco as they are, of their productions, manufactures and wealth, bringing a knowledge of the varied and vast interests of California and the adjacent Territories to a focus. Every occupier of one or more feet of Placard space will be charged at the rate of ONE DOLLAR PER SQUARE FOOT PER MONTH, and will be entitled to receive ONE HUNDRED TICKETS FOR EACH FOOT. Thus, if 10,000 feet be engaged, there will be admission tickets given to One Million of visitors. All orders for these attractive announcements will be received at the office of the Company, 607 to 615 Merchant street, San Francisco, where every information will be readily supplied. It is expected that the Exchange will be thrown open to the public about March 30. J. MELVILLE, Secretary.

California Placard Exchange and Information Bureau for the Pacific Coast, Nos. 607 to 615 Merchant street, San Francisco. March 8.

THE CALIFORNIA CHINA MAIL AND FLYING DRAGON.

金山唐山新聞紙

For Every China Steamer, will be issued on the day of sailing, containing a review of Markets and Prices Current; Grain, Shipping, Monetary and Bullion Review; complete summary of Telegraphic News to date; latest Eastern Market Reports, etc., etc. The most complete and valuable newspaper for transmission to China correspondents. Jan. 3.

NOTICE.

The Public are hereby notified that the Field Deputies of this Office will commence assessing Property MONDAY, March 2, 1874. The duties assigned to those Deputies are too well known to the community to require explanations, and while I have been careful in making my selections to fill the positions by men favorably known in this community for their competency and integrity, and am confident that the duties will be discharged by them to the general satisfaction of all concerned, I urgently request the general public to report to this Office any derelictions of duty by any of my Deputies, and assure them that any just complaints will receive immediate attention. LEVI ROSENBERG,

March 1. City and County Assessor.

CUTTER WHISKY.

A. P. Hotaling & Co., No. 131 Jackson street, are the Sole Agents on this Coast for the celebrated J. H. CUTTER WHISKY, shipped direct to them from Louisville, Kentucky. The Trade are cautioned against the purchase of inferior and imitation brands of "J. H. Cutter Old Bourbon." Owing to its deserved reputation, various unprincipled parties are endeavoring to palm off spurious grades. It is really the BEST Whisky in the United States. March 19.

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* Sundays excepted.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Alameda *	9.30	.....	.....	9.00
Antioch, Black Diamond, etc. *	11.45	1.12	.....	12.00
Benicia and Rio Vista (by C P R R Co.'s steamers *	.....	5.15	.....	9.00
Cloverdale and Coast Points *	.....	2.15	10.50	.....
Eureka *	.....	1.40	12.00	.....
Napa Route via Vallejo *	.....	3.40	12.40	.....
Northern California, Oregon and Washington Territory	6.30	.....	.....	9.00
Oakland	6.30	3.40	.....	1.00
			.....	9.00
Overland	6.30	.....	.....	9.00
Petaluma and Coast Points *	.....	1.15	.....	12.30
Sacramento via Vallejo	7.15	3.40	....	12.40
				8.40
San Rafael *	9.15	.....	9.00	.....
San Jose	7.55	4.10	9.30	6.00
Southern California Coast Route *	7.55	.....	.....	6.00
Stockton via Western Pacific Railroad	6.30	3.40	9.00	9.00
Vallejo and Benicia	7.15	3.40	12.40	9.00
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CALIFORNIA

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JUNE, 1874.

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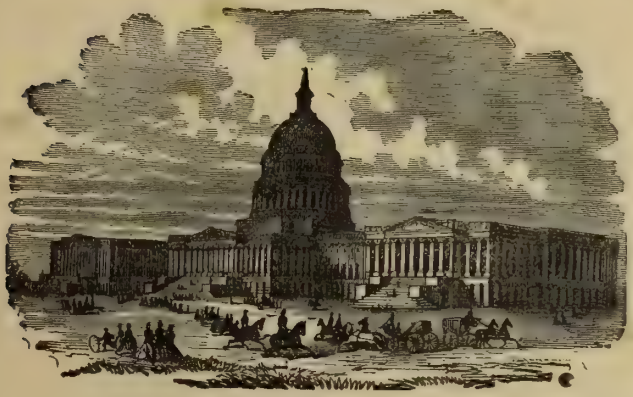
THE CALIFORNIA



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JUNE, 1874.

SAN FRANCISCO:
PUBLISHED BY F. MARRIOTT, 607 TO 615 MERCHANT ST.

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CALIFORNIA MAIL BAG.

ARGUMENT OF HONORABLE LELAND STANFORD BEFORE THE STATE SENATE COMMITTEE ON CORPORATIONS.

Gentlemen: In response to the letter of invitation of your committee to be present at the consideration by your committee of the "Freeman bill on fares and and freights, to give such evidence and views relating to the subject as are at my disposal," I am here to say that an examination of the bill which is under consideration, reveals what appears to me to be radical defects, calculated, should the bill become a law, to inflict most disastrous injury upon the productive interests of the State; to transfer a portion of the fair and reasonable freight burdens and charges now made upon the costly manufactures and luxuries, and to impose them, in turn, upon the crude and raw productions of the State, and the necessaries of life. Under the law, as it now stands, we have been able to make such a scale of rates that, while with an allowable maximum of fifteen cents per ton per mile for all freight handled, our average is as low as three and sixty-six one hundredths cents per ton per mile; this, be it understood, being the result of rates sometimes as low as about a cent per ton per mile for raw materials, combined with the maximum charges allowed by law for higher priced articles, according to classification and distance moved. The Freeman bill, in attempting to fix by specific enactment where and how the distribution of freight charges shall be made, absolutely changes the advantages of the general low rates now enjoyed by the producers of the State, in order to make reductions on the high priced and generally imported articles. Not being advised of the specific reasons advanced in support of this bill, or for any change in the present law, I have been compelled to take the utterances of the press, and the declamation of such public men as have given the subject attention, as the only testimony in its favor.

California now occupies such a position of prominence in the Union, that the utterances of its people, upon any subject affected by our State laws, and in which, besides our own citizens, many others in the United States and foreign lands have a direct and pecuniary interest, must attract an attention and consideration much more widespread than the mere confines of our own boundaries.

Feeling convinced that the premises and conclusions of such portions of the press and public as have made special and definite objections to the existing management of our California roads, are largely erroneous, not to be sustained by the existing facts in this State—the facts and practices of other States, or the principles of fairness governing all transactions between men or communities—I ask the indulgence of the committee in the submission of the following:

The dissemination of views from the press or public bodies of the State, which are, perhaps, the result of an incomplete knowledge of the facts and circumstances influencing railroad construction and management, should not be allowed without an effort at correction; and I hope herein to be able to show to your committee, to our business communities, and the producers, that to adopt such a standard in judgment upon the vexed question of freights and fares would be very far indeed from securing that harmony between a law and its operation, which should be the proper result from "that which aims at substantial justice."

Two years ago, the Assembly Committee on Corporations gave an extended and careful consideration to this whole subject, and with a desire to get at the grounds upon which the biennial attacks upon the railroad system and management of the State were based, solicited the attendance of the most prominent promoters of the charges and allegations against railroad companies. The recorded evidence shows that, without exception, the charges were wholly without foundation in fact, and the result of a misapprehension of the mutual rights, privileges, and duties of the carrier and the public, rather than of the actual violation of law, or of injustice committed by the corporations. The railroad companies submitted to that committee a large mass of data from this and other States, and from such undoubted authorities, that as a final result the committee found that it would be unjust and unwise to reduce the freight and passenger charges under which the roads were operating. This being the conclusion of a report by sworn legislators, every page of which contains the irrefutable logic of facts and results of experience of other States, I cannot, therefore, refrain from the belief that the present condition of the agitation on railroad questions in this State, is not so much the result of a profound and deliberate conviction of the public based upon actual evidence,

as of a misapprehension of existing facts and the relation between the work which railroads are required to perform, and the means and difficulty of doing it, and that the proposed radical changes in the State laws are irreconcilable with the principle of "substantial justice," which all interested in the wealth and prosperity of our State have a right to expect shall be the leading motive of our lawmakers.

It has been stated that: "Perhaps the question of regulating the rates of railroad transportation has been clouded by unnecessary difficulty." An extended research and investigation of this subject will develop here, as it has universally elsewhere, that such a statement is only calculated to mislead. To undervalue the importance of the elements necessary to be known and thoroughly digested in regulating "fares and freights," is to ignore not only the difficulties and consideration which all capital must face in investments, but also the expressed results of thought and investigation of some of the ablest minds abroad, who have made the subject a study.

As one of the texts of what perhaps is the most exhaustive essay upon the relation of the "Railroads and the Farmer," by W. M. Grosvenor, in November *Atlantic Monthly*, he states that "the regulation of railroads by public authority, in a country as large as this, is not an easy matter; the nature of railroad traffic and the conditions under which it must be conducted have been so little studied and so little understood, that, when we begin to apply law to it, we are somewhat in the case of Voltaire's doctors, who put drugs, of which they knew little, into bodies of which they knew nothing." A careful reading of that essay must convince any one that the subject is one of the greatest difficulty. From the Ohio Railway Report of 1872, I find that the Commissioner, O. L. Wolcott, dismisses this subject as follows: "Many important questions have been *avoided:* some for want of time necessary to elicit facts and determine results; others because of the intricacies and difficulties naturally surrounding them; among them is, the true policy of legislation relating to freights and fares."

Again, from the report of the Illinois Railroad and Warehouse Commission, I find that notwithstanding the report in all other respects is possessed by the spirit of stormy contest against the railroads of the State, this much upon the subject is unequivocally emphasized: "In this connection we call attention to the opinion expressed by the Board in its last annual report: 'As far as freight tariffs are concerned, it is laid down by competent authorities that to fix general tariffs inflexible for a period of years, which must be the case if they are created by the Legislature, with no provision for modifications, except by legislative action, seems to be wholly impracticable; where it has been attempted it has always failed, never being properly complied with. What is reasonable for one road is not for another, and would destroy the latter. What would be reasonable in one season might be very burdensome at another. Peace or war, famine or plenty, the state of the domestic or foreign markets, would exercise vast influence upon the proper adjustment of such tariffs. Reasonable maximum rates, inflexible, say, for two years, and high enough to avoid such fluctuating, but certain and controlling conditions, would possess no complete and satisfactory force to govern the charges of railroad companies whose tariffs would, most of the time, be voluntarily made far within the limits thus established. On the Continent of Europe this matter is looked upon, not as a judicial or legislative, but an administrative function. The Finance or Commercial Ministerial Department of the State is intrusted with it. It is exercised by trained government officials, of the highest class, in conference with the deputations from the Boards of Trade and the railroad companies.

From the pen of no less gifted a thinker and scholar than Charles Francis Adams, writing in the official capacity as a State officer, upon a subject which he has studied with a care and industry made evident by every page of his reports, I quote from his comments upon the English and our own practice in this matter. He states: "The attempt to limit rates and fares by the principle of fixing a maximum has almost always failed in practice, and is almost always likely to fail, for the simple reason that the Parliamentary Committees and authorities by whom such limits are decided cannot do otherwise than allow some margin between the actual probable rate, as far as they can forecast it, and the maximum rate; and cannot foresee the contingencies of competition, of increase in quantities, of facilities or economy in working, or of alteration in commercial conditions which may occur in the course of years after such limits have been arranged by them. The result of thirty years of successive and wholly abortive effort in this direction in England, has been that Parliament has at last settled down in the conviction that the development and necessities of trade in practice always have nullified, and inevitably must nullify, the provisions of special Acts, no matter how carefully and skillfully they may be prepared. This, too, has hitherto resulted from common consent, all parties recognizing the fact that these enactments did not possess the flexibility absolutely requisite to the movements of modern commerce. In the United States the difficulties in the way of this class of legislation would be infinitely greater than in England.

"It is impossible to speak certainly of such a system in advance; but the Commissioners are unable to find in it anything which has not been repeatedly tried with unsatisfactory results elsewhere. The final difficulty with all legislation of this class, is its excessively dangerous and politically corrupting tendency. It forces the corporation, whether they wish to come there or not, into the lobby of the Legislature and the rooms of committees and commissions. They are forced there for the protection of their interests. For the essence of the system is that certain persons, whether the Legislature itself or officials designated by the Legis-

lature, have devolved upon them the responsibility of establishing the revenue of property belonging to others.

"The Commissioners have grave doubts as to the success of any effort at the regulation of the railroad system which, practically, effects a separation between the ownership of a railroad and its management. Entertaining these views, as the result of their investigation, the Commissioners have not thought it expedient to report any bill or form of law in which it would be apparent that they themselves entertain little confidence."

We can see here that Massachusetts, after a series of years of trial and experiment, practically arrives at the conclusion that tariff regulations, so far as rates are concerned, are not possible by legislation. Shall California ignore this experience, and, notwithstanding her vastly inferior resources for contributing to the support of a railroad system, enforce legislation upon that which Massachusetts admits cannot be legislated upon?

I trust that your committee will appreciate, as one of the motives for imposing upon them the extended quotations from the different writers mentioned, a desire to bring prominently to their notice the difficulties discovered by thinkers elsewhere in dealing with this subject, and to whom, by their recorded conclusions, it is of a nature sufficiently complicated to justify the unusual concurrence of opinion that Legislatures can never do justice in such matters to all concerned. These ideas that "railroads are public highways in private ownership; in their construction they involve the highest attribute of the State's sovereignty—the right of taking private property for public use; that their owners are common carriers with special privileges, and that if the State has not the power to regulate their charges, she may renounce (?) her claim to sovereignty," have been repeatedly and prominently placed before the public; but I think that it is an illogical and ignoble fear that if the State does not exercise the power to regulate railroad charges, she must "renounce her claims to sovereignty." Her sovereignty is not threatened by the present exemption from the special control of the incomes of banks, insurance companies, homestead associations, water and ditch companies, manufacturing companies, navigation companies, stage lines or other transportation companies, and all other associations operating and existing under general corporation laws. The State confers vested rights on all these at will, but does not thereby lose sovereignty or power of control because their incomes are not regulated any more than when individuals are the recipients instead of corporations.

To all such, any income which they can make is conceded without a question or thought of any danger to the State, and full power to manage their business according to the dictates of their own discretion; and I take it that if a bank, or insurance, or any other company or association were checked by legislation in the attainment of a proper return upon their capital stock, the public, whether stockholders or not, would consider such legislation injudicious and wrong. After a railroad company has practically fulfilled its contract with the State, by building and putting in operation a route of travel or transport, and for which the right of eminent domain has been exercised, it has always seemed to me to partake of the exercise of the arbitrary power of the oppressor for the State to demand and attempt to exercise the additional right of restricting or curtailing the basis of revenue of such roads. Certainly railroads have the right to expect the usual return upon their investment that other companies or individuals have upon theirs, without restriction by the State; and I respectfully ask attention to the fact that the sovereignty of the State can be no more jeopardized by her non-interference in the matter of revenue of railroads than from her usual and to be expected non-interference in the revenue which the owner of a corner lot shall be able to obtain from the house which he shall erect thereon.

The moral right of the individual to immunity from interference in the extent of the revenue he may obtain from his lot, I consider, is not substantially different from the immunity which a railroad company should be entitled to, so far as its revenue is concerned. I do not think that because the State exercises her right of eminent domain for a railroad, that as a direct effect, she should also exercise a power to regulate the profits of said railroad, other than established by the law which brought the companies into existence.

I think that the theory of eminent domain in this connection is only to see that all difficulties, by reason of the presence of private property, shall be swept away, in order that the public may have transportation facilities. That is not exercised in consideration and for the primary benefit of the corporation, is shown by the fact that she merely uses her power to force an owner to sell his property at a fair rate, rather than an exorbitant one, to a railroad company for right of way, thus preventing owners from unjustly profiting, by the fact that the permanent necessity in the construction of a railroad, *is ground upon which* to build it. Now, is this done for the benefit of the corporation, which pays full value for all it receives, or for the purpose of securing to the public a transportation route? Is there any property or privilege secured to the corporation, by or through any sacrifice or expense to the State? Or is not her consideration for the public alone, which leads her simply to put the corporation in the way of buying what it needs?

Can it be claimed that springing from this exercise of power the State should also exercise any special control of the railroad company, or that she has conferred any special privileges that are not paid for in full, and thus balancing the obligations?

While I have that confidence in the sense of justice of the people of this State, as to be satisfied that they would not, knowingly, follow any leadership or advice which

led to confiscation of property without compensation, I submit that it is not wise or just to lose sight of the important fact that, under our corporation laws, many millions of property have been called into existence, and the ownership enjoyed with that security which confidence in the permanence of law engenders; and that the carrying out by the Legislature of any suggestions to repeal such laws would be an act of vandalism, shaking to its center all property values within this State, and which ought to entail the responsibility upon the State for compensation for property thus destroyed or rendered useless, the amount of which would be appalling. The mere power to repeal corporation laws carries with it no evidence of the justice or propriety of its exercise. Have not the owners of all kinds of corporate property the right to expect that in the discussions of the various measures affecting such property, this element of responsibility for damage and loss which may be inflicted, should not be kept in the background. On the other hand, the repeal of the corporation laws involving the State's distinct moral responsibility for compensation for all of the property destroyed, can there be shown any difference whatever except as to the extent of the wrong imposed in that, and the alteration or amendment of such laws, whereby the income value of such property is lessened or perhaps destroyed! I submit that it is a question for grave and deliberate consideration, whether there is not now a necessity of assuring, by authoritative announcement, all railroad companies in the undisturbed management of their business, and certainly until they are assured of a reasonable income.

In the control of the affairs of the Central Pacific Railroad Company by the United States, this proviso is distinctly made: That only after the corporation shall be in the enjoyment of a net income of ten per cent. upon the cost of construction, excluding the five per cent. of the net profits to be set aside for Government Redemption Fund, may legislation in any event upon rates be had. It has been stated that "the maximum rates in California—ten cents per mile for passengers and fifteen cents per ton for freight—were fixed at a time when prices and profits were so much higher than now it seems to belong to a different age."

I respectfully suggest to the committee that, as our total income for the fiscal year just past is in round numbers eleven million five hundred thousand dollars, with a total expense account of say five million three hundred and fifty thousand dollars for operating expenses, that the resulting net receipts of six million one hundred and fifty thousand dollars have but a small useful excess over the amount necessary to meet or provide for the interest and sinking funds on our total indebtedness of eighty-five million four hundred and forty-three thousand eight hundred and sixteen dollars (which includes the Government lien). This, coupled with the fact that notwithstanding the existence of the Central Pacific Railroad for ten years past, and the total receipts during that time of some thirty-nine million dollars, we have never paid but one dividend, and that but of three per cent., and that no other railroad in the State has ever paid a dividend, would seem one reason at least why rates should not be interfered with.

The average rate of all paying tonnage on the Central Pacific Railroad is three and sixty-six one-hundredths cents per ton per mile, and, as stated by W. M. Grosvenor, the average rate for the United States is three and six-tenths cents per ton per mile. It is pertinent, in order to modify the surprise which seems to prevail at the existence of rates which have been considered as belonging to a different age, of fifteen cents maximum for freight and ten cents for passengers, to state that, in Illinois, with her railroad system at present under the most radical administration of special legislative representatives, and with all the freshness of recently inaugurated restrictive measures, and with a total tonnage throughout the State of one thousand four hundred and ninety-four tons per mile of roads operated, or an amount of two and four-tenths times the tonnage of the Central Pacific Railroad, I find that the Illinois Commissioners authorize the Illinois Central Railroad, the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad, the Illinois and St. Louis, the Chicago and Alton, and the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad Companies, and all without grades or difficulties of construction worthy of consideration, as compared with the roads of this country, to charge for their maximum, for first-class goods, two dollars and forty cents per ton per mile; for wheat, ninety-three cents per ton per mile; and for coal, not less than the car load, thirty cents per ton per mile. For ten-mile distances, the maxima for the same articles are, respectively, thirty-two, eleven and three-tenths, and seven and one-tenth cents per ton per mile. And, in the same connection, it may be equally interesting to the people of the State to know that the railway reports of the State of Ohio, for 1872, show that the Atlantic and Great Western Railroad, with a length of five hundred and sixty-seven miles, a tonnage per mile of road operated of three thousand four hundred and sixty-nine tons, or about five and six-tenths times the similar tonnage on the Central Pacific Railroad, has a maximum rate of forty-eight cents per ton per mile for first-class, and sixteen cents for fifth-class, and, for fifteen-mile distances, a maximum of seventeen cents per ton per mile.

For the Central Ohio Railroad, with a length of one hundred and thirty-seven miles, a tonnage of one thousand eight hundred and fifty-six tons per mile of road operated, or three times that of the Central Pacific Railroad, an average rate of two and five-tenths cents per ton per mile, has a maximum rate for first-class of one dollar and sixty cents per ton per mile, and, for fourth-class, one dollar per ton per mile; and for fifteen-mile distances, first-class, twenty cents per ton per mile, and fourth-class, twelve cents per ton per mile.

The Cincinnati and Muskingham Valley Railroad, with a length of one hundred and forty-eight miles, a tonnage of eleven hundred and twenty tons per mile of road operated, or say twice the similar tonnage on the Central Pacific Railroad, an

average rate of three cents per ton per mile, has a maximum of one dollar and ten cents per mile first-class, eighty cents second-class, and seventy cents third-class.

The Cincinnati, Sandusky and Cleveland Railroad, with a length of two hundred and fifteen miles, a tonnage of thirteen hundred tons per mile of road operated, or say twice the similar tonnage on the Central Pacific Railroad, has a maximum of forty-three cents per ton per mile, or twenty-one cents for distances less than fifteen miles.

The Cleveland and Pittsburg Railroad, with a length of two hundred and twenty-five miles, a tonnage of seven thousand three hundred and one tons per mile of road operated, or nearly thirteen times the similar tonnage on the Central Pacific Railroad, has a maximum of one dollar and forty cents for first-class, or eighty cents fifth-class, and eighteen cents for fifteen-mile distances.

The Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad, with a length of ten hundred and seventy-three miles, a tonnage of three thousand eight hundred and seventy-seven tons per mile of road operated, or say six times the similar tonnage on Central Pacific Railroad, has a maximum of twenty-two cents, and sixteen cents for fifteen-mile distances.

The Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, with a length of three hundred and ninety-three miles, a tonnage of one thousand eight hundred and three tons per mile of road operated, or say three times the similar tonnage operated by the Central Pacific Railroad, an average rate of two cents per ton per mile, has a maximum of thirty-two cents, and twenty-seven and thirteen one-hundredths cents for fifteen-mile distances.

The Pittsburg, Cincinnati and St. Louis Railroad, with a length of nine hundred and seventy-eight miles, a tonnage of three thousand four hundred and nine tons per mile of road operated, or say five times the similar tonnage on Central Pacific Railroad, has a maximum of twenty cents, or fifteen and a third cents for fifteen-mile distances.

The Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad, with a length of five hundred and three miles, a tonnage of four thousand five hundred and twenty tons per mile of road operated, or say seven times the similar tonnage on the Central Pacific Railroad, has a maximum of thirty-four cents.

The committee may see from these examples, selected from the most important roads in the Ohio list, that the maximum rates in every instance are much higher than those of California, and the average rates also, in proportion to the tonnage per mile of road operated, are higher; while here must be considered the grades, and the enormously increased engine power required in using such grades, being from five to six times greater than in the valleys, and involving an extra mileage not only six times greater than in the valley lines in ascending grades, but doubling the same by the return of unloaded engines to the foot of the mountains, and the excessive repairs necessary in keeping all such engines in order, being about three times the amount of the valley engines.

The tariffs for Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, and other States, will furnish unlimited additional examples to your committee and the public, to prove that, in proportion to the cost of services performed and the tonnage moved, our California roads are now using maximum, minimum, and average rates less than any other State in the Union.

To the members of your committee a simple reference will bring to mind the extraordinary temporary and early prosperity of the mountain counties which, to a greater of less extent, yet bear their part in sustaining the railroad system of California, and whose tonnage business and population at that time offered inducements for the investment in transportation facilities, which the deserted hamlets, villages, depleted towns, ravines and placers, no longer teeming with a busy life, all mark now as a thing of the past, when the wealth, business and travel of Mariposa, Tuolumne, Calaveras, El Dorado, Nevada, Placer, Sierra, Plumas, Shasta, Trinity and Siskiyou was evidenced by every gulch crowded with camps and men, every town with business houses, trade and activity, and the mountain roads rarely clear of the passage of coach or team.

This business, wealth and people have nearly disappeared. The meager shipments of to-day for these counties mark a decadence which makes it proper to inquire whether California, so far as its contribution to transportation investments is concerned, has really made any great or material strides from her position of ten or fifteen years ago. Her population has been changed, shifted from one place to another; the mining camps, towns and villages deserted to swell the size of cities and the population of agricultural valleys; and so widespread have these changes made our people, that to-day it would be difficult to show wherein the sparse settlements of the San Joaquin, the upper Sacramento, or the half deserted mining centers, offer as much inducement for railroad construction as did the concentrated population and business activity of the counties named, ten or twenty years ago. And it is from these mining counties that the paying local business of the railroads of the State is mainly derived to-day. And it would seem to me to need but little logical effort to show that if, in the stage coach days, the tide of travel and freight was great to and from certain communities, the same communities, partially deserted and unproductive, have now no cause for complaint, at even the rates allowed by law, when their travel and their tonnage make but the comparatively insignificant impression upon the train-emptiness of the cars.

The California roads have followed substantially the universal practice of railroad management throughout the world in the arrangement of their rates, and while the maximum allowed by our law is for freight fifteen cents per ton per mile, our

average is three and sixty-six one-hundredths cents, which illustrates how small a proportion of the business done is at the maximum rate, and also that the rates are, in turn, governed by business principles; and this fact is shown conclusively by the exceedingly *low* average rate, instead of an average nearer the maximum allowed by law. The same rule holds good elsewhere. The maximum allowed by usage or law are absolutely necessary to pay for business done wherever they are imposed; yet the great mass of business, having a reasonable average mileage, is done at very much reduced rates, producing the various low averages from which so much misapprehension in the minds of all desiring cheaper transportation has been engendered. When it shall be more fully known that for short distances, or excessive grades, or high value goods, or bulky articles, or in sparse settlements, or when change or interchange are irregular, that throughout the world high rates are charged, and low rates for opposite causes, then I think the public may give us the credit of being neither extortionate nor unjust in our discriminations. When for a period of thirty years, during which sixty-seven thousand miles of railroad have been built, the practice alluded to has continued and expanded from year to year with but little interruption, the least that can be said is that it should receive a very careful study, as a mere matter of policy, before any legislation is enforced whereby the low average to the whole community, now possible and existing, may be forced to a higher figure, and to the advantage of neither party.

While it is admitted that there should be a fair compensation, the fact should not be ignored that the legislation of the world, in the effort to attain that substantial justice which must be the basis of a "fair compensation," has universally failed in producing any distinct tariff regulations which would stand the test of time and experience. This result is clearly recognized by the written opinions and judgments of the writers hereinbefore quoted, it being admitted that the subject is one best regulated by the mutual interests of the carrier, producer and competition. Illinois, after a great variety of laws enacted and repealed, has finally removed all specified freight limits, and appointed a State Board of Railroad Directors, under the title of the "Railroad and Warehouse Commission." The results obtained by such Commission, so far as maximum rates are concerned, have been indicated in the foregoing pages, while their administration upon the matter of the distribution of the transportation charges upon the different communities of the State has produced already vexatious legal proceedings, and a feeling of dissatisfaction and disappointment in the minds of farmers and producers themselves at the working of the impractical theories of "would-be reformers," which can only result in the more enlightened intelligence of the State demanding a repeal of the laws.

With this experience distinctly before us, the applicable force of Mr. Adams' conclusion, that "the final difficulty with all legislation of this class is its excessively dangerous and politically corrupting tendency," forcing corporations, for the protection of their own interests, into the halls of committees and Legislatures, contending against that false theory that others can with justice administer the revenue of their property, is made clearly apparent.

It has been advised that "discrimination between places should be prevented by prohibiting a railroad from charging a higher price over any portion of the road than is charged for the same or a shorter distance of similar or heavier grades in any other portion." This theory, put into practice, would, for example, result as follows:

San Francisco to San Antonio is ten miles, and our usual fare fifteen cents, or one and one-half cents per mile. As there are, however, a large number of travelers who prefer to buy at wholesale rates, and thus guarantee to the railroad company a large and regular travel upon which to base frequent trips and extra facilities, the company has established a commutation rate which entitles the ticket-holder to a round trip a day for three dollars a month, or about half a cent a mile. Has the development of Oakland and vicinity shown that this discrimination has been either injurious or unjust to any concerned! To make the one and one-half cent per mile of the trip traveler, who guarantees nothing to the company but a single trip, at irregular and unforeseen times, lower, so that he should have precisely the same rate to pay as the commuter, who, in buying a monthly ticket, practically guarantees to the company that he will take the trip twenty-six or thirty times in the month, would very seriously affect the rights which the commuters now have, and which spring from their combined action in buying from the company at such wholesale rates, and thus making them the special promoters of the present exceptional facilities in transportation.

To illustrate more clearly: The total travel on the San Francisco and Oakland Railroad for 1872 was two million two hundred and ninety thousand five hundred and thirty-three trips of persons, this being to the different points included by the single tickets; and assuming San Antonio as a point of average distance from San Francisco for the whole route, we have the ten miles length of the trip at a rate for all passengers, for all points, at one and twenty-six one-hundredths cents per mile. This rate, by following out the suggestion noted above, must not be increased for any other ten miles, or a greater distance, elsewhere.

The ten miles from Stockton to Lathrop, during 1872, had a local travel of three thousand four hundred and fourteen, as against the two million two hundred and ninety thousand five hundred and thirty-three on the Oakland ten miles. At the rate of five cents per mile for the Lathrop travel, the total receipts were one thousand seven hundred and seven dollars for the year, against two hundred and eighty-eight thousand four hundred and thirty-nine dollars and thirty cents for same period on Oakland distance. The travel over the Oakland ten miles was about *six hundred and eighty times greater than over the Lathrop ten miles*, and at a

rate of one and twenty-six one-hundredths cents per mile, was about one-quarter the charge of five cents on the Lathrop distance; or, by the commuting rate of say five-tenths of one cent per mile, was one-tenth of the five cents on other distances.

With travel six hundred and eighty times greater than that of the same Lathrop distance, can the committee see any injury or improper discrimination imposed upon the Lathrop business in their charge of five cents per mile, as contrasted with the one and twenty-six one-hundredths cents per mile of the Oakland? Yet it is demanded that no more shall be charged for one distance (Lathrop ten miles) than for the same distance (Oakland ten miles) elsewhere. Again, the distance from San Francisco to Stockton is ninety one miles (the greater distance), and as the charges, as suggested, must be no higher than over the shorter distance (say Oakland ten miles), we must, by adopting the commutation rate at one-half cent per mile, have a rate of forty-five cents to Stockton. Now, will not every ten miles or other distance be subject, to a greater or less extent, to some one or more of the fluctuating circumstances which are illustrated so clearly in the example given, and which must influence rates charged, in order to aim at "substantial justice" between the travel of different distances and stations? The rules applying to freight are substantially the same. Throughout the entire mass of details affecting the regulation of railroad tariffs, no one is, perhaps, more important than the practice and theory of so-called discrimination between places. In this connection there are to be considered:

The influence of competition.

The total business of say one hundred miles of road, as compared with any other one hundred miles.

The total volume of any one staple article moved from a station, as compared with the volume of the same article from any other station of equal or less distance.

The relation between the income and the outgo of the total business of any division, locality or station, compared with the same for any other division, locality or station of equal distance.

The relation of the varying grades of one division to those of another.

The relation of the total cost of one division and its resulting fixed interest and maintenance account to the cost of any other division, with its fixed interest and maintenance account.

These considerations, in turn subject to the inter-combination, which any one may expect from and with all the others, will sufficiently show that the questions of discriminations between places cannot be disposed of by a half dozen lines of hasty precept.

The entire theory of the propriety of discrimination between places—or perhaps, more properly speaking, of the ignoring of the theory of equal mileage rates—has received the most exhaustive attention elsewhere.

Mr. Adams states: "Economically, there can be no doubt whatever that this legislation (in favor of equal mileage rates) was founded on a wrong principle. If the amounts paid by the public are in any degree to correspond to cost of the services rendered by the corporation, then the distance that a person or thing is carried has very little necessary connection with the cost of carriage. The rule of uniform mileage rate is also wholly opposed to the fundamental principle of taxation—that the burden should, in all cases, be so imposed as to rest most heavily where it will be least felt. The man who travels every day over a given route has a right, on every principle of economy, to buy his passage at wholesale rates, and to him a concession is a matter of great moment; whereas it is of comparatively little consequence what he pays, within reasonable limits, to the man who travels very rarely. A law, therefore, which imposes an additional cent per mile on the daily traveler, to give it to the occasional one, does not seem to place the burden of taxation where it is least felt. The equal milcage rate has not only been found to be wrong in principle, but its universal application is apparently out of the question.

A slight glance at the extent of the results attained by an adherence to the correct principle of such discrimination between places as will prohibit any one station from bearing the burden of any other station, will, in this connection, be interesting. It is a substantial fact that the mass of the railroad business of the United States has been conducted under the theory and practice of discrimination between places.

The people of Illinois, under the operation of their very recent "no discrimination" law, are rapidly realizing the fact, heretofore overlooked, that the "substantial justice" to the State at large is poorly attained when the great mass of the total volume of the business done is made to cost them a strong percentage more than before, in order to secure to the minor portion advantages and rates which no law of trade or supply and demand entitle them to. The real friends of the people have already sounded the note of warning and retreat. The very existence of these Western States in their present condition of prosperity, with their great cities and numerous arteries of travel and internal development, is the result of that active competition between centers to which, with justice, all local traffic has been made subsidiary.

Adams, Grosvenor and others have, in writing, nearly exhausted this branch of the subject, and I submit the hope that the experience derived from, and the struggles now existing under, the present hasty and burdensome Illinois statutes relating to this matter, may be well digested by the people of California before they yield to any doctrine which forces upon communities an equality which nature

never gave nor intended; which forces San Francisco, after the attainment of her commercial preëminence, to not only pay for all services rendered her individually, but to partially bear the burdens of Stockton, Sacramento and Marysville; or which requires San José to draw from her pocket wherewith to build up Watsonville, Salinas or Hollister; or for Sacramento to bear the direct results of the retrogression of El Dorado, in her diminished population and tonnage; or of the costliness of the mountain services to Placer and Nevada; or which requires Stockton to assume the partial cost of the development of the San Joaquin, and to directly contribute to the cost of building Merced, Modesto or Tulare; or which requires Merced to sustain Plainsburg in existence; or that any of these places shall be required to take from their natural or artificial advantages, arising from labored development, wherewith to build up and sustain those that nature or circumstances has left less favored and less fortunate; or, in short, which requires "A," who may ship all of the wheat from Redding, perhaps, to turn over a part of the receipts and profits thereof, to enable "B" to ship one-tenth the amount from some other station of equal distance.

I regret to notice the frequent charge that the policy of the companies has been one of defiance of law, of discrimination against individuals, of lawless deeds, and neglect of duty. For this there is no substantiation whatever in fact.

It has been stated that "there is no local competition between railroads; there is but one best route between two points; besides, in railroads, capital does not compete—it combines." Combinations or consolidations of railroads chiefly occur where the different points are by nature but parts of a general ramifying system, and are more often made where the interests are identical, and for the purposes of lengthening out a route, and for condensing and concentrating expenses, than to kill competition. And when such lengthening and concentration take place, the general through rates for business over the line are usually reduced, while combinations between railroads of parallel lines, and which run between the same points, are rare—their interests, even under the same ownership, not being identical until at least the country is developed to a point sufficient to work both to their full capacity.

This state of facts not being the rule, such combinations are neither usual nor often; and when roads which are *actually competing* do combine, the presumption would be strongly in favor of the belief that the reason therefor would be found in the fact that the total volume of business for both roads was barely sufficient to sustain one, and that a continuance of competition could only mean bankruptcy to one or the other; and that is neither a legitimate nor healthy competition which threatens such results.

So soon as the population, business and tonnage of any two points or localities in this State is large enough to pay to two railroads an income upon the cost of the investment at least equal to that which the same money would bring in any other investment or business, just so soon will there be competing roads for such business, and in a well-populated country there will be parallel lines of railroads, so that no person, substantially, shall live further from a road than he can go and come the same day with a loaded team.

Regarding the statement "that there is but one best route between two points," I respectfully suggest to your committee that in railroad investigations the rules of geometry are not alone necessary to be known and applied. Although the "shortest distance between any two points is a straight line," and is therefore, theoretically, the "best route," it by no means follows that, in railroad construction, that rule should be infallible.

Between point "A" and point "B" there will exist a certain country, containing, to a greater or less extent, the elements which make up the cost of grading, earth and rock work, masonry, bridging, curvature, and the final alignment and its prevailing and ruling grades. The adoption of any one line between such two points necessarily involves a certain combination of all the elements noted. If this line should also happen to be the shortest lineal distance between "A" and "B," it by no means follows that it is the "one best route."

Another company may construct another line between the same points, and by reason of saving of construction expenses, which create that fixed amount yearly necessary to be met by any road, with or without business, can well afford to add, perhaps, a large per cent. to the mere length in miles of the first line mentioned, and after that possess, by reason of this annual saving in operating and fixed expenses, "the one best route." Again, assuming that in building road No. 1, the engineers and management should have taken under consideration all of the elements which should contribute towards the creation of what would be the "best route" at that time—considerations whereby the extra cost of construction would be balanced by diminished amount of operating expenses, the alignment and route exactly made to suit the existing business—we still may have years later changes in population and in commercial and productive centers that may absolutely destroy the harmony previously existing between all of these points; and under the proper influences of these changes, another line, longer, and perhaps costing more, may be the "one best route," and when measured by the cost and the services rendered, the line which is, commercially speaking, the shortest between these two points.

I submit to your committee that mere length, independent of grades, is not necessarily the measure of the shortest commercial distance between points. It may be pertinent, in this connection, to remind your committee that in all business it has become a recognized right to demand and receive returns and compensation, somewhat proportioned to the extent of the risks taken, for all business which, from

the circumstances attending its inauguration, incurs a large risk to the capital invested. Common consent has yielded a very much larger income than where such business may have such stability and permanence assured as to induce and invite the investment of capital to a large amount; and, in turn, where business and travel have attained such proportions between certain stations as to warrant from the companies extra facilities and low rates, it cannot, by any rule of substantial justice, follow that between stations where the risk of building a road is made prominent by the almost total absence of business and travel, there should be forced upon the company the necessity of taking the same rates as for the other stations mentioned. It has become a fixed principle in the management of transportation lines, that after general rates are fixed over the line, based upon the various considerations mentioned above, that whenever competition exists or is inaugurated, the carriers must take goods at any rates which will pay any excess over the mere cost consequent upon its movement, and this is, in many instances, actually less than the average cost of transportation for the whole road; and it is a fact that a very large amount of freight is moved on the railroads of the United States at rates slightly in excess of the actual cost of movement.

THE CENTENNIAL AND THE GRANGERS.

The Grangers have come to the rescue. They have taken up a subject that in a very special sense belongs to them. No class of persons can be more interested in seeing that our State makes such a showing at the exposition at Philadelphia that a large immigration may be attracted here thereby. The more people we have the more valuable farms will become and the better our home market will be. Feeling this to be true the recent Grangers' Convention passed upon the matter and adopted the following resolutions:

SAN FRANCISCO, April 23, 1874.

To B. P. Kooser, Centennial Commissioner, Substitute: At a Convention held in this city, in pursuance of a call made by the Executive Committee of the California State Grange of Patrons of Husbandry, consisting of Delegates representing the various subordinate Granges of this State, the following Resolutions were unanimously passed, to wit:

Resolved, First: That it is the sense of this Convention that the State Grange of California take steps for a creditable exhibition of the industries of the State at the Centennial Exhibition, to be held in the city of Philidelphia, to open April, 1876.

Resolved, Second: That the Executive Committee of the State Grange be requested to appoint, as soon as practicable, a Committee of five, to carry out the above resolutions, in accordance with the recommendation of the National Grange, at its session recently held in St. Louis, Missouri.

I hereby certify that the above resolutions were presented and adopted by the Convention.

W. H. BAXTER,
Secretary State Grange Patrons of Husbandry of California.

Judge J. D. Creigh, one of the Commissioners appointed by Congress, will leave for Philadelphia on the 9th inst., to attend the Centennial meeting to be held in that city, and will report full particulars of the action taken. The business of attending to the proper representation of our products in that exhibition will devolve on his brother Commissioner, Benj. P. Kooser, former editor of the Santa Cruz *Sentinel*, an old Californian of great energy of character. That gentleman has been in our city for several days, and has interviewed various associations on the subject of co-operating with the Commissioners to insure a proper display of our products in our sister city. He informs us that the Mechanics' Institute, the woolen mills, silk-factories, machine-shops, and other industries, are preparing to exhibit. We learn, too, that the Pioneers have taken the matter up and appointed a committee, consisting of Jacob Deeth, Chairman, Senator Washington Bartlett, and Col. Archibald Wasson, to co-operate with the Commissioners. Mr. Kooser is undoubtedly the right man in the right place, and we doubt not but that he will succeed in giving a good account of California at the Exposition.

MAY DAY.

And what a bright, sunny, rain-washed, gladsome, happy 1st of May ours has been. What troops of merry faces have streamed towards the public gardens and adown the streets leading to the wharves, where the steamboats lie to conduct the happy throng to pleasant places, and green, shady woods. The beginning of our Summer is upon us, and with it the necessity for Summer costumes. No one passing by the City of Paris (Ville de Paris) can fail to be struck with the choice and tasteful assortment of Summer goods that this house displays. Everything is so sterlingly good at this house, that, after the passer is tempted to stop and admire, he or she, as the case may be, is certain to walk in and purchase.

If it wasn't for the Acheenese and the Temperance war the entire world would now be at peace.

THE MILLINER.

[BY J. A. AULLS.]

Jane Jenkins was a milliner,
A spinster tall and slim,
Who plumed herself on pluming hats
With plumes and feathers trim.

She wore her hair in corkscrew curls;
She had a ruby nose;
Though flowers and ribbons she displayed
She had, alas! no *beaux*.

Her little store was o'er a store;
She kept the latest styles;
Her bonnets all were wreathed in flowers,
Her face was *wreathed* in *smiles*.

An old "foundation" she would take,
Then all her art would bring
To reconstruct a "perfect love"—
"A gem," "a splendid thing."

How deftly she would tie a *tie*,
Though she was often *tired*;
The ladies all cried out "Oh, my!"
When they her work admired.

But ah! she mourned her single lot;
She felt she was unsought;
A *cipher*; yet she *sighed for* one
Who would not count her *naught*.

Auspicious fate! at length 'Squire Jones,
A bachelor forlorn,
A modest-minded, model man,
Came in one pleasant morn.

His niece had sent a bonnet down
To be "done up" straightway;
And he must get it without fail,
She could not wait a day.

He states his errand; O, that smile!
It made him feel *so* queer;
And when the price was named to him
Said he, "*You're very dear*."

Her bosom heaved with wildest joy;
He shook with vague alarms; [away,
She stammered, sighed, then swooned
And sank into his arms.

"Help, help, a fit!" he loudly cried,
And fanned her with a glove;
Then dashed some water in her face,
But she was *dead*—in love.

She soon came to; came others, too,
To see what meant such noise;
And soon the shop quite overflowed
With women, men, and boys.

"I'm thine till death," she sighed; said he,
"What mean those words I hear?"
"O, Mr. Jones, how can you ask?
You told me I was *dear*."

"O, Heavens!" he cried; the *price* I meant—
I had no thought of you!
But I surrender; I discern
What woman's wit can do.

"Your lot's a lonely one at best,
And mine's a lonely life—
A *partner* I will be to you
And you shall be my *wife*.

"Let's wed at once;" and wed they were;
As down life's stream they glide,
They feel, though *single* heretofore,
They *now* float with the *tied*.

—*Our Fireside Friend.*

ANTI-RAILROAD MONOPOLY MANIA.

Strange manias have occurred in every age of the world. The preaching of Peter the Hermit induced hundreds of thousands to sacrifice their lives in the endeavor to rescue from the infidel the vacant tomb of a risen Saviour. At one time the belief in witchcraft found advocates among men of great intellect and culture. The preaching of a sect called *New Lights*, in Kentucky, many years ago, produced the mania called the "climbing, barking, dancing and squirming exercises." Thousands of old, sedate, and otherwise sensible men, climbed trees and barked like squirrels; and a like number of women danced until so exhausted that they laid for days in an unconscious state. The people of France have had the John Law paper money mania, and those of England the "South Sea bubble" mania. The tulip mania at one time raged throughout Europe, and so did the Shanghai chicken mania. When it was discovered that a few old dukes and duchesses of England held stock in the United States Bank, in Andrew Jackson's time, there was great excitement, and the successful battle-cry of a great political party was, "The liberties of the American people are at the mercy of British gold." This, and other foolish manias, have had their day, and are only remembered in wonder that they ever existed. The "Anti-Masonic" mania assumed a political shape, and was used to foist men into office. For three or four years we have had an "Anti-Railroad Monopoly" mania, which, like the Anti-Masonic, has been used for political purposes also. Whenever such occasions occur, there will always be found scores of little demagogues, standing booted and spurred, with rooster feathers in their caps, ready to mount any hobby-horse they think may be made to carry them into office. The little Governor of this State is one of these demagogues, but his spurs have been very effectively cut by the speech of Hon. Leland Stanford, which we publish to-day. A few more such thrusts as this and anti-railroad fanatics will be heard of no more. The "Anti-Railroad Monopoly" mania has about had its day in California anyhow, and it has been a short one. There is a great deal of white-oak sense among the people after all. The "sober second thought" always takes place, and then comes the reaction. Railroads will continue to be made and managed, as any other legitimate business is managed, by those whose interests it is that it shall be done to the most advantage. People are beginning to see and understand that there can be no monopoly in a business in which any one may engage if he desires to do so. What is to prevent any one as rightfully investing his money in railroading as in wagoning, or blacksmithing, or merchandising? To talk about "monopoly," in a business open to all, is the most miserable of all twaddling, and the people now see it.

What Fruit is the most Visionary?—The apple of the eye.

ESCAPE OF COMMUNISTS.

Great excitement has been caused in Paris by the receipt of a dispatch from Sydney stating that six French Communists prisoners had escaped from New Caledonia, and had left Sydney for London, *viâ* San Francisco. They are Henri Rochefort, Pascal Grousset, Jourde, Olivier Pain, Ballière, and Grandille. The *Paris Journal* gives the following account of the escape: "A vessel carrying the British flag was for some time in sight of the island. The ship was said to have on board various objects for the use of the convicts, and was waiting for permission to land them. That authorization did not arrive and the craft stayed on, communicating frequently with the shore. One morning the discovery was made that four of the convicts had succeeded in escaping. What had become of them? The fact was soon known that they had taken refuge on board the self-styled English craft. The first care of the French authorities was to demand them, but the captain refused to give them up. Moreover, he remained a fortnight longer in sight of the coast, having the Communists on board, and then set sail for Sydney." According to a special dispatch to the *Daily Telegraph* the escape of M. Rochefort and his companions from New Caledonia had been planned by Pascal Grousset long before Rochefort's arrival: "But it was not until the arrival of the latter," says the *Telegraph*, "that the owner of the small boat required to carry the design into execution had sufficient confidence to consent to hand over his property in exchange for a promise to pay 10,000 fr. Rochefort and his companions had to swim out a distance of 300 yards before they could embark, as the Government—relying upon the presence of numerous sharks in the waters round the island—fancied any evasion of convicts improbable, and contented itself with forbidding the approach of small craft within so many yards of the shore. Upon reaching Sydney, Rochefort telegraphed for 25,000 fr. to one M. Adam, formerly a prefect of the Paris police, and the guardian of his children. After satisfying himself that it was no attempt at a hoax, M. Adam forwarded the money, part of which has been supplied by two newspapers—viz., the *Republique Française* and the *Rappel*; M. Victor Hugo also contributed 6,000 fr. It is thought probable that Rochefort will take up his residence in Brussels until events enable him to re-enter France.

"A QUESTIONABLE SHAPE."

If the devil has been laid by the clear logic of Mr. Massey's lecture, the ghosts have determined to let the world see that spiritland is not wholly depopulated. We need not comment on the window-smashing and face-slapping fiend which Brooklyn, N. Y., has developed during the past week, for we have had manifestations of a sufficiently startling character in our midst—at our very doors; yea! even in the classic shades of attic Oakland. But if we must be haunted, what have we done that we must be afflicted with such an undignified ghost? That Oakland intruder is a very Puck of a spirit—a genuine "lubber fiend." We quite miss the traditional dignity of the tragic ghost. This flinging of chairs and boxes down stairs; this rattling of crockery and thumping of floors is more worthy of a petulant boy than of a visitant from spiritland. And we must admit, with "Hamlet," that the announcement comes in a very "questionable shape." As a rule, the *News Letter* is not superstitious. The long course of piety which we have inculcated and practiced, has developed in us a power of exorcism akin to incredulity. We enjoy a good supper, and we have had nightmares, but are inclined to think there is more of *gravy* than of the grave in such manifestations, and the whole proceedings lack that originality which we would have expected of a genuine ghost. If our memory be not at fault, these unoccupied chairs advancing from the wall; these untenanted, but distended, glories have been effectively utilized in a similar way by the late Bulwer Lytton. It seems strange, too, that these perverse spirits should have ceased their nocturnal gambols as soon as public scrutiny was evoked. These *may* have been ghosts, but we should have liked to have seen them, and reasoned with them on their very undignified and unspiritual conduct. The airiest of illusions would surely have acknowledged clear argument and undeviating piety. If a *News Letter* representative had been there, who knows what revelations might have been made? Mundane beings reveal matters to us that the dailies cannot learn. We believe the ghosts would have been equally amenable to *News Letter* influences. Verily, the world lost by our absence.

There is a revolution in needles. Hitherto the eye has been pierced at the side of the head; now the recipient for the thread is to be found at the top. Mrs. Ella Neilson Gaillard has invented and patented a great improvement on the old system. The thread is screwed into the end of the needle, and emerges as a single line, instead of double, as formerly. The advantage of this is obvious, and our leading medical men have eagerly taken an interest in the improvement, as it is an immense aid in sutures, or the sewing up of ordinary wounds. In addition, this single-threaded needle is admirably suitable for saddlers, sailmakers and shoemakers, and becomes a perfect substitute for the wax-end and bristle. It is one of those quiet inventions that the moment they are seen everybody recognizes their utility, and only wonders they were not found out long ago. The name of the patented article is the "Eureka needle."

COMMERCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL NOTES FROM THE BRITISH TRADE JOURNAL.

Many of the bundles of white ostrich feathers that come forward from the Cape for sale in this market are "faced," and boos (tail feathers), blacks, and drabs, are frequently false packed. Ostrich farmers would do well to note that the buyers always carefully inspect the parcels, and discover such sophistication. Value is therefore depreciated, and the sale of the feathers prejudiced.

It is stated that Mr. Knecht, the engineer of the St. Gothard tunnel, has discovered a means of tempering drills for rock-boring machinery, by which they are rendered as hard as diamond, whilst at the same time they do not become brittle. The invention, it is believed, will result in the St. Gothard tunnel being pierced a year or two in advanced of the expected date.

Russian wheat has not come forward so plentifully this year as last. In the first two months of 1872 the value was £1,497,694, and in the same period this year £804,336.

The trade of supplying New York with beef killed in Texas, and conveyed in refrigerator cars, the journey taking five or six days, has, we understand, met with considerable success. Between the beginning of December and the middle of February the New York agent received 75 car loads of 20,000 lbs. each, and with little exception the meat arrived in good condition and found a ready sale, at from 6 to 7 cents (halfpence) per lb., to retail vendors.

Ivory comes forward in increased quantities, but without keeping pace with the consumption. In the first two months of this year the elephants' teeth imported were valued at £114,502 against £56,532, the worth of the imports in the same period of 1873.

At the Hudson's Bay Company's fur sale on the 4th ult. two sea otter skins were sold for £84 each; £120 was offered for one of the two after the sale, but the price was declined.

In the official report for Jamaica it is stated that chocolate now meets with very little attention. The cacao plant is peculiarly well suited to many places in the island, and with a view to re-establish its culture a small plantation has now been devoted to its growth.

Our exports to the Australian group of colonies appear to be decidedly increasing. Thus, our exports to Western Australia in 1873 were valued at £170,193, against £153,457 in 1872; those to South Australia at £2,022,270, against £1,413,542 in 1872; those to Victoria at £6,651,002, against 5,941,376 in 1872; those to New South Wales at £4,340,912, against 3,562,559 in 1872; those to Queensland at £815,979, against £675,388 in 1872; those to Tasmania at £271,924, against £188,205 in 1872.

A cargo of cedar wood has recently been shipped from British Burmah, valued at over £7,000. We note the fact as it is stated that this is the first entire cargo of any produce except teak and rice shipped from Burmese ports.

Corsica produces the largest quantity of wax of all countries in Europe, if not in the world. In ancient as well as in mediæval times the inhabitants paid their taxes in wax, and supplied large quantities annually. Since wax is to honey as 1 to 15, the Corsicans must have gathered each year some millions of pounds of honey.

There are in America upwards of twenty mills devoted exclusively to the manufacture of oil from cotton seed, and over 150,000 tons of seed are pressed annually. The oil cake comes largely to this country for use as a cattle aliment. The oil goes mostly to Bordeaux, Barcelona, and other olive growing sections of Europe, there "doctored" and finds its way back to America as "pure olive oil."

The rapidity with which branches of industry are developed in America may be gathered from the statistics of the jute trade. In 1860 it had scarcely any existence, and in 1865 only 1,600 tons were imported. But in 1871 the cultivation had so rapidly increased that the amount reached 26,450 tons, and in the following year 41,851. The experiments in cultivating jute have so far succeeded best in the Southern States, where both the climate and the soil are well adapted to its growth. It is a point in favor of the culture that jute competes very little with cotton in manufacture, and thus distinctly enlarges the area of profitable rural industry.

The total duties received on cotton goods imported into India amount to from £600,000 to £700,000 per annum.

The Californian wool product of 1873 was about 28,000,000 lbs. The woollen mills of Oregon and California consumed about 6,000,000 lbs. and 22,000,000 lbs. were sent to Eastern markets.

The duties on the import of foreign and colonial merchandise into the United Kingdom produced in the year 1873 £20,954,119, or, after deducting drawbacks, allowances on quantities over-entered, and damages (but without deducting charges of collection), £20,671,876. The Customs duty on tobacco produced £7,337,153; on spirits imported, £5,294,909; on wine, £1,775,891; on tea, £3,300,605; on sugar, £2,452,164; on currants and other dried fruits, £470,808; coffee, 202,258; chicory, £63,438; cocoa, £34,629.

In the London International Exhibition, which will be opened on the 6th inst., 25,000 samples of Portuguese wines will be exhited.

A FAREWELL FROM THE SEA.

The tide is up, the breezes blow,
Gently the smitten waters swell;
But 'ere to Southland realms I go
Dear heart, farewell!

Your midnight eyes so true, so pure—
The soul's mild starlight; who can tell
If e'er in the tenderest truth once more,
Their love shall greet me?—Child, farewell!

I go to one whose Orient face
Matches your own clear beauty's spell—
Dark eye for eye, soft grace for grace;
So, may I never lose thee quite,
Albeit the tear-drops dim my sight,
In breathing thus—farewell!
Sweet child, farewell!

—*Paul Hayne.*

THE LATE CITY HALL COMMISSIONERS.

Last Wednesday the Commissioners of the New City Hall surrendered their trust to the Board of Supervisors, in pursuance of a narrow-minded, selfish legislation, which, in its hurry to be unjust, hardly gave them time to put their manifold and important affairs in due order for their successors. Mayor Otis and Supervisors Pease, Kenny, Ebbets, Sims, Deering, Roberts, Block, Scott, Hewston, Lynch and MacDonald, attended at the office of the New Hall, and the delivery was made to the Mayor as President of the Board. Mr. Canavan as Chairman of the Commission, and on behalf of himself and colleagues, Messrs. Eastland and McLane, said as follows:

To the Honorable the Board of Supervisors—Gentlemen: We hand you herewith an inventory of property contained in the office building, schedule of iron delivered under Sweeney and Joseph Moore's contract, inventory of property on the grounds, schedule of drawings, plans, etc., in the architect's office, statement of account containing balance sheet, summary of expenditures, summary of receipts from all sources, statement of amount deposited with the City and County Treasurer, statement of amounts receivable, statement of amount in the hands of the Treasurer, statement of warrants unpaid, accompanied by a list of same, and statement of amount payable on existing contracts. You will observe that the total amount of warrants drawn by us on the City and County Treasurer, up to this hour, is $1,325,273 37. The amount your Honorable Board will have to pay to complete existing contracts is $122,336 13. This will build the main wall of the Hall of Records, and put on the iron dome, and will leave the main building at a hight of 33 feet above the terrace level. All officers and employés of this Board have been notified that their duties cease from this date.

In surrendering to our successors the property, papers and accounts of the City Hall Commission, we desire to remind your honorable Board, that we have in every year of our term of office voluntarily given you full particulars of the progress of the work, the changes in the structure we had made or contemplated, and a detailed statement of our expenditures and receipts. This annual statement has always been published in the municipal reports, and is in itself a concise but complete history of the Commission.

The total cost of the building when completed, if no unnecessary expenditure is made, will not exceed $3,750,000, of which amount $1,100,000 comes from the sale of City Hall lots, and whatever difference of opinion may now exist, we feel confident that when it is completed, if the work is prosecuted in a proper manner, few will be disposed to find fault with the character of the edifice, or with its cost, considering its size, solidity and finish.

We believe that your honorable Board will find the work and property, with the books and accounts of the Commission, in satisfactory condition.

We retire gladly from duties which were always arduous, and in consequence of misrepresentations have become disagreeable.

P. H. Canavan,
Jos. G. Eastland,
Chas. E. McLane,
Board of City Hall Commissioners.

San Francisco, April 29, 1874.

MAYOR OTIS' REPLY.

Mayor Otis received the documents from Mr. Canavan, which he handed to the Chairman of the Building Committee, Supervisor Macdonald. Then, addressing the Commissioners, he said:

Gentlemen:—On behalf of the Board of Supervisors, and as their President, I accept the transfer of the papers of the City Hall Commission, the property in your keeping, and the surrender of your office as Commissioners, in accordance with the Act of the Legislature of March 30th, 1874. While I believe in centralizing all the business of the city in the hands of the Board of Supervisors, and the abolishment of Commissions, I cannot but express satisfaction at the able manner in which you have discharged the duties of your office. You have acted with integrity, and for the best interests of the city. You have been abused, and unjustly abused, I will say, but you have worked energetically and faithfully, and have done a great deal, for all of which you are entitled to the best thanks. This Act was thrust upon the Board of Supervisors without their seeking, but we are now ready to accept the work under it. Under the present law all work on the building must stop, which I regret very much, as whatever may be said of the location of the new hall, it

would have been better to have continued the work gradually. Our accommodations in the old hall are a disgrace; they are miserable, and certainly not those which should be found in a city claiming to be the commercial metropolis of the Pacific Coast. If we cannot complete it, let it be sold—do something with it—and build us a new one. Trusting that the work may be resumed again in two years, I thank you, gentlemen, on the part of the city, for your faithful services.

SUPERVISOR MACDONALD,

to whom the property had been turned over by the Mayor, accepted the same, and, upon his motion, Henry L. King, Superintendent of Construction, was vested with full charge of the property until it can be examined. The building materials, books, papers and accounts were then referred to the Building Committee to examine and report. It was also resolved that all employés of the Commission be retained until the further order of the Board.

The dignified address of the Commissioners, and the graceful reply of Mayor Otis, were fitting terminations to arduous labors most faithfully and ably performed. After this ceremony, the Supervisors and visitors inspected the building, and the expression of regret was universal that the work on this splendid edifice should be suspended. It will be seen by the report that the shell of the Hall of Records will be finished, but no more, so that this much needed building will remain for the next two years at least, as if not a single brick had been laid upon another. Before leaving, the Board gave the Commissioners a receipt in full and an acceptance of the trust, and it now only remains for us, in the name of the people of California, to thank Messrs. Canavan, Eastland and McLane, for the conscientious, business like and skillful manner in which they have performed the duties of their office. Had they been allowed to continue, our city would soon have had reason to boast of a Hall that would have been an ornament and a delight, at the same time affording that accommodation which is to-day absolutely necessary. As it is, the inchoate mass lies there like a stranded Leviathan, a monument of jealousy, prejudice and party spirit of a clique who perverted the last Legislature. The following is a classified statement of the expenses incurred by the Commission in the prosecution of the work:

Property	$ 10,142 45
Grading	52,396 15
Building	1,079,302 12
Expenses (including salaries, etc.)	131,974 01
Interest on warrants	88,788 39
Total	$1,312,603 12

The *Bulletin*, which is nothing if not untrue and spiteful, must needs have its parting fling at the Board, and insinuates that the Commission was dissolved in consequence of the public outcry. Now, every one who knows anything about the matter knows that the cry was got up in Sacramento, and proceeded from the Dolly Vardens, and the public will have little reason to bless them for stopping this honestly conducted work. Another question arises from this suspension: How about those who bought City Hall lots on the faith of the City Hall being built? Are they to be compensated for the depreciation of value in their property?

We have not said enough to express our regret at this cessation of work on our New City Hall, nor can we sufficiently hold up to admiration the late Commission. The utmost that their most rancorous enemies could urge against them was extravagance, a charge which is fully disproved by the published accounts, and when we remember prison walls that cost thousands and thousands of dollars, and then of the millions that have been spent to reduce our streets to their present degraded condition, we can point to those gentleman who have just transferred their trust, and say with truth that they were found faithful where much was corrupt, and that no man's voice can accuse them of want of integrity, intelligence, or application.

The amount of cloth produced during the year, if taken in yards, would more than equal the boundary line of our country. The most fashionable suits now made come from the large clothing house of Purdy & Litchfield, corner of Sansome and Washington streets. The custom department of this firm is second to none in the city. Their ready-made clothing is all made at their order in New York, enabling them to guarantee perfect-fitting suits, and to sell for less than any of the dealers. This enterprising firm have a large assortment of trunks, traveling bags, valises and shawl straps, so that any one contemplating a trip to the country can depend on being neatly fitted out by them.

A Resignation Wanted.—Many shareholders in the Page and Panaca would be glad to know that Mr. Morgan has resigned his position as Trustee. They say, naturally enough, that it does not look well for a Trustee of the Page and Panaca to be hobnobbing with the lawyers of the Raymond and Ely. He does not, they say, attend the meetings anyhow; and he would do well to make way for some one who would. Resign, Mr. Morgan, by all means. Never remain where you are not appreciated.

MRS. BROWN AT PUTNEY.

Mrs. Welks, she's all for the water, though bein' brought up by a uncle as were in the marine stores, and come to be transported in the end, and 'ad been a purser or somethink like that; though in my opinion he were receiver of stolen goods; she were cut out for a bumboat woman 'erself, and that's why she always likes to live near the water side; as I considers the Broadway, 'Ammersmith, the next thing to; not ten minits walk from it. So when she asked me about goin' to the boat-race last year, I says, "Oh! no thank you, not for me, as shan't never forget a-settin' on the wireduck, as the railway goes over the river by, with my legs a-danglin' like the hedge of a presserpitch, with the trains nearly a-shakin' you off in passin', and see nothink of the boat-race more than if it 'ad been on Hepsum Downs." So, Mrs. Welks, she says, "Oh! we're a-goin' to 'ave a boat as is roomy as a barge, and shall take the lunch along with us." I says, "In course, if it's a barge I ain't no objections, 'cos there'll be room for to stretch your legs, but," I says, "if it's lunch you're a-taking, you must let me bring a-something for my share, as shall be a pigin pie, with bottled beer." She says, "All right, so you shall."

It were a fine day enuf, I must say, though a fog on the river, as come by the bus myself for to meet 'em at the other side of Putney Bridge; and a good step to where the boat were to be a-waitin' for us. They told me ten punctial; and there I was at 'arf-past nine down by the water-side, dressed like Queen Wictorier 'erself in a puce-colored plush cape and sleeves, as fitted close to the figger, and a black silk skirt, and white flowers in my bonnet, with a extra shawl, and my basket with the pie and cake in, and the beer packed careful.

It was not afore eleven o'clock as that dratted Mrs. Welks, and 'er lot come a-pullin' up in the boat, as were full enuf a-ready.

"Ah! there you are," says she, "basket and all, jest like you;" so out they all got, and she says, "And 'ere's Mrs. Amber, and Miss Puttick, and my niece Jane, and 'er young man, and 'ere's Uncle Bowles as is used to the sea, and two young friends of mine in the name of 'Ollis and their Aunt Tabley."

So I says, when we'd 'ad a-little ale and biskits at a genteel 'ouse, "Mussy on us, Mrs. Welks, there ain't no room in that boat for me." "That there ain't," says Uncle Bowles, "for we're overcrowded a'ready, and if you steps aboard we're swamped, that's all."

Says them young Ollises, "Oh! we'll take Mrs. Brown and Aunt Tabley, as is scrouged to death, in a ran-dan, if Jane Stork will come too." I says, "In a wot? I won't go in none of them new-fangled fooleries of boats, with irons a-stickin' out, as is like floatin' on a toothpick." "Oh! no," they says, "that's a-outrigger. We means this boat, as you and aunt will just fill, and you must steer, 'cos aunt's got a stiff elber. It were a roomy boat, with a green railin' round the seat to 'old you in; so I said I were agreeable, and when that old 'ooman were stowed in, I got in, though it were werry wobbly work till I got seated, and then they give me a couple of ropes as was tied to the boat behind me. I says, "Wot's these for?" "Why, to steer," says Tom Ollis. I says, "I can't steer." "Why," says 'is brother, "any fool can do that; you've only got to pull at the ropes accordin' to which way you wants to go."

Well, there was a good many a-lookin' on, partikler some young gents in trowsers and Jerseys, as they said was a rowin' lot. One on 'm says, "You'll steer like a fish, Mrs. Brown, never fear."

Well, when we was in the boat, them two young Ollises, as come the bounce a good deal, a-makin believe as they knowed all about it, says, "Now, mind you keep us the right side." I says, "Oh! yes, in course; but do be off," 'cos the other boat-load were gone, as 'ad got my basket a-board, and were ever so far ahead, as I could see as they'd begun a drinkin the beer.

Whether it was the mud as we was stuck in, or the weight, I don't know, but we never should 'ave got floated in this world if a lot of them young gents in the Jerseys 'adn't took and pushed us off, a-larfin' like mad, into the river with a spin, as werry nigh upset us, and made that there old Aunt Tabley's 'eels fly up in the hair, and come down on my left corn like a 'atchet. "I won't be ans'erable for your life if you goes on like that," says the young fellow nearest to me, as were pullin' all over the place fit to bust 'isself; "why, you ain't steerin' a bit." I says, "I am; I'm a pullin' at both ropes like mad." "Pull the left!" says one. "No, you means the right!" says the other. "Whichever do you mean?" says I. "You're taken us the wrong side of the river," they both ollers. I give a wiolent tug at one of them ropes, as seemed for to send us on like mad in among a lot of other boats. "Pull the right rope," says Ned Ollis, "I tell you;" and I give it a good tug, as sent us slap into a 'ole boat full of people, as was reg'lar seafarin' by their langwidge, and one on 'em took 'old of our boat and sent it a-spinnin'. So I give the other rope a pull, as would 'ave been all right enuff, if that old catamaran 'adn't got 'old of it, with her crooked arm some'ow, and took and sent us slap across the other side.

Well, I gets both the ropes in my own 'ands agin, as was nearly breakin' my arms, and 'ad made both my sleeves break out at the arm 'oles. "Don't go into the shore like that," said the heldest Ollis. "I will," I says, "for 'ow else am I to get out of the way of all these 'ere boats as is runnin' into us?" Just then the one as were a-settin' in front of me, as were a-pullin' like mad, seemed for to miss 'is tip with his oar somehow, for it flew up in the hair, and so did 's 'eels in my face, and he shot back'ards with 'is 'ead in his brother's stomick, as knocked 'im over. I thought as he'd broke 'is back, but he 'adn't, 'cos he picked 'isself up; and then the other blowed 'im up frightful, and he says, "It weren't my fault; it's

all Mrs. Brown's. "How could I help it, as wasn't never in a boat since?" "Well," says the other, "we must wash it, and to pull." I says, "You're a good for nothing couple of young fresh water pilots, that's not your line, so this day one shouldn't venture to be watched like this." I says, "Put in the bank like a steamer." He says, "We will not be pushed up the run." So when he'd got it I didn't trouble no more because about it, but pulled that there sitting as near the boat stern with a bucket. "Your name and use," says one. "It's not business." I says, "I don't know whose it is, but I guess our boats, young Waggonhorses." "Come on," I says to the old man, as was cold, "get out, though."

I drove and ran the boat close up to the corner of a tree as I watched out on, and took and jumped ashore like a hare, as caught it by the dry land, through here a squeal "no, but that were better than the bottomless pit." So these young couple turned to check me, and say as I could stop where I was if I wanted to be drowned out. So I says, "If the pit were pleasantly I'm sure they'd let me stop till I got a boat, for I see it were a sort of a Lighthouse." So I says, "You go in and don't you bother about me, my good boys. Go on your own way and look after your aunt."

It certainly were a worry merry spot as I'd got on to, and when a steamer came by the widow as it made us shake our hat up to my knees and at last one boat came up with a man as wanted five shillings to put me ashore. I says, "Go on with your business." I won't pay it if I am to stop on the top branches of the big boat yonder by." "Oh," he says, "You wants to stop there till the tide goes down." All right," and off he goes.

So, there I was, a-standing till the water came up close to my feet. So I says, "I'll get a little further back," and turned to do so when what should I see but all their lot, widow, as was behind me, and way up in water themselves. "Why," I says, "journey on so, it would be a quarantine, or else something's wrong. Why, whatever will become of me if I should keep on like this? It is a wearry state a-going on for me, as the saying is." So I had up a good glow, and that feller came back in his boat and put the ladder for the old man up to my knees in black mud and water, came up to Antigonish in Bridge.

So I made my way to Mrs. Wrinkle, and "as for myself, as partner comes in I come on shore, and as a saunter, for a cup of tea, and then I'm sure she were a little bit on, and if she doesn't say so too." "I'm not a man now to persuade twice, as what I am' proud to give myself, and only a bottle of beer." I says that I regarded as up I pumps fashioned as I were, and after I gone to wash what nothing but a beggary chap and a glass of beer as I gave as the station. "As you don't know the b-gent to the boat-hire Co. more welcome I can see it's comfortable in your head.—*Punch.*

THOSE DOCTORS.

That meeting of the Board of Health the other day was a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] A report of that was handed out of office-doors some minutes that it might be in readiness for the afternoon. That report was [illegible] [illegible] if it were not [illegible] published in the papers that very [illegible]. But MANNING [illegible] and nothing to say against Dr. Manning or his efficiency, but he might not expect to be guaranteed an office forever. He has held the position for four years, and I was told some one else had a claim. Dr. Lewis Sherman, Dr. Manning has altogether too good a thing out of the city." Dr. Wrinkle: "For the simple reason that Dr. Manning had held the position long enough, I think, to deserve the office himself." The Mayor: "I don't think Dr. Manning is the best man who has ever held the position. Nevertheless he was appointed, and that by an almost unanimous vote. To Dr. Durand belongs the credit of being the only Democrat." A letter was read from Governor Edwin Warner, recommending Dr. P. H. Rosenberg for the position. That letter seems to be the most telling one in support of any that were by the Governor for the reason that it was addressed to men who were active in the primaries, and recommended a man for an office that was open for their choice. That there was a city and county organization and that this Rosenberg was a party to it was obvious. A [illegible] of the new appointee is that he came here as medical officer of one of Wells's steamers, and that after attempting in vain to organize a practice he found the [illegible] business, in which he also failed. Poor man, was not the only bad piece of [illegible] those members perpetrated. They elected a physician to the City and County Hospital. Little dreaming that such an appointment was about to take place, we had written to the person, upon whom they "honored" us, to [illegible] [illegible] "We believe of an exactly [illegible] officer with [illegible] a knowledge [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

EXPLAIN, O CHIEF!

Most devious are the ways of crime,
  Exceeding all belief;
Yet, still, if aught can be explained,
  It should be by our "Chief."

'Tis passing strange that all the doves
  Who live in nests well lined
Can coo in peace, while poorer doves
  Are dragged to Court and fined.

The gambling hells that Crowley quench'd
  Are up again at last;
They call our Chief "The Bellows-man"
  Who keeps their hells in blast.

Perhaps the explanation's this:
  That whisky must be sold,
No matter who the buyer is,
  If he but have the gold.

Examples must be made, of course,
  And those who cannot pay
The price of their impunity,
  Must needs become the prey.

T. A. H.

[From the San Francisco News Letter.]

FROM A JAPANESE BOHEMIAN.

YOKOHAMA, March 25, 1874.

Dear News Letter:—Salve! Alas for poor human nature! The constant prayer of the mercantile community for months past had been that a good fire might be granted them to burn their useless imports, and thus give drooping commerce a fresh impetus; but no sooner was their prayer granted, and a glorious fire on the point of doing that which they so ardently longed for, than officious persons with pumps came and destroyed their last hope of a reviving trade, for these purblind men did heedlessly and recklessly extinguish the fire, never asking the inmates of the various houses whether they were insured or not, but wantonly interfering with other people's property, so that a fire that might easily have burnt millions of dollars worth of property was put out after it had burnt one hundred thousand dollars worth only. Such a sad case of commercial suicide I never heard of. Trade, in consequence, is at a standstill. On the 18th, the various insurance offices held a meeting, the object of which was to receive as much money and pay as little as possible. They appointed a Secretary likewise, but would not pay him. Generous and noble companies. The Mikado came down on the same day to inspect the Lighthouse Department at Benten (the name of a place in Yokohama). He wore a cocked hat, frogged coat, and white breeches, also top boots, and rode a horse. The Empress and her female attendants came in a carriage. She was gorgeously dressed in Japanese costume as were also her attendants, but the officials—these were the men to see! On their heads they wore the hat called "stovepipe," and on their hands, white kid gloves. Their black evening dresses were evidently made for somebody else, for they hung loosly upon them. Impossible to conceive anything more rediculous. The Emperor and Empress inspected the various b jects, and they also inspected a considerable quantity of champagne, for I s three cases taken into the house. That night they slept in Yokohama, and ne morning went to see the gasworks, after which they returned to Yedo by train.

The Saga rebellion is over. Terence, in the play of the "Eunuch," has so pe fectly described it that I could not add one word more, even to the name of Saga, which is pronounced Sanga in Japanese. See scene VIII, between Thraso, Gnatho, Sanga, Chremes, and Thais.

GNATHO—Tam dimitto excecitum? THRASO—Ubi Vis. GNATHO—Saga, ita ut fortis decet Milites, domi focique fac vicissim ut memineris. SANGA—Tamdudum animus est in patinis. GNATHO—Frugi Es.

Send us over some more missionaries. There is just room for two more. Where do you raise them? They have been translating a portion of the "Novum Organum." It is very funny in Japanese. I will try and get a copy for you. I think a translation of Rabelais would be not only more interesting to the natives, but, if possible, more ethically moral or morally ethical, as you please. But every one his gout, as the French say. Some idiot has been writing the most absurd nonsense about Japan to the *San Francisco Daily Eveningly Bully-tin*, entitled "Her Present and Probable Future." Needless to say that the writer is hopelessly insane, and his hallucinations consist in seeing England and Russia swallowing up Japan. His attacks are intermittent, but no hopes are entertained of his ultimate recovery.

The Comte de Beauvoir, in his "Voyage autour du monde," alluding to California, says he came to a placed called "Hornitos," which means "little ovens" in Spanish. *C'est la première parole Vraie que nous entendons dans ce pays, auprès duquel la Gascogne serait terre d'Evangile.* March 27th.

The French mail steamer *Nil* was wrecked on the 20th inst. No details yet, so cannot tell you anything about it. The weather is settled, that is to say, it rains persistently every day, excepting when it snows. Time is up, so close epistle.

Vale,

THE PIOUS JONES.

The richest banks of coral and the most beautiful coral in the world are to be found off the coast of Algeria. In fishing for the product divers' jackets and diving bells are prohibited as tending to injure the bottom. Each bank is divided into ten parts, only one of which is "exploited" each year.

ROCHEFORT.

A new chapter has been added to the history of the notorious Rochefort, the *Spectator's* "Mephistopheles-Mirabeau," the *quondam* editor of the renowned *Lanterne*. When this much-buffeted patriot received some eighteen months back his sentence of banishment—commuted, by the way, from one of death—most people thought his career was practically as completely at an end as that of any one of his prototypes of the First Revolution; and that he would thenceforth devote himself to the manufacture of matting, or the rearing of poultry, or to some other useful pastime congenial to the mind of the French exile, and let the affairs of the big world wag on without attempting to quicken the pendulum's motion with his lawless finger. Such, however, has not been the case. The peaceful seclusion of New Caledonia has proved too tame for the Count's ardent spirit to endure; and it is pretty certain that, once free, he will not be happy till he is plunged once more in the stormy sea of politics. One might almost have expected that the baptism of suffering which he has gone through would have tempered his fiery heart, and made him welcome his banishment as a sort of relief; but his is scarcely one of those "minds innocent and quiet" which "take" a prison "for a hermitage." The career of this man presents such an extraordinary picture that it is worth while to sketch it lightly here. Descended from a long line of nobles, with the bluest of blue blood in his veins, Count Henri de Rochefort de Lucay began life, like many of the *noblesse* of his country, and in spite of his title and lengthy pedigree, in somewhat straitened circumstances. Government clerk, art critic, journalist, his name was scarcely known beyond his own circle of friends, till the publication of the ultra-radical *Lanterne* drew upon him the wrath of the Imperial Government and the eyes of all Europe. The title of this periodical was a sufficient index to its style, which was savagely democratic; and through this medium Rochefort continued for some time to hurl, from his Brussels asylum, clever, if rather coarse, invectives against the Ministry and person of Louis Napoleon. Allowed at length to return to France, he was elected one of the Deputies for Paris, and presently increased his notoriety by his connection with the Victor Noir affair. September, 1870, saw him, of course, once more at the front; and though afterwards, as affairs went on, he held aloof from the Commune, he was bitter in denunciations of Thiers and the "Versailles." On the fall of the Commune, Rochefort was accused of having incited the destruction of the Vendome Column and the burning of M. Thiers' house. These charges he denied, but the evidence against him satisfied his judges, and he was condemned to death, the sentence, as we have said, being subsequently commuted to one of perpetual exile. Shortly after his transportation his health was said to have completely broken down; but he has lived to escape from his jailors, and is said to have arrived, with five of his fellow-convicts, at Newcastle, New South Wales—a town situated between Sydney and Port Stephens. What is to be the next phase in the life of this singular "soldier of fortune?"—*Glasgow Citizen.*

THAT HORRID MUSIC.

There is probably no better managed theater in this country than the California. This very excellence perhaps has rendered us over fastidious. Where all is well nigh perfect small defects are made all the more noticeable by reason of the contrast. There has, however, of late grown up a defect that we are reluctantly constrained to say is far from a small one. Indeed, it is a most annoying blot upon the escutcheon of this favorite house of amusement. We allude to the wretched management of the orchestra. So long as lengthy intervals between the acts are unavoidable, so long ought every well managed theater to provide a variety of well rendered pieces of musical composition. Time was, and that not so long ago when the California's management in that respect left nothing to be desired. But that is so no longer. We have, night after night, the same old pieces repeated in a careless, perfunctory sort of way, just as if the music, so called, were supplied by a contractor desirous of getting through with the least possible labor. If it were possible to suppose the conductor of the orchestra in league with the saloon keepers one might understand it. The number of gentlemen driven out to take drinks, rather than remain to listen to uninteresting and "hum-drum" music, is certainly very noticeable of late. It should be remembered, however, that the ladies cannot escape the infliction so easily. A hint to the wise should suffice.

The News Letter in Tahiti.—We are read in many strange corners of the earth. During the last industrial exhibition, we noticed whatever of merit in mechanics or art seemed to us worthy of mention. Amongst the latter we did full justice to the designs executed in marble by McGrath, of 935 Market street. In due course the *News Letter* reached the Island of Tahiti, and was read by Captain Kelley, an old resident of that place. Such was the reliance placed by the Captain upon our judgment that he sent an order to the sculptor to elaborate a design of a tomb for his lately-deceased wife. This was duly sent to him, and finally the design was executed to his entire satisfaction. We have seen the correspondence, and congratulate Mr. McGrath upon the manner in which his integrity and skill are commended.

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

VOICES HEARD BY THE CRIER.

PANDER (*loquitur*).

Come, little *Post*, and pipe your lay
Beneath the shelter of my wing;
If you but echo what I say,
You must be right whate'er you sing.
You're weak, you know, while I am strong;
I want an echo, you'll just do;
I'll see that you are pushed along,
If you'll just swear our lies are true.
Of course the thing must not be known,
So you must don a serious air,
And speak in an impartial tone,
As if you scorned to be unfair.
Indeed, 'twould highten the effect
If sometimes, in a gentle way,
You raised your little beak and pecked
A hole in something *we* might say.
This would, if any should suspect
Our union, all their doubts allay.

TOADY (*loquitur*).

O, *Chronicle* most wise, with these prophetic eyes,
I see the course you recommend is good;
Your patronage I prize, but then your fearful lies,
Men could not swallow even if they would.
You deal too much in blood; you're too fond of seeing mud
On characters the people know are clean;
You kick the man who slips, and you kiss with Judas-lips,
Professing love where hate is what you mean.
But then I am so weak, that to make my feeble squeak
Reach the public ear in any shape at all,
I must make a league with you, so I'll swear your lies are true,
And together we will stand or we will fall.

IMBECILE (*loquitur*).

O Pickering, we are most weak,
I cannot think what ails us;
You have no voice. I cannot speak,
Our ancient wisdom fails us.
DeYoung and George have made a league,
To crown the sad disaster,
And though we lie with all our speed,
DeYoung and George lie faster.

DOUBLE-DISTILLED IMBECILE (*loquitur*).

If wicked will could make us rich,
There'd be no cause to grumble,
But we have not the power, Fitch,
So we must fain be humble,
And lick the boots of smarter men,
Until our path be clearer,
And if we should wax great again,
Revenge will be the dearer.

IMPOTENT HAG (*loquitur*).

O, deary me! why should it be
That things are not what things should be,
And my respectability
Doth count as nothing here?
I barely make my daily bread,
I am not bought, I am not read,
Save by the auctioneer.
No nails to scratch, no teeth to bite,
I'm too infirm and old to fight,
But, O, if I could vent my spite,
I'd make the hair to fly
From off the head of Charles DeYoung;
I'd choke him with his own base tongue,
And then content I'd die.

If we were casting about for the easiest method of earning our bread by the traditional sweat of our brow, we would choose to be a policeman. This favored creature draws $125 per month from the public treasury for the privilege of basking himself in the sun, in a suit of gray clothes and a shining star. It is our firm conviction that this sum is deposited in the bank, and the delights of his existence are unmitigatedly bummed. On last Saturday morning we, as usual, inaugurated the sensation of the coming week by calling the attention of the public to the derelictions of the present Chief of Police. His followers, to a man, assumed the article to have been written for their special benefit, and besieged the office for copies. As we do not wish to lead our readers astray by any wild statements as to the circulation of the *N. L.* among the police force, we will candidly inform them that each officer requested the sheet without handing over the fifteen cents. It is a mere matter of habit for them not to hand over the needful. The policeman takes his clothes, his bitters and his morning paper without paying for them. He carries no car tickets, and he occasionally manages a hack. He gazes upon the charms of a Neilson or the dry goods of a Dunning, free of charge. He has the run of Dupont street and vicinity. The *Daily Chronicle* and the *Evening Post* may be legitimate perquisites of a noble calling, but the *N. L.* is not. When seventy-five grey-coats, all in a body, assail us for such prey, it becomes our duty to inform them that each policeman will have to tap the nearest bank for fifteen cents before he can be accommodated. We are sometimes soaked in by the occasional sponge—by the habitual, never.

Miss Sarah Flood, while enjoying a horseback ride on the Cliff House road with her brother and party, was thrown from her horse, and as the animal galloped off and no one stopped to pick her up, Miss Sarah, wounded and bleeding, was obliged to walk home. We hope by this time it is fully borne in upon the mind of this young person that her presence is not essential to the happiness of her brother and party, and that next time she rides she will provide herself with some other girl's brother for picking-up purposes.

Our friend, William Stevenson, or, as he is more familiarly known by almost everybody, "Uncle Billy Stevenson," and at present one of Major Harney's clerks, gets off the following good thing: Not long since a tall, well-proportioned gentleman presented himself in the County Clerk's office, and inquired for that individual. Mr. Stevenson—"This is the County Clerk," pointing to Major Harney, who was quite busy at the time, as he usually is, taking depositions. County Clerk (to the gent.)—"Do you wish to see me?" "Yes, sir." "What do you wish?" Answer—"A license." "All right, sir." County Clerk (to Mr. Stevenson)—"Mr. S., you issue the license, if all right." Mr. Stevenson—"What is your name, sir?" Gent.—"My name is Thomas C. Hamilton." Mr. S.—"What does 'C' stand for?" Gent.—"Charles." The name is written down in full, in the book of affidavits for that purpose. "What is your age?" Gent.—"About 39." Also written down. "Where do you live?" Gent.—"548 —— street, San Francisco." All written down. Uncle Billy (to gent.)—"What is the name of the lady, sir?" Uncle Billy is about to write down the name of the lady, when the gent. exclaims, with astonishment, "What lady?" "Why," Billy says, "the name of the lady you are to marry." Gent.—"*Why, I am not going to be married; I want a dog license, or collar.*" Uncle Billy was supremely disgusted, and merely stated: "Sir, the County Clerk has a great variety of duties to perform, but I don't think he has got to issuing tags, dog tags, yet. Go out in front of the City Hall; you will there find the dog license collector."

If there is one thing more than another toward which we are favorably disposed, it is a ghost—a cheerful, easy-going ghost, one which appears upon window-panes, or writes one a letter with strange orthography and uncouth diction, but with good intent; one who writes your remote cousin Julia's name upon some one's arm, that young woman having developed an unexpected affection for you after death; a ghost, in short, which gets up a mild little sensation without doing any harm. But these locomotive furniture ghosts we utterly repudiate. A dancing easy-chair is no doubt a novelty, but when it comes banging up against one's eyebrow it ceases to be funny; and a trunk which comes from the upper regions of its own accord is all very well, unless some one is standing on the staircase. Neither have we any objection to elaborate reports of these antics, but as no one else has taken up the cudgels for the absent Miss Bailey, we begin. It is unfair to make such a termagant of that little body in her absence, as to accuse her of being the cause of all the row, or to assume that she has sent the *Arizona* to the bottom, and screeched like mad over it. The whole truth of the matter is, that the furniture got mad and wanted to get out of Oakland, for which no one blames it, and hadn't strength to get further than the lower floor. If stones can speak, why shouldn't tables and chairs protest against durance vile. We have a certain amount of respect for a set of furniture that protests against stopping in Oakland.

The following section should be inserted after Section 114 of the Regulations of the Public Schools, as proposed by the Special Committee on the Revision of School Regulations: Section.—No person shall hereafter be employed to whom any school officer, entitled to act upon the question of the employment or payment of such teacher, is related by either blood or marriage, as father, son, brother, uncle, nephew or first cousin. Such a law would have saved us an inundation of Braggs. We are not aware of the extent of the family, but the educational atmosphere is permeated with them. There is an air of Bragg in everything. The round, fat B, which in the good old times of the illustrated alphabet invariably stood for Ball, now stands for Bragg. It is feared that the old lady—the at present only unemployed member of the immediate family—has her eye on the Superintendency, now that women folks have come into fashion in that line. We never meet an individual in the educational line, with a bucket and broom, but that we take them for a poor relation of the Bragg family in the capacity of janitor or janitress. We never meet a pert looking little miss with a turned up nose and a dinner basket, but we suspect her to be of the house of Bragg. So thoroughly are we imbued with this idea that we have cast our mind's eye into the dim futurity, and feel that if ever the root of this omnipresent tree comes to be President, the only trick he won't have to learn is nepotism.

We consider the action of the Post, in trying to make trouble between Russia and England, highly reprehensible. Think what a terrible blow it would be to the feelings of the Duchess of Edinburgh, if, when the joy-bells are pealing and the cannons booming, while her august papa and mamma-in-law are hob-nobbing together over a glass of British beer and a Stilton cheese, a copy of the *Post*, setting forth its views on the Polish Catholic question, should be put into their hands. Away at once would flee the sweet dream of peace and love, and Europe would be in arms. We trust, for the sake of the new and happy family arrangement in the English Royal household, that the *Post* will hold its peace. Seeds of discord are so easily sown, especially among relatives.

That charming toy, the Fourth of July pistol, although rushing the season, is once more at its antics. The scrupulous impartiality with which every parent provides every son on the National holiday with one of these little articles, evinces an entire willingness on the part of the parent to say "Thy will be done." We regret as sincerely as they that we are not more frequently able to chronicle more mischief done, but it is possible that by a steady patronage of the pistol business and an assiduous reading of the morning papers, the boys will get up pluck enough to make more encouraging reports. In the meantime, with the due thankfulness for small favors, we score one.

We do not know when we have been called upon to shed so melancholy a tear as fell from our eyes over the untimely fate of Mrs. Clarke's trowsers. Destined to a great career, a noble end, these luckless garments have quailed before the cachinatory explosion of a reporter, and have fallen to the obscurity of a shelf. We had imagined the reformer to be superior to the jeers and sneers of a ridiculing snip, and had hoped to see her some fine morning turn out on parade with the circus wagon, that all the world might see how ugly a woman might become by being sensible. But it is not to be, and we must console ourselves as best we may. We had even hoped, sooner than see the goods go to waste, that they might be used in the agricultural fields of the State, to ward off destroying birds; but the noble granger intimates that the garment would be useless for that purpose, unless occupied by their owner.

The lawyers have given the Almighty a bold hit by telling him in good round English, that "they fail to comprehend the Providence of God in removing," etc. It is greatly to be hoped that the offending party will rise to explain. It would be a fearful thing if the lawyers, who comprehend everything, should be left in a murk of misunderstanding in this little matter. It was all very well for their ancestors, who were a simple lot of old fogies at best, to transmit to the widow and orphans a batch of resolutions, whose chief clause was "thy will be done." In this day and generation, we want to know the whys and wherefores, and we make no bones of asking them. We go no blinds. The man who goes it blind must bluff to get even. It is safer to see your hand, and chip accordingly. So the lawyers say.

Although in a sanitary point of view it may be a very wise idea to reduce the human body to four ounces of white ashes, at the rate of $95 50 a cremate, yet there are two sides to every question, and we must remember the workingman's holiday. What would an Irishman's life be without a succession of corpses to vary the monotony? How often would our poor families from the back streets—nine children, not including the baby—get their ride to the Cliff? The little bishop's biggest income would go to nothing, hacks would become useless lumber, and Jim Farrell's business wouldn't support his youngest child in bread and milk. If cremation is to become a fixed fact, let it be confined to the wealthier classes. It would be more than cruel to take the principal pleasure out of the poor man's life of monotony.

A juror has risen from the dead level of insignificance. His placidity is his strong suit. While eleven gazed upon the excited counsel with round-eyed astonishment, and wondered what the deuce all the row was about, the twelfth calmly made up his mind on the verdict question, closed his eyes, and snored in their faces with the confiding simplicity of a child. Here is a mind not to be seduced by the insidious arguments of Coke and Blackstone, nor led away by the flowery speech of a Campbell. We advise the over-worked lawyers to secure him a standing engagement as juror during the heated term, with Campbell to act as Mesmer. Cases will settle themselves, and vacation will be unnecessary.

The latest thing in baby corpses is to wrap the little creature in two petticoats and a striped shawl. This is certainly an improvement upon the custom which most obtains, whereby the little innocent is left to the mercy of the winds of heaven, utterly innocent of dry goods. The woman is not altogether heartless who leaves a baby upon the sidewalk, or in the swill-barrel, wrapped in two petticoats and a striped shawl. One less lavish would have kept the shawl and furnished the petticoats, or vice versa. Virtue is its own reward. Let us hope, for the sake of the next finder, that the next baby will be encased in a fine Mission blanket. Now that the movement is inaugurated, we believe in perfecting it.

It is refreshing to see the inanity of the morning journals relieved once in a while by a little row amongst themselves, upon any subject whatever. Just now a couple of the dailies are engaged in discussing the costumes at the California Theater. Although they haven't had any to speak of in that temple of the drama very recently, and although the sapient critics know nothing of what they are talking about, and have evidently taken little pains to find out anything, yet the articles are interesting to observant readers in that they show how many paragraphs and what long ones can be constructed out of absolutely nothing. Such, alas! is daily newspaperdom.

A little girl, who fell off Long Bridge and nearly drowned, was rescued by a young man. It is consoling to think that as the child is only five years of age, the usual denouement may be averted, but we advise the young man to emigrate, or she will go for him as soon as she is old enough, and girls do grow so fast in this country.

Conundrum a la "Morning Call."—How much would be the cost of the New City Hall if Pitch & Flickering were Commissioners? An approach to a correct answer may be obtained by examining the accounts of State expenditures when *they* "*had their fins in*" as Public Printers.

Van De Mark is about to be made happy. His youthful protegé is expected daily from Philadelphia. It is stated that that young gent. will be prepared for the ministry at the Rev. Mr. Brewer's Episcopal School, at San Mateo.

Without having special reference to Susan B., we should like to know "What is home without a mother?"

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

and expatiating upon the chloride ores. This consumed all the morning, and the sun was fast sinking in the west, when, to my great gratification, he invited me to dine with him at a restaurant of great celebrity that he had discovered. O, and such a dinner we had! the very remembrance of it makes me wish that I was at the Maison Dorée, Berlin, Italian, Paris. When we got up from the table it was after 10 o'clock. My thoughts were to retire, but, as ill luck would have it, we encountered Morrow, Lent, Thornburg, Avery, and a few other choice spirits, who had been informed that at some previous time I was a writer for your paper, and who were determined to show me the industries of the new country, and they took me to see the working of a sewing machine—such a machine—but one was lost in the machine by an introduction to the operator; but I think that I had better leave your readers to their imagination of the operator, or if they have any intimate acquaintance with any of the gentlemen named in this letter, they can inquire of them. This I will say, that I went home; as for the others, *Je n'ai sais pas et cela m'est egal.* The next morning I arose with a headache, and formed all the best resolutions against drinking any more sewing machine wine, voting all my share to Sunderland, Morrow, Thornburg, Avery, or whoever else wanted it: no more for Joseph. I sauntered around until near 10 o'clock, when I commenced to feel the want of breakfast. Imagine one who had been in company of so many owners of Chloride Flat and other inexhaustible mines, when who should I meet but my old friend, Charley Low, who had under his arm a loaf of bread, which was visible, and a number of other articles wrapped in nice brown paper. I had known Charley in the days of the North American, and at one time did him a good turn (and he is one that never forgets a good turn), and he invited me to breakfast with him. God bless you, Charley! may you never again be in the straight that I met you. The breakfast was plain and simple, but I enjoyed it much, and for it you shall ever have my thanks. I went and looked at his mine; he was full of hopes, and in his eyes it looked well. I am sorry to say that it disappointed him, but as I hear that he has done well, I am rejoiced. Charley, may you live long and enjoy yourself. Your lecture on temperance, your good wishes, your advice I shall never forget. I did not follow the latter, and consequently do not deserve your good wishes, and the only consolation that I have, that we have but to wait a little while and we will be on that journey which has no by-ways, and if in that unknown land I can enjoy what I did at your breakfast, I will be content. After this breakfast I was not fit company for those with whom I had inspected the sewing machine, and I returned to my room with the very best intentions of reform. The preacher tells us that hell is paved with good intentions; if that is the case, what a bill have I against the Board of Public Works of that place, and if Fitch & Pickering, who advocated the appointment of public works for your city, have any funds on hand, they can buy my claim at a handsome discount. My good intentions kept by me until about six o'clock, when I commenced to realize that I had not eaten anything since my breakfast with Charley Low, when a knock came to the door from my little friend, who I know would blush did I put his name on paper. He entered and asked me if I had dined. I told him that I had not, when he handed me a little fortune—I will not say how much but it was enough to supply all my wants during my stay in the country, and to get away. With this assistance I was not afraid to go out and mingle with Sunderland and the other boys. I talked as though I was as rich as any one of them. I went to the Eberhardt, where I met Clarkson stock in trade one of the owners, who Clarkson claimed as his cousin or nephew—which I do not know, and at this time I do not think that he does. I came back and told Morrow and the others what I had seen, and all at once I was looked upon, not only as an expert, but as a proprietor. I commenced to take up claims, and in one week, by the aid of the boys, I sold one interest for $200 to Paxson, agent for the California Bank. I assured him that there never would be an assessment on the mine, and it was with this assurance that he took it; and I am sure that with the assessment part he has not been disappointed, and thus far it was correctly represented, and I have never heard a word of complaint from him, and I believe that he is satisfied that he has a permanent investment. If he has any doubts, I can assure him of the fact. I am getting prosy, and I must either cut my letter short or leave for your next issue a continuation. I found that I had made a favorable impression upon the "chloriders," as they were called, and I had a freedom of the office that I availed myself of. It was very agreeable until the barrel of whisky gave signs of weakness, and Peter Hopkins announcing the fact that this was his last barrel. When this statement was fully realized, I did not think that I could even find a seat in the stage for over ten days. Every seat had been engaged, but fortunately one of the booked was not up at roll call, and as I had a kind of a rover's commission, I took his place in the stage as far as Hamilton, when I was informed that Mr. Morrow had come down to Hamilton the night before, and wanted his seat, which I had to give up. This, what I thought to be unfortunate, was to the contrary. The first person I met was Hamilton, who had engaged a place in the boot. Hamilton was an old friend, and he introduced me to his agent, P. C. Hyman, who was Mayor of the city, and as he had telegraphed the fact east and west, I suppose your readers know of him. He invited me to his house, and I was entertained handsomely. I soon found that he was ambitious and had Governor on the brain, and as soon as I found out that he was about tired of me, I proposed that he should send me to Ploche, and that I would work up his cause, and would come up with the whole lower country in my pocket. It took, and I, with an increased capital and a good horse, started on my way to Ploche. At the first stopping-place I had no trouble to make them understand who P. C. Hyman was, but after I left that place it was up-hill work. When I was three days out I not only

could not make them believe that there was such a man as Hyman, or that there was such a place as Hamilton, and this ended my electioneering for Hyman. If any of your readers ever heard of him running for Governor, I wish they would let me know it, as I would like to have some credit for it. In fact, I had forgot myself that there was such a man until I heard of his appointment in the State Prison. I was not long in Pioche when I made the acquaintance of old Raymond, as he is familiarly and respectfully called by the boys, and by his aid I secured one hundred shares in the Raymond & Ely, and I gave up writing for the papers and was respectable. Unfortunately, George Hearst made his appearance, and as George and myself used to mine together in Nevada county, and was the one who introduced Washoe to me, and I thought he knew it all, and I took my little savings from my dividends and invested as he advised. In a short time I found my stock hypothecated, and at the end of the month, with my interest account and assessments, I was gone, and still I hung on, when I was asked to come to the center and could not, and away went my Raymond & Ely. Had every other stock went with it, the loss would have been great, but they stuck to me, and what have not been sold to pay assessments I have yet. I have some Hermes, which I was informed was charged to me at $20 as a great favor, on which I owe ten dollars per share, and they offer me $3 for it. My route from Pioche was by Pritchard's fast freight line to Palisades, an emigrant train to Reno, where I met Curly Bill, who had driven down a party from Virginia City, and he, wanting company, took me with him to this place. Such a change! I was more astonished than Rip Van Winkle was when he awoke. I will have to remain here a week before I can get the run of things, and if my letter will be worth anything, I will write you again, provided you will send me some W. F. & Co.'s envelopes.

BANK OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The general half-yearly meeting of the proprietors of this bank has just been held, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, at the London Tavern; Mr. T. W. Mackean in the chair. Mr. Ransom, the manager, having read the notice convening the meeting, and the report and statement of accounts having been taken as read, the Chairman, in moving the adoption of the report, congratulated the shareholders on the general prosperity of the bank, which would probably have been much greater had it not been thought prudent to restrict its operations in consequence of the recent financial pressure in the United States, and the disturbed state of commerce. Since, however, the panic had subsided, a better state of things had ensued, and the business of the bank had rapidly increased. [Hear! hear!] He was happy to inform the shareholders that there had been during the past half year an increase of £92,000 in the deposits, and an increase also in the amount of bills discounted of £96,000, showing the progressive increase of business. The amount to be divided was sufficient to enable them to declare a dividend £8 per cent. per annum, leaving a balance of nearly £6,000, of which £4,000 had been placed to the reserve fund, and £1,900 carried to the new account. The directors considered that in the present position of the bank £4,000 was sufficient to place to the reserve fund instead of the usual £5,000. The banking buildings in Portland and British Columbia were now approaching completion. A shareholder expressed some doubts as to the expediency of placing only £4,000 to the reserve fund instead of £5,000, and hoped the Board would revert to the old plan. He also advocated an increase of the business, which would probably lead to a dividend of £10 instead of £8 per cent. The resolution for the adoption of the report and the payment of the dividend were unanimously agreed to. The retiring directors, Mr. Mackean and Mr. Harrison, were re-elected on the motion of Mr. Gillespie, seconded by Mr. Kay. Mr. Mackean was also re-elected Chairman, being proposed by Mr. Gillespie, and seconded by General Rigby. Mr. Robertson and Mr. Gibbs having been re-elected as Auditors, a vote of thanks were unanimously given to the Chairman, Directors and Auditors, and also to Mr. H. E. Ransom, the manager, for their able management of the affairs of the bank, and the proceedings terminated.

THE NEW HOUSE OF CORRECTION.

The Board of Supervisors, more than a year ago, invited competitive plans for the new House of Correction. Mr. Bugbee received the award, but nothing was done towards commencing the building. The Board, the other evening, sought to reopen the whole matter, but one of the competing architects, to his infinite credit, put an effectual damper on so unfair a proposition. Mr. Laver said, in reference to his design: "This is the plan I prepared with some care, about twelve months ago, for the proposed House of Correction, which would meet the present and future uses for which it was designed. I will, however, say here, that it is due the profession, and the American Institute of Architects, of which I am a member, for me to state that, under the circumstances, these drawings are not now in competition with Mr. Bugbee's. The former Board selected an excellent plan, and you have a good man in the author to carry it out. I therefore ask permission from this Honorable Board to have possession of my property, feeling it to be most unprofessional to a brother architect to try and disturb the position he so honorably acquired in open competition." That speech settled the whole business. It awoke even those stolid City Fathers to a sense of propriety.

NOTABILIA.

Oakland's Little Ghost.---While everybody is talking and wondering about the spiritual manifestations among our neighbors over the bay, it is not to be supposed that we are indifferent on the matter. We have been on familiar terms with spirits too long to be indifferent to them; we understand them: we know all about them. We have a theory in relation to these manifestations over the bay which, in due time, we shall elucidate. Meantime, we observe there is one thing about these strange doings that strikes the ordinary reader as being most singular. It will be noticed that while the chairs, tables, bureau, trunks, piano, etc., were waltzing and flying about in a most alarming and unaccountable manner, the stove never stirred, but did its duty faithfully through all the fearful ordeal. But when we are told that it is a Union Range, from the stores of J. De La Montanya, 218 Jackson street, our wonder of course ceases, and we understand all about that. These magnificent ranges are too well conditioned to be guilty of such unseemly antics, for, among all the thousands disposed of by him, he has never heard any such complaint about them. N. B.—In order to accommodate his enormous and vastly increasing business, he finds it necessary to remove his old stores, to make room for more commodious structures. Now, if the spirits aforementioned, who are putting forth such efforts for the poor satisfaction of scaring sick women and children, want to do something useful, and at the same time earn an honest penny, in a legitimate way, our friend Montanya is ready to make arrangements with them for the removal of the old building. P. S.—If they prefer to do the job in the night, he will have no objection.

There are wars and rumors of wars. The very air is thick with them. The rival hosts are marshaling for the fray. The army of the crusaders have done their "organizing" and are ready to march to battle. The whisky men are fast arming, and mean business. We know not where the battle ground will be. As is usual with warlike parties, right does not exclusively belong to either side. The crusaders are bigoted, and have not learned to use and not abuse God's best gifts to man. The whisky dealers, on the other hand, sell a stimulant that is too strong and make men drunk rather quickly. Both parties would do well to compromise upon Gerke Wine. It is a good, wholesome beverage that will do no harm to either man or woman. It cheers without inebriating. It may be obtained from the agent, George Hamlin, 413 Market street.

"**I can't drink liquor,**" said Bob, "it goes right to my head." "Well," said Bob's friend, "where could it go with less danger of being crowded."

"**Work while it is called to-day,** for the night cometh when no man can work." This was the injunction of the Great Master. Uttered 1874 years ago, it may not now be as true as it was then. We have gas in these days, though that supplied to us in San Francisco is bad in quality and dear in price. Then we understand printing in these times, and that is a business more followed at night than in the day time. Yet we know one establishment where men work while it is called to-day, and quit it ere the night comes. That is at the Enterprise Mills, belonging to D. A. McDonald & Co., 217 to 225 Spear street, where doors, sashes, blinds, window frames, etc., are supplied, combining excellence of workmanship with economy in charges.

A writer for the News Letter visited London some time ago. He took with him a considerable collection of large photographs of Californian scenes. Desiring to make a present, he sent some of them to a store in Cheapside for the purpose of being framed. The time having been long exceeded at which the tradesman had promised to send them home, our friend called to learn the cause of the delay. There was quite a crowd around the window. Those photographs were the attraction. The artist within wanted to buy them; he said he had never seen such pictures even from the south of Italy. They were obtained from Houseworth, at 12 Montgomery street, where sun portraits of marvelous beauty are taken.

"**Mono-poets**" is the name for persons who write but one bit of verse and then die. This isn't the kind of a poet that sends pieces to the papers.

"**What is the best food for the brain?**" is a question that has long engaged the attention of scientists. Literary men, who make large calls upon their intellectual faculties, do not always find their demands honored. They would gladly find some kind of food that would prepare the brain for anticipated calls. For years it was alleged that the phosphorus of fish was just the thing needed. Recently it has been asserted that apples are the very best brain recuperators. Some believe that is why the fruit of that particular tree was to supply Mother Eve with knowledge. Whatever the doubts may be on these subjects, it is certain that the drink which of all others stirs up a morbid brain and invigorates it is the O. K. Golden Plantation Whisky, sold by F. & P. J. Cassin, 523 Front street.

The New York Graphic the other day published a splendid likeness of Miss Adelaide Neilson, the popular actress, whose unbounded success in San Francisco is even yet the theme of conversation in many circles. The *Graphic* sent to Miss Neilson for a photograph which she herself most approved of. The lady sent a likeness taken in this city by Messrs. Bradley & Rulofson, and full credit is given those eminent artists for the excellence of the portrait by our New York contemporary. The pure atmosphere of California enables Bradley & Rulofson to take sun pictures unsurpassed by anything of the kind in the world. Their gallery is 422 Montgomery street. Take the elevator.

There is one place on earth where sorrow should never come. That is the home circle. The business man should leave his difficulties in his counting house, and the mechanic his troubles in the workshop. Sorrow should not be nursed "at home," but ought to be driven clean out of it. Make home pleasant by surrounding it with cheerful influences. A house well furnished with all the essentials to comfort is pleasing to the eye, and gives occupation to a good wife, who, proud of her home, delights in keeping it neat and clean. If you would have such a house, buy your furniture, upholstery, carpets, etc., at Plum, Bell & Co.'s, 22, 24, and 26 Post street.

No lady is esteemed accomplished in these days who does not play the piano. Very properly so, too. Music hath charms to still the troubled breast. The husband often finds in the music discoursed by his wife a solace that drives dull care away. But, then, to enable his wife to give him the sweetest music in the most charming manner, his house must necessarily be supplied with the best piano. That is the kind made by Hallet, Davis & Co., and sold by the agent, Wm. G. Badger, 7 and 13 Sansome street.

The excuse of a young lady of her minister, who caught her napping, was, "Don't you think ladies had better be fast asleep than fast awake?"

Supervisor Menzies proposes to go into an election of an engineer on Monday evening whose duty it will be to tell us where our future supply of water is to come from. But whilst he is surveying and reporting, and the next Legislature is discussing his reports, we will be imbibing Spring Valley impurities. But why should we? "Evart's Patent Carbon Filter" purifies it and makes it as clear as crystal. That filter is cheap, handy, clean, and perfect in its operations. It may be had at the sole agents, Messrs. Bush & Milne, 29 New Montgomery street.

Our first parents got turned out of Paradise because they wanted a change. San Francisco is a very nice place to live in as a general thing, but then one wants to get out of the city for a breath of fresh air occasionally. A drive on the San Bruno Road, and a call at Harry Blanken's, is about the best change we know of.

New buildings are going up in all parts of the city. This promises to be a particularly active Summer for the house builders. We are glad of it. San Francisco is by no means large enough for a population of 200,000. What is wanted is more "homes" for the people. Talking of the activity in the building trade reminds us that the best stair builders and wood turners that we know of are Messrs. Sanborn & Byrnes, whose place of business is over the Mechanics' Mill on Mission street, between First and Fremont.

President Grant is a good judge of many things. It has become a matter of history that when it was complained of to Abraham Lincoln that Grant drank whisky, the great and good President expressed a wish to know the brand in order that he might send some of it to his other generals. Grant knew that Cutter's Whisky gives tone, strength, and endurance to the brain, and therefore that is his favorite stimulant. It can be procured at the agents, A. P. Hotaling, 431 Jackson street.

"Gracious me!" exclaimed a lady in the witness-box, "how should I know anything about anything I don't know anything about?"

The Chronicle's latest libel suit has ended, and the establishment of the "live paper" is once more left in peace. Libels are getting to be dangerous and costly. It is quite possible to tell strong truths without uttering libels. It is an important truth, but is not a libel, to state that H. Rosekrans & Co., at 638 Market street, are importers and dealers in hardware, builders' materials, carpenter's tools, house furnishing tools, and all kinds of shelf hardware.

Success is not always an indication of merit in individuals. A man may acquire that which he little merits. But a business that becomes a success is a different thing. To make a business successful it must be meritoriously conducted. The articles supplied must be good and the prices moderate. That is how it is that the saddlery and harness business of Main & Winchester, at 214 and 216 Battery street, has been so undoubted a success.

Another remedy has been discovered for rheumatism in London. It is a hot sand bath. This makes 7,384 remedies—all infallible.

"Pleasant dreams, my dear," said the husband to his wife as he bade her "good night." She did have pleasant dreams that night. Cause why? They had been for a drive through the Golden Gate Park, and the fresh and invigorating air of heaven had made her slumbers sweet. A drive through the Park and a meal at the "Villa," kept by Mr. and Mrs. Mangenberg, are worth more than all the medicines of all the physicians in San Francisco.

The cry is still they come. They stand not upon the order of their coming, but they come. That is true in regard to the many visitors to that establishment on Pine street, kept by Emerson Corville & Co. Those splendid Saddle Rock oysters are the attraction. They are served up in every style by attentive waiters. The rooms are elegantly appointed. The number is 410.

Lazy husbands are known out West as stove watchers.

The picnic season is here. After an unusually disagreeable Winter for California the season has again come round when all who can afford it will take an "outing." There is no pleasanter place than San Rafael. The Marin Hotel is centrally located, admirably conducted, and the charges are reasonable. Visitors are welcomed in right hearty Californian style.

CHATELARD TO MARY STUART.

Dear heart, I bless you for this parting grace,
That is as sunshine on a winter day;
Now that last looks may be upon your face,
There nothing is can wound me on my way;
Filling my prison with a light divine,
My queen, you come as a saintly moon,
And I forget the dark clouds while you shine,
And take no heed of that which will be soon.
Was ever fate like mine? so dark and sweet?
God's feast before me, and I may not eat.

God's feast, for I have won your heart at last,
And may not tarry for a lover's kiss;
But rich reward for future pain and past
Is this one hour—this present hour of bliss,
What though another hour should find me dead,
With no more sense of love and summer morn?
I lived to put a crown upon my head
That shall be with me in the time unborn,
Nor may I be deceived with dying breath—
Speech is prophetic on the day of death.

When that the gentle Hero held the light,
Leander, knowing that her truth to him,
Sank under sea in his extreme delight,
And in Life's river could no longer swim;
Now that you hold this loving light to me,
Death's river, where the clouds hang in the night,
Shall be as glorious as Leander's sea,
And the mysterious ferry shall be bright;
Your tears are bitter sweet, e'en I could weep
For joy of this "Good night, and pleasant sleep." —*Lon. Society.*

Progress in the Mechanical Arts.—Time was, and that not very long ago, when we were content to import nearly all our manufactures from abroad or from the East. That state of matters is rapidly passing away. Fortunate for the State that it is so. The secret of any country's success, under the conditions of modern civilization, is that the manufacturing interest shall grow up and keep pace with the agricultural. The farmer buys from the manufacturer, who in his turn proves to be the best customer of the tiller of the soil. The home market is the safest, most reliable and best. There can be no surer evidence of a State's certain progress than that found in the extension of her industrial interests. Among the many successful manufacturing establishments in our city, that of Main & Winchester, 214 and 216 Battery street, is worthy of prominent mention. Workers in leather, they are masters of their business, which has prospered in their hands. They employ a large amount of labor, and set a good example in their liberal treatment of their workmen. They have just turned out a set of harness that is a very marvel of excellence and beauty, and now very fittingly adorns that splendid pair of bays owned by Governor Stanford. That turnout is now the finest on the road. Looking to the manner in which our wealthy men vie with each other in procuring the latest and best adornments to their teams, we shall expect to see some of them "go the Governor one better." It will be a difficult task to accomplish. Perhaps, if Main & Winchester were to make another effort, they might excel themselves. Who will try them?

The most extraordinary instance of patience on record is that of an American judge, who listened silently for two days while a couple of wordy lawyers contended about the construction of an Act of the Legislature, and then ended the controversy by quietly remarking, "Gentlemen, the law is repealed."

That deputation went away satisfied. They were sent by the woman crusaders. They wanted to know if all the whisky shops were closed whether there was Napa Soda enough to supply all the thirsty souls of San Francisco during the forthcoming Summer months. Their inquiries at the agency, 18½ Geary street, entirely satisfied them.

A scolding wife is an unpleasant institution around the house. She loses her own temper, annoys yours, and makes things generally disagreeable. Preserve her temper and your own and make home happy and comfortable by furnishing it with a Richmond Portable Range, which you can obtain from the agents, George H. Tay & Co., 614 to 618 Battery street.

Motto for the Letter Collector.—"From pillar to post."

WHAT THE RAILWAY ENGINES HAVE DONE.

These engines have become the lungs of California. They daily and hourly draw in and send out the life-blood of this commonwealth. They throb in every business artery of the State. They have created more wealth, developed more country and multiplied our privileges more than every other agency combined. For several years before the commencement of the Pacific Railroad, California had been almost at a standstill. Her assessed wealth had increased (see Controller's report) less than $50,000,000 in six years. Her entire average of wheat fields was, in 1863, but 263,208 acres—less than it was in 1859, when 270,000 acres were sown. Her population of able-bodied men was decreasing on account of the partial failure of her gold mines, and the better prospects for mining in the adjacent Territories. There were 25,000 *less* votes cast in this State in 1863 than there were in 1861. There was but little money in the banks. Business was dull, and the State was certainly not advancing in prosperity. And when we consider the number of dry years that have occurred in our history since then, and when we consider the stoppage of the war in 1865, whereby our gold lost so much of its premium that it made business with the Atlantic States far less profitable than it was during the rebellion, and when also we consider that immigation to this State had been slowly but constantly diminishing for several years prior to 1863—when all these things are considerered, who can doubt that the California of 1873 would have been at least but little ahead of the California of 1863, in point of wealth and population, if some new factor had not entered into her prosperity, some new and immense works projected within her domains, some revolution that should stop the decay and break the dead-lock that was so apparent in the business of California at that time! That revolution came. In 1863 the building of the Central Pacific was commenced, and a change for the better in the prosperity of California began, and it has been going on ever since, as the following statistics conclusively show: In 1863, the total agricultural product of California was in round numbers $15,000,000; in 1873 it was valued at $75,000,000—an advance of 500 per cent. In 1863 the number of bushels of wheat produced was 4,147,649; in 1873, according to the Surveyor-General's report, 26,089,667 bushels were grown. In 1860 the agricultural product of California averaged $350 to each inhabitant; in 1870, the year after the railroad was finished, it averaged $1,250 to each inhabitant. In 1862 the total assessed value of property in this State amounted to $160,369,071 81; in 1872 it footed up $637,232,823 31. Taking off one-third from the figures of 1872 on account of the recent rules governing assessors, and there still remains an increase of over *two hundred and fifty million dollars* to the property-holders of the State during the ten years the Pacific Railroad and its branches were being built. The history of the whole world shows nothing to equal this. Especially is it so when we take into consideration the fact that our population between 1860 and 1870 had increased but 180,000, or only 46 ½ per cent. What else could have caused the astonishing increase in the wealth of California during these years but the building of a system of railroads of which the Central Pacific is the back-bone?

The Licensing of French Plays.—The vexed question of what works are fit for representation before a British audience has been again raised by MM. Valnay and Pitron, the lessees of the Holborn Theater, in a letter to the new Lord Chamberlain, the Marquis of Hertford. These gentlemen, who are certainly justified in taking credit to themselves for the manner in which they have placed popular works before the play-going public, complain that not only do they suffer considerable loss, but that their efforts for the amusement and edification of their patrons are thwarted, by the refusal of the authorities to license many favorite, and, as they maintain, unobjectionable—dramas by celebrated French authors. They have engaged many artists of great celebrity, and if, on a reconsideration of the case, several works now interdicted are not allowed to be represented, the public will be unable to see these talented performers in many of their chief *rôles*. MM. Valnay and Pitron therefore beg permission to place upon the stage De Girardin's *Le Supplice d'une Femme*, Dumas' *Le Demi-Monde*, Sardou's *Séraphine*, and Feuillet's *Julie*. The new Chamberlain, however, is not more pliant than his predecessor, and sees no reason to reverse decisions which were arrived at after due and careful consideration; and furthermore states that it will be his duty "to refuse his license to all pieces, or portions of pieces, which, in his opinion, from their tone or tendency appear to be unsuited for the stage in this country, and that he will expect his directions in regard to them to be strictly complied with."

"If the sweet singer of Israel" were now amongst us, he would be astonished at the number and variety of instruments by which he might be accompanied. He would, however, have no difficulty in deciding that the Arion Piano surpasses all others. It is to be had at the agents, B. Curtaz, 20 O'Farrell street.

An editor in Troy displays a lead pencil that he has used for nine years. His writings can't have much point to them, says the New Haven *Journal*.

GO AND SIN NO MORE.

See how the shrill she-pharisees keep hissing in her ear,
And how the broad phylacteries are nodding to the sneer;
"Hell's paved with good intentions." Nay, dry thy tearful eye,
Poor publican of woman-kind, heed not the cruel cry.
(Yet were it so, it seems to me that there, in the blinding heat,
The touch of thy lost endeavors here should cool thy burning feet.)
Never, never, believe me, if there be a God at all
Shall even the broken reach at good into utter evil fall,—
Until to him that asketh grace the Father answer nay,
Until from him that seeks His face, He turns that face away.
Who made the spirit willing, made flesh lack what it lacks,
He will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax.

STANFORD AND BOOTH.

Governor Booth, in his last message to the Senate and Assembly, undertook the discussion of the vexed questions of fares and freights. But he was wholly demolished when ex-Governor Stanford took up the points in that message and replied to them, as those who read the speech of the President of the Central Pacific in to-day's *News Letter* will readily see. An iron-clad under full steam could not more completely cut in two or crush a wooden ferry-boat than has this man of iron cut to pieces and irreparably smashed the timbers upon which our wordy Governor rests his railroad argument. Before the stern logic and hard facts that permeate every part of Stanford's speech, the sophomoric periods and stilted rhetoric of Booth's message dissolve and fade away like dew before the morning sun. The evaporation is complete. Governor Booth had stated among other things that "Perhaps the question of regulating the rates of railroad transportation had been clothed by unnecessary difficulty;" that "railroads are public highways in private ownership; in their construction they involve the highest attribute of the State's sovereignty—the right of taking private property for public use; that "their owners are common carriers with special privileges, and that if the State has not the power to regulate their charges she may renounce her claim to sovereignty;" that "discrimination between places should be prevented by prohibiting a railroad from charging a higher price over any portion of the road than is charged for the same or a shorter distance of similar or heavier grades in any other portion," and that "there is no local competition between railroads—there is but one best route between two points. Besides, in railroads, capital does not compete, it combines;" "that is the best that aims at substantial justice." Though Mr. Stanford does not mention Governor Booth by name in his argument, it will be seen that he touches upon all the points noted in the above extracts from the Governor's message, and if he does not make it as plain as English language can, that there is neither philosophy nor statesmanship, nor even good common sense in the Governor's assertions here quoted, then are we incompetent to judge. We believe that all of our many intelligent readers, after reading the speech published in another column, will come to the same conclusion we have, that it is one of the most thoughtful, forcible and instructive addresses ever made in this State, and upon the most important question that has ever agitated our people. That Governor Stanford is a man of good literary attainments and a deep thinker, as well as a great executive officer, we have long known, but we were unprepared for so fine an effort as this, even from him. One would naturally suppose that the management of all the principal transportation routes of California and Nevada, with thousands of employés looking to him for general orders, would so exhaust his time that he could give no attention or study to the great fundamental principles that underlay and interlace all political economy. But this argument is overwhelming evidence that he has, and proves once more what "a many-sided man" he is, and that how perfectly he has MASTERED THE SITUATION.

DR. LIVINGSTONE.

There is something very touching in the details just received of the great traveler's death. He had been ill for months, and had a presentiment that his end was approaching, yet his enthusiasm for exploration was not abated. At length he was no longer able to ride—he was obliged to be carried—and then, when he arrived at Muilula, beyond Lake Bemba, he said: "Build me a hut to die in." He suffered greatly, groaning night and day, but we also learn that he prayed much, and that he said, "I am going home." On the third day he said, "I am very cold, put more grass on the hut;" and on the fourth day he became insensible, dying at midnight. Thus passed away one of the noblest souls of this generation. His name will not be forgotten in his native country, but it will probably be still more indelibly impressed on the traditions of that half barbarous region where he sojourned for so many years. We at home may applaud his missionary enterprise and may admire his geographical enthusiasm, but there are thousands in Africa who will remember him with far warmer feelings of affection and veneration, as the white man who came from a far country, not to enrich himself with ivory or gold dust, but that he might break the fetters of the slave, and bring about a new era when men should be able to lie down in their huts at peace, without dreading the slave-catcher's midnight visit.—*Graphic.*

OUR GREAT RAILROAD INTERESTS.

Our railroads are doing more to build up the material interests of California than all other influences combined. The rapid development of our agricultural, mining and other resources demands more railroads, and is well able to pay a fair interest upon the many millions of dollars yet needed to give us all the transport facilities we require. For a year or two past we have not been making that progress in this direction we ought to have done. Capital is sensitive. The agitation to regulate freights and fares by law made moneyed men hesitate. Settling such matters by popular clamor was not looked upon favorably by investors. They naturally preferred to wait and see with what wisdom our people determined this question of limiting the operations of capital by legislative enactments before loaning more money, even for such promising undertakings as railroads must continue to be in this State. It may now be admitted by all parties that we have settled the difficulty. The question was the all absorbing one at the last election. Legislators were selected to do whatever might fairly and reasonably be done to regulate fares and freights. The duty of the State towards railway investors had not previously been too well understood. A small section of the press, ignorant and prejudiced in such matters, endeavored to create a vicious public opinion. In election meetings and in the Legislative Halls the subject was discussed with ability. The Senate Committee thoroughly ventilated the whole question. The result arrived at was just that which might have been predicted, namely, that it was found to be impracticable for the Legislature to regulate the operations of capital invested in railways any more than the capital invested in any other enterprise. The whole subject having been thus passed upon, the people generally acquiesce in the decision arrived at. It is true that one or two insensate newspapers would renew the war, but it is very evident the people will have none of it. To have arrived at this conclusion, perhaps, compensates for the delay and partial stoppage of railway enterprise that have occurred. A sound, healthy public sentiment is worth much in a country where public opinion makes the law. In view of the importance of the subject, we make no apology for submitting to our readers at home and abroad the very masterly argument that appears in another portion of this issue of the *News Letter*, and which was delivered by ex-Governor Stanford, President of the Central Pacific Railroad before the State Senate's Committee on Corporations, to which was referred the question of the propriety of regulating fares and freights by legislative enactment. As a clear, concise statement of the whole matter it deserves a wide circulation. The views it sets forth are sound and statesmanlike, and will henceforth prevail with the community as they have just prevailed with the Legislature. We may now well hope that, having cleared away much absurd ignorance by the discussions of the past year, railroad enterprises will take a new start, and for the future keep pace with the marvelously rapid growth of the State. Certainly with the fair legislation, which we believe is now assured, no more promising field exists in the United States for the investment of domestic or foreign capital than that afforded by the railroad necessities of California.

THE DOLLY VARDENS.

What would be thought of us as a people, if a political party was organized to make war on our woolen mills, or our foundries, or any other manufacturing interest? And yet the Dolly Varden Party, in this State, never had but one principal or object in view, namely, to make an unrelenting warfare on our railroads, the greatest industry of them all. No wonder this party has been short-lived. Founded only on a prejudice, having no other motive than blind hate, inspired by no higher purpose than jealousy of the managers of the Central Pacific, because they have been so eminently successful, these Dolly Vardens died by the hand of their own leader, at the last session of the Legislature. No party needed killing more. Governor Booth wrote, in his last message, that "all taxation for the support of the Government should be upon the land," and now there is not a Granger in the whole country that would support Booth for the office of a village constable. The Dolly Varden Party being, of course, committed to the utterances of its leader, has fallen with him. To get at the lands of the Central Pacific and confiscate them by taxation, it was necessary to tax all other lands as well. But to injure the railroad, your Dolly Varden would pull down every land-holder in the State, if he stood between his revenge and that corporation, as the record of the last Legislature conclusively shows. But why waste words upon the dead. Peace to the ashes of Dolly Vardenism. Its members will never get a chance to officially slander or personally steal any more. Governor Stanford has shown in his speech how crazy and reckless they were in what they proposed to do with fares and freights. These few lines are written to show up their ideas of taxation and land policy. If the devil will have these Dolly Vardens, we cheerfully consign them to his brimstone keeping. He can take them, every one.

Everybody who is anybody goes to the Cliff House. A charming cottage has just been completed, containing fifteen rooms, which overlook the ocean, and will greatly add to the accommodations of this ever popular place of resort.

Of all things in the world that are "better late than never," going to bed certainly ranks first.

THE DESTINATIONS OF AMERICAN GOODS.

An analysis of the exports of the principal domestic products of the United States in the financial year ending June 30, 1873, has been issued by the Bureau of Statistics at Washington. We are thus put in possession of some interesting facts as to the extent of custom accorded to American dry goods, etc., by different countries. The total export of wheat is valued at 51½ million dollars; and Great Britain and her Colonies took it to the value of $49,700,000. Under the head of wheat flour, Great Britain and her Colonies account for eleven millions out of the nineteen exported. The British West Indian possessions take more than half of all the biscuits exported; and of the exports of Indian corn, 22¾ millions go to Great Britain and her Colonies, leaving only one million for all other countries put together. In cotton, the United Kingdom takes three-fourths of the entire surplus exported, heading the list with a value of 161 million dollars. Of hams and bacon, Great Britain takes 22 millions out of a total of 35. Of beef, Great Britain and her Colonies take about two millions out of a total of two and a-half millions; and of pork, three and a-half out of five millions reach the same destination. About one-half of all the butter exported goes to England and her dependencies; and out of a total export of ten and a-half millions' worth of cheese, nine and a-half are absorbed by Great Britain. In lard, Germany is the chief customer, taking a little over six millions in value, against the British consumption of five and a-half millions. Of this article Belgium takes three and Cuba two millions' worth. In tallow, England leads again, taking three millions out of a total export of seven millions. Of manufactured leather, Great Britain and her Colonies account for a little short of three millions, while Germany takes over one million of dollars in value, or about all that remains. Coming to mineral oils, the balance shifts in favor of Continental Europe. Of crude oils France takes about two millions, and Germany half a million, leaving half a million for all other countries. In refined illuminating oils, out of a total export of 34 millions, Germany leads with 11½, and Belgium comes next with five millions, a very large portion of which is, in both cases, distributed over the Continent. Of the leaf tobacco exported Germany takes the larger share, having received it during the last financial year to the value of six millions and a-half, but the sum of the tobacco export to all the places owing allegiance to the British Crown is only a very little short of that amount. France takes two and a-half millions' worth of tobacco, Italy two millions, and Holland and Spain $1,300,000 each. Coal exports experienced a considerable increase, chiefly due to the Canadian demand for over two millions, or two-thirds of the entire export. Agricultural implements, chiefly mowers and reapers, also show a remarkable increase, for which $900,000 sent to Germany partly accounts. The iron exports increased from six to eight millions, and of the latter amount Cuba took one and a-half million, the Dominion of Canada a similar amount, the United States of Columbia $850,000, and Germany $620,000. As a general conclusion we find that wheat, Indian corn, cotton, and provisions accounted for $371,500,000, or 55 per cent. of the total domestic exports for the year, and that of this amount $281,500,000 went to Great Britain and her Colonies. Oil and tobacco account for $62,000,000 or about 10 per cent. of the total exports, and countries under the British Crown took $14,000,000 of these. On the whole, Great Britain and her dependencies must have absorbed at least one-half of the United States' domestic exports for the last financial year. —*The British Trade Journal.*

SUCCESS OF JOINT STOCK BANKS.

The shares of London Joint Stock Banks present not only a steady description of investment, but one which returns a better rate of interest than any other, excepting those Foreign Bonds which rank only as third or fourth rate securities, and the shares in well conducted and productive mines. Those joint-stock banks which survived the crisis of 1866, are all conducting a prosperous business, as is shown in their balance-sheets for the half-year ending in December last; and persons who are disposed to invest in their shares may find an ample varity, both in price and in the amount of interest they respectively pay. Shares range in their market price from £4 or £5 to £160, while the dividends paid vary from 7 to 25 per cent. We scarcely need add, that this diversified rate of interest is almost wholly brought to a level by the price which the shares command in the market, so that we may set down about 6¾ per cent. as the average obtainable by present purchasers. It may be necessary to state, that a liability, beyond the money paid, attaches to the shares of several of the banks, in some cases, to an unlimited extent. In estimating the absolute extent of this liability, the reserve fund of the Bank should, of course, be taken into consideration. We subjoin a few of the leading London banks, with the rate of interest which the shares return, at current prices, and the amount of liability attaching to each share: London and Westminster returns 7 1-16th per cent., with unlimited liability; City, 7⅛th per cent., with unlimited liability; Imperial, 6⅞ds per cent., with £35 liability; London and South Western, 7¾ths per cent., with £80 liability; Union, 7 1-5th per cent., with unlimited liability; London and County, 6 3-7ths per cent, with unlimited liability; London Joint Stock, not quite 8 per cent., with unlimited liability; Alliance, 5 4-5ths per cent., with £15 liability; Consolidated, 6 1-7th per cent., with £6 liability.—*Pall Mall Gaz.*

A Chicago paper chronicled the election of officers of the St. Louis Board of Trade under the head of "Miscellaneous Crimes."

PERNICIOUS FALSIFICATION.

It would not be possible to keep track of the innumerable false statements given to the public by certain journals, that seem to exist only for the purpose of waging a dastardly warfare against the Central Pacific Railroad, without having a clue, like Ariadne's thread, to ferret them through their labyrinthine passages of superb mendacity. The last issue of the *California Farmer* assured its many patrons among our agricultural classes that the freight charges on fruits would not be raised by the Railroad Company, and this announcement was within the reach of journals that have since then endeavored to create a panic among our fruit-growers by the publication of a falsehood, wrought out of whole cloth. One of them says:

"Another illustration of the way the Central Pacific Railroad helps the fruit-growers and agriculturists of California, is found in the fact that the freight rates for fruit, etc., shipped East by passenger trains, have this season been increased 40 per cent. over last year's tariff. The managers of the Company have evidently arrived at the conclusion that the fruit-growers and shippers were making a little money, and, true to their grasping instincts, have determined that the principal portion of the profits shall go to them. The consequence is that the Eastern market for California early vegetables and fruit will not be fully supplied, and our fruit-growers and agriculturists will lose much of the business that their enterprise and industry had developed."

In reply to this malicious accusation, A. N. Towne, General Superintendent of the Central Pacific Railroad, makes the following simple statement, over his official signature: "The rates on fruit to Chicago are the same this season as last year, viz: $500 per car of ten tons by freight trains, and $900 per car by passenger trains. I regret exceedingly that such an erroneous report should have found publication, as it will have an influence to discourage fruit-raising for shipment to Eastern markets." Here, two facts are distinctly shown: first, that the whole charge was pure, undiluted fabrication; and next, that not the Railroad, but the parties publishing the libel, are guilty of discouraging fruit-raising for shipment to Eastern markets. Unable to ignore the reception of Mr. Towne's denial and refutation, the sinning journal published his card, and accompanied its publication, on the same page and in close proximity, with another accusatory article, of like character with its own, but taken from the editorial columns of an interior paper, likewise a virulent traducer of the Central Pacific Railroad Company. The incidental reference to Mr. Towne's card, appended to the aforesaid quotation, can have no weight in mitigating the evil intended to be accomplished, and is far from being an honorable retraction.—*Commercial Herald.*

JAPAN PUNCH.

The Japan Punch, one of the most inimitable of journals, publishes the following, with a request that California papers will please copy. We comply: "MERICAN INFLUENCE IN THE YEAST.—This commodity exists only in the occiputs of a few purblind correspondents of what are called newspapers t other side of the millpond. According to the correspondent of the "Frisky daily morningly, eveningly, hourly, minutely *Bully Tin*," the influence—or rather the absence of it—has seriously affected his brain; he declares that Mr. *Punch* is an American, and by way of proof states that the above named individual pays five dollars a year to the British Consul to pay off the Pennsylvania debts! We think this is coming it rather strong. The correspondent's imagination is a great and glorious one; he draws on it for his facts, but forgets that he would not have been here had it not been for the protection afforded him by the forces of France, England and Dutch peoples. Ungrateful cuss! Yet he is not equal to the Washington correspondent of the *New York Yournal of Commerc*, who imagines any quantity of blackberries teeming on the rivers of Asia, to the exclusion of the trade dollar, thereby dislodging Judge Reis, of California, who stood fifteen hands in his stocking feet, and banked with the Deutsche Bank, making immense amounte of money for the Asiatic Comical Company, whose bill was defeated in Congress by the feelings of the Japanese, who got into debt with Great Britain, at the instigation of Russia, for the purpose of casting sheep's eyes at Yesso, that's so, to the disgust of Gen. Capron, who wept stars and stripes singing Hail Columbia, whilst the representative of Uncle Sam slept soundly. Snakes! ain't that bully!

Pestered with "contributions in verse," from a persistent rhymester, till his patience gave out, an American editor wrote to his correspondent thus:—"If you don't stop sending me your sloppy poetry, I'll print a piece of it some day, with your name appended in full, and send a copy to your sweetheart's father." That poetical fountain was spontaneously dried up.

A St. Paul locomotive threw a man one hundred and eighty feet through a trestle-work bridge and didn't hurt him, which is another recommendation for Western climate.

READING OLD LETTERS.

[BY PARK BENJAMIN.]

These quaint old letters—they were writ
So many a solemn year ago,
That as in mournful mood I sit
And read their faded pages, lo!
What visions of the past appear
Around me, like a ghostly throng! [dear,
What forms and looks that once were
Remembered though forgotten long!

Some writers of these lines have slept
Their final slumber, and the eyes
Which joyed to look in theirs have wept
Their transmigration to the skies.
But happy they—thrice happy they—
The fair, and innocent, and young,
Snatched in the dawn of life away,
Before its clouds were o'er them flung.

Thrice happy they! for better far [love,
One taste of that dear Heaven they
One glimpse of that immortal star,
Which fills with light their home above,
Than all the pleasures, all the bliss,
That Earth on human hearts bestows;
A poison in the sweetest kiss,
A thorn beneath the softest rose.

But when they penned these tender lines,
And when they sent these fond replies,
Their thoughts were rich as silver mines,
In which the ore of friendship lies.
They glided on th' advancing waves
Of Time, without a doubt or fear,
And little thought the port of graves
Was for their vessels lying near.

I have no need to name their names,
Unrecognized by few who live,
Familiar with the common fames
That rumors of the Present give.
Had they survived, they might have won
The laurel-wreath Ambition weaves,
But their brief story, early done,
Was decked with only cypress leaves.

Long constant friends, who plighted faith
That no misfortune could impair,
Attachment that would last till death,
Have vanished—Echo tells not where.
Some I meet often in the street,
And sometimes at a church or hall;
They slightly nod whene'er we meet,
Or smile acquaintance—that is all.

* * * * * * * * * *

Fleeting and false, and like the ink
In which these thoughts, or sad or bright,
Were written, friendships fade, I think,
And loves lose all their dewy light.
But whether dead, or strange, or cold,
The authors of these leaves I see
Grow dearer still as I grow old,
Because they once were dear to me.

THE CRIME OF BEING UNFORTUNATE.

A correspondent writes as follows to the London *Times:* In your journal of the 1st will be found the trial and sentence to death of a poor woman at Devizes, by name Maria Burfitt. The story is a short one. Ignorant and poverty-stricken, but pretty, she is seduced and has a child. After her recovery she wanders the streets and villages of Wiltshire in hopes of employment, but, of course, the child is a fatal obstacle, and at last, half starved and in a state of mental depression, she kills the child. I say "kills the child;" but if you read her trial you will see there is no direct evidence of her doing so. It is quite possible she dropped the child on the road; anyhow, the child's skull had a slight fracture on one side, which doubtless caused its death. She is found guilty, and notwithstanding the jury strongly recommending her to mercy, the Judge sentenced her to death, and held out to her no hope whatever of any mitigation of her sentence. She is carried out of the dock screaming, and so ends her short career. Now, sir, on the same day and the following one, the ensuing cases are tried and sentences given, and I ask your readers to judge which of them is not much more worthy of death than this poor, seduced, ignorant Maria Burfitt: April 1st—Charles White kills Charles Clark by stoning him to death in a most cruel and pitiless manner; sentence, twenty years' penal servitude. Jeremiah Buckley murders his wife with a poker; sentence, penal servitude for life. John Flynn kicks Andrew Overend while on the ground to death, and tells Mrs. Overend to at once measure him for his coffin; sentence, twenty years' penal servitude. April 2d—Thomas Lynch kills Stephen Mooney, knocks him down with a hatchet, and then stabs him to death with a bacon knife; verdict, manslaughter; sentence deferred, but not death. Rebecca Davis kills Mary Davis, by biting and severely beating her; eighteen months' hard labor. Caroline and Jonathan Flower kill Maria, wife of Jonathan, by starvation and ill treatment; twenty years' penal servitude. I was one of the magistrates before whom Maria Burfitt was brought, and certainly considered her more or less insane. On being asked in the usual way if she had any questions to put to the witnesses, she showed complete nonchalance, and all through her trial she maintained the same perfect indifference. I trust sincerely the Home Secretary will see she is examined by the proper medical authorities before the carrying out of the sentence. This woman, poor and without friends, has not those advantages of defense which a person in a higher grade can easily command; but suppose a young lady in society had committed a like offense, and under the same distressing circumstances, how the world would sympathize, talk kindly of, and probably would succeed in rescuing her from the hangman's clutches.

ACTRESSES' HUSBANDS.

A stage life has attractions for a woman who is young, good looking, and of pleasing manners. Although she may not be much of an actress, she has the satisfaction of appearing in public, and is sure of admirers. Her portrait is in every photographer's window, and, perhaps, has even appeared in one or more of those illustrated journals which have lately sprung up with the view to make ladies and gentlemen of her profession immortal. Everybody has heard of her, and the name she has assumed is mentioned without prefix of Madame or Miss, just as we mention the name of one separated from us by fame or death. Her vanity is sofully gratified, that there is no wonder at her attachment to what she terms her art.

But there is the man who has put himself in the relationship of husband to her! Of course, there are husbands and husbands, and when I speak of actresses' husbands, I do not include those noblemen and gentlemen who have contracted alliances with the stage. A Countess of Harrington, a Countess of Derby, a Lady Becher, or a Duchess of St. Albans, ceased to be an actress on becoming a wife, and her husband was not the husband of an actress in the sense I mind. Nor do I include that large class whose wives separated from them before adopting the theatrical profession as a means of livelihood. I allude to men who derive a considerable portion of their income from the earnings of their wives.

Of these, the variety is great, including actors, musicians, stage carpenters, scene-shifters, gas-men, box-keepers and ticket-takers, among people connected with the theater; half-pay officers, Government clerks, mercantile clerks, tobacconists and "gentlemen of independent means," among the unprofessional public. If the husband is an actor of superior merit and reputation to his wife, he is excluded from my category. As a rule, however, he is decidedly her inferior in both. He is either a "walking" gentleman, or a gentleman who has mistaken a desire to be a great comedian or tragedian for the ability to act. In either case, they club their reputations and their salaries, and both are benefited. He who, had his wife not been pretty and popular, would never have secured a profitable engagement, confounds his reputation with hers, and insists upon occupying an equal position in "the bills," and in public estimation. As to her, let me not inquire too closely what advantage she secures in ceasing to be Rosa Proscenium, and consenting to be described as in the firm of "Mr. and Mrs. Footlights."

The most ordinary type, however, is Fred. Fred has married an actress, whom my friend Lord Bonton thinks the most charming creature on earth. Bonton would once have given his eyes to be introduced to her. And he is not singular. Sir William Ventnor throws her a bouquet twice a week. "Polly" Farquhar, of the Guards, has been heard to say at the Marlborough, in the presence of the Prince, that she is the only woman he cares for. Young Fenton, son of Sir Charles Fenton, the millionaire, is ready to spend any amount of money to please her. All the men like her, and wish to be near her. But Fred is near her, and he does not trouble himself about her doings. Just as people who sell sweetmeats are said to have little inclination for what they have in abundance, so Fred, who lives in the full blaze of her charms, does not exult in his lot. He gives himself no airs on account of his good fortune. Nobody would know from his manner that he was the lucky possessor of what other men desire. Fred is the best-natured fellow in the world. Bonton, Sir William, "Polly" Farquhar of the Guards, young Fenton, have each in turn been presented to his wife, and he treats them all good-humoredly. Their attention to her is honor to him.

I recollect one night going to the stage door with Bonton, and meeting Fred there. Bonton gave him a cigar, and, when the wife appeared, Fred went home in his "Ulster," and she—in Bonton's brougham.

"What a nice fellow his lordship is," he remarked to me, as the carriage drove off; "only last night he presented me with this diamond ring, for which they'll give me fifty pounds round the corner." Fred and his wife are equally satisfied with the arrangement which leaves both free. That is their great talent. He has the sense at heart, if not at head, to exact little. He never reproaches her. If she seems to interrupt the course of her attachment for himself, he knows it cannot endure, for—is he not her husband? After all, it does him no harm. By encouraging the attentions of influential men like Bonton, which he knows are of the most innocent nature, he benefits himself and advances her interest. He hates being selfish, and if he ever appears chagrined, the mood is only transient. It sometimes occurs to him that were she not an actress, people would hesitate to make up to his wife; but then, were she not an actress, he would have to be his own bread-getter. One must take the ups with the downs, for such is the way of life. As for her, she is not satiated with the victims of her charms. Untrammeled by obligations, she enjoys the privilege of forgetting Bonton for Sir Charles, Sir Charles for "Polly" Farquhar, and "Polly" Farquhar for young Fenton. At each change there is no revolution in her heart. She does not revolt against her last admirer, she only proclaims a successor. The apparent indifference of Fred is explained to each in turn as due to his trusting nature; the eternal presence of the admirer is explained to Fred as an innocent joke indulged in for the mutual benefit of himself and her. By recognizing the system, both are accommodated, till one day, from some incompatibility of temper, they agree to separate. They do not thereby become enemies. She makes him an allowance, and they have a tacit understanding that for the future neither will interfere with the free action of the other. The same result would be reached were Fred, instead of "a gentleman of independent means," an actor, a musician, a stage-carpenter, a scene-lifter, a gas-fitter, a box-keeper, a ticket-taker, a half-pay officer, a government clerk, a mercantile clerk, or a tobacconist—if only she is young, good-looking, and of pleasing manners.—*Athenæum.*

COURT CHAT.

The young Napoleon's rooms at Woolwich are modestly furnished. He has some ornaments and souvenirs of interest. For instance, there is a pen-and-ink drawing of the first Napoleon's warhorse, drawn by his son, the "King of Rome," and signed by him. The library contains some books and statues taken from the Tuileries, and there is a fine copy of *Shakspeare*, the gift of Queen Victoria, and containing the following inscription in her handwriting:—"For my cousin the Prince Imperial, with many wishes for his happiness on the part of his very affectionate cousin, Victoria R. March 16, 1873." At the college the Imperial cadet has worked most assiduously. He has of course taken his place in the classes like another student. He has had his own desk, his draws, his collection of chemicals in the lecture theater, and he has always taken his meals (barring dinner) at the common table. When the day's work is over, that is at eight P. M., he has gone out with his tutor, M. Filon, and has dined in a little house which he has taken on Woolwich Common. The dining-room of the house is furnished very moderately with green furniture. The bedroom is of military simplicity, and the white sheets, blue coverlet, and read hangings make up the French tricolor. During the week the Prince has not quitted Woolwich, and has seen no visitors except Count Clary, and even the Emperor when he was alive went there only two or three times in order that his son's studies might not be disturbed. But every Saturday evening the Prince has gone to Camden-place, spending Sunday there, and returning to Woolwich on Monday morning. He has had the good sense to discourage all attempts at flattery either by laughing at them in English fashion, or by shrugging his shoulders *a la Française*. Altogether, he seems to be a very amiable youth, of good abilities, and to have thriven in the school of adversity.

Influence of the Duchess of Edinburgh at Court.—The London correspondent of the *Dundee Advertiser* says:—The gay colors which the Duchess of Edinburgh wore when she came over here were, it seems, something of an offence to the leaders of fashion at the Court of St. James'. In point of fact, the leaders in question thought, and did not scruple to say, that the colors worn by her Royal Highness were just a little vulgar. The consequence is that the Duchess now appears in colors much less pronounced, and, being of pale complexion, she looks much better in the new attire than in the old. Her Royal Highness' influence on the Court is already very marked. Her joyous and effectionate ways have done much to enliven every one, and have had a very marked effect on the Queen herself, who is caressed and chid in turns by the young girl, who is as autocratic in her ways as her sovereign papa. I have heard it said that one of the "little difficulties" to which she has been devoting all her attention is the anomalous position now held by the Marquis of Lorne. She is firmly persuaded that he ought to have all the rights of a Prince of the blood, and she is determined not to stop till she has achieved this very laudable and very womanly "resolve."

A brilliant ball to the Lords of the Admiralty was given on board Her Majesty's ship *Duke of Wellington*, at Portsmouth recently, by Captain the Hon. H. Carr Glyn and the officers. The main deck was very wisely selected for the ball-room, and was most beautifully decorated, being hung round with pleated red and white bunting, over which hung trophies of the various arms used by our gallant sailors from the "Great Harry" to the "Devastation" age. In the fore part was a very clever imitation of the ship's battery, through the ports of which, on the one side, the pestilential shores of the Gold Coast were discovered, whilst on the other the massive icebergs of the Arctic Regions were seen gradually drifting past. In the center of the room was a most beautiful grotto, out of which poured a sparkling fountain of rose-water, which agreeably scented the room. On either side were luxurious ottomans. The lighting was effected by hundreds of wax candles and a vast number of diminutive colored lamps.—*English Paper.*

A quicksilver mine is said to have been discovered at Exeter. It appears that a few months ago a few boys discovered some of the metal in the rock, or "shillet" as it is called, forming the bank of the river at Head Weir. It was suggested that the quicksilver had come there by accident, or had been designedly placed there, but a local chemist, named Hare, obtained permission from the town council to excavate the bank, and he has just done so in the presence of the surveyor and other persons, and the result is the discovery of a large quantity of the liquid metal. Further operations, however, have been stopped, pending the decision of the town council, who are the owners of the land or river bank.

M. Octave Feuillet, whose drama the *Sphinx* has just represented at the Théâter Française, is a well-known fisherman, with rod, line, and bait, quite as primitive in this kind of sport as is Thiers, Jules Favre, and several other celebrities. It is while thus tranquilly occupied that M. Feiullet thinks out his dramas and poems. He hardly catches anything, a result that never annoys him; besides, he asserts a "bite" ever deranges his thoughts. His pocket or basket companion is a Walter Scott, of whose works he has a copy in every edition that has ever appeared. His book-marker is original, and consists of a toy-dog, that he has trained to put its paw on the open book, and never to stir till ordered to do so.

An intrigue is certainly being carried on in Court circles with the view of overthrowing Prince Bismarck. The parties engaged are the Conservatives, the Ultramontanes, and the military element, the central figure being Field-Marshal Manteuffel. We have an idea that Bismarck is counterfeiting illness, the accounts varying so much, and he is meditating a *coup* in the Richelieu style, when he sees his Imperial master, who is wavering, sufficiently perplexed by the counsels of the clique trying for power.—*English Paper.*

Easter in London was marked by an unusual number of "high celebrations." The Ritualist churches were profusely decorated, and early communion commenced in some cases at half-past five o'clock. At one of them the principal service opened with a procession in which four trumpeters and eighty robed choristers preceded the cross-bearer. He was followed by incense-bearers, candle-bearers, and magnificently-embroidered curates. Throughout the day the church was numerously attended. The theaters were not open in the evening.

In the will of the late Countess of Loudoun, just proved, her ladyship, after desiring that her funeral may be as quiet as possible, goes on to say:—"I further wish my right hand to be cut off and buried in the Park at Castle Donnington, at the bend of the hill to the Trent, and a small cross or stone over it, with the motto, 'I byde my tyme.'"

A Fruitful Vine.—"The Lord Raleigh Grape Vine," which was growing when Sir Walter landed at Roanoke Island in 1619, and was then but three inches in diameter, is now spoken of as one of the largest vines in the world. It covers one and a half acres, and last year yielded 46 barrels of wine—1,840 gallons in all—which sold for two dollars per gallon, yielding $3,680.

A picture by Kaulbach, whose recent death is announced, is in the French Gallery, 120 Pallmall. The subject is a young girl with a dog, both startled by some one approaching at a distance, the little lady, perhaps, having been somewhat expectant. It is a most exquisite production, painted with minute care and tenderness, both of color and conception of subject.

A novel adaptation of electricity has just been applied to several of the carriages of the London General Omnibus Company. By a very simple piece of mechanism placed under each seat of the passengers a tell-tale or dial is made to register the number of the passengers entering the carriage and the distance which each travels. It is the invention of Sir Charles Wheatstone.

This year again the Pope has abstained from presenting his famous golden rose, the Pontifical recompense to female sovereigns for piety and right thinking. The last two were sent respectively to the consort of Napoleon III. and to Isabella of Bourbon, then Queen of Spain. They did not bring good fortune to those ladies.

The Rumored Marriage of Disraeli.—The *Morning Post* says: A story is going the rounds of the press relative to the Premier and his recent visit to Bretby Park. This fiction is based upon idle and foolish surmise, and is as ridiculous as it is unfounded.

The marriage of Lord Walter Campbell, third son of the Duke of Argyll, and Miss Milnes, daughter of Mr. Milnes, of The Oaks, near Manchester, is to be solemized next week.

FUNERALS—THEIR HUMBUGGING CHARACTER.

A Stronghold of the advocates of change in burial customs is the great expense and the distasteful publicity accompanying funerals, especially among that class who can least afford it. All are familiar with the long line of carriages of the laboring man's funeral and the quizzical demeanor of relatives, for whom bereavement and the luxury of a ride are associated in a manner ludicrous to the public, however sad to the subject. Of course, it is not for us to say that the indulgence is not "satisfying" to the full amount of the money, but we doubt not that equal satisfaction would be obtained from a more rational method. The French, who certainly excel all other moderns in the knowledge of how to perform disagreeable and delicate offices tastefully, walk to the grave. Apropos of this subject, we find in the London *News* the cards of two reformatory associations, which read as follows:

FUNERAL REFORM.—The London Necropolis Company conducts funerals with simplicity and with great economy. Prospectus free. Chief offices, 2 Lancaster place, Strand, W. C.

THE REFORMED FUNERALS COMPANY (Limited) was established in 1870, to introduce funeral customs which should be in conformity with common sense, good taste and economy. Offices, 15 Langham place, Regent street, W. Book, scale of charges on application. Should be consulted whenever a funeral is anticipated.

The "Cremation Society" has its advertisement, or rather its call, in the London *Athanæum*, simply saying that "we, the undersigned, disapprove of the present custom of burying," and adopt cremation until some better substitute is proposed. The New York society has applied to the Legislature for a charter. The ready assent of the Bishop of Manchester to cremation as involving no damage to the dogma of the resurrection of the body, will quiet the scruples of those who were troubled on that point. A committee is investigating the feasibility of cremation in Vienna. The era of ridicule has come to this "cause" early, and a great deal of very coarse wit and caricature are being expended upon it. It is hardly a proper field, however, for sweet and healthful humor.

Strange but True.—A photo of a greyhound is a dog carte. A plain cook does not cook for handsome wages. A sound churchman has a horror of dissentry. A pretty kettle of fish will boil *ova*.

THE VILLAGE BELLE.

[BY THOMAS PINCH, ESQ.]

Cheek of red and eye of blue,
Hair a golden, sunny hue,
Of that radiant loveliness
Which the painter, after striving,
Oft with lingering art contriving,
But can never yet express.
O'er her face the ripples diving,
In the sunshine's soft caress;
In the sunshine of her being,
Ever coming, ever fleeing—
Sent by Heaven, her beauty seeing—
Sent to comfort and to bless.
Laugh, a merry, dancing measure;
Cunning dimples oft it shows
When with mirth her face o'erflows;
Teeth like pearls—a hidden treasure
Over which her red lips close—
Placing, in enchanting contrast,
Summer's bloom and Winter's snows.
Merry as the merriest sprite;
Heart as gay and just as light
As a wood nymph or a fairy;
Step so graceful, gay and airy—
Innocent as Heaven itself
Is this joyous little elf!
On her head is many a curl—
Such is Kate, the farmer's girl;
Through the village known full well—
Known and loved, the Village Belle.

Oft at eve I go to meet her
At the oak tree, by the wall;
Lovingly I always greet her,
For she loves *me* more than all—
Loves me more than all the others,
All the rich that come to woo—
Faithful Kate, she always loves me,
With a love that's ever new!
Beaux may come, and beaux may flatter;
Rich may linger at her door;
Let them come, it does not matter—
Katie only loves me more!
From their mansions 'Squires may call,
Throwing wide their castle hall—
She will meet me by the wall,
For she loves me more than all!
I love her!—I cannot tell—
Charming Kate! the Village Belle!

Soon we'll meet no more at evening
By the wall, beneath the tree,
For my darling Kate has promised
Soon to come and live with me.
If you searched the wide world thro'—
Yes! the moon and planets, too!—
You could find no heart so true,
Cheek so red nor eye so blue,
With so many graces laden,
As of Kate, the village maiden.
Small and trusting is her hand,
Clinging trustingly to mine—
Clinging like the fragrant vine!
Oh! I love thee true and well—
Little Kate! the Village Belle!

A GRATIFYING REFLECTION.

Our republic is progressing. It is nobly pressing onward to the high prize of its calling, to the goal where perfection wins the crown In Washington Judge Parker has been making appeals before Congress for the purpose of "civilizing and elevating the Indian," and Baxter and Brooks in Arkansas have been trampling under foot law and order and our national pride! Brooks, it is true, is a shining Christian light, which is consoling to know. Really, office-seeking is being bravely carried on! Bribery, intimidation, perjury at the polls, stuffed ballot-boxes, and all the under-hand tricks of the trade practiced by political aspirants were not bad enough, it seems; armed force and violence must be added to the many ugly ways and means already employed to secure office. Office-grabbing, we too well know, is pursued professionally, as a speculation, for the sake of the actual pecuniary gains and contingent opportunities of plunder attached to seats in high places. An unprincipaled self-interested ambition broods, like a foul endemic, over the land. But we did not think the disease had grown so rank, and that we had so retrograded that a taste for revolution and anarchy was already engendered. Mexico, we know, likes that sort of thing. But then we have hitherto looked upon Mexico as a land of uncivilized greasers. There it is in order for a beaten candidate for the governorship of a State to issue a *pronunciamiento* and establish forthwith a revolution and anarchy. That is quite natural there, and in perfect harmony with, and guaranteed by, national taste and sympathy. Internecine revolution in Mexico is an institution of high order; coeval with that republic's birth; has become an article of faith with her citizens, and is venerated by them as a right. But do we not regard that people as a race still loitering in the dark border-land outside civilization? And yet, citizens, forsooth! of the model republic are imitating them. Do we not in our exaggerated self-estimation advance the dictum that their future light and welfare depend on our elevating influences? And we would civilize the Indian, too! Out upon us! blind guides that would be! We must have our own eyesight clear before we can presume to reflect upon our neighbor's obliquity of vision. For God's sake let us keep a still tongue about Mexico and her proclivities! Let Judge Parker, as quietly as possible, withdraw his appeals, and let us attend to our own civilization. When we have driven barbarism and disorder from our own gates then we may begin to set ourselves up as patterns of social order and guide-posts to progress.

A well-known cantatrice is announced to sing "Nearer, my God, to Thee," on Sunday. She has been threatening him so long that we fear he will begin to think it the force of habit on her part, and forget to take her. The Avitor is entirely at the lady's disposal any day she may name. We liked her fifty years ago, but there's nothing so surfeiting as a surfeit.

[illegible]

A [illegible] between Two [illegible] in Bed.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

It is an unaccountable fact in the history of sin that a parson is the devil's favorite game, and that when he once bags him he never lets him go again. We cannot agree with our old friend in this fancy, which is perhaps the reason we get along with His Majesty as comfortable as the famous Jack Sprat and his wife. We leave the parsons entirely to him, as they are not creatures with which we care to smirch our fingers. But we protest against a habit the old boy has contracted of late, in affecting to let go his grip by handing them over to investigating committees, who wash them with trustee hyssop, and set them up in business again. It is fairer to give us an out and outer rather than one of those whitewashed chaps who have the leaven in them, but we don't know where they may rise. Parties not understanding this circumlocutory growl will take notice that Parshall the Nasty has been installed pastor of the Columbia Street Baptist Church, and that we don't like it. He has had fun enough. Give some other poor devils a chance.

The policeman is an animal with whom, in the main, we care to have little to do, yet with a pity for his forlorn condition, who is supposed to be patroling the cruel streets in all sorts of weather, keeping things smooth for the comfortable dwellers in houses, we have been willing to use our best influence to get our few personal friends on good beats. With a vision of the tidy little nursemaids, etc., who are to be found in beautiful profusion among the tasteful dwellings of Van Ness Avenue, Sutter street and Rincon Hill, we have suggested these beats. But they were refused with the lofty scorn of noble natures. We cannot comprehend the readiness with which these men force themselves to the front of danger, but they are all endeavoring to be sent to the fearful vicinities of Dupont street and Chinatown. With a noble disregard of the quiet comfort and small perquisites pertaining to a respectable neighborhood, they face the haunts of shame and sin without a shudder, and rather like it. Who can fathom the incomprehensible depths of a policeman's heart? Not the City Treasury, with the paltry $125 per month which rewards this heroism. Not the resident of Van Ness Avenue, who calmly consents to be burglarized if only the Chinese gamblers are watched. But this noble example is not lost. Even we ourselves, fired with their noble zeal, would prefer Chinatown if ever the mysterious decrees of heaven afflicted us with a police badge. It is a conundrum.

"Interviewing," as it is practiced by the dailies, is a custom that would more often be honored in the breach than in the observance. There are occasions, however, when the custom is worth maintaining. Such an occasion has arisen, and we allow Benjamin F. Napthaly to "interview" the late Grand Jury in another column in his own interesting way. The conclusions of that Jury—miscalled "Grand"—are so peculiar that any enlightenment as to the manner in which they were arrived at is an acceptable contribution to local literature. Napthaly wanted to be indicted, but couldn't accomplish it. It is not every man who is bent upon rushing to his own destruction that is saved in spite of himself. But then it is not often that a man's direst enemy and prosecutor suddenly assumes the character of his warmest friend and advocate. Napthaly was saved from himself and Charles De Young did it. It may be an interesting, but is certainly not a difficult, question to determine as to who Charles most desired to save. Charity begins at home.

The duties and delights of our existence are incomplete without a schoolmate. Now that the fashion is set we feel that we must have one. We do not entertain many pleasant recollections in that line, the fellow who sat on one side having been a big one who thrashed us because we were little, and the one on the other side a little fellow who stole our lunch. But personal feelings must be sacrificed to the good of the many, and if we don't find a schoolmate somewhere, and loudly proclaim it, people may think we never went to school. We can't very well give him six hundred dollars a month and perquisites, as we don't keep a police office, but we can make a little devil of him if he likes. We might once have had a berth to offer as "Old Subscriber," or "One of the People," or "A Constant Reader," but that business became so disreputable that we were obliged to give it up. However, we'll do the best we can with him, if he will only succeed in impressing the fact upon people that we did go to school.

That Temperance Alliance is very sick. It is pretty nearly played out. Last Monday evening forty-three only, out of more than six hundred members, came up to the scratch. At that meeting they attributed their failure to want of funds. Other reasons are given, such as internal dissention and bashfulness on the part of the lady members. Holy St. Anthony! can this be true? All these reasons are well enough. Dissolution has certainly set in, and the *causa morbi* is naturally looked for. In a traitorous movement want of zeal is sure to show itself sooner or later. Yet after all we can perceive a hidden influence at work against our Crusaders, which they had not calculated upon—it is the operation of the curse pronounced in by-gone days by the inspired bard against such efforts. Has not the seer imprecated an anathema upon

The writer of the Portuguese Flat verses in the *Post* gives evidence that the lode of California poets is not yet exhausted. His plaint in regard to the non-arrival of the *Post* during a melancholy period of five months is unequaled in pathos in the annals of literature. It is as mournful as the owlet's cry in the Walpurgis night, as wailing as the dirge of the dead. In fact, the poem wouldn't be able to support itself through so much woe, were it not for its feet, in the matter of which it is a perfect centipede. For ourselves, we feel inclined to cry for God's sake, send him a post, somebody, and a halter attached thereto will be much appreciated by a long suffering generation.

"His eyes,
Whoever tries
To rob a poor man of his beer."

Ordinarily the mention of the loss of luggage excites no emotion in our breasts. We know whatever is, is right, and that somebody always finds it. But in the case of the recent loss by the Superioresses of all their luggage, we extend our sympathy to the finder who is habituated to the finding of strange things, but not to such as these. The estimable ladies who suffered the loss are, with their usual good nature, "considering the lilies." But it is a bad streak of luck for the man who is trying to collect his Summer wardrobe and that of his family on the railroad line to find nothing more than a set of serge gowns, a couple of coifs, a rosary or two, and a scourge (presented at the last moment by Father Powers). The ways of Providence are sometimes very discouraging when a man is trying to get an easy living.

The news has traveled to California that Miss Mary Wells, of Iowa, aged twelve years, has received a teacher's certificate. This is another step toward that millennium when a little child shall lead us. The precocity of the present generation sets the time as not far off when music shall be taught by babes in swaddling clothes. We ourselves know of one such who nightly ascends and descends the gamut within our hearing. Its voice—we have not yet ascertained the gender—is powerful, if not precise, and executes roulades, trills, crescendos and vibratoes with a force and persistency which can be stopped by nothing but paregoric. With such an instance nightly before our ears, why should we sneer at Mary Wells' multiplication table and rules of syntax? She might very acceptably put her certificate into effect among the morning paper reporters.

The managers say they are besieged with playwrights, and the playwrights are constantly looking for material. In the good old times it was the custom, both in novels and plays, to get a pair of young lovers into a peck of trouble and successfully fish them out. Now nothing contents us short of a row between a married couple, hence society plays. A fine field in this line is offered to enterprising playwrights among the Ah Tings, Fee Chongs, Misses Yip, Fong, etc., all of whom have husbands and wives enough when they get into a Mission or a Police Court to satisfy the most exacting of Braddons, and are easy enough of virtue to appear upon the pages of a Sardou or Feuillet. We shall consider our dramatic experience incomplete till we shall have beheld a Chinese society play.

The San Jose Mercury says that rascality don't pay. It is possible that this expression is the result of severe practical experience on the part of the *Mercury*. The *Post* says rascality does pay in the matter of dollars and cents, which, we take it, is the chief end of man, though the catechism doesn't say so. This announcement of the financial condition of the *Post* is followed by an obscure reference to a better land, which reference, however, does not cover the main idea sufficiently to prevent us offering our congratulations on the state of the little paper's till.

THE BOSTON PET.

Whatever may be said against the theory of evolution, no one will deny that good is derived from "survival of the fittest." This principle should be applied in the case of the White-eyed Boy. The moral monstrosity that Boston has produced is not fit to live; such a "monstrum horrendum" ought to be obliterated. The era in which his savage, blood-thirsty nature might have been of service in his race's struggle for existence, was the cave period, when primæval man fought with wild beasts for his food, or for the possession of a shelter among the rocks. He is out of date in the present age. We should be rather puzzled to understand how the "good in everything" theory applies here, but that his appearance in these days may be of service to the Darwinists. They have an illustration in favor of the argument for evolution derived from reversion, only it is not the stump of a tail that has turned up again; it's an infernally ugly moral feature. They can point to this boy as an example of reversion morally considered, and claim him as a type, as far as disposition goes, of the brutal anthropomorphous animal, only a degree or so removed from the beast. We congratulate Boston on the aid she may thus have contributed to science by this phenomenon of moral deformity. At the same time we suspect that San Francisco must have come pretty near depriving her of the glory. Our juvenile hoodlum element has so conspicuously developed itself, that verily, we feel that the Pacific Coast has had a squeak for it. We feel that the Great Designer, having decided to furnish an illustration of moral reversion, must have had his eye on our city as a spot uncommonly favorable for the production of such a monstrous obliquity. Still, though we most devoutly and reverently offer our most grateful thanks to discriminating Providence for not having selected our city for the honor, we are bound to cry out, Mark one, Darwin, old boy! and Go it, Boston! in the cause of science.

An Irish editor says he can see no earthly reason why women should not be allowed to become medical men.

TONIS AD RESTO MARE.

O, Mare, æva si forme,
Forme, ure tonitru;
Iambicum as amandum—
Olet Hymen promptu!
Mihi his vetas an ne se,
As humano erebi;
Olet mecum marito te,
Or Eta, Beta, Pi.

Alas! plano more meretrix,
Mi ardor vel uno;
Inferiam ure arte is base,
Tolerat me, urebo.
Ah me! ve ara silicet
To laudu vimen tuus;
Hiatu as arandum sex,
Illuc Ionicus.

Heu! sed heu! vixen imago,
Mi mises, mare sta;
O, cantu redit in mihi?
Hibernas arida.
A veri vafer, heri si,
Mihi resolves indu,
Totius olet Hymen cum,
Accepta tonitru.

TONY'S ADDRESS TO MARY.

O, Mary, heave a sigh for me,
For me, your Tony true!
I am become as a man dumb—
O, let Hymen prompt you!
My eye is vet as any sea,
As you may know hereby;
O, let me come, Mary, to tea,
Or eat a bit o' pie.

Alas! play no more merry tricks,
My ardor well you know;
In fear I am your heart is base;
Tolerate me, your beau.
Ah, me! ve are a silly set
To laud you vimmen thus;
I hate you as a random sex,
Ill luck I only cuss.

You said, you vixen, I may go—
My misses, Mary, stay;
O, can't you read it in my eye?
I burn as arid hay.
A very vafer, here I sigh,
My eye resolves in dew.
To tie us, O let Hymen come,
Accept a Tony true.

THE REPORT OF THE GRAND JURY.

The last report---and, indeed, were all like it, it were better it should be altogether the last—of the Grand Jury is a remarkable document. It is mysterious in its accusations, like a secret tribunal; purifying in its exonerations, like the doctrine of absolution; non-committal in its recommendations, like a political manifesto; and bounteous in its mercy, like the atoning angel. It is the weakest and the worst report that it has ever been our ill fortune to peruse. It opens with a wail about two police officers whose names are not given, but who are pathetically described as having abused the confidence and inexperience of Chief Cockrill. There is a lack of tone in and a stigma cast upon the force. Gambling, which, when the broom was new, was nearly swept away, has within the last two months been as active as ever, and yet the police are not to blame, although they promise to begin and clean out the gambling houses once more. The County Hospital and Jail, Alms House, Industrial School and City Prison, are all model institutions, and thus ends the report, with the exception of a pious regret that the Grand Jury couldn't crucify the editor of a weekly squib which caricatures the Pope and makes fun of the Roman Catholic priests, but they leave that pleasing duty to their successors. Then follows a list of indictments that this Jury had found, and of bills ignored, and when we came to this last list we rubbed our eyes. *Ignored*: Libel—B. F. Napthaly and R. A. Fitzgerald. What? In the opinion, then, of this mild jury, to whom everything appears rose-colored, this most foul and obscene list of charges against the DeYoung family, published in the *Sun*, was true, for if false, it was a most infamous libel, and no bill could be ignored accusing them of such. Of course, the printers followed suit with the publishers. Lower down we came to Misdemeanor—Charles DeYoung and Michael DeYoung, Ignored, and again we rubbed our eyes. If there was no libel, then these two innocents, having no cause for provocation, were doubly guilty. Our eyes opened wider when we came to the next. Assault with Intent to Commit Murder—Gustavus DeYoung, Ignored! Are there not hosts of witnesses to prove that DeYoung shot at Napthaly in the crowded streets and in broad daylight, narrowly missing a police officer. By parity of reasoning, the Grand Jury would have ignored the bill if the assassin's bullet had gone through the heart of his intended victim. We are sick of this illogical, obsequious, cowardly, self-interested report. In all bodies of men, there are always some who insensibly control those others who, either from indifference or dullness of intellect, allow themselves to be led by the nose, and who fancy themselves magnanimous and merciful when they are in fact dull and cruel. In this case, crime has been condoned, justice cheated, and the people insulted. Such productions will go far to abolish the Grand Jury system, and afford the strongest argument for those in favor of its extinction.

Set to Music.---Some one has got hold of the newspaper bore and set him to music as follows:

"He drops into my easy chair,
And asks about the news;
He peers into my manuscript,
And gives his candid views;
He tells me where he likes the line,
And where he's forced to grieve,
He takes the strangest liberties,
But never takes his leave!"

An enterprising weekly has commenced the publication, as a serial, of "Rasselas," a story by the late Samuel Johnson, LL.D.

THE MEDICINE MEN IN A FLURRY.

The deluge is upon us. To the right of us, to the left of us, those missiles come flowing in. For Heaven's sake, gentlemen of the medical profession of San Francisco, have mercy upon us! What have we done to be thus afflicted! Two weeks ago we published some plain truths about certain of our medicos. That article has since greatly exercised the doctors, and we verily believe there are not half a dozen members of the profession in this city who have refrained from writing about it. These communications generally approve our censures. More than one of the letters evidently emanate from a desire to be malicious, and are therefore altogether unworthy of notice. Quite a number, however, are from men who are an honor to their profession, and we cannot but think that if they would lay aside the petty bickerings and jealousies—which, more than all other causes put together, tend to lower medical men in their own estimation, as well as in that of the people generally—they would very speedily work out much-needed reforms, and rid the profession of many unblushing charlatans who now disgrace it. There seems to be a common agreement amongst the best doctors that it would have been well had we waited some years yet ere we attempted to establish a medical school. The time has hardly arrived for such an institution. We have not the appliances nor have we acquired the experience which would enable us to compete with the seats of learning in older States. We are hardly known to one another yet. We don't know who is who. We might have waited until we do; but we have not. We already have two medical schools. One of these is virtually a private institution, and therefore we need say little about it. The other, however, is affiliated with the State University, and its professors are appointed by the Regents. They are therefore public property, entitled to praise or amenable to censure just as they may earn the one or deserve the other. Messrs. Haight, Dwinelle, Butterworth, Stebbins and Martin are the Regents, who constitute an advisory committee, having supervision of the medical and surgical department of the University. We tell them that their chairs of learning—heaven save the mark!—are in some instances filled by men destitute of even a common English education. There ought to be an inquiry into such matters, and we shall continue to insist upon it until there is. The true men will court inquiry, whilst those who resist it at once lay themselves open to the suspicion of holding positions which in their hearts they know they are not qualified to fill. Yes, gentlemen of the Board of Regents, inquire by all means. The *News Letter* supplies you with a preliminary question or two: Ask your Professor of Diseases of Women and Children and Clinical Obstetrics to show you any diploma he may have from any well-known or recognized medical college. The *News Letter* wants to know the name of that college, and will publish it as a gratuitous advertisement—when it is discovered. Then give your Professor of Clinical Medicine some very ordinary English words to spell. He wouldn't attempt the task; he would resign first. But if you have any doubt of the originality of his orthography, here is a specimen from one of his official reports, in which he tells us that he is "entitaled" to credit, and ought to be "hansomly" paid for the "consise manor" of his reports of his "diagnosseses," as he did not wish to be "volumines." There is a pretty learned professor for you! Children of tender years are whipped for such errors. Seriously, this is a matter that must be looked into. The Regents of the University cannot let it pass. If they want those specimens of orthography, they can have them.

UNDYING LOVE.

During the last year of the war, and after one of the last great battles, the chaplain of one of the Massachusetts regiments was engaged in rendering the last services to the dying, when he came across a young lieutenant lying by the road-side, and evidently desperately wounded. The dying man would not allow aid to be sent for, he knew it was hopeless, and would rather die without further suffering. He had no friends nor kin, but when the chaplain still persisted in asking if there were no one to whom he wished to send farewell, he at last hesitatingly replied: "Yes, there is one—Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, the prima donna. She does not know me, nor have I ever met or seen her off the stage. But she is the one—the only woman that I ever loved. I saw her in opera repeatedly when I was last in Boston, and the effect she produced on me was instantaneous and ineffaceable. And I should die happier did I know that she would, one day, learn that I had once existed, and that I loved her." A few brief lines were penciled by the failing hand on the leaf of the chaplain's note-book, a single dark curl was severed from the locks already growing damp with the dews of death, a word or two of thanks were faintly spoken, and then the dim eyes closed, and the brief romance and the young soldier had ended together. In due course of time the letter and lock of hair were placed in Miss Kellogg's hands, and if the spirit of the sender, at the moment of receiving them, was hovering near, he had at least the joy of knowing that, though unknown to his fair lady-love, he had not died unwept.

An Iowa editor recently notified that a certain patron of his was "thieving as usual." He declares he wrote it "thriving."

PATIENCE DOW.

Home from the mill came Patience Dow,
She did not smile, she would not talk;
And now she was all tears, and now
As fierce as is a captive hawk.
Unmindful of her faded gown,
She sat with folded hands all day,
Her long hair falling tangled down,
Her sad eyes gazing far away,
Where, past the fields, a silver line,
She saw the distant river shine.
But, when she thought herself alone,
One night, they heard her muttering low,
In such a chill, despairing tone,
It seemed the east wind's sullen moan:
"Ah, me! the days, they move so slow!
I care not if they're fair or foul;
They creep along—I know not how;
I only know he loved me once—
He does not love me now!"

One morning, vacant was her room;
And, in the clover wet with dew,
A narrow line of broken bloom
Showed some one had been passing through;
And, following the track, it led
Across a field of summer grain,
Out where the thorny blackberries shed
Their blossoms in the narrow lane,
Down which the cattle went to drink
In summer, from the river's brink.
"The river!" Hope within them sank;
The fatal thought that drew her there
They knew, before, among the rank,
White-blossomed weeds upon the bank,
They found the shawl she used to wear,
And on it pinned a little note:
"O, blame me not!" it read, "for when
I once am free, my soul will float
To him! He cannot leave me then!
I know not if 't is right or wrong—
I go from life—I care not how;
I only know he loved me once—
He does not love me now!"

In the farm graveyard, 'neath the black,
Funereal pine-trees on the hill,
The poor, worn form the stream gave back,
They laid in slumber, cold and still.
Her secret slept with her; none knew
Whose fickle smile had left the pain
That cursed her life; to one thought true,
Her vision-haunted, wandering brain,
Secure from all, hid safe from blame,
In life and death had kept his name.
Yet often, with a thrill of fear,
Her mother, as she lies awake
At night, will fancy she can hear
A voice, whose tone is like the drear
Low sound the graveyard pine-trees make;
"I know not if 't is right or wrong—
I go from life—I care not how;
I only know he loved me once—
He does not love me now!"

—*English Paper.*

COCKRILL'S CONFIDENCE AND INEXPERIENCE ABUSED.

The duty of a Grand Jury, as we, in our simplicity, have always understood it, was to discover wrong, not to hide it; to name criminals and send them for trial, not to whitewash them. It appears we were mistaken. It has remained for the last Grand Jury to enlighten us. The most atrocious libel ever published in this city turns out to be not even an indictable offense. An attempted murder on the public streets does not amonnt to so much as a common assault. Two executive officers of the law are declared to have "cast a stigma on the whole police department, and undoubtedly raised a feeling of disgust and disgrace in the minds of their more honorable colleagues." Yet these officers are not only not dealt with, but they are not even named. There have been on the part of the police "repeated acts of petty tyranny exercised toward certain members of a class of criminals, while others of the same class have had almost entire exemption from police restraint." Acts of tyranny by police officers are grave offenses against order and good government, and ought to cause instant dismissal, yet there is no recommendation of that kind, and we are not even enlightened as to which of our well paid policemen are the culprits. We are informed that certain criminals enjoy an "almost entire exemption from police restraint." This is certainly not a pleasant thing to be told. All this has been brought about by officers "abusing the confidence and inexperience of Chief Cockrill." Poor, innocent man! What a lamb-like individual for a Chief of Police! The city's chief thief-catcher cannot even detect the offenses of his own body guard. Unable to cope with the criminals in his own office, how is it possible that he can overtake deceptive gamblers, cunning Chinese companies and wily rogues of Barbary Coast? The thing cannot be done. Leastways, it hasn't been done. Now comes the Grand Jury, and tells us the reason why. Innocent Cockrill has had his confidence and inexperience abused. We like innocence in its right place, but it is quite out of place in a Chief of Police. It leads to his "confidence and inexperience" being abused. Peters, Lindheimer and Rogers are the results of too much confidence and inexperience. Yes! we concede the point, and admit that they are. Too much confidence led to their being placed where they were, and inexperience led to their being found out. Truly, an unfortunate man is Chief Cockrill. Resignation seems to us the only escape from the evils that surround him. Those Grand Jurors were arrant cowards. They had grave public duties to perform. Their responsibilities as good citizens could not have been honorably shirked. When citizens are specially selected to perform such duties as those imposed on the late Grand Jury, and they fail in their obligations to law, order and the well being of society, then there must soon come an end to this Government. A republic cannot exist that has not citizens of sufficient public spirit to put the law in motion against wrong-doers.

The "faro banks" have nearly all resumed, and it is said are doing a paying business.

BOOTH'S HARBOR COMMISSIONERS.

Messrs. McRuer, Mattheson and Soule are Harbor Commissioners after Governor Booth's own heart. They are approved Dolly Vardens and ardent reformers. Yet we have the temerity to think that they are far from perfect. Indeed, we are inclined to declare that they are exceedingly bad administrators of the important trust reposed in them by nomination, and not by election. It has become painfully clear that they care more to make a good financial showing for Governor Booth's administration than for the vital interests of San Francisco. Every possible cent of revenue derivable from the city front is being sent to swell the State funds at Sacramento, and the wharves are being allowed to get into a bad condition for want of repairs, and, worse than all, the mud is accumulating in the harbor so fast that already large ships cannot be berthed in many places. This is a rapidly growing evil that ought to be attended to without delay. Until it is abated there is needless employment for every cent of spare revenue. Then, more wharf accommodation is urgently needed. Last year several grain ships had to lay out in the stream for eight or ten days before they could get a berth. The next season is likely to be even more busy, and the inconvenience will of course be proportionately increased. Whilst these things are true, there should be no miserly saving up of income. True economy in this case means a wise expenditure. The hoarding up of a few thousand dollars is nothing compared with the importance of providing adequate harbor facilities. It is said that this love of hoarding up is to bring about the dismissal of a number of old men, who are paid so much a day as sweepers. It is now proposed to let this work by contract. We hardly believe that will turn out to be true economy; besides, it is hardly fair to the old men, against whom no fault is found. Better that they should be allowed to earn an honest livelihood than that they should become charges upon the city and county as inmates of the Alms House. If there must be dismissals, there is another class that may well be done without. We refer to the toll-keepers. In no large city that we are aware of is so cumbrous a system of collecting a tonnage rate adopted. The books of the agent, or the manifest of the ship will always give a more correct total than the separate weighing of every dray-load. It is certain that McRuer *et als.* will bear looking after. Our harbor needs that every cent of the revenue derived from it should be spent upon improvements. With anything less than that San Francisco will not be satisfied.

THAT SPEECH.

Senator Jones made money in California and Nevada at a pretty rapid rate, but not half so quick as he is acquiring fame in the East. Our exchanges are still discussing him and that remarkable speech of his. It is now declared that his arguments had very much to do with procuring the President's veto of the inflation bill. An authentic report of the Senator's able effort has reached us from Washington, and we are not surprised at the talk it has caused. It sparkles with brilliant passages, and claims assent by reason of its hard common sense. It contains many capital hits. The Senator says that money is the tool of the workman and the utensil of trade, but that paper currency, instead of being the spade of the husbandman, is the dice-box of the gambler. Gold, while it has seen institutions perish and human Governments crumble and decay, it is itself imperishable. It defies the corroding hand of time and the friction of the ages. It is the common denominator of values. It makes possible the classification of labor and the equitable exchange of commodities. Gold has intervened in the bargains made between men since the dawn of civilization, and it has never failed to faithfully fulfil its part as the universal agent and servant of mankind. You must have something of specific gravity with which to measure weight, and to measure value you must have something of value—something that requires labor to produce it. Gold has this requisite, and therefore has intrinsic value unchanged and unchangeable. The money which consists of paper promises cannot be a standard of value. It measures nothing but the average hopes, fears, confidence and doubts of the people as to the ability and intention of their Government to ultimately redeem it in gold, and is itself measured by gold. These, and like arguments, the Senator rattled off at a surprisingly rapid rate, as if they were common-place phrases with which every body was familiar, instead of being, as they are, the stern truths which Senators and Congressmen have yet to learn. The debt which the country owes to Senator Jones for that speech, who shall measure it?

The names of the last Grand Jury deserve to be made widely known. They ought to be remembered. Here they are: Edward Bosqui, Foreman; Jos. S. Paxson, Secretary. Frank Garcia, Lucien Herman, Charles H. Dewey, Harrison Jones, Henry Conrad, Henry J. Hyland, John G. Clark, Herman Althof, Ferd Reis, James Harlow, James Cunningham, James McCann.

It is a sure sign of an early spring to see a cat intently watching a small hole in the wall.

MORE TESTIMONY.

The cry of the Bulletin-Call-Union Dolly Vardens for legislative interference in the regulation of freights and fares, is receiving conclusive answers from many different quarters at once. Two of the most eminent jurists in the United States have just declared that this is matter beyond legislative control. Messrs. Evarts and Curtis have just declared that compelling a railroad to carry goods without adequate payment is unconstitutional, in that it is using property against its owners' wish, without due compensation being first made. It is perhaps well, however, that the pet project of the Dolly Vardens was actually tried before the constitutional difficulty came to the surface. There is no satisfying some people, except by ruinous experiments. The regulators of freights and fares have had their way in Illinois, and a stupid way it has proved to be. A more complete *fiasco* never resulted from legislative enactments. This is admitted even by those who had most to do with enacting the mischievous laws. And now comes the United States Senate's Transportation Committee's report. They do not recommend the immediate building of a great trans-continental, double-track, steel-rail, interoceanic highway, nor the seizure of all the existing lines by the Government; and they declare that every experiment tried in England and in this country, as well as all the independent study of the subject, points to the conclusion that attempts to regulate the charges of transportation cannot be carried into effect; that for some reason or other they always fail, and the inference seems inevitable that as everything ever proposed for the solution of the railroad problem by means of politics has been already tried without success, it had better be abandoned. Charles Francis Adams will certainly not be suspected of being in the pay of any railroad. Appointed by the Legislature of Massachusetts, as one of a Commission to inquire into the whole subject of legislative interference in railroad management, he reports that "the attempt to limit rates and fares by the principle of fixing a maximum has almost always failed in practice, and is almost always likely to fail, for the simple reason that the Parliamentary Committees and authorities by whom such limits are decided cannot do otherwise than allow some margin between the actual probable rate, as far as they can forecast it, and the maximum rate; and cannot forsee the contingencies of competition of increase in quantities, of facilities or economy in working, or of alteration in commercial conditions which may occur in the course of years after such limits have been arranged by them. The result of thirty years of successive and wholly abortive effort in this direction in England, has been that Parliament has at last settled down in the conviction that the development and necessities of trade in practice always have nullified, and inevitably must nullify, the provisions of special Acts, no matter how carefully and skillfully they may be prepared. This, too, has hitherto resulted from common consent, all parties recognizing the fact that these enactments did not possess the flexibility absolutely requisite to the movements of modern commerce. In the United States the difficulties in the way of this class of legislation would be infinitely greater than in England. The final difficulty with all legislation of this class is its excessively dangerous and politically corrupting tendency. It forces the corporation, whether they wish to come there or not, into the lobby of the Legislature and the rooms of committees and commissions. They are forced there for the protection of their interests. For the essence of the system is that certain persons, whether the Legislature itself or officials designated by the Legislature, have devolved upon them the responsibility of establishing the revenue of property belonging to others. The Commissioners have grave doubts as to the success of any effort at the regulation of the railroad system which, practically, effects a separation between the ownership of a railroad and its management. Entertaining these views, as the result of their investigation, the Commissioners have not thought it expedient to report any bill or form of law in which it would be apparent that they themselves entertain little confidence." From all this varied testimony it is very apparent that our own Legislature, last session, acted wisely in leaving well enough alone.

NATURE'S NOBILITY.

No one is more kind-hearted than your true gentleman, and no one is more above the petty thought of "What will the world say?" The true gentleman will lead a Princess to her carriage with as much ease and absence of embarassment as he would carry a basket through the street for a poor woman. A case in point occurred near San Rafael the other day. We (that is to say our Junior We) with our wife, were riding along one of the pleasant roads that lead to this pleasantest of villages, when a portion of the harness of our buggy broke. We alighted, and, with more or less skill, were repairing damages, when a gentleman driving a magnificent team came up, and immediately stopping, offered assistance. We only asked for a piece of rope, which he had not, but more than supplied its want with wire, which he always kept in case of emergency. Most courteously he took his leave, and as we followed in his wake, saw him again stop and proffer his vacant seat to an old man, who appeared to be painfully wending his way to San Rafael, where we learn that this gentleman has a fine property. There was so much kindness and so utter an absence of ostentation in these acts, slight though they were, that we cannot help recording them, with the reflection that the man who will be kind to the humble may aspire to govern the great.

A CONTENTED MIND.

[WRITTEN IN 1590, BY JOSHUA SYLVESTER.]

I waigh not Fortune's frown or smile,
I joye not much in earthly Joyes
I seeke not state, I reake not stile,
I am not fond of fancie's Toyes:
I rest so pleas'd with what I have,
I wish no more, no more I crave,
I quake not at the Thunder's crack,
I tremble not at noise of warre,
I swound not at the news of wrack,
I shrink not at a Blazing-Starre;
I fear not losse, I hope not gaine,
I envie none, I none disdaine.

I see ambition never pleas'd,
I see some *Tantals* starv'd in store,
I see gold's dropsie seldom eas'd,
I see even *Midas* gape for more:
I neither want nor yet abound:
Enough's a Feast, content is crown'd,
I faine not friendship where I hate,
I fawne not on the great (in show),
I prize, I praise a meane estate,
Neither too lofty nor too low,
This, this is all my choice, my cheere,
A minde content, a conscience cleere.

THINGS COMING RIGHT.

Since the adjournment of the Legislature, a wonderful revolution has been going on in public opinion; it had commenced even before that time. The Dolly Varden party, born of the hate and malice of a few sore-headed demagogues, and nurs-ed into spas-modic vitality by a mendacious press, has reapsed into nonentity. It could not now elect a constable in Oakland—a small village over the bay. It was a most extraordinary fabrication, that party. Some good people were in it, but led away by claptrap. They had, indeed, *one* real grievance, and *only* one worth talking about. The railroad company had been putting on airs—in short, had become intoxicated with power and was riding its iron horse over us roughshod, at least many people thought so, and there was a widespread disaffection towards the company. Designing men and newspapers, that had lost caste and prestige with their own party, availed of the opportunity to fan the flame of discord and form a new party—a sort of Thug party, whose grand aim should be to attack, disorganize, pull down, destroy. They naturally thought that when things were upside down they would be on top again; or if they could only make the political pot boil furiously, they might be thrown to the surface. And they succeeded pretty well for a time. They got the railroad monster by the throat, and seemed about to stop his wind. But, fortunately for our State, this prospective success set them crazy; their heads became immense; great, swelling words of vanity proceeded from their lips; like men inflated with a certain kind of gas, they blurted out all the secret proclivities of their nature. They waged war upon the very foundations of law and order; were for sweeping away all corporations or combinations of capital for developing the resources of the State, stigmatizing them as "monopolies." They would fix an arbitrary price upon our leading commodities, and override the laws of commerce. They even put their tinkering fingers upon laws affecting vested rights, and seemed disposed to give the commonwealth a general shuffle, as it were, "for a new deal." An individual who but a short time before had declared his gentle desire for the hanging of all rich men, was their chief fugleman. The *Bulletin*, *Call* and *Sacramento Union* were the organs of the party, with the lash of personal abuse, vile slander and misrepresentation whipping in their slaves. Sober, thoughtful business men stood aghast. Capitalists locked up their money. Trade and enterprise were paralyzed. Millions of coin were lying idle in the banks. Of what avail was the munificence of the Almighty in giving us a fruitful season and overflowing wealth while the marauder was upon us? In the presence of a more fearful and deeply overshadowing calamity than the most exaggerated railroad oppress on could possibly be, the people quite forgot the latter. Honest men made the sign of the cross, and forsook the party; their eyes were opened; they had seen the viper's fangs. The measures that passed the lower House with a great flourish of trumpets and the wildest demonstrations of insane folly, were defeated in the Senate, and with the concurrence even of men who had voted for them below. Matters were in this condition when the Legislature adjourned; the party was moribund—it has since expired, and though still above ground, emitting the odor of decay, the kicks and twitches of its organs are simply galvanic; the wriggle of its tail is not caused by cerebral vitality. And with the death of its great enemy, for which all good men are devoutly thankful, a more genial and unselfish mood seems to have taken possession of the railroad company. Whether shamed by the greater cupidity of its adversary, and awed by its fate, or restored to self esteem and good nature by relief from the thorn of the flesh, we shall not undertake to say. Certain it is, however, that abusive language is not the best method of conciliation or reformation. People generally get their backs up when they are called hard names. But the railroad company are evidently now disposed to meet the just and reasonable desires of the public. It sees that its own prosperity depends upon that of the State and the good will of the people, and it is now holding conference with the latter at various points to ascertain their wants and make such provision for them as it can. It will be observed that the leading men of the company are actually doing this, laying aside their former hauteur and grandeur, and coming down to common sense, to a plane where the people can meet them and be made to appreciate, by kindly negotiation, all the circumstances and necessities of the case. Pity they have not done this long ago; they would have saved their friends, the public and themselves a great deal of trouble.

THE PACIFIC MAIL COMPANY'S FINANCIAL SHOWING.

Preparatory to the annual meeting for the election of Directors, etc., which is to take place in New York this month, the Pacific Mail Company has issued a financial statement. Most certainly the company is to be congratulated upon what it has accomplished during the past year. Twelve months ago the unfortunate administration of President Stockwell came to an end, but not before it had involved the company deeply in debt. And now comes Rufus Hatch, Esq., the Managing Director of the company, and makes a full statement of the company's present condition and future prospects. He says the company has now thirty-three steamers in commission, of which six are new iron steamers, running and all paid for. With its present equipment the company is prepared to carry from New York 1,200 tons of freight per week, and a like amount from San Francisco and Central and South America, besides 30,000 tons per annum from China and Japan. On December last the company had a floating debt of $360,000; since that time their debts have been liquidated, and $50,800 been paid on new iron steamers. The total cash assets on hand and to be realized within sixty days from May 1st amount to $1,411,584, and the total indebtedness of the company is $1,299,-441, showing an excess of assets over liabilities of $112,142. It is understood to be Mr. Hatch's intention to visit San Francisco so soon as the annual meeting is over. We hope that one result of his visit will be to inspire old and tried servants of the company at this port with confidence that, during good behavior, their positions are secure.

CHIT-CHAT ON THE FASHIONS.

There is a decided lowering in the hight of the *chapeaux* or, rather, they are not perched on the top of the head as they used to be. That is to say, the hair is dressed lower down, and the Spanish comb has begun to get rather scarce; therefore the bonnet or hat falls into its natural place; part of the unnatural scaffolding that held it up having disappeared. Some milliners declare we are going back to *fanchons* and *diademes*—a real bonnet, in a word, and not the hybrid kind of thing we have been calling by that name lately. A great deal depends upon the hair dresser, and the way a *chapeau* is worn materially modifies its appearance. In the meantime, the *diademe* bonnet, without a crown, is a cut between the two; it allows room for the hair, while it keeps to its own modest proportions. I have seen a good many lately. A brim in straw, with a wreath of flowers are its sole component parts. Strange to say, though, thus described, it has a youthful sound; it really is very suitable to that age which is just past the possibility of wearing jaunty little hats, that elevate the head some eight or ten inches, and yet do nothing towards covering it properly. Some one remarked to an elegant young Frenchwoman wearing such a *coiffure* that the fashion bid defiance now to neuralgia and earache. "Have you never noticed," she answered, "since these bonnets came in, every other woman wears cotton in her ears?"—*Trade Journal.*

THAT BRITISH TAR.

Sir Lambton Lorraine was that gallant commander of a British ship of war who told the Cubans to deliver up to him the American citizens they were about to execute, or he would blow their city down about their ears. Recently he visited New York, and attempts were made to lionize him more than he cared about. He had done his duty, knew that he had, and with that consciousness was satisfied. The New York *Herald* published what purported to be an interview with the brave British tar. This got copied by the English press, and Sir Lambton was evidently considerably earwigged in the London clubs for his supposed "tall talk." This doubtless is the cause of his having written to the *Pall Mall Gazette* to say that: "The reported interview with myself, published in the New York papers, is fictitious. I never said that blood was thicker than water; that the English people have strong affections for their American cousins; and that it would give me great pleasure to receive a silver brick. Whatever may be my opinions, I am no admirer of those Englishmen who are given to fawning upon their American cousins at the expense of their own self-respect." As a matter of fact, Sir Lambton didn't say those pleasant things, and refuses to take credit for what does not belong to him.

A NEW PACKET LINE.

The inauguration of the Dale Line of packets between San Francisco and Liverpool is a move in the right direction. Hitherto importers of English goods have suffered much inconvenience and loss by the uncertainty and irregularity with which vessels took their departure from Liverpool. Heretofore all vessels up for San Francisco have been controlled by a Board of Brokers. Under that system vessels were often 2 or 3 months on the berth, and did not sail until fully laden. The Dale Line will have fixed days of departure, and will sail punctually on time. The names of the ships all end with the word "dale," hence the name of the line. The *Ennerdale* is the pioneer vessel. Then will follow the *Langdale, Wasdale, Patterdale, Borrowdale, Eskdale, Mitredale*, etc. These fine, new iron ships will be loaded in Liverpool by the owners, Messrs. John D. Newton & Co., under their own immediate supervision and control. Stowage of cargo is frequently complained of at this port. Special care will be given to this matter, and the ships will be sent to sea on a light draft of water. Balfour, Guthrie & Co. are the San Francisco agents.

ANOTHER LOVE PASSAGE.

[*From the Melbourne Punch.*]

I dreamt of Fanny Lee the night before, I sauntered onward, heaving heavy sighs;
Her image still my spell-bound fancy bore; A shadow came. I lifted up my eyes,
I loved! ah yes, I loved her more and more, And there was Fanny Lee to my surprise
My charmer. Before me.
And as I thought upon her lovely face, At once I eloquently urged my suit
Her sylph-like form and captivating grace, Her eyes were fixed upon her pretty foot;
My passion (usual thing in such a case) To life again, I said, her kindness would
Grew warmer. Restore me.
My peace was gone—upon that very day I begged she would have pity on my pain,
I would the promptings of my heart obey, And not my warm, my honest love disdain;
And—yes I'd pop the question right away I urged that joy I'd never know again
To Fanny. If banished.
I'd plead my ardent passion at her feet Her pretty mouth had such a pretty pout,
And reciprocity of love entreat, I paused: I hoped: anon began to doubt,
And tell her truer love she'd never meet She said, "*I wish I had a glass of stout.*"
In any. I vanished.

PARLIAMENTARY CEREMONIAL IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Ceterum ex aliis negotiis...in primis magno usui est memoria rerum gestarum.
SALLUST.

My Dear News Letter :—Did you ever record the ceremony of opening the House of Parliament in British Columbia, yclept Legislative Assembly? If not, the following account may find a corner in your *acta diurna*. Were these ceremonies carried out in their entirety the effect would be like looking at the opening of the Houses of Parliament at home through an inverted opera glass. Unfortunately for the Limpatian ceremonial, the pageant is incomplete. At the opening of the last session one of the war ships on the station, I think H. M. S. *Beaver*, furnished a guard of honor, made up of four marine artillerymen, a blue-jacket bugler, and a few marines—a corporal's guard. These were headed by a German band in a fancy uniform of their own, presenting a most interesting specimen of military patch-work. A crowd of course had gathered, chiefly made up of Chinamen and Indians—the latter believing this display to be some circus exhibition, which had gathered strength even among the whites when Lieut.-Col. H. appeared on the scene on horseback and in full uniform, cocked hat and all. *Patres conscripti* now gradually began to arrive, and took their *curule* seats inside. The approaches to the throne were by degrees filled by the beauty and fashion of Victoria, and prominent among these sat the judges of the Supreme Court in wig and gown, that to unaccustomed eyes appear a terrible bad cross between old women and scarecrows. A blast from the naval bugle and the intoning of the National Anthem by the German band outside, announced the approach of the august representative of Her Majesty, or rather of the Governor-General. The crowd pressed forward, and now saw the pachein figure of Lieut-Governor Trutch, swathed in the Windsor uniform ablaze with gold-lace. Joseph Trutch looked tight, uncomfortable, and in strange contrast with the martial staff formed by naval and volunteer officers. That infernal rapier of his took a notion to get between His Excellency's august legs, and nearly precipitated His Excellency's sacred person to the ground.

His Excellency, nothing daunted by this *contretemps*, proceeded, and was received by Mr. Speaker, Dr. Trimble, with due ceremony at the entrance, and the Sergeant-at-Arms, Mr. Ex-Mayor Harris, with the mace. Both these gentlemen occupy these exalted offices in virtue of their portliness and imposing appearance. On entering the august precincts of the hall, the members, with due gravity, arose in a body. Of these gentlemen, some, duly impressed with the solemnity of the occasion, wore evening costume—one gentleman from the interior diversifying the effect with a blue necktie, green gloves and a highly-scented handkerchief, with which he wiped his olfactory organ with imposing legislative decorum, acumen and gravamen. Many of the legislators, we are sorry to add, with unbecoming levity wore morning suits and ungloved hands. His Excellency, having reached the throne with no further molestation from his sword, duly instated himself therein, and inspected carefully his white gloves. Having further listened to Mr. Speaker repeating the usual prayer, as *pro forma*, forthwith proceeded to read the address, which clouded, if it did not foreshadow, the mysteries of Ministerial policy—perhaps I should say *politics*—congratulating the Assembly on the prosperous condition of the country on the eve of bankruptcy, and exhorting them to pay proper attention to Her Majesty's supply bill. This concluded, His Excellency and retinue retired in the same order in which they had entered. No accident from sword, bugle blast, present arms from military patchwork, anthem from German band—no, no! I am wrong in the last item. The German band, thinking His Excellency would be longer—which certainly would have been the case if any more sword accidents had happened—had adjourned somewhere for a drink of lager beer. Now, great shade of Cromwell! is this child's play, or is it a mockery without even the merit of correctly parodying the imposing pageant of the mother country! Is not the simplicity of American institutions, in the name of all that is sensible, more in keeping with the spirit of the times—certainly with the requirements of a new country! With the *sugre aud* of royalty, the escort of Gentlemen-at-arms, the squadron of Life Guards, the company of Grenadiers, this anachronism may pass muster; but to transplant this form of an ancient civilization to a new one, is simply to enact a farce alike discreditable to all concerned. VALE.

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

When the Chinese youth of San Francisco have waddled past our window in those unsteady-looking shoes, we have never wanted to be one a bit. Perhaps one of the principal objections was the back hair. Being fully acquainted with Mrs. *T.'s* agonies on that subject, we have always felt how much nicer it is to be a man than a woman or a Chinaman. Then, too, stewed rat for a steady dish becomes monotonous, and those little yellow messy cakes which Chinamen temptingly display are not provocative of keen appetite. Perhaps the liability of the Chinese carcass to receive a ton or two of brickbats a day, in a forcible manner, has been our strongest inducement to remain as we are. Under all circumstances, we have considered a Chinaman's a peculiarly spiritless sort of existence, and we hear of a misery being added to their list, with a sympathetic groan. Poor things! With all the other ills of civilization accumulating around them, they have been trotted off to a picnic. The noble missionaries have taken this manner of stuffing the crucifixion down their throats, together with sandwiches and rice. Those who believe in the Son of Man will be taken to Alameda and comfortably stuffed with ginger-pop and rice. The unbelieving dogs will be left to rats and yellow cakes. It is some comfort to the nice little boys who send their pennies to the heathen, to know that the said pennies are expended in picnics. For the other little boys who are so extremely playful with stones and brickbats, we fear we see an abrupt ending to their useful career. It would scarcely be fair to stone a Christian. But stay. A thought strikes us. The pig-tailed heretics believe in God, but reject the Pope. Come on with your bricks, or reverend fathers get up a picnic. Don't let a howling Methodist get ahead of you.

We felt as if we had strayed into a strange city during the earlier scenes of the *Magic Flute* until our old friends, the chorus, walked on the stage when, with our huge friend, the elephantine brewer, on one end, the lobster-faced female in pink on the other, we felt quite at home again. A repetition of their usual mistakes put us even more at ease. The facility and assiduity with which they repeat these mistakes year after year are no more remarkble than the indulgence with which the audience receive them. Both are perfect because of long practice. It would have amazed as much if in the trumpet scene they had all tooted together. It is perhaps needless to tell habitual opera goers that, while the fellow in the orchestra was nearly blowing the top of his head off with violent exertion, the very last man in the chorus had dropped his horn. We failed for some time to comprehend a uniform which consisted of a huge star placed in the center of the breast. At a certain stage of the proceedings, however, each man placed his hand thereon, as if he felt very badly, and we immediately comprehended that much drilling had failed to make them understand where to place their hands; so that the gold star was a sort of finger post to the region of woe. We ourselves could have placed our hands on our star, could we have had one, when they first came huddling in after their gregarious fashion. When the opera shall have a new chorus, and the theater a new ballet, we confidently expect to lie down and die. Our system could not stand such a shock.

The T. C. could extort no word from Mrs. Town yesterday at breakfast. She had smuggled in a copy of the Live Paper (the *T. C.* does not take the Family Paper himself, having no young daughters to revel in the evidence of harlots and the unveiled mysteries of the Temple of the Lively Flea), and was deeply absorbed in the six column capture of Vasques. After munching his toast in silence for about half an hour in expectation of hearing some news, the *Town Crier* was somewhat surprised when Mrs. *T.* looked up with a puzzled expression and inquired "Who took the horrid bandit, and how was it done?" "Give it up," said the *Crier*, wondering why the old lady had taken to propounding riddles. "Well, now, look here," continued Mrs. *T.*, "I've just read through this account from beginning to end, and I can't quite make out whether the *Chronicle* reporter took the noted brigand after a desperate hand to hand encounter, or whether the reporter of the *Chronicle*, although head center and general boss of the whole concern, was assisted by some other men in the capture. I am only clear on one point, and that is that the proprietors of the *Chronicle* fitted out the whole expedition, paid all expenses, and have nearly ruined themselves by their disinterested conduct." "Ah, that is a way they have, my dear," answered the *Crier*, and with an ominous smile he took up his bell and departed.

When the Temperance Crusade fever was at its hight in the East, it occurred to some old Jezebel to disguise herself and purchase a glass of whisky. The cause of the disguise was a mystery, but was probably only intended to make the matter impressive. Sufficient to say that the illustrated papers forthwith embellished themselves with a picture of Mrs. What's-her-name, glass in hand, holding it forth with a triumphant expression of countenance, as if to say, "I've been and gone and done it." We have never recovered from the idea that the old lady achieved the remarkable, the unique feat of purchasing a glass of whisky for notoriety's sake only, and that the sight of her ungainly old phiz in the papers satisfied her ambition. With this glowing precedent in our mind, the conviction is borne in upon us that the youthful reporter who "did" the dives in the same fashion for the readers of a delectable little morning paper wants his picture taken, too. It occurs to us that the word "Smarty" engraved underneath in neat German text would be singularly appropriate.

A haunted distillery is frightening the inhabitants of Waynesboro, Pa.

The late case of clerical doubling has left but one minister in the city in a state of single blessedness. The tortures of this young man, since Tuesday last, are said to be harrowing in the extreme. The atmosphere he breathes is permeated with young women. He is obliged to pick his way in his sleeping room through a forest of slippers, and his Bible is so full of book-marks that he can't find his place. They file past his house in an unending procession. At the last prayer meeting, usually attended by a sprinkling of haggard old beldames, there were present all the marriageable young women that could be crowded into the space, and they gazed upon him with such hungry, devouring, greedy, expectant eyes, that he forgot his text and began to preach from the verse, "I say therefore to the unmarried and widows, it is good for them if they abide even as I." But his voice was hushed in a howl of dissent, and he has been on his knees ever since, praying with streaming eyes that a dispensation may be granted him to marry a man till another single minister comes to town.

Maxcey is recovering. We do not know the young man's object in so doing, but that seems to be the course he has determined upon. Life to him henceforth will be a barren and a cheerless waste. Owing to a certain playfulness of temperament, it is necessary for a full enjoyment of the fleeting hours that he have a room-mate upon whose carcass he can execute caricatures with a sharpened steel, or whose forehead he might use as a target. A non-appreciation of these Modoc habits has failed to bring offers from any young men desiring to share his sleeping apartment. Some young woman might be prevailed upon to become a subject, but that it scarcely seems worth while to bother her for so short a time. Maxcey's next performance will probably be to drop from his beam in the most approved style, which makes his present state of recovery seem rather superfluous than otherwise.

It is astonishing how difficult it is to convince a husband of his superfluity in the domestic domicile. Shut the front door in his face and he comes in through the area. Leave his bed and board and he haunts the new lodgings. Flaunt a lover in his face and he is mean enough to call the lover naughty names. There is but one resource left—the pistol. A Fourth of July one will do. Delicately puncture his body in six or eight places with a piece of lead about the size of a pea, and the annoyance will cease. If you don't like to try it yourself, get your lover to do it for you. The recipe is infallible. Mr. Homer, toasting his shins before the fire of Purgatory, feels compelled to acknowledge at last that Mrs. H. had no use for him.

The Rev. Arthur McArthur, with a spirit of facetious irony, announces his lecture among the amusements. To appreciate this gentlemen's sense of the ridiculous, it is only necessary to state that his lecture treats of "The Negro, ethnologically considered." For ourselves, we have always considered him odorifically, and have not found it particularly amusing at that. Ethnologically, however, he may be a very choice morsel. The reverend gentleman also discourses of the "Future Fate of the Negro." In the most disinterested manner we wish they may all go to Heaven. A toasting negro in our vicinity in the other place would not materially add to its enjoyments, and the bastings of such a mess would be something fearful to contemplate. Ugh!

The United Order of Whitney Soreheads still continue to meet and howl. Defeat and discharge are bitter pills to swallow, but Whitney never missed an opportunity to give them, and made no more fuss over it than Mrs. Squeers over the sulphur and treacle bowl. However, if they take comfort in making whining asses of themselves, no one can object, and it gives us one more society for the Fourth of July procession. We hope some one will present them with a standard by that time, the device of which shall be a bear rampant, with a boil in an advanced inflammatory state upon his phrenological bump of conscientiousness.

An evening paper gives a report of a young man who has swallowed a fork and who is very sensibly trying to get it out of his system. We do not blame him. We can conceive of no more discouraging state of existence than having a fork prodding away at our intestines, or jabbing into our undigested food. This is the result of an awkward habit a few people have of eating with their forks. It should be discouraged among the young. A knife would have severed the windpipe with neat dispatch, and we might have had a nice little obituary, instead of this item of discomfort.

The Grand Jury for the July term will be called shortly, and unusual interest is felt in their selection. Our late experience in such matters has led to a feeling of distrust, and the coming inquisitors will be narrowly watched and their characters closely scanned. The better class of the community are determined to have the laws enforced, and will not stand any more such reports as that of the last crowd who disgraced one of the most responsible duties of citizens. Let the next Grand Jury be *sans peur et sans reproche*.

A pleasant disturbance in the humdrum of monotonous life is always welcome. According to the new order of things, we are to have some female Olympics. As the Olympian heart runs chiefly to exhibitions, or entertainments, as they are pleased to call them, we see before us a long vista of delights. We bespeak tickets for the front row in the orchestra. Beautiful gymnasts do not keep us long waiting. Anatomy is the most charming of sciences, and we are the most willing of students.

Wanted—Materials for making up lost time; for repairing divided couples and for splicing single ones; also coin for spending the day.

We observe among spirits who revisit the earth a growing disinclination to tell their last names. They are Johnny or Sally or Tommy as glibly as possible. They climb on people's knees and have yellow hair and blue eyes, and call on Mamma and Aunt Jane, etc., but utterly refuse to give their credentials. We hereby give notice to all mediums and spirits that we utterly refuse to hold any communication with them unless they favor us with their cards according to polite usage.

Sponges are said to be washing in upon the coast of Santa Barbara in great quantities. Although we observe no depletion in the ranks here, and our daily contribution to the bummer cause continues at about the same rate, we congratulate ourselves that this latest shoal has not inflicted itself upon us. They are better in Santa Barbara. They can soak them for less money there. Orange juice is cheap and abundant. Here, long habit demands unlimited supplies of benzine.

The "innocence and confidence of Chief Cockrill" have been preserved in spirits of alcohol, on Front street, near Jackson. A number of citizens have gazed on them in amazement, and say they never saw anything so deceptive in their lives. They never in the world would have taken the pickle for innocence and confidence unless they had been told. Neither would we.

Dr. Hayes wants a few men of pluck and money to attend the millennial celebration in Iceland this Summer. He would like to serve as a walking guide-book to a small party, and show up the antiquities and icebergs, and the walruses and other objects of interest in that delightful region. It would be an ice place to spend the dog-days in.

The Claflin is here, and we have not yet heard her war-whoop. Can it be that the fogs of our humid climate have damped her enthusiasm in the free love cause? And echo answers cheerfully, "She be damped!"

STOCK GAMBLING.

In an able article in the Saturday Review, refering to the "Theory of Stock Exchange Speculation," by Mr. Arthur Crump, the author proves to mathematical demonstration that no amateur speculator can possibly hold his own in the end against the ring of professional confederates; but, foreseeing that his wise warnings will be wasted, he goes on to give amateurs who are bent on ruining themselves the best counsels in his power. "At the Stock Exchange, in the shape of commission, contangoes, backwardations, and all the rest of it, a man must part in advance with a considerable percentage of his prospective profits, just as there is the *après* at rouge-et-noir, and one or a couple of zeroes at roulette. In each case alike the play comes very much to a question of temperament. The man who used to lose his head and temper at Homburg when the luck had set in against him was very speedily parted from his money; while the impassive veteran who cut his losses short and lay back patiently in hope of a happier vein could at least prolong his enjoyable excitement. On the Stock Exchange each eager philantropist is playing his own little game instead of the game of other people; and authentic 'tips' are rarely going a-begging. No bit of news that is worth the having is suffered to leak out until it has been made the most of by its original possessor. Now that news is flashed to the exchange from all the great commercial centers, the leviathans of speculation commands the markets more decided than ever. There are formidable syndicates which have their regular agents in Vienna, Paris, or Berlin, and which very possibly may have friends or partners among those who actually direct Continental politics. What chance has the owner of a few hundreds or thousands with admirably informed gentlemen like these? And there is this to be said besides, that the speculator on a small scale is less a free agent than he is apt to suppose. There will be but a margin of a very few shillings between his buying and his selling price. But the men who do a bit of gambling in an offhand way plunge by preference into securities that are extraordinarily sensitive. Tidings of a revolution, or rumors of coupons to be dishonored, may send these down a good many pounds in as many minutes. The jobber must necessarily name very wide prices by way of safeguard against such contingencies, and the speculator who has just bought for 38 may be unable to get out the instant for anything more than 35. Add to this, that when the available aggregate of a speculative stock is very limited, it may be monopolized in the hands of one or two persons; and should they have reason that an innocent has put his foot in it, they will refuse to let him extricate himself, except on terms of their own, and combine to put him to a remoreless ransom."

The ladies of America are graceful and elegant, but in some respects they are peculiar, and perhaps more so in New York than any other city in the States. The latest "requirement" of New York ladies, we are told, is an "escort," and it is suggested that an association of moral young men shall be formed to furnish ladies with escorts to places of amusement. The committee is composed of a number of responsible ladies of mature years, who are to examine all the young men desirous of joining the "Escort Corps." No young man will be eligible for a position in the corps unless his character will "bear the strictest scrutiny."

HYACINTHS.

Rare purple petals, snow-white clustering stars,
Rose-tinted bells, my love wears on her breast,
And in her locks, whose amaranthine gold
Ripples in waves, to cause my heart's unrest.

Blue, tender blue, not bluer than her eyes,
Half fond, half coy, as they look into mine;
White, purest white, not whiter than her brow;
Rose pale, clear rose, as is her blush divine.

Sweet are those flowers, laden with fragrance rare,
Beauteous their glowing bells, in Spring's bright sun;
Yet not so sweet, or beauteous, as the dream
Of love that melts two spirits into one!

—*Astley H. Baldwin.*

THE PHENOMENA AT THE CLARKE MANSION, OAKLAND.

The dailies have had much to say of the theory promulgated by Judge S. C. Hastings, whose eminence as a lawyer is well known, but none of them have printed it. It was read by him before the Academy of Sciences, and has been widely noticed. Here it is: "Were these manifestations supernatural? We will see if there be anything or agency in nature which could produce such mysterious results. I have on more than one occasion stated to this society that there is throughout universal space one vast medium called ether, which is so attenuated and so elastic that it is or can be proven to exist only from the effects which it produces, and not because that it is a material thing of quantity or dimensions, subject to the senses, or comprehensible under the power of any artificial appliances; that, as I have heretofore shown, it can be proven to exist only by reasoning in the style negative pregnant. A certain number of its undulations per second is light, a less number heat, or electricity, and its varied oscillations and vibrations are life and vitality in all organic beings, and what we style attraction or gravitation is a correlation of this universal agent. It penetrates all substances from the center of the earth to the remotest regions of space. Its elasticity, velocity and power are beyond the comprehension of the human understanding. Material substances, such as furniture, have weight in proportion to the force that presses them towards the center of the earth. If the force is entirely withdrawn, such substances would fly off with great velocity. If withdrawn to the extent of a little more than their weight, the article (say of furniture) would rise and float in mid-air, and cut up all the antics described in the Oakland manifestations. There must have been, on the occasion alluded to, a partial absence of the normal pressure, or, as is the most rational inference, there was an etherial cyclone, such as we sometimes see in the atmosphere, or like whirlpools, or maelstroms in the more dense medium of water. But we shall be asked to explain all that occurred. How can we know all that happened, when the witnesses were under so much excitement and confusion as to be nearly out of their senses? It is said bells rung, and the horrible scream of a drowning woman was heard. The bells would ring if the ether pressure was in a negative state, or was in a cyclonic condition, and the voice of the woman was a real sound, but the victim might have been thousands of miles distant, whose screams were carried through the almost instantaneous action of the etherial medium, seeking its negative state at the locality of the phenomena, like electricity rushes through the atmosphere from a remote positive to its negative condition in a moment of time. The sounds under the floor were also real, but emitted from some remote cause or concussion. So we might go on, and explain all of modern spiritual manifestations so called, as well as witchcraft, sorceries and demonology, and divesting them of trickery and morbid fancies, succeed in arriving at a sensible solution of their mysteries. Before an explanation could be satisfactory, I am very well aware of the necessity of a more enlightened understanding of the philosophy of this century. First, as to the non-creation of matter. Second. The correlation of forces of nature. Third. The existence of the universal agent called the interstellar medium. Fourth. That there is no such thing as a *actio in distans*, or the influence by attraction of one body upon another in absolute vacuum. Fifth. Molecular energies and their diffusion by contact of some persons with inanimate matter.

A sad incident took place the other day in the churchyard of Grosbois, a village outside Paris. The body of a child was about to be lowered into the grave, when the supposed corpse was heard to groan. The mother pounced on to the coffin and wrenched off the lid with a pair of scissors she had in her pocket. "Mon Dieu!" cried she, "my son lives—he's alive—he's saved!" And taking the poor little shrouded body in her arms she bathed it with her tears and kisses. But her joy was brief. The child made a movement, and uttering another feeble groan, threw back its head—and died. The mother gazed on the corpse with haggard eyes, then clasped it to her breast with despair, and for a few moments her whole body was convulsed. Suddenly she fell to the ground as if struck by lightning, and, when recovered from her swoon, she had become insane.

MR. COOLEY.

Mr. Cooley's memory is exceedingly treacherous and it often gets him into trouble. The other night he was at a tea party at Smith's, and while the company sat round the supper table Cooley suddenly concluded he would eject a conundrum he had heard somewhere, and so, in an interval of silence, he said :

"I've got a pretty good conundrum I'd like you to guess. Can anybody tell me why a druggist who keeps his bottles down stairs is like a certain kind of musician ?"

Everybody at once began to guess the answer, and Cooley sat there for a moment smiling. Presently, however, he thought he would get the answer ready in order to give it, and to his intense alarm found that he had forgotten it. He began to feel warm. He thought the subject over with all his might and he nearly had the answer several times, but it always eluded him. Then he became warmer and the perspiration began to stand out upon his forehead. The company gave it up one after the other, and as they did so each one asked Cooley what the answer was. Cooley smiled a ghastly kind of a smile as if he was keeping it back to torment them, but the singular redness of his face and the peculiar behavior attracted the attention of everybody ; and the ladies they looked at him the redder he got, and the more profuse became the perspiration. "Come, Mr. Cooley," said the host, "we are all waiting for the answer." "Out with it, Cooley," said another. "Cooley, we can't be happy until we have the answer to that conundrum," remarked a third. Cooley would have given millions at that moment to have been hidden in the bowels of the Mammoth cave out of sight. At last he exclaimed :

"The—ah—the—ah—fact is, that—the affair—that is the conundrum—the whole thing, your honor, is a joke. There is no answer to it, your honor."

Then everybody said they didn't see anything very amusing about jokes of such a character, and Smith frowned ; while Cooley heard the man next to his neighbor say, that he, Cooley, must be drunk. Then Cooley rose suddenly from the table and bolted out through the front door. About two hours afterward, while he was in bed, he all at once remembered the answer, and he instantly arose and went around to Smith's. After ringing the door bell for half an hour, old Smith put his head out of the bedroom window.

"I know it now," shouted Cooley ; "I know it ; it's because he has a vile-in-cellar !"

"Go to thunder !" ejaculated Smith, and he shut the window with a slam, and went back to bed. And now the Cooleys don't speak to the Smiths, and old Cooley carries the answers to his conundrums written on his shirt-cuffs, when he goes into company, so as to be certain that he will have them when they are wanted.—*Danbury News.*

A CLERICAL BUTTERFLY.

Not much pity need be wasted on the Rev. James Cullen, parish minister of Wigtown, who has been sentenced to pay forfeit for his inconstant philanderings after a parishioner. At the same time it must be confessed that the parents of the young lady were wonderfully slack in asking the clerical wooer, who was "carrying on" with their daughter in such undisguised fashion, the plain question as to his "intentions," and thus preventing his taking further advantage of what he afterwards strove to represent as mere friendship. Ministers in love—for we will assume that Mr. Cullen was at one time affected to that extent—are much like other men in the same blissful predicament ; but the Wigtown minister seems to have taken every advantage of his clerical position to get more than the average share of the sweets of courtship. He was constantly kissing the young lady when taking leave of her at her father's door, sitting with his arm round her waist in omnibuses and steamboats, besides furtively fondling her in the home circle while playing chess with her brother, or at the supper table looking tenderly into her face, while at his request she sang to him "Come where my loves lies bleeding," or "Lesbia hath a beaming eye," to say nothing of osculations and other endearments at every possible opportunity. Lesbia's eyes beam upon him very tenderly, and though men were deceivers ever, it is plain she had exceptional faith in her clerical adorer. Yet after all his billing and cooing—his fervent clasps in the parlor and tender partings on the door-step—his walk in the garden, and blissful interviews in the conservatory—this amorous clergyman had the audacity to go before the Court of Session and plead "friendship !" One of his relatives also pleaded on his behalf that he paid Miss Couper no more attentions than to any other young lady. If so, we hope that this clerical butterfly may be caught some fine day in his own net, just to keep him out of mischief for the future.—*North British Daily Mail.*

Shocking.—"Ma, I think that's real mean of William Henry, to bite sissy the way he does !" "Bite your sister ! Why, how silly you talk, child !" "O, yes ! he does, ma—every time she goes with him to the hall door, when he leaves. Though she's ever so good to him, fussing over his coat collar and fixing his scarf, he just *bites her right on the mouth !* And he keeps right on biting for ever so long, though she tries her best, with both arms round his neck, to make him stop. And what makes it meaner of him, you know, ma, for sissy is so good to him, too, every time, and must know how much he hurts her, she never screams out once !"

THE CHIEF TRIUMPHANT.

Cockburn and Bethell!
It is almost too good to be true,
That the deed can be done,
And the work be won.
And my hands not yet dragged to the
[illegible]
For the Mayor has brought me through.
Easy to lead,
And easy to bleed,
The police are a good flock indeed.
The devil take Louderback,
He was [illegible] the sack
To those artful dodgers,
[illegible]
Who, though more knaves than fools,
[illegible]
But [illegible]
Encompass the Mayor;
May [illegible] on him,
[illegible]
Christ place a crown on him;
His like is rare!

The shame-nets were over me,
But he hath spoken;
No longer they cover me,
By his breath broken.
Down in the dust they lie;
[illegible]
Still brandish to the sky
My star and token.

The gains of the harlot are pouring in fast
The golden stream narrows not—long may it last
The Rubicon over the Rubicon's passed!
The bird has escaped from the nets that were cast.
The rotten old ship has defied the strong blast
Without oar, or rope, or sail or a mast.
So I think I may safely adopt the old plan,
As being the easiest way,
Which is to arrest all the sinners I can,
Except when the sinner can pay.

THE MAYOR DESPONDENT.

A ready through my spirit steals
A sense of dread.
The [illegible] star upon my heels;
Almost my head
Their [illegible] fetid gasping feels
Like breathing of the dead.

My name was negatively pure;
[illegible]
With credit, from rebuke secure;
But now my face
Is red with blushes—I endure
A lasting, deep disgrace.

My resolution—masterpiece
Of crafty words,
Concocted by the Chief of Police
To fool the herds
Of gaping pigeons, failed to please
The sharper sort of birds.

O fool! I thought our league was strong
To bear us through;
I thought the Mayor could do no wrong;
I find it true
That even Mayors to earth belong,
Wherefore my deeds I rue.

The daily sheets are on my track—
I fear them not—
Though urged along by Louderback,
Who fears no spot
Of ink to foul the gasping pack,
They're killed with golden shot.

But hark! the dread *Town Crier's* bell
Rings through the land,
To [illegible] people how I fell;
With [illegible] hand
I shrink from that impartial knell
As from the felon's brand.

T. A. H.

San Francisco, May 15, 1874.

DR. KENEALY AS AN EDITOR.

The first number of a new periodical, entitled the *Englishman*, and edited by Dr. Kenealy, Q.C., has appeared. Its prospectus announces that it "will devote its columns to Politics, to Religion, and to Law, and will also contain a summary of current news, except anything of a nature likely to lower or corrupt the morals of the people." Unfortunately, the first number is chiefly occupied with articles, original and selected from other papers, in eulogy of Dr. Kenealy, and of the conduct of the Tichborne case. It comes with sweeping assertions, and contains no courteous consideration for the opinions of its opponents. The Lord Chief Justice is described as "Alexander Cockburn, Chief Justice of England," and is warned of pretensions to common sense. Extracts from the cross-examination of Orton and the speeches of the Solicitor-General in the first trial are given under the head of "Coleridgeiana;" and the Oxford Circuit Bar Mess is the theme of unmeasured vituperation. Amongst the special curiosities of the paper is an appeal for a fund of £20,000 to buy an annuity for the "persecuted" advocate. The fund is confidently likely to be a success. "A Lover of Virtue" has contributed 1s. "Wooden Shoebox" sends 2s. 9d.; "A Poor Widow in the Hospital" contributes her mite of 2s.; "The Savings of a Poor Old Man for twelve months who loves Justice," amount to no less a sum than 10s. Mr. Guildford Onslow sends £5, and Mrs. Guildford Onslow £25, but Mr. Whalley's name does not as yet appear among the list of contributors. For the rest, there is little in the first number of the *Englishman* of any general interest, unless it be the announcement of a movement to hold public meetings in which the wife and children of the Claimant will take part, with a view of securing his release. Dr. Kenealy undertakes the advocacy of all English grievances of whatever kind, and modestly anticipates a circulation of 150,000 copies per week. At present the newsboys increase the profits by cutting the paper in halves and selling each half for twopence.

Advice to a Man with an Apple—Go to the juice.

OUR McCULLOUGH.

We can justly claim John McCullough as our own. His earlier theatrical experiences were not, indeed, identified with California, but his earliest laurels were won here, and we claim him, inasmuch as actor and manager both, he has here fully developed the promises of his youth. It was an act of daring, seemingly, to appear in the New York theater, identified with so many of the legitimate triumphs of the greatest living Booth, but he has been fully justified, and with one accord the press of the virtual capital of our counntry has indorsed his "Spartacus" as a lofty and intellectual performance. It will be remembered that Mr. McC. purchased from Forrest's executors the entire right to produce Dr. Bird's tragedy, the *Gladiator*, and there can be no doubt that he will become more thoroughly identified with the character than was his predecessor and old associate. Wm. Winters, of the *Tribune*, one of the most honest and capable of New York critics, says: "It is long since what may be called a new actor has impressed us as profoundly as we were impressed last night by Mr. McCullough, alike in thought and emotion. Mr. McCullough does not resemble Mr. Forrest at all. He does not spend half an hour in saying the word 'boy,' so that his auditors may spend another half an hour in applauding him for saying it. He does not use his fist as a trip hammer, and his chest as an anvil. And he neither snorts nor howls. The basis of Mr. McCullough's acting is, first of all, a splendid physique, in perfect health, and to that he adds a temperament in spontaneous sympathy with simplicity and goodness. * * * * * He carried "Spartacus" through at fully the hight of the "Brutus of Shakspeare. The test that an intellectual man meets and bears who does this—with such a past, and under the shadow of such a reminiscence of past renown—is immeasurably severe. There must be great art powers and great integrity of mind and heart in the personage who can accomplish brilliant success under such an ordeal."

The *World* says: "He brought to this old heroic play intelligence, well-balanced emotional power, a fine voice, an expressive countenance and a thorough knowledge of all the effects of which its situations and incidents are susceptible."

The *Herald* says: "Mr. McCullough, like Forrest, has the comely grace of perfect manhood—of athletic stature and mold, with the thews and sinews of the gladiator. More than this, he has a fineness of touch, a glad expressiveness of feature, a bright, genuine, winning quality which Forrest never succeeded in expressing. In the recognition of his wife and child in the streets, the discovery of his brother just as they are about to grapple in the death encounter, there was a pathos in the 'Spartacus' of Mr. McCullough, an intense beauty of feeling, which Forrest never surpassed."

The *Daily Graphic* gives what is supposed to be his "counterfeit presentment" pictorially, accompanied by a much better pen portrait, as highly flattering as any of the above notices. John, we are justly proud of you.

Sunken Treasure in the Bay of Vigo.—It may be remembered that in 1869 a company was formed in London for the purpose of recovering the £7,500,000 in gold which, ever since October, 1702, has been lying at the bottom of the Bay of Vigo, in the seventeen ships which were scuttled and sunk there on that day to prevent them from falling a prey to the Dutch and English fleet. The promoter of the company was Captain Gowen, the American who raised the seventy Russian vessels which had been sunk in the harbor of Sebastopol at the commencement of the Crimean war. The company was about to commence its operations, when the Spanish authorities abrogated the contract, and transferred it to a rival French company, who agreed to raise the treasure upon terms more favorable to Spain. The French company was slow in getting to work, and had succeeded in only recovering a few bars of gold when the outbreak of the war between France and Germany put a stop to their operations. Captain Gowen, however, has always kept his eye upon the treasure, and it is said that he has now purchased the concession from the French company, and has organized a new company, which, under his supervision, will soon begin the attempt to recover the long-lost treasure.

A public meeting has been held at Southampton on the subject of the Tichborne case. The wife and four children of the Claimant sat in front of the platform, and were loudly cheered both on their arrival and departure. Mr. Guilford Onslow denounced the conduct of the prosecution in very strong language, and declared his conviction that the Claimant was the Roger Tichborne whom he knew many years ago from meeting him in France and the Tichborne Park. On the motion of Mr. Onslow it was resolved that that meeting was of opinion that Parliament should be petitioned to memorialize Her Majesty to grant a free pardon to the prisoner called Arthur Orton. Mr. Skipworth made an extraordinary address, in the course of which he denounced the throne, the bench, the bar, and the press. He further said there was only one way to get the Claimant released, and he would like to see processions marching from one end of London to the other, and even knocking at the palace doors so long as they failed to obtain justice.

A Stag-gering Question—How are you, my deer?

COURT CHAT.

London society is just now exercised to an almost revolutionary pitch by the announcement that Mr. Holman Hunt, the eminent artist, is about to marry his deceased wife's sister. Such a marriage, of course, cannot be legally celebrated in England, and so the parties have determined to go abroad to seek some country where the alliance is legal. The great question, "Ought we to visit her?" is likely to be raised, for it is understood that Mr. Hunt means to take his wife off to Jerusalem, which may now be regarded as his residence. In the eyes of English law a lady married to a deceased sister's widower is simply a concubine, and as the lady in this case belongs to a family of high rank a good deal of the excitement arises on that score. But more of the dismay arises from the fact that Holman Hunt is the especially religious artists of England. Pious ladies have been for some time going to weep and pray before his "Shadow of Death," taking season tickets for the same, and also their prayer-books. If the artist had been detected in an intrigue with some lady he would have been pardoned with effusion for his pious pictures; but when he proposes to marry a lady under circumstances that Moses, Parliament, and the Church do not approve, it causes scandal of the first water. A lady says that "if she had heard the like rumor of the Archbishop of Canterbury it wouldn't have so amazed her, as Hunt has never been such a worldling as the average English bishop, who loves old port and looks kindly on fox-hunting. This marriage, about to be consummated, is not unlikely to exert a very important influence on the question of abolishing the law which prohibits it. The law has, indeed, been repeatedly violated, but hardly by persons of equal position in society. The Rev. Morley Punshon, the great Methodist preacher, offended in a like manner, and such was the force of public opinion that he had to take up his residence in Canada for some years.

We have to announced the death, after a lingering illness, of Louisa Catherine Duchess Dowager of Leeds, which took place on April 8th, at the Convent St. Leonard's. The duchess was the third daughter and co-heir of Mr. Richard Caton, of Maryland, U States. She married first, in 1817, Col. Sir Felton Elwell Bathurst Hervey, Bart., who died in 1819; and, secondly, April 24, 1828, Francis Godolphin D'Arcy, then Marquis of Carmarthen, but who, on the 10th of the following month, succeeded his father, George William Frederick, sixth Duke of Leeds, K. G., in the family honors and estates. He died without issue May 4, 1859. Shortly after the death of her husband the dowager duchess became a convert to the Church of Rome. Her grace was a pious and benevolent woman, but for about two years past her health has been feeble. Her two sisters respectively married the Marquis of Wellesley and Lord Stafford, but neither of the three ladies had issue.

Prince Bismarck is reported to be making visible progress in his recovery, but he will not return to his duties for an indefinite time. The reports that Herr Camphausen, the Vice-President of the Prussian Ministry of State and Minister of Finance, was to be appointed to represent him have no foundation whatever. They originated in Ultramontane circles, where it was first said that Prince Hohenlohe-Schillingsfuerst had been designated to represent the Chancellor, but that the intention to appoint him had been renounced subsequently. In reply to a congratulatory telegram sent to him by the King of Bavaria, on his birthday, Prince Bismarck wrote: "Your Majesty's kind wishes and gracious remembrance of this day have given me much happiness. Will your august Majesty kindly accept my respectful thanks? I hope that by God's help I may soon be restored to my task, for the accomplishment of which your Majesty's good will and confidence will be indispensable."

Inspired by the report of Rochefort's escape from New Caledonia, M. Jules Claretie contributes to the *Indépendance Belge* some of those ever-attractive tales of similar events which seem to excite the sympathy even of the most law-abiding persons. The best of these dates from the time of the Reformation, when a certain Lutheran named Cœlius Curion, falling into the power of the Inquisition, underwent the usual process of suasion carried on by its familiars. An immense log of wood being fastened to each of his feet, escape seemed hopeless. One day, however, he induced his jailer to remove the log from one of his feet, which was swollen. He then, when alone, took off his shirt, stuffed it into the stocking he removed from the freed limb, put a shoe on the dummy, and covered the real leg with the folds of his cloak. He next begged the jailer to change the log to the other foot. This the man did, thinking it could not signify which of the prisoner's legs was hampered, and having carefully fastened the heavy piece of timber to the stuffed stocking, left Cœlius Curion, as he thought, safely manacled. As soon as night fell the Lutheran resumed his shirt and stocking, climbed out of his dungeon window, jumped over the moat and fled to a place of safety, where he soon began to fulminate as before against the priests, monks and Inquisitors, who all attributed his escape to magic.

Half and Half.—"What are you hallooing about, Bill," said a mother at the stairs' foot one evening, after her two boys had been put to bed. "Please, mother," said Bill, "Jem wants half the bed." "Well," says she, "let him have it, and you take the other half." "Yes, mother," says Bill, "but he will have his half out of the middle, and make me sleep on both sides of him."

Underwriter's Settling Days—Days of (w)reckoning

CONSTANCY.

Just o'er the dead-black crest
Of the bare hill one star has rest,
And sparkles in the hollow, yellow west.
Almost the night has come;
Long sweeps of reedy marsh lie dumb
Below the gull's flight and the gray gnat's hum.

She stands against the sea,
Watches the night about to be,
Watches the breakers break and form and flee.

"O Love! where'er you bide,
I know, with happy, thankful pride,
You yearn to linger at my loving side.

"You yearn to see my face
In whatsoever strange, fair place
You dwell, and gird me with your glad embrace."

So, bound with love's dear bond,
She makes her murmur proud and fond
To him that tarries leagues and leagues beyond.

And he, in far warm lands,
Near a great starlit cypress stands,
Prisoning with his own, two slim, brown hands. —*Appleton's Journal.*

ACTIONS FOR BREACHES OF PROMISE.

Those ladies whose tales of "blighted affections" are poured into the sympathizing ears of an English jury are far better off than their suffering sisters across the Atlantic, for the judges of the United States tribunals are apt to take a harsh and ungallant view of actions for breach of promise of marriage which is anything but acceptable to those who believe in the infallibility of woman. The New York journals contain the account of an action brought by Miss Amelia Domerschlag against Mr. Augustus Becker for the recovery of $200 as compensation for his refusal to execute a formal promise to marry. The defendant, while admitting that he had proposed to and been accepted by the young lady, stated that after spending eight months on a visit to her mother, he arrived at the conclusion that his future mother-in-law's temper would be an insuperable barrier to their wedded happiness. The following dialogue then passed between the judge and the defendant:—The Judge: "Had your intended mother-in-law announced her intention of residing with you after the marriage, of keeping house for you, and taking care of your moneys?" The Defendant: "Yes, Mr. Judge." The Judge (sympathetically): "Proceed, young man." The Defendant: "I was very fond of Miss Amelia, but I broke off the engagement because of her mother." The Judge: "Well, my young friend, would you rather pay $200 to the plaintiff or marry her and live with your mother-in-law?" The Defendant (emphatically): "Pay the $200." The judge then proceeded to give judgment in the following terms:—"Young man, permit me to give you a cordial shake of the hand. I was once placed in the same predicament as you, Mr. Becker, and had I possessed your decision of character I should have been spared five-and-twenty years of infinite worry and vexation. I had the choice of paying $150 in gold or of marrying; being poor, I accepted the latter alternative, and have bewailed it ever since. I am pleased to meet a man cast in your mould. My decision is that you are acquitted, and that the plaintiff must pay a fine of $10, with the costs, for attempting to place an honest man beneath the yoke of a mother-in-law. You may go!"

PARSHALL.

When a parson once comes to the surface in such a manner that he stinketh in the nostrils of all decent people, it is impossible ever again to put him down. He loves notoriety even as a woman suffragist loves it, and he is a perfect buoy upon the waves of public opinion. No one will be surprised to learn that these words serve as an introductory to the name of Parshall. That gentleman has been lecturing on the subject of besetting sins. His next discourse will probably be "cheek." We learn from this wise sermon that every man in the world, every minister especially, has a besetting sin—excepting Parshall. That lecherous old rascal is an angel of light, and is perfectly happy with a class of young girls, varying from twelve to sixteen years, to whom it will be his delight, severally and individually, to teach the catechism, his favorite question being "What is the chief end of man?" He says also that the besetting sin of all the other ministers, except himself, is lying. We are fully prepared to believe this, but beg leave to include the lecturer. Parshall says that all the people who said anything against him are going to hell. This we positively refuse to believe. It is our impression that, as the next world is to be a place of peace, no contention being admitted, either above or below, there will be built a huge corral, into which all the ministers shall be placed to fight it out among themselves, and we fear it will be a very uncomfortable place for Parshall, as women will be rigidly excluded.

Brown, who was in love with a young lady, asked permission to call her by the explicit name of some animal, which was granted on condition that she should have the same privilege. On leaving, Brown said, "Good night, dear." "Good night, bore," said she. Brown is disgusted with figurative courtship.

PSYCHOLOGICAL AUTOPSY.

If the science of autopsy could be applied to men's souls, surprising disclosures, we expect, would be made. The ancients regarded each vital organ of the body as the especial seat of one or more passions of the mind. To the heart were apportioned the more noble qualities, as courage, generosity, love; to the liver those of a less noble character, as avarice, lust, jealousy, and so on. Now, were it possible to examine the mental organs with the dissecting knife, as we can their grosser representatives in the flesh, then, we fear, it would be found that the spiritual heart, liver, etc., are rarely in a healthy condition. In most cases there would be foul spots, pimples and blotches, indicative of an ugly disease, visible in one or other of these organs. Even the so-called great would not come out with a clean bill of health. Supposing we could submit to such a test of soundness the souls, we will not say of eminent men among us, but of men holding eminent positions—members of Congress, Governors, Mayors, Chiefs of Police, prominent capitalists, or fat millionaires—what disgust we should experience at the sight of the rottenness and corruption that would be disclosed! A worse reflection than this, however, is that there are in this human family of ours members whose souls would defy this metaphorical dissection. A certain degree of magnitude is necessary for the application of dissecting skill. There must be something to cut and slash at. Where disease can be discovered, there undoubtedly an organ is; their positive qualities, be they good or bad, exist. But when a man's soul is composed entirely of negative qualities, then it is utterly mean and small. Isn't it, Pick? A soul possessing any positive properties can be analyzed; one made up of only negative ones defies examination. Such a one would baffle all efforts at dissection, as completely as the molecule baffles the microscope. When the indignant editor attempted to describe the smallness of his adversary's soul, by declaring that the surface of a dime would afford ample space to kick it about in, if anything could be found small enough to do the kicking, he meant, undoubtedly to convey the idea of an extremely mean man. But that man's soul, we assert, was gigantic in comparison with some we wot of. The distinguished physicist, Sir William Thompson, in his effort to convey an idea of the minuteness of a molecule of water, imagines a single drop to be magnified until it becomes as large as the earth, having a diameter of 8,000 miles, and all the molecules it contains to be magnified in the same proportion. Then he concludes that a single molecule will appear somewhat larger than a grain of small shot, and smaller than a crickt-ball. When we consider that the molecules, in their turn, are made up of atoms we can realize, to some degree, the exceedingly small size of the atom. Now, such a soul as we speak of will have plenty of room to caper about in, on the outside of one of such atoms; will be able to display all its functions to their utmost capacities in a world of no large dimensions; yes! and such a world would be capacious enough to admit of its being peopled with beings of that caliber as densely as the most populous portions of this mundane globe of ours. Such souls could defy autopsy; couldn't they, Pick?

GENERAL HOOKER AND THE PIONEERS.

The following letter has been received, and speaks for itself:

WATERTOWN, Jefferson Co., N. Y., April 20th, 1874

JOHN V. PLUME, ESQ.—My Dear Plume: Your kind invitation has been before me some days unanswered. As it was impossible for me to reply at once in the manner in which I wanted to—that is, affirmatively—and as I could not feel like answering in any other manner, since its receipt I have been endeavoring to put my affairs in condition to admit of my absence for a few months during the summer, in order that I might be present at your meeting on the 4th of June next, and knock round a little generally on your Coast. But yesterday it was determined, to my own satisfaction, that it would be inadvisable to join you in the approaching anniversary of our *landing* in California. But of those who are more fortunate than myself, I have one request to make, which is, that when a goodly number of our companions come together, the first thing I desire them to do publicly, will be to make their celebration annual, and have the society duly organized, to give those who are remote from them an opportunity to participate sometimes in your celebration. I do not know to whom we are indebted for the suggestion of your coming meeting, but I assure you I have great respect for that gentleman. The prospect even of meeting our old companions de voyage awakens a mine of reflections and associations which are to me extremely agreeable. I guess, in the past lives of all the passengers of the *Panama*, that that voyage furnishes the most prominent land-mark of the past. I think I could write a book on the subject, but will only refer to one or two incidents which appear uppermost in my mind. One was the pool we formed a few days before landing, and which was won by Dr. Gwinn on the time of our landing in the Bay of San Francisco, and another was the bright hopes and dreams which every one indulged in on the passage. But I will say no more now, further than that I am sorry that I cannot be with you in your celebration, *hope* and *know* that you will have a jolly good time, and will prepare the way for the absentees to follow your example to the next and all following years to the end of the chapter. May this letter find each and all of you as well as I wish you to be. In the full realization of the past, I have the honor to subscribe myself,

Your old companion de voyage and friend,
J. HOOKER, Major-General.

The man who was filled with emotion, hadn't room for his dinner.

NO CONFLICT.

The Bulletin and Call have been busily engaged of late in endeavoring to make people believe that there is an irrepressible conflict raging between the Pacific Mail Company and the transcontinental railroads. Nothing can be further from the truth. As the *News Letter* said weeks ago, the more the Mail Company cultivates the trade of the East, the better it will be for the railroads, and the more facilities they offer to the Mail Company, the better it will be for all parties. No conflict exists, and none can be created. Where interests are mutual, it is impossible to create permanent discord, the efforts of the *Bulletin* and *Call* to the contrary notwithstanding. We are glad to observe that Senator Sargent, in presenting a memorial from San Francisco merchants, against the withdrawal of the Pacific Mail Company's most recently granted subsidy, did justice to the company's claims. He said: "I hold in my hand a memorial sent by telegraph, signed by about one hundred firms of San Francisco, embracing leading merchants and men of the largest views. They remonstrate against the Act of Congress to forfeit the additional subsidy granted two years ago to enable the China Mail line to perform semi-monthly services. They declare that the policy of the California Legislature in regard to the Pacific Mail Steamship subsidy is suicidal, the result of temporary agitation, and say that if it is confirmed by Congress it will involve a loss of at least a portion of the Oriental trade to American shipping, and throw it into the hands of English subsidizing lines. These gentlemen show with great earnestness that a refusal of Congress to continue its favors to the American line is almost tantamount to a surrender of the carrying trade to the English, and the loss of a large portion of the direct trade to San Francisco. Since the establishment of the China Mail line the trade at San Francisco has increased from one thousand tons of tea in 1867 to over ten thousand tons in 1971, and other merchandise in proportion. To provide for a further increase, pending the construction of the steamers required by law, the Pacific Mail Steamship Company employed outside vessels, when the English line, the Peninsular and Oriental line, via Suez, which is subsidized by the English Government over $2,000,000 per annum, dropped its rates of freight so low that the Pacific Mail Company, without the benefit of the additional subsidy, which had never yet been paid, could not compete. I have no right to take up the morning hour by dwelling upon the advantages to American interests, especially to Western cities, by the maintenance of this line. I shall embrace the first opportunity that opens for debate to urge that Congress sustain this line, and desire to say for myself that, while having a high respect for the advice of the California Legislature, I do not feel myself bound, under any circumstances, to follow that advice, certainly not to recognize it as instruction, where I am convinced that it is injurious to the interests of the State or of the general Government. I think, with merchants of San Francisco, that the action of the Legislature in this matter, if acted on, will be detrimental to the interests of the State and general Government, and that it is reversing a policy which has been pursued with beneficial results to both trade and revenue. As a bill has been reported from the Committee on Commerce, repealing the provisions for additional subsidy, I move that this memorial be printed and lie on the table." The motion was agreed to.

OUR CITY.

The man to whom it first occurred to describe Heaven as a city whose streets are paved with gold, knew his business. Gold is such an immensely expensive pavement that they probably keep it in repair, and the delight of such a thing can only be known to those who have lived in a city like unto ours. What with the streets, the tearing down of old buildings and putting up of new ones, a beeline is an impracticability. The most sober of citizens describe a continual zigzag. Protective bulkheads are built out in front of the new buildings to such an extent that citizens are liable to be crushed between them and the opposite house. Little boys are tumbling into the new sewers by dozens with a persistency worthy of a better cause. New buildings are so numerous that a dead man and a hod are coming to the pavement simultaneously upon an average of one an hour. The hod is picked up for future use, and the man is cremated in the lime pit in the twinkling of an eye. People, in attempting to find their way among the improvements, are constantly fetching up at the spot they just left, according to the law which forces people who are lost to walk in circles. Capitalists are obliged to keep a force of men watching their property day and night, lest in the march of improvement they fail to recognize their own belongings, and pay taxes on some other man's lot. The Cliff House is to be removed to the Farallones, to make room for a magnificent block of buildings, containing an inflammable Mansard roof and all other modern improvements. The streets are so blocked up with new avenues and their debris that the cars are obliged to run in sections, a square or two at a time. The ferry boats are daily departing for Oakland with crowds who can't find room to put up a house. Such are the advantages of living in a growing city. Immigrants proposing a descent upon California are particularly requested to read the above, for whose benefit it is given, the obstinacy of the native San Franciscan being such that he won't believe a word of it.

A Sea-sider.—Why is a sea bather like a man who carries out his pet caprice? Because he likes his swim—his whim, we mean.

FIJI.

With outspread hands King Cacobau
To England wrote—"Come govern me,
Here's such a pretty gentleman
As I, Jones, is for Fiji.
I know governs I not longer can
These islands of the sea."

To him Sir Hamilton then came
With a persuasive purse and says—
"Hallow, brave warrior, fum—
Your Majesty receives
A million that, under my thumb,
Your folks would mend their ways.

"If ever you I come to rule—
Whatee, whatee, whatapee, wop—
I'll overturn you with wigwags,
Bullet wrack and whipping
But snakes from human shekinnie
You'll not find in my shop."

And so at last advice it stood,
King Cacobau set to labor
To eradicate the cannibal food
Along with the rotatee
"Boil brains to a sweet" quoth he,
In baby stewed with dates."

WASHING BLACKAMOORS WHITE.

The testimony in the police case and let us, with our weak judgment, to consider Messrs Rogers and Leadbeater a pair of fine things when these gents daily to our mart, till the decision of the Commissioners can be passed on it of our accused. We could upon their production of credit and motives from those unhappy sweltering wharfmen the broad buy-sir number of their numerous bodies, a heartless and shameless reflection, till these Commissioners gave a word it rather against their otherwise. We thought the vile reflection upon which these officers pulled their unbecoming over a shocking spectacle from which the owners of the Line would turn with shuddering horror, till we learned that it was perfectly right and proper to devote the city money to payment therefor. From our hearts we pitied the hapless creatures who accepted themselves in the future of so soon, before they could consent to behave themselves, till we learned that the Commissioner came out of the city a Contingent Fund. We considered their arrest for this offence a foul breach of every honest principle of trust, and a departure from the code of honour observed even among thieves, till we found that the Commissioners regarded it as rather a clever thing to do. We considered the base hand exercise as most likely pale of the law, till the Commissioners pointed that they were victims of the consequences. We looked upon the new fangled police as an ugly spot upon our affairs, [illegible] till we were informed that it was a credit of Merits. In fact we had Messrs Rogers and Leadbeater set up as wrong. While we were looking upon them as a pair of shrinking cowardly [illegible] were proclaimed deserved and deserving heroes, they were pursuing their duties as officers and gentlemen. In a high-handed, earnest and unbecoming manner and earning the [illegible] commendation and remuneration of Messrs Hill and Crockett. This shows [illegible] the liability of humanity to err. Our judgment, possibly, was awfully weak, but the testimony was dreadfully strong.

Gold as Plentiful as Potatoes at Coomassie.—Lieutenant Glover one of the [illegible] heroes in the Ashantee war at a dinner recently given in England in the course [illegible] the great gold wealth of the country twenty miles north of Accra. Something that it was a matter of surprise that this fact was not been made public [illegible] amongst the people. Accra was only seventeen days sail from Liverpool, and a man had only to take a week of twenty miles from Accra and he could dig up gold as easily as he could potatoes in England.

Recently, a lady had to be scraped out of a ball-room in a complete state of prostration, which turned out to have been caused by the poisonous perfume emanating from a green dress that she wore. Powerful antidotes had to be employed to restore her. The most powerful was the whisper, by a friend, that her false hair was coming off.

Keep competition in the order of the day between the Pacific Mail and the China Transpacific company. Freight was reduced a dollar for it per ton to Hongkong, and one of the companies has also to reduce passage money for the [illegible] still lower. It is now only $10 a head, instead of $40, previously charged.

Wanted.—The breadth of a broad hint, the exact shade of a brown study, the length of a long [illegible], the height of a short word, the width of narrow escape, the [illegible] power of a bright idea, the thickness of the thin edge of the wedge, and sleeves for the coat of the [illegible].

Wanted to Know.—If a lock-jawious fellow can make a key for other [illegible] locksmith, a [illegible], or if the watchmakers of young Lockjaw? The writer of the foregoing is now laid up with lock-jaw.

THE SENATE'S CHEAP TRANSPORTATION REPORT.

The United States Senate last session appointed a committee to take evidence during the recess, and to report upon the subject of railroad charges. That committee traveled pretty nearly all over the country, invited testimony from all parties, and now reports its conclusions. These are dealt with in the following article from *The Nation*, so ably that, in view of the importance of the subject, we make no apology for reproducing it:

"The opponents of what has been known as the Cheap Transportation Movement for the last year or two have opposed it generally on very simple grounds. They have not refused to believe that there have been great abuses in railroad management; that many roads have been built and worked in a reckless and expensive way, or that there is a close connection between the good management of the enormous railroad system of the country and the cost of breadstuffs; but what they have maintained, and maintained through a good deal of obloquy and abuse, is that any attempt to secure cheap transportation by political means, whether by regulations imposed by State Legislatures or by Congress, was sure to prove a failure; that bad as the private management of corporations might be, it was infinitely better, and more likely to produce fair charges for transportation, than any public supervision; that all the experiments tried in this country and abroad pointed to one conclusion: that political regulation always resulted in failure. Incidentally, the opponents of the current transportation delusions have attempted to expose the fallacy underlying the talk about 'stock-watering;' but their main argument has always been the impracticability of the reform proposed in the substitution of Government regulation for the regulation established by natural laws.

The report of the Senate Transportation Committee, made the other day by Senator Windom, furnishes almost conclusive evidence that these arguments were correct. The speech with which the report was submitted does indeed contain some of the old, vague talk of stock-watering, and suggestions as to competition afforded by Government-built and Government-operated roads, as well as a recommendation for an elaborate system of water improvements at an expense of $25,000,000 a year for five or six years, on the ground that water competition has thus far proved the only effective means of restricting railroad extortion—although the same report shows that the canals themselves are beginning to pass under the control of the railways, the well-known Pennsylvania Company having purchased and leased some 360 miles of the Pennsylvania canals, which it has since improved at a large expense, and now operates, "even those which run parallel with the railway;" while the New York Central is attempting to gain control of the Erie canals, and the Pennsylvania and Reading Company (which the report says "transports freight—principally iron, coal and other minerals—at less cost per ton per mile than any other railroad in the United States") "operates two canals." But this part of the report can hardly have much practical effect on this Congress, and that part of Mr. Windom's speech and report which discusses the constitutional power to "regulate commerce," and in which he certainly displays the prejudices of a very liberal constructionist, is so windy that we can hardly imagine that he relies much upon it. The only part of the report which is thoroughly definite and to the point is that which is occupied with proving conclusively that since the introduction of railroads there has been no such thing as effective regulation of fares or freights; that whenever the experiment has been tried it has failed.

Seven different ways have been attempted in this country and in Europe to reduce rates by legislative means: "Equal mileage rates," "rates fixed by relation to cost and profit on capital," "immediate reduction of rates," "periodical revision of rates," "absolute limitation of dividends," "division of profits beyond a certain limit between the companies and the public," and "maximum rates." As to the "equal mileage rates," the committee say—exactly what the opponents of the Granger movement have always said—that "it is a fact susceptible of the clearest demonstration, that it actually costs more per mile to transport a short distance than a long one, and this principle has received universal recognition by railway managers." The committee say:

"The enforcement of equal milcage rates, instead of bringing relief to the producers in the distant interior of the continent, would add very largely to their present burdens. The average charges for transporting all freights on the leading trunk lines between Chicago and New York, in 1872, was about 1⅛ cents per ton per mile, which on a bushel of wheat would amount to about 44 cents. The actual average charge by rail, per bushel, was 33⅓ cents. Hence, an equal mileage rate on those lines, if adjusted upon the basis of their average charges, would have reduced the value of the 213,000,000 bushels of wheat and corn moved that year about 10 cents per bushel, amounting to an aggregate loss to the producers of $21,000,000, with no compensating gain to the consumers. And as the price of wheat and corn at the West, as well that part which remains at home as that which is sent abroad, is fixed by the market-price in Liverpool, less the costof transportation, the loss to the Northwestern States on the entire crop of that year, estimated at over 900,000,000 bushels, would have amounted to the enormous sum of $90,000,000. Such a law, if permanently enforced, would, by the reduction of ten cents per bushel on the value of the cereal crop of the Northwest, reduce the value of the farms in that section by an amount which would build and equip all the trunk lines of railroad from Chicago to New York.

"Not only would an equal mileage rate, if applied to the whole country, impose additional burdens on those sections most in need of relief, but it would tend to destroy whatever of competition now exists. This fact is demonstrated by the operation of the *pro rata* law of the State of Illinois. At many points in that State

the people have contributed largely to aid the construction of a second road, for the purpose of securing competition. The two roads are not the same length. But the law says that both shall charge the same rate per mile. The longer one being compelled to charge more to the common point of destination, is, of course, driven out of competition, and the shorter one takes a monopoly of the business. The people who have contributed to build competing roads thus find themselves taxed to pay the cost of transportation for others who have been less enterprising. A general *pro rata* law applied to the whole country would indefinitely multiply such evil results at competing points, without any compensating benefits at other places. The non-competing points would not be benefited, for if by reason of low rates, at the point of competition, a largely increased traffic should be created, from which the company could make a small profit, it would be enabled, to the extent of such profit, to reduce the rates at the intermediate point."

This pricks the *pro rata* bubble effectually. The attempt to fix rates by "relation to cost and profit on capital," an English Parliamentary committee in 1872 declared to be "attended with difficulties which are practically insuperable." If this is true in Great Britain with 15,000 miles of railway, "what shall be said of the United States with their 70,000 miles?" In order to establish a rule of charges based on cost and profit, we must investigate the circumstances and conditions of every one of our thirteen hundred roads. We must know all about each road; its original cost; how much of its capital is real and how much fictitious; how much was actually paid on its stock; and what proportion of the profits charged to capital account should have been charged to expenses. Having completed this investigation, which would necessarily involve an examination and readjustment of the accounts of the companies from their organization, profits must be considered. In order to adjust charges to profits by a general rule of law, the actual profits now, and what they will be in the future, must be known. This requires a knowledge of grades and curvatures; the cost of fuel, supplies, and other items of working expenses; the amount of business the road now does, and what it will continue to do; the economy or extravagance with which it will be managed; the condition and character of its construction and equipment; how long its iron, ties, and rolling-stock will last, and what it will cost to replace them; the storms of winter and the floods of summer it will probably encounter; and, finally, the losses which will result from accidents of all kinds. This completed, the nature of its traffic is to be investigated, so as to know what relation the various classes of goods bear to each other in cost of transportation; what charge each class will bear without injury to the business interests of the country; and how much the expense of carrying a ton of silk goods twenty-five miles per hour exceeds that of carrying a ton of corn ten miles per hour. "When we have thus informed ourselves with reasonable accuracy in regard to all these details, we shall be prepared to commence the investigation of the next road on the list, and so on through the one thousand three hundred. By the time we have completed the investigation, the changed conditions and circumstances of the roads, and the rapid changes in the business of the country, will render a re-examination imperatively necessary."

These objections, of course, apply with as much force to the "immediate reduction of rates" and to "the periodical revision of rates" as to the "absolute limitation of dividends." This in the first place involves a periodical revision, because it is an impossibility to know when dividends should be limited unless we have all the facts about cost, profit, capital, etc. And the absolute limitation of dividends is open to another objection—that it would "encourage extravagance, stock-watering, and corruption." If the limitation were not enforced, of course it would have no effect in cheapening transportation. If it should be enforced, the limitation would be a direct inducement to bring the profits within the limits by means of high salaries, fat contracts with directors, and other devices not already unknown and unpracticed. The "division of profits beyond a certain limit between the companies and the public" would partially obviate the objection urged against an absolute limitation of dividend, because in proportion to the amount which might be added to the profits of the company, an inducement to economy would exist. But other difficulties, which in Great Britain are declared to be "insuperable," would remain. It would involve the obnoxious task of selecting special traffic and special rates for reduction, and of deciding what should be the amount or description of any particular reductions, and in whose favor they should be made.

A regulation of this kind, the committee say, was once adopted in England, but it never went into effect. It has been tried in France, but, on account of the difficulty of selecting rates and classifications of goods on which to apply it, the reduction has been abandoned, and one-half the surplus profit is paid into the National Treasury. "There is, therefore, but little encouragement to try the experiment in this country, where, by reason of the large number of our roads, and the greater diversity of conditions and of traffic, as well as the instinctive aversion of our people to meddlesome governmental interference in private affairs, vastly greater difficulties would be encountered than in France or England." With regard to "maximum rates," whether established by Congress or a commission, the result of experiments in England, France and Germany, shows them to be of little use, because, as the term *maximum* implies, they are not supposed to be actual rates, but a mere limitation, and as such "must be high enough to pay the actual cost of transportation and leave a margin large enough to provide a fair return for capital honestly invested, and to cover all contingencies;" and the result is that, as a rule, the natural laws of railroad development carry the actual charges below the maxima, so that the maxima furnish little real safeguard against extortion.

These are the facts and arguments of the Committee which has been investi-

gating the transportatian question for a year past, on the subject of Congressional regulation of the railroad system. We doubt if a more conclusive reply to the demands of the visionary Western politicians could be made. It is, so far as the nature of subject admits, a demonstration that, if Congress undertakes the regulation of fares and freights, it will have either one of two effects—it will fail, and not be enforced; or it will be enforced, and will in that case throw the transportation system of the country into such a state of confusion as will affect the business of the country more deeply and permanently than the panic of last Autumn, because it can only come from utter disregard, on the part of the people's representatives, of reason, experience, and history. This Transportation Committee was appointed at the request of the President, and has conducted its investigations with much flourish of trumpets in every quarter of the country, and with every opportunity for observation. It has discovered, apparently to its own surprise, that the subject was well understood before the Committee began these investigations, and the sum and substance of the report is an admission of the fact that the notion that transportation can be made cheap by Government regulation is an old delusion, which has appeared and been exploded in half a dozen countries, and is no less a delusion in America than in England, France, or Germany.

THE LATE COLONEL LEANDER RANSOM.

It is with sincere regret that we announce the death of an estimable gentleman and old resident of California. Colonel Ransom was born in Columbus, Ohio, in the year 1806. At that time the great Western States were a vast wilderness, and young Ransom at an early age was occupied in laying out land sections, eventually becoming the engineer of the first canal built in his native State. At the outbreak of the gold excitement, Colonel Ransom started for California, bringing his young family with him. He was shortly afterwards appointed U. S. Surveyor-General for California, and has ever since been connected with the Land Department. Few men have passed through the twenty odd years which our old friend has spent in California making less enemies, and they who remember the graceful hospitalities of his house, in the time when social reunions were much more scarce than they are at present, will sigh over the loss of one who was a kind husband and father, and most genial and urbane host. To his widow and two daughters we offer our sincere condolence. Personally, we entertained the highest esteem for the deceased, who, at the time of his death, had his office in the Placard Exchange, which gave us the daily pleasure of enjoying his society.

HON. F. F. LOW.

We note with great pleasure the return of this distinguished gentleman to our financial circles. He takes the place of Mr. R. G. Sneath in the management of the Anglo-California Bank, limited. This institution is exceedingly fortunate in its choice of Managers, and particularly so, upon the retirement of so eminent a fiscal expert as Mr. Sneath, whose enlarged views and brilliant executive qualities have acquired for it the singular popularity it has enjoyed hitherto, to find another so worthy of his official dignities to succeed him. It is no doubt a delicate position for Governor Low to follow a man of Mr. Sneath's ability and pleasing manners; but his long experience in public affairs, and the polished urbanity of diplomatic circles, will be of great advantage to him in the arduous effort, and we confidently predict his success. Governor Low, we press your cherished hand. *Vale*, Sneath.

A correspondent writes: "Police Commissioners are generally an unreliable class of officials, and, while all are contemning Otis and Cockrill for their friendship to Rogers and Lindheimer, we must not forget that the now-to-be-praised Louderback and Chief Crowley were just as bad. When Officer Lawlor was tried, about a year ago, it was proven that he had blackmailed a number of women, and yet, because he was a friend of Crowley, he was allowed to go scot-free. This fellow Lawlor is still on Dupont street."

Yesterday there was considerable excitement on the streets, occasioned by the appearance of a number of painted individuals on horseback. Most persons took them to be Donald McKay and his band of Indian braves. Quite a mistake. They were the members of the San Francisco Board of Brokers, who had put off their sheeps' clothing and dressed themselves in their true characters.

Dr. Day, the Sanitary Superintendent, has discovered from the daily reports made to him by his corps of inspectors that small-pox is rapidly increasing in New York. Nineteen cases were reported for the week ending April 8th, and the number was increased last week to 33, averaging almost five new cases daily.

From the San Francisco News Letter.

THOSE BULLETIN EDITORIALS.

It is strange, but true, that the *Bulletin's* editorials of late have been curiously oblique-visioned, ill-informed and often absolutely false. It is too frequently the case when the composition reads smoothly, and the facts are not outrageously misstated, that printed words carry with them the too ready assent of the reader. If one's judgment is not violently assaulted, it yields placidly enough to what the types are made to tell us. The habit of reflecting as one reads is unhappily not common. The one operation of following the sense of an article is about as much as average minds accomplish. The duty of separating the kernels of truth from the husks of error is seldom performed except by specially-trained minds. This no doubt is the reason why the press wields an influence which in too many instances is greatly disproportioned to the value of its utterances. There is something, however, in many of the *Bulletin's* recent editorials, which, so far from procuring assent, excites either doubt or absolute dissent. It would seem as if a noxious compound were kept around the establishment, made up of malice, envy, prejudice and imperfect knowledge, and as if it were the duty of the editor to throw into every article a considerable quantity of this stuff, which he does with an awkwardness that always betrays its presence. Into some of its articles so large a dose is thrown that an ordinarily well-informed mind stops and objects to almost every sentence. First the reader meets with a view of a subject that he knows to be jaundiced, then an insinuation the offspring of either envy or malice, and too often comes a statement which is absolutely false. We all know what distorted views it gives of local subjects in which the feelings or interests of its proprietors are concerned. Set it to work to tell the plainest, most matter-of-fact truth about Governor Stanford that it is possible to conceive of, and if it is one that tells in his favor, we venture to bet California street against Pickering's spectacles that the *Bulletin* could not tell it in a straightforward, manly way. Some of its preparation of malice, prejudice, etc., would assuredly be thrown into it. All this one expects from the *Bulletin* in reference to local subjects. In regard to foreign topics, however, one naturally looks for something more. These at least might be treated with a fair amount of knowledge and a reasonable adherence to the truth. They are not. We hardly remember to have read an article in the *Bulletin* for weeks past upon a foreign question that has not challenged objections on the grounds of imperfect knowledge or falsity of statement. This is a grave charge to bring against a public journal. We make it with due consideration, and with a consciousness of our abundant capacity to maintain its correctness. We proceed to give the very latest example of what we mean. Thursday evening's *Bulletin* contains a leading article entitled "Visit of the Czar to England." We will not stop to point out with what an oblique vision everything English is viewed. That, at present, is none of our funeral. Besides, it may very safely be left to be settled between the *Bulletin* and those British houses and interests that are amongst its most profitable customers. Our purpose is to show that the article lacks both knowledge and truth. We are told that "the last visit of an Emperor of Russia to Great Britain was that made by the uncle of the present one, Alexander I., in 1814." The historical fact is that the late Emperor Nicholas was the last one to visit England. Kinglake tells us in his charmingly written history of the invasion of the Crimea, that that visit had very much to do with beguiling Nicholas into war. He had been so enthusiastically received by all classes that he arrived at the mistaken idea that Englishmen would be no parties to a war against him for anything he might chose to do about the holy places. With so well known and recent an historical fact, a leading journal worthy of the name ought to have been acquainted. Its ignorance is really unpardonable. Then, again, we are informed that: "The English people have but little love for Russian Princes. This feeling showed itself when the Czar's daaughter passed through London after her marriage. In various parts of the city, instead of the young married couple being greeted with shouts of joy, they were met with hisses." We have the temerity to pronounce that an utter fabrication, and to be so to the knowledge of the *Bulletin*. The *News Letter* receives, we venture to believe, a much larger number of English exchanges than its falsifying contemporary. These have been closely scanned, and they show that the Duke of Edinburgh's bride was received with the utmost enthusiasm. The high-priced illustrated papers, such as the *Graphic* and *Illustrated London News*, which gave illustrations of the marriage ceremonies and of the entry into London, reached an altogether unprecedented sale. On every hand there are evidences of almost excessive cordiality. The *Bulletin* would do well to produce the authorities for its statement, or be set down for the prejudiced and willful perverter of the truth that it is.

England Our Best Customer.—England and her colonies take three-fourths of our manufactured leather, and one-third of our tobacco, 96½ per cent. of our wheat, 58 of our flour, 96 per cent. of our corn, and three-fourths of our cotton crop, paying for the last item alone £30,000,000. She takes, moreover, 63 per cent. of our hams and bacon, 50 per cent. of our butter, and 90 per cent. of our cheese, the total amount paid by her for these products last year being some £65,000,000. The Continent is taking more and more of our meats, oils, etc., every year, and new distributing centers are being formed. At the same time, the above figures conclusively show that Great Britain is, after all, our best customer, and is likely to remain so for a long time to come.

THE SCAPE-GOATS.

Officers Rogers and Lindheimer,
Tremble and shudder and shrink;
De Young has his hand on your shoulders
And pushes you on to the brink
Of the precipice yawning beneath you;
He shakes you—no, money won't do,
For the shaft of the "Family Paper"
Is aimed at a greater than you.

You are merely the scape-goats of Cock-
De Young long ago fixed his eyes [rill:
On the Chief as a pigeon worth plucking,
And determined to bait for the prize;
But the game was so great and so mighty,
And had so much caution withal,
That great caution was needed to net him,
If he could be netted at all.

Officers Rogers and Lindheimer,
You were well known to be
The right and left bowers of Cockrill,
So you must suffer, you see;
And the *Chronicle* "feels it its duty"
To say you dishonor the force,
Which proves, as you still hold your office,
The Chief is your partner, of course.

That the Chief is as pure as an angel
None for a moment believes,
But the *Chronicle's* sneaking endeavor
None for a moment deceives.
'Tis the whitened face of the coward
That peeps from the "Family Sheet,"
And stabs with dark hints at a distance
The man it is frightened to meet.

THAT POLICE INVESTIGATION.

To the Editor of the News Letter:—There are two sides to every story. The trouble in the police force is an illustration of that fact. The whole thing is simply a question of the "outs" against the "ins." Crowley versus Cockrill is the proper designation of the small storm that is already fast passing away. The city has an impartial umpire in the person of our worthy Mayor, and that he has done and will continue to do substantial justice no one can doubt. He has had an opportunity, in the appointment of the new members of the force, to learn just how the Department of Police is run, and it is well known that he has learned enough to sicken him with the Crowley crowd. If all the ugliness of that regime could be investigated, it would soon make our citizens sick, and cause them to cry "Hold, enough!" Cockrill is new to the place, and has doubtless committed errors, but they are trivial indeed compared with the rottenness that previously existed. It may be that we have not got the most experienced man in the world for Chief of Police, but better bear even with inexperience than return to the well-covered ills of the Crowley brigade. These are known to the Mayor, and he evidently looks upon them with so much righteous indignation that he would rather endanger his popularity than yield to the underground pipe-laying, wire-pulling and secret influences of a crowd that has taught him to despise them. What else could have influenced Mayor Otis? He has nothing to gain by running counter to what appears to be public opinion. His party affiliations are not with Cockrill. Crowley is a Republican—so is the Mayor. He was nominated by the Taxpayers—so was Crowley. What, then, can be his object? Those who know him will not need to be assured that it is an honest one, conceived purely in the interest of the public. Those who do not know him will see on the face of the transaction an honest intent. There was much to induce him to take a different course. He had everything to lose and nothing to gain by acting as he has done. But in the light of his official knowledge he has learned that it is a question of choosing the least of two evils; and this he verily believes he has done. It is all very well for the discreet Louderback to give his silent vote, not in favor of pure police administration, but for the benefit of his guide, philosopher and friend, Patsey Crowley. It is well known that that luminary claims that "he made Louderback." In a large degree that claim is well founded. We now hear a dreadful howl at the great sin committed by the police in favoring certain lawyers. If that practice had not originated until the advent of Cockrill, Louderback would still have been wasting his breath upon the desert air, unknowing and unknown. By the grace of Crowley he was first initiated to small Police Court cases. By the same aid he became, first prosecutor and then Judge. As a Police Commissioner, he and Crowley had things all their own way. The force became a mere political machine, from whose thraldom we have happily escaped. Even the reporters of the daily press were made subsidiary to the purposes of the then reigning power. Instead of prying into and putting the worst construction upon every act, as they do now with Cockrill, they were your very humble but obedient servants to Crowley. If any one of them dared to hint his doubts, he would have inquired for "items" in vain, and his employer, finding others ahead of him with news, would have dismissed his honest but unsuccessful employé. We hear that particular lawyers are employed. Flood and Phillips have taken the place of Murphy and Sawyer. There is at least this virtue in the charge: no one now whispers that the favored lawyers have more influence with the Judge than any one else. Nor does any one now *dare* to say that either Flood or Phillips have fixed it up with the Judge beforehand. Cockrill's lawyers are howled at for looking over the fence, whilst Crowley's might go for the whole animal without exciting a word of comment. Then, again, we do not hear that Cockrill sends for Louderback and tells him beforehand what his decision is to be. Even a gambler now believes he has a chance of having his case determined according to the evidence, and if there be a doubt he thinks it will be given in his favor, just to spite Cockrill. Of course he is mistaken—for isn't Louderback immaculate? Then Crowley had his friends around him; or he would have made short work of them had they proved to be enemies. Your smart and exceedingly scrupulous Mr. Lees, who is so anxious about "the moral tone" of the force that he wanted to be pros-

ecutor of his brethren—how long would he have been permitted to act as the head and front of a crusade against his Chief, if that Chief had only been Crowley instead of Cockrill? Lounderback and Crowley would have soon lopped off even so experienced an official head as his undoubtedly is. But, then, that would not have much mattered to Lees. The pure and incorruptible administrations under which he has heretofore served have not made him exactly a millionaire, yet "they say" he is worth a snug sum of $200,000—all acquired by proper means, of course. If Peters spent money on Cockrill's election, had not Crowley a better and richer friend in Lees, and was not Lees purely disinterested in spending larger sums upon the different elections than the whole amount of his salary during each term? Cleaning out Dupont street is small business. There are only hundreds in that. There is nothing like big licks. Go for great forgers, wealthy foreign refugees and others of that ilk. That is respectable business. Rogers and Lindheimer only made the mistake of patterning after a bad model. They should have kept one pure, lily-white hand—just like Lees! Peters ought to have been satisfied with the honor and pleasure of contributing to the cost of his friend's election, and expected no return from Cockrill—just as Lees expected none from Crowley. In this police storm there is yet another element of disturbance. The Catholics voted for Crowley. The Crescents voted for Cockrill—not that they loved him, but because their motto was, "Anything to beat Crowley." Cockrill, owing them no exclusive allegiance, has not hesitated to appoint Catholic policemen. He is therefore now between two fires. The Catholics have not been won over from Crowley, whilst the Crescents have been incensed. It is to be hoped that ere the next election comes round a good man for Chief of Police may be dug up. May Heaven save us from a renewal of the Crowley reign of abomination! Meanwhile, our Mayor does quite right in selecting the least of two evils. Yours, FAIR PLAY.

It is so long since the melancholy occasion of our own wedding, and we so seldom notice similar events in the fashionable world, that we might pass over the marriage of Bro. John without special comment, but he has so often furnished subject matter for these columns that we cheerfully depart from our usual custom in his favor. John is a genial fellow, and we throw an old shoe after him in token of our hearty wishes for good luck in his new venture. It was a simple ceremony, done in a very business-like way. We cannot enumerate all the wedding presents. We may, however, notice one which was conspicuously appropriate: a Union Range from the stores of J. De La Montanya 214, Jackson street, by the lady housekeepers of his congregation. The selection of their present is both useful and appropriate. We think that in future years, when he is enjoying the delicacies of a well-cooked meal, his heartiest benediction will be upon the heads of those good women who gave him *The Union Range*.

Important to Mining Companies.—The editor of the *Cosmopolitan* newspaper, 111 Strand, London, proposes to start in the course of a few weeks on a trip to San Francisco, Utah, Colorado, etc., as his own independent Commissioner, to visit mines, railways and other matters of public interest in America, and report thereon in the columns of the *Cosmopolitan*. He will devote most of his attention to the examination of mines, and we understand that his series of letters will be copyrighted, so as to preserve them for publication in book form after having prominently appeared in his paper.

The Treasure shipments to Hongkong by the *Vasco de Gama*, which sailed yesterday, aggregated $123,272, as follows: Gold coin, $15,469; gold dust, $460; gold bars, $1,809; Mexican dollars, $41,029; Trade dollars, $64,175. The cargo taken was light. The flour shipments to Hongkong embraced 2,000 barrels, valued at $16,815. The only other notable shipment was that of 2,020 pigs lead, valued at $13,468, destined for the same port, to be used in the manufacture of foil for the lining of tea chests.

What we Eat, Drink and Smoke.—A gentleman in an official position, and possessed of an inquiring turn of mind, has prepared the following statistics relating to business establishments in San Francisco: Retail butchers in the city, 1,230; retail liquor dealers, 2,400; retail cigar dealers, 2,400; wholesale liquor dealers, 196; rectifiers of spirits, 71; cigar manufactories, including 70 Chinese, 193; tobacco manufactories, 8.

The Shanghai Steam Navigation Company last year lost the *Moyune* and the *Kiangloong*. A compromise has been effected with the English company, so that freight is now carried at remunerative rates. Both companies are having large steamers built in England.

A person hearing of a dog "after Landseer," wanted to know what he was after him for.

[From the San Francisco News Letter.]

EX-SHERIFF ADAMS.---LOOK ON THIS PICTURE, THEN ON THAT.

SPITE.

The *Bulletin*, for reasons that would not bear investigation, has for some time past been pursuing ex-Sheriff Adams with relentless spite. This kind of abuse had a rather sudden beginning. It commenced just about the time when the *Bulletin* wanted to run the last conventions for the nomination of city officers. It would have been more manly if it had been allowed to cease with equal suddenness. But no! the *Bulletin* is nothing if not revengeful. Yet it is exceedingly impotent. On Monday evening it had a lecture nearly a column long, intended to awe the Board of Supervisors into doing ex-Sheriff Adams a gross wrong. It scolded and lied after this fashion:

"The question presents itself right here: Why was Mr. Adams paying out an average of six dollars a day from his own pocket to supply United States prisoners with extra food, when he was in daily receipt of twenty-seven rations furnished by the city more than he had mouths to feed? It seems to us far more likely that these extra rations did go to feed the United States prisoners and witnesses, and that Mr. Adams never paid out the amount which he claims to have done from his own pocket for their support. In either case, what just claim has he to be paid nearly $4,400 now? It is on record that he drew almost 20,000 extra rations at the expense of the county, beyond what the law allowed. Who ought really to foot this bill? If the strict letter of the law were adhered to, not only would the Board refuse to allow Mr. Adams' demand, but they would direct that some action should be taken to compel him to reimburse the city in the sum of $3,478 21 for those extra rations. There would be a great deal more equity in this demand than there is in Mr. Adams'. It savors very strongly of sheer impudence for Mr. Adams to put in a clearly illegal demand for $4,400, and plead equity in his favor, but at the same time to ignore the law and the equity which should compel him to reimburse the city for what she has paid for rations drawn in excess of the number of occupants of the jail. We hope the Board of Supervisors will throw out this claim tonight."

JUSTICE.

At the meeting of the Board of Supervisors, on Monday evening, the claim of ex-Sheriff Adams was allowed by a vote of nine to three. Mr. Ebbets said that the Finance Committee had the evidence of Mr. Adams, the contractor, and the jailors, all of whom swore that the United States prisoners were not fed on rations paid for by the city, while the Chairman of the Health and Police Committee of the old Board testified that Mr. Adams was instructed to draw extra rations for jailors and trusties, which would amount to more than was drawn. Mr. Roberts was the only speaker against the claim. He thought Mr. Adams ought to bear the loss, which had occurred to him through his own mistake in not looking more closely to the effect of the law. Mr. Scott said he would vote to pay what he considered an honest debt upon the very argument offered by Mr. Roberts. The justice of the claim is not denied, only its legality. On that point lawyers differed, whilst everyone agreed that the money had been expended honestly, and in good faith that it would be repaid just as it had been to previous Sheriffs. Mr. Roberts had recently voted to compensate the people of Rincon Hill, though they had no *legal* claim against the Board through the damage caused by the Second-street cut, but yet they had been paid upon the ground of justice. The Board had the sworn statements of all who should know that Mr. Adams paid this money out. He had done exactly what his predecessors had done, and what a committee of that Board required him to do. The money in all honor ought to be paid. Mr. Menzies strongly argued the same views. He flatly contradicted the statements of the *Bulletin*. Mr. Macdonald thought Mr. Adams' claim a just one, and should be paid. The vote was then taken on the order to pay Mr. Adams, with the following result: Ayes—Menzies, Pease, Kenney, Ebbets, Sims, Block, Scott, Hewston and Macdonald—9. Noes—Deering, Roberts and Lynch, 3. Mr. Adams has now the satisfaction of knowing that he has been thoroughly vindicated. The *Bulletin* slinks back into its shell, ready for the next opportunity to array its spite against justice.

Immigrants are flowing into California at an unprecedented rapid rate. This is one of the most cheering signs of the times. Our State needs people. The Central Pacific Railroad cars recently brought to us 5,000 immigrants within a period of 30 days. Men and money cannot flow into our State too rapidly. The raw materials of wealth are here in great abundance. We only need labor and capital in order to develop them, and build up a State which, in point of prosperity and affluence, shall be second to none in the Union.

A Happy Fellow—The man that tells you he has no vinegar in the house. What a nice wife he must have!

"Your money or your books?" remarks a highwayman at the Custom House.

AULD NICK'S A-DYING.

Lament in rhyme, lament in prose,
Lament our Rev'rend brethrens' woes,
Wha's hallowed session's 'bout to close—
Auld Nick's a-dying.

Far as fancy's vision stretches,
Whaur the soul departed fetches,
Cauld's the fire for sin-scarred wretches—
Auld Nick's a-dying.

O, bless the priest's declining day,
For guid and ill he held the sway,
His power is crumbling fast away—
Auld Nick's a-dying.

He bartered wi' man's hopes and fears,
Wax'd strong on frailties, groans, and
With terror held him by the ears— [tears,
Auld Nick's a-dying.

Despairing efforts he will make,
And a' the pulpit thunders wake,
But, ah! the flock has made a break—
Auld Nick's a-dying.

Alas, alas, ye chosen few,
Fore-dained ere Time a moment knew,
To flout aboon the graceless crew,
Auld Nick's a-dying.

Think on your brither ne'er-dye-weel,
Ye humbly hoped to hear him squeel,
Whilst ye enraptured nought would feel—
Auld Nick's a-dying.

Then shall fair virtue shrink aghast,
And human progress rin to waste,
With hellum, skellum, bedlum haste—
'Cause Nick's a-dying!

As bauld-rife children's taught to dree
The warlocks, they can never see,
That 'boding evil they may flee,
Our sin supplying.

Sae in the ages o' the past,
The mind, with ignorance o'ercast,
Was sport of passion's fickle blast,
And holy lying.

Grim, nichtmare terror reigned supreme,
And wrought within a Dante's dream,
Till hell blazed up with lurid gleam,
A' terrifying.

Man's casting forth his childish things,
As ilka age its treasure brings,
His freedom gies perfection wings,
A' craft defying.

Then "ring a nobler era in,"
The reign of fear 's the reign of sin,
Man's nought to fear, but a' to win,
In Nick a-dying. GEORDY BUWHINAN.

ICELAND'S MILLENNIAL.

The western hemisphere, which was brought to the notice of the world, comparatively few years ago, by one Christopher Columbus, and has ever since been laboring under the disadvantage of youth and inexperience, as a factor in the world's achievement, may be proud to have one spot that is venerable for its age. Hoary, frigid Iceland celebrates, this Summer, the thousandth anniversary of its settlement by Ingolf and his band of Norwegian followers.

In seems a bit absurd—doesn't it?—while we are getting ready for our grand centennial sweat at Philadelphia, to think of that frozen country as preparing for a great millennial Fourth of July blow-out; and it almost makes the patriotic Yankee envious to contemplate a nation, whose wealth consists in a mass of icebergs and volcanoes and hot-springs, felicitating itself on being a thousand years old, and looking down upon the great land of the American eagle as a pretentious upstart of yesterday.

But this lonely island, girt by the wintry sea and tormented by Nature in her ugliest mood, merits our veneration. It is a land which, from its position in the sea and the ancestry of its inhabitants, reminds us of our venerable pirate forefathers, who swept the ocean as vikings or Saxon robbers, and seized England and western Europe, or any other territory that happened to strike their fancy. The learning of its scholars, too, and the history of its literature are by no means to be despised. When England and continental Europe were dozing in the darkness of the middle ages, Iceland's skalds and learned men were received with great honor at the courts of distant countries. And the literature of the common people of the present day is of a pretty high order, too. Where an American youth would be poring over a blood-and-thunder dime novel, and his sister would be delighting herself with some insipid novelette, the oldest son of the Icelandic family assembles his brothers and sisters (probably a dozen or fifteen) around the blazing hearth, and reads to them, in the sing-song voice of a skald of former days, passages from the ancient sagas. Driven in-doors by the violence of nature, deprived by their country's barrenness of the means of luxury, even forced to divert their minds from the fear of approaching starvation, the Icelanders have sought comfort and entertainment in books—so much so that hardly a man or woman unable to read can be found on the island. Thus a natural feature of the coming celebration very characteristic of the people of Iceland is the proposed enlargement by contributions from all nations that will give—of the national library at the capital, Reykjavik, which already numbers 10,000 volumes.

Iceland can hardly have such grand buildings, or burn so much powder and make such a splurge generally at her millennial celebration as we shall at our centennial, but she is going to have a good time in a quiet, practical sort of way, with, probably, plenty of good cheer for the old folks, and an unusual supply of seals' flesh for the young people, cooling drinks thrown in if the weather happens to be uncomfortably warm. And we rather envy Cyrus Field and Dr. Hayes their prospects of being present at the festival as the representatives of young America.

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

The Chronicle is out with another triumph of art—a map of the scene of Vasquez' capture. It may be considered rather more reliable than the Vasquez portrait, in that many of its leading features are taken from life. The city of Los Angeles itself is a direct and faithful copy of the checker-board over which the brothers are accustomed to spend their virtuous evenings. The clump of willows are startlingly like those upright, marvelous cedars which come up by dozens in boxes, and are put in good little boys' stockings at Christmas time. The willows in the map are an exact reproduction of MEICHEL's last Christmas box. They're just a trifle stiff for willows, but, like the Vasquez portrait, they answer the purpose, on a pinch. Of course, the most important point in the whole scene is the letter U, where the *Chronicle* correspondent stood. His name was Henderson last week; this week it is Beers, but they have not decided on his next cognomen, so we won't commit ourselves by giving him any name at all. At all events, the *Chronicle* correspondent's stamping ground is an accurate fac simile of the third letter in his promissory note. The architecture of the other buildings is greatly to be admired, and would have delighted the heart of Squibob with its uniformity. Take it for all in all, we can't see why local geography should be introduced into the public schools, while the *Chronicle* has its present circulation and the map mania both at one time.

That Street Bummer.—It might be surprising to respectable and well-conducted persons in general to know the extent to which insulting unescorted ladies is carried by a certain class of fellows, and that in the most respectable streets, in broad daylight. The heart of the *Town Crier* was made glad within him by a little incident in this connection which he had the pleasure of witnessing on Thursday last at noon. The daughter of one of our most respectable citizens, being at the same time the wife of one of our most gentlemanly and talented local writers and literary men, was walking down Kearny street with her husband. Suddenly they were both aware of the presence, at a street corner, of an ill-looking, hoodlumish, vulture-faced sporting-man, well known in the lowest circles of San Francisco. A most insulting and pronounced leer on the lady from the dried-up bummer's face, had the effect of drawing the husband's attention. The same thing had happened more than once before, so the husband quietly asked his wife to walk on, while he returned to remonstrate with the loafer. The cowardly scoundrel had the insolence to make an indecent retort, upon which the gentleman promptly and properly knocked him down, continuing the punishment after he got up, until at last the battered and terrified hound was rescued by the police. This was a pity; if he had been marked for life, it would only have served him right.

The brothel which faced that temple of purity and truth—the First Universalist Church, where naught defiled entereth in—has been removed, greatly to the relief of the congregation, who dreaded the moment when they might be seized with the dread contagion. It is wonderful how pious people scent these establishments, which, in such vicinities, are so bolted and barred, and forbiddingly silent-looking; but they do, and are startlingly familiar with their working. Trust a band of church trustees to get such places out of the way! It is entirely too close to dangerous ground to be watched out of a close shutter by an interested observer, while one is going respectably to church with the wife of one's bosom. We hope those simple gulls who believe in the rigid enforcement of the law do not think this helpless creature has been driven out of business by this move. O, no! She has set up her red curtains and her stock of Cockrill champagne in places where cyprians most do congregate, and she's not mad a bit. In truth, not a sylph has been arrested since the late rumpus. Rogers and Lindheimer are resting on their laurels in mute, inglorious ease, and the city's coffers are closed. No one has made by the fuss, excepting the girls themselves.

It is quite evident that some members of the Board of Education are getting hard up again. There being no salary attached to the office this frequently happens, and, when it does, there is no resource except the building fund or a change of text books. The latter being the favorite, there being less red tape about it and consequently more expedition. The difference to the children is vast. In McGuffey's series Tom and Mary go a-fishing with a cruel hook. In the Pacific Coast series—the getter-up discreetly forbears to publish his name—it is probably Cruel John and Susy who go fishing with a hook. It is therefore evident to the dullest reader that the children can learn more about that fishing excursion from the Pacific Coast series than from McGuffy's. The details of the picnic may be further gathered from Wilson's, Sanders', and other disused readers lying on the shelves at home. In the meantime it would save the parents much profanity, and the children much misery, if, when these gentlemen want to make a raise, they either get up a lottery, a benefit, or a praise service, and pass the plate in the name of the orphan. They all look like orphans, and might pass.

The Aimee Opera Bouffe Troupe announce the production of *Les Cents Vierges* at an early day. All the old rascals around town are on the tiptoe of expectation. Such a bouquet of the article is certainly more than the most sanguine looked for, but they are willing to endure the spectacle as manfully as may be. We have not yet been informed whether they are to be imported or of home production, but of this much we warn the manager that he must not attempt to palm off any electro-plate upon us. We must have the Simon Pure or none, for we are too old birds to be caught with chaff. Perhaps we may be allowed to opine that not one of the hundred has yet made her bow to the public.

A. E. Head has arrived, and public apprehension is relieved. It was so long since we heard of his whereabouts that we thought of Livingstone, and indulged in gloomy forebodings. Mr. Ralston was nervously anxious. Mr. Latham passed many a sleepless hour thinking over the probable fate of the intrepid traveler. Mr. Morrow eagerly awaited his arrival at the boat. We had some intention of sending the most adventurous of our staff to seek him in the wilds of Europe, when suddenly he came over in the Oakland boat. Travel, while it has bronzed his features and hardened his frame, has strangely changed his speech. It no longer possesses the strong accent of the Western States, but is a wondrous compound of the softness of the Persian, the guttural of the German, the volubility of the French, the mannerism of the English, the liquid softness of modern Greek, and the richness of the Tuscan. Every clime where he has lingered has left its trace, and his memory is stored with images of strange lands. It is to be hoped that he will soon give his long looked for lecture. We would suggest the California Theater, as Pacific Hall would hardly be largely enough to contain the multitude who would go to hear the narrative of the great explorer, whose arrival sends a thrill through California street, and moves even the stolid *T. C.*

It is a pity that all the mothers-in-law didn't live in the days of the Inquisition. The ingenuity of a lazy, fat, greasy old Spanish monk, as compared with that of a mother-in-law, is as a Pickering to a George Washington, or a common bummer to Logers and Rindheimer. Usually their stabs are exasperating little trouble, but the boss hyena has this week shown her fangs with a grand coup. We have seen many women made miserable by little attacks of small spite, by the charms of old-time sweethearts, by the piling on of household drudgery, or the illegal spanking of their young, together with the countless other wounds which a mother-in-law alone knows how to inflict. It remained for San Francisco to produce the tigress who would turn a daughter-in-law, wounded and ill, from childbed into the street, with her dead babe in her arms, and not whereon to lay her head. We don't know who is responsible for the manufacture of a female of this sort, but we fervently hope he will not repeat his experiments. They are, to say the least, very unsatisfactory. The old hag says she did it because her daughter-in-law drank. Drank? We consider her perfectly justified in cleaning out Chief Cockrill's Front street establishment two or three times a day. We are paralyzed with sympathetic anguish at thought of Mrs. Mother-in-law.

Having pondered long and deeply upon the subject of the spiritual manifestations in Oakland, we have arrived at the conclusion that the disturbers of the midnight peace are a set of the disembodied spirits of disaffected old bachelors. The moment womankind is cleared out of the house a hallowed peace enters therein. With the flutter of the last petticoat in the Clarke household came the last war-whoop of the spirits. They have transferred their attentions to Livermore Valley, where a like warfare is pursued among the petticoats. Fulton utilized steam; Franklin the lightning; why may not some master mind of the present generation utilize all unemployed spirits loafing about in idle misery. We respectfully call attention to the fine field of action among the crusaders, the suffragists, and the getters up of church fairs. A dispersing of these forces would place us under an obligation to these gentlemanly spirits which we shall be pressed to acknowledge in a glass of punch over the fire, when we get there, we ourselves standing treat.

Just as we have drawn an easy breath after the settlement of the conductor question, our friend, the policeman, is threatened with a reduction of salary. The man on the *Call*, who so violently opposes this scheme, doesn't get a hundred dollars a month for his work, but then how much easier it is to addle his brains over an editorial than for some poor fellow to go to sleep in a corner grocery, and slumber calmly and profoundly when there is a drunken row on the other street, and he must be waked in time to get there after all is over. It is true a policeman gets his whisky, his lunches and clothes, and the necessities of life for nothing, but consider his 'incidentals!' A man on a good beat gets used to luxuries he can't do without, and how soon a hundred and twenty-five dollars disappear under the caption of sundries. Gentlemen of the commission, think how it is yourselves; think what life would be without sundries. Give the policemen a good salary and the run of the contingent fund and they will rise and call you blessed.

We have often wondered why we are not visited in our lonely hours by bands of inspired females, who, stricken by the irresistible grace of our manner and the spell of our eloquent eyes, would furnish us with bouquets of camelias, choice wines, caresses, suppers and such. Developments prove that it is necessary to be either a bandit or a parson to be the recipient of these favors, and we are torn with conflicting doubts as to whether it would be wiser to punch some useful citizen in the head and rifle his pockets or to don a high white stock, and a long black coat and take the name of God in vain. We are upon the horns of a dilemma. It is rather a more violent case with a bandit perhaps, but with the parson it lasts so much longer.

When the riant, the bewitching Aimee first stepped upon the stage, after her long absence, a huge sigh of dismay rose from the cavernous depths of our bosom. It seemed cruel that the queen of opera bouffe should be forced temporarily to retire from the stage for such an every day affair. Judge of our relief, when the idea came home to our benighted mind, that the play represented a period when our great-grandfathers wore their waistbands close under their armpits.

We sometimes go to Oakland. We hope to be forgiven in another and a better world, but the duties of society are onerous, and it is not allowed us to cut a man because he is on the verge of idiocy, therefore we still visit in Oakland. We made a professional call upon several of our brethren of the sanctum last week, but items in Oakland being scarce they had gone on an excursion to the top of Mt. Diablo to look for one. We bent our steps to the residence of a couple of our subscribers, the pastors of two chapels, intending to have a quiet morning chat upon the moral excellence of the *N. L.*, but the reverend gentlemen had gone with a Sunday school excursion to the top of Mt. Diablo. We attempted to pay our devoirs to the priest who officiates in the huge chapel, but were informed that he had gone on a church begging expedition to the top of Mt. Diablo. We concluded to exchange a few jokes with Mr. Fred Campbell, but discovered that he had taken a whole horde of schoolma'ams for a picnic on the top of Mt. Diablo. We bent our steps to the Court House Folly, to hear the lawyers wrangle, but learned that they were taking their vacation on the top of Mt. Diablo. As a last resource we started for the University, to reason with Sallie Hart on the subject of woman's rights, but she had taken the whole University to the top of Mt. Diablo to tell them that women were miracles of learning and light, and that men were ignorant, grovveling earth worms. As we turned in from the town in melancholy mood, the last man left, a small boy in a gray jacket was propelling a rusty velocipede toward the Mt. Diablo road, and gazing up at the old mountain itself, clearly defined in the morning light, we saw a mass of what seemed to be wriggling, twisting worms, but by the size of their heads, we knew them to be Oaklanders. They've got Mt. Diablo worse than they ever had Lake Merritt, and it is a two day's journey at that.

"**Better to trust and be deceived,**
And keep that trust and that deceiving,
Than doubt one heart that it believed
Had blest one life with that believing."

We took these lines for our motto when we first began to read the *Chronicle*, and in consequence we have believed what that paper said some four or five times. We have been caught napping every time and the thing is getting monotonous. If it must be done let it be done in better style. Let them tell a good lie and make it worth while. Why take the French Consul's attorney to saddle a worthless little story on when they might just as well have told us that a small boat had put out to sea containing a reporter who had interviewed Rochefort himself! If you are trying to imitate the New York *Herald*, *Chronny*, you must strike for whales rather than brook minnows.

That versatile luminary of the Chronicle has come to the surface once more in a story half a column long, introduced for the sole purpose of delivering himself of a joke by calling the younger members of the Murphy family "small potatoes." They are a little old, but we are glad the young man got these small potatoes off his stomach. Had he allowed them to rest there, ignorant that all the world knew the joke by heart, they might have fermented, and spontaneous combustion ensued. The consequences to the Sunday *Chronicle* would have been too dreadful to relate. We know, young man, that it is awfully hard to be funny at the rate of so much per week; but give us a new joke next time, one that can't have its eyes gouged out so easily. We do not like to check incipient genius, but the frequent repetition of the small potato joke has so sickened us of the esculent that we are compelled mildly and reluctantly to protest against its being used again within a month or so.

Claffin is going on California street! This will be the leaven which leaveneth the whole lump. Till now, notwithstanding the *Call*, the brokers have been a pretty decent lot. Altogether too respectable for a stock board, but that will pass away. With an element of free love, blackmail, and a little nastiness and infamy thrown in, they can soon get up a tidy little hell of their own down there, and give the Pacific Coast a worse reputation than it already has. Heaven defend us; we have churches and parsons enough to make us the especial *protegés* of the Holy Ghost, but New York will keep spilling her scum this way, and we are helpless. What have we done, O Lord, that our holy and righteous brokers are to be polluted by this child of sin. Rain hail and fire and brimstone upon us, O Lord! afflict us with the plagues of Egypt and the evils of Mormondom, but leave the innocence of our brokers unsullied.

An innocent daughter of the Ould Sod, says the Danbury *News*, bought a box of lucifer matches at Benedicts' one day last week. The following afternoon she brought the box back, complaining that its contents were worthless. One of the clerks, a stout, handsome fellow, by the way, opened the box, abstracted a match, and ignited it on his trowsers. Abstracted another and ignited it in the same manner and with the same facility. "What is the matter with these matches?" asked the polite clerk. "Phat's der mather yissef! D'ye s'pose iviry time I phant to shthrike a match that it's mesilf that is to coom here and shthrike thim on yer breeches?" They gave her a fresh box.

Lindheimer and Rogers are known as "spedial officers," and, according to the new schedule of police salaries, they are to continue to receive $125 a month for roaming around among the fallen angels, while the hard-working patrolmen will have to worry along on $15 less than they have been getting and have no chance for "perquisites" either.

COURT CHAT.

The Queen and the Black Watch.—On the occasion of the Queen's visit to the wounded of the Ashantee campaign at Netley Hospital, a Sergeant-Major of the 42d Highlanders, who was wounded at the battle of Amoaful, was presented to Her Majesty. The Sergeant, writing to his friends at Kinross, describing the interview, says: "As you would see from the newspapers, Her Majesty paid a visit to Netley Hospital. Her Majesty chatted a few minutes to me, and made kind inquiries about me. The Doctor told her how I had been in the Crimean and Indian campaigns, and on hearing my story Her Majesty burst into tears. She introduced me to her youngest son and daughter, who were present, and they were as much affected as their noble mother. Next day I received from Osborne a copy of 'Leaves from My Journal in the Highlands,' with the following inscription in the Queen's own handwriting: 'Presented to Sergeant-Major John Barclay, 42d Highlanders. VICTORIA R., Osborne, April 17, 1874.'"

At the Autumn Manoeuvres, two or three years ago, an officers was told by Sir Garnet that he had to much baggage. The officer pleaded earnestly that he might be permitted too take with him what was already in his portmanteau, but Wolseley was inflexible, and told the officer that he must leave out what was not actually indispensable for the campaign. The officer was equal to the occasion, for, seizing a small volume, he hurled it into space, and then turning to Sir Garnet, remarked, "That was the only useless thing in my portmanteau." The volume thus thrown away was a copy of Sir Garnet's *Soldiers' Pocket-Book*.

It has been stated that on the expiration of Lord Dufferin's term of office as Governor-General of Canada the Duke of Edinburgh will be appointed to succeed him. "From whatever point of view," says the *Globe*, "we approach the proposal of making the Duke of Edinburgh Governor-General of Canada, we see difficulties of such magnitude that we regret we have to place the attractive notion of being governed for four years by a Royal duke among the category of impracticable things."

The Grashdanin, a Russian paper noted for its good Court intelligence, says that in numerous letters to her family and friends the Duchess of Endinburgh describes her life in England as one of perfect happiness. She speaks with great gratitude of the cordial and friendly reception she has met with from all with whom she has come in contact—the Queen, the Royal Family, the Court, and the people at large. The letters have occasioned great satisfaction in St. Petersburg.

The Emperor of Russia is expected to visit Woolwich Arsenal about the third week in May, when the heaviest portion of an 80-ton gun will be welded by the new hammer in his presence. The great steam hammer is one of the modern wonders. It is the most powerful in the world, four times as much so as that used by Krupp. The blow is reckoned at about from 80 to 100 tons. Tom Sayers was not quite up to to this standard in his best days.

It has been rumored in Army circles that Captain Glover will receive, as a mark of recognition for his eminent services on the Gold Coast, the Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George; and it is also stated, upon reliable authority, that, should the annexation of the Fiji Islands be carried out, the Governorship to the new acquisition to our Colonial dominions will be offered to the hero of the Volta Expedition.

A rather amusing spectacle was witnessed in Hoxton recently during the progress of the Hackney election; four donkeys were seen wandering along in a listless sort of way, having apparently no very clear idea of where they were proceeding, or why they were proceeding anywhere. On their sides they bore placards with this inscription, "We are going to vote for Holms and Fawcett."

"The Superhuman Origin of the Bible," by Henry Rogers, must be read as the author has presented it, in order to secure its value. The thesis he has established, is that the Bible is not such a book as man would have made, if he could; or could have made if he would." The ingenuity and general originality of the argument are alike striking and convincing.

In the April number of the Sword and Trowel Mr. Spurgeon writes: "So far as we are personally concerned our abomination of priestcraft is so intense that we would rather be called 'demon' than 'priest.'" Rather wild this. Surely he must, in the round of his numerous acquaintances, have met many a truly good priest, if not one truly good demon.

A French periodical states that the manufacture of artificial eyes in Paris is carried on to so great an extent that the sale reaches 400 a week, or upwards of 20,000 a year. Large numbers, it is asserted, are exported to India, and some even to the Sandwich Islands. Those for India are doubtless used for the Hindoo idols.

Eighteen officers of the British Army form the total of our loss in the commissioned ranks from the commencement to the conclusion of the late Ashantee war. Of these thirteen died from the effects of the climate, four were killed in action, and one (Major Baird) died from wounds received.—*English Paper*.

In Switzerland there is a law, it is said, which compels every married couple to plant six trees immediately after the ceremony, and two on the birth of every child. They are planted on commons and near the roads, and being mostly fruit trees are both useful and ornamental. The number planted amounts to 10,000 annually.

There is some prospect of the work of Livingstone being taken up by the proprietor of the *New York Herald*. Mr. Gordon Bennett is considering a plan for sending out Mr. H. M. Stanley to discover the sources of the Nile, and if this is determined upon the correspondent of that paper will start almost immediately.

Franz Liszt, the pianist, has left his whole collection of curiosities, works of art, etc., valued at 400,000 florins, to the Hungarian nation. Among the curiosities are Beethoven's American piano, Haydn's and Mozart's harpsichords, and a number of decorations and other articles presented to Liszt by his admirers.

Her Majesty has purchased an interesting object out of Mr. Gerrard's collection of Ashantee trophies. The purchase consists of an article of native workmanship in the shape of a human skull weighing about 48 ounces, and was among the objects taken from the Royal Palace of Coomassie.

A dramatic entertainment was given in aid of the Bengal Famine Fund, at the Horns Assembly Rooms, Kennington, on Friday, April the 24th, under the immediate patronage of the Lord Mayor, M.P. The entertainment commenced with Tom Taylor's *Babes in the Woods*, followed by *Real and Ideal*.

The Duke of Abercorn has been heartily welcomed to Dublin, none the less so for having declared that "he had entered into the Government of Ireland determined to administer the laws with firmness and impartiality, and to work in the spirit of a generous and benignant policy."

Sir Joseph Montefiore has determined to go to Jerusalem for the purpose of relieving the Jews there, and an appeal has been made to the community and to the public for funds to assist in carrying out the benevolent object.

The Vendome Column will be entirely reconstructed by the anniversary of its destruction. The bas-relief, No. 54, has just been laid, leaving four more spirals to be added, with the cap, pediment, statue, etc.

The Americans have given a "calico ball," much to the astonishment of the Parisians, who do not, in their philosophy, comprehend that all things are pretty to the pretty.

"**Praying costumes**" are advertised by a fashionable *modiste* in Paris. Of course the people inside the dresses, not as the name suggests, are supposed to pray.

The Lord Chancellor has the intention of offering particular facilities in land transfer to workingmen purchasing small plots to build a house upon.

Barnum's daily expenses are said to be £1,000. His last buy in England was 24 racehorses and 36 additional staghounds. He employs 1,200 people.

The Disraeli curl is the latest novelty in the way of doing their hair adopted by the fair sex in London.

A VENETIAN MONUMENT TO BYRON.

All Italians may claim to share in the tribute of honor and gratitude which it is proposed their country should pay to Byron. But Venice may well demand to be the spot on which the statue shall be erected. The opening stanzas of the Fourth Canto of "Childe Harold" have secured for Venice an enduring monument, even if her structures should sink into the wave, as Byron said they seemed to have risen out of it, "as from the stroke of the enchanter's wand," or if the waters, which are continually gaining on her palaces, should, in the long efflux of time, mount above their moulded cornices of time-stained marble.

> "I loved her from my boyhood; she to me
> Was as a fairy city of the heart,
> Rising like water-columns from the sea,
> Of joy the sojourn."

Every one remembers how the poet goes on to say that she is "even dearer in her day of woe." The day of woe is now past, and it would have gladdened the heart of Byron could he have lived to see it. Venice, in her hour of redemption and rejuvenescence, should not forget the friend of her desolation. And such a friend! "Thy lot is shameful to the nations!" he cried with something of prophetic strain. Venice is still a place of pilgrimage for the feet of men and women of all nations. Their visits will not be less frequent or less full of interest if, in addition to its other treasures, it should contain a worthy statue of "the most illustrious Englishman of the nineteenth century."—*Standard*.

A Distinguished Divine.—The steamer *Mikado* has just brought to these shores, in search of health, the Rev. Joseph Dare, of Melbourne, who is described as the Henry Ward Beecher of Australia. Our exchanges bespeak for him the kind consideration of Christian people wherever he may visit. His eloquence as a preacher and lecturer are spoken of in high terms. Mr. Dare, who is a Minister of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, preaches to-morrow, at eleven, in the Howard-street Methodist Episcopal Church, and in the evening at the Powell-street M. E. Church. Mr. Dare before his departure was presented by his people with a purse containing $3,000.

KNOWLEDGE.

Knowledge is power—true; but is it not also pain?
Is there not much of beauty lost with the wonder that knowledge brings!
Does not the color of rose fade out from eye and heart and brain,
As we see and feel and know to the core the being of many things?

A child looks over a darkening sea, but for him it has no dread;
He pictures the coral caves down beneath where the mermaids dance and play,
With a carpet of sea-moss under their feet, and the pink rock overhead:
He thinks of the palace of beautiful shells, where the sea-god holds his sway.

But he who has knowledge looks over the deep, and his breast is filled with awe;
Where the child sees the mermaid's glittering limbs he knows there is nothing fair;
The coral caves are but sunken rocks, and the carpet upon the floor
Is nothing but weeds waving long green arms that catch at the drowned man's hair.

R. B. IRWIN.

A few short weeks ago there came over the wires from New York a sensational account of certain allegations said to have been made by A. B. Stockwell, the notorious ex-President of the Pacific Mail Company, against Mr. R. B. Irwin, who, in connection with Captain Eldridge, so long and ably represented the company at this port. It was alleged that out of a sum of $660,000 that had been charged to the San Francisco agency as the cost of procuring favorable legislation by Congress, Mr. Irwin had appropriated $300,000 in the purchase of real estate in Philadelphia in the name of his sister. To give the story an air of probability, it was actually asserted that an injunction had been placed upon the property. Mr. Irwin happened to be in Europe and an immediate reply was impossible. But we have not had long to wait. In another column we publish Mr. Irwin's refutation of Stockwell's slanders. A more complete answer to specific allegations was never penned. Mr. Irwin is to be congratulated upon the plain, straightforward account he gives. It is surprising how simple a story suffices to put down Stockwell's wild assertions. But it is just what all were prepared to expect who knew the parties. Mr. Irwin is well known in San Francisco for his integrity, and for his long and efficient services as the Agent of the Pacific Mail Company. He took very special interest in the company's success, and worked like a beaver to promote its interests, with what results everybody knows. That his sound judgment, popularity and energy were deemed of great value in matters of consequence is evidenced by the fact that he was selected in preference to any Eastern man to represent the company's interests in Washington, where he succeeded in obtaining a subsidy, which the company had previously applied for in vain. His labors gave eminent satisfaction at the time, nor do we hear one word of complaint until congressional investigation inquiry necessitated some explanation from Stockwell as to a round sum of $600,000 charged on the books of the company against the San Francisco agency. It is easy to make entries, but the making of them by some people is no proof of their honesty. Those were not the only entries Stockwell made. He charged the company with a mighty big sum for the rotten old tubs which he purchased from Webb. In view of that transaction we can well understand the facility with which he made large entries. He probably never expected that such public use would be made of the explanation wrung from him upon this subject. Being cornered he was bound to say something. What he did say was never intended for Mr. Irwin's ears, but in an evil hour for him it reached them. Before he is through we venture to think he will have much cause to regret the misadventure which brought him into collision with R. B. Irwin. It is well for the Pacific Mail Company that it can say this man Stockwell no longer has the power to draw large checks and debit whom he pleases with them. There is some talk about Webb and he being called upon to refund the amount they divided between them, also the purchase money of the rotten steamers *Decatur* and *Nebraska*, which remain utterly useless to the company. If those cormorants could be made to disgorge, the company's treasury would be largely profited.

Here is something new about ballooning.—The *Mail* says: "The authorities of the Crystal Palace were not a little astonished to receive a letter from a gentleman who went up from the Crystal Palace in the balloon on Monday evening, together with Mr. Wright, the aeronaut, asking where the balloon was, and hoping that Mr. Wright was safe. Upon being telegraphed to, the gentleman in question stated that the balloon had come down too quickly at Southall, that he had fallen out, and that the balloon went up again towards Uxbridge. It appears that Mr. Wright descended safely some seven miles from Southall, and reached home at half-past eleven o'clock. Probably it has never happened before in the annals of aerial motion that a gentleman who was seen to go up in a balloon wrote to those who saw him start and remained on the spot from which the ascent was made, to know where the balloon was, and to ask after the safety of its occupants."

FROM OUR OLD WASHOE CORRESPONDENT.

—— VIRGINIA CITY, May 21, 1874.

Editor News Letter :—Yours came duly to hand, and I much regret to learn that Mr. Sharon was ill, and that you could not see him. I hope that it is nothing serious, as the loss of Mr. Sharon would be severely felt over the entire State. None speaks of him but in the most friendly terms, and all that I have met with—Granger, Republican, or Democratic—are enthusiastic for him to take the place of Wm. M. Stewart in the U. S. Senate, and I doubt much if there is any serious opposition to him. Some of the old line Democrats, who would like to run on the same ticket with Governor Bradley, for the purpose of obtaining office, will try and make a fight. A year ago the Governor had a popularity, but of late his connections have not been of any benefit to him, and I think that he is about sick of them, and will not permit his name to go before their Convention. When the State of Nevada wanted money to sustain her credit, Mr. Sharon was the one to furnish the money, and the very large interest he has in the State, independent of the very large interest he represents, is a sure guarantee that Mr. Jones will have a colleague like himself, entirely independent of any money consideration in accepting the office of U. S. Senator. Nevada will be one of the few States that can claim two representatives wholly independent of the lobby. I have known Mr. Sharon for many years. He may not tell all he knows, but there is not a man, in my opinion, who can say that Mr. Sharon ever told him an untruth. May he soon recover his good health and be among us. The Republicans will present the name of Dr. Haslet, of Dayton, for the office of Governor. Referring back to the Senate, California, with her Hager and Sargent, or her Booth and Sargent, Nevada, with her Jones and Sharon; now, if Oregon could be induced to throw aside her Mitchels and Williams, and give us Ainsworth and Ladd, we would then have a representation from the Pacific Coast that would be the admiration of the entire United States, and be setting an example to other States, and would forever quiet the ambition of such men as Cole, Stewart, Nye, etc. Apropos of Cole, at my leisure, I may ask the *Bulletin* why they did not publish the article they had in type, in favor of the election of Cole in place of Casserly, and in not publishing that article, why they did not publish the Senatorial record of Cole upon the Webb Subsidy Bill? Cole, like Fitch and Pickering, *a l'air d'homme de bien*, and, like them, his looks belie him. I have a minute of all, and will prepare it for your paper. This is rather a queer commencement for a mining letter, but with one who has nothing to worry him, no debts to pay, and nothing to receive, one whose wants are few, and with friends who have always helped him, I have time to think and time to post myself, and when I see the country floating to leeward, a word may be of help to save some remnants from the wreck that is plainly seen in the future.

BELCHER.—This mine will produce more money this month than last, and will add largely to its surplus, and in July an extra dividend can be looked for. The 1,400-foot level is demonstrating another body of ore, and looks well for another large advance in its price. Even John Kelly says that it has proven better than he expected, but John will never admit that he can be wrong. He has shown his faith by loss of his money, which he stands like a sport.

OPHIR.—On the 1,300-foot level, the east ore body is about 10 feet wide, 4 feet of which is very rich; the west ore body is 7 feet wide, and widening as it goes north; the assays from this body average about $80. The west ore body, 1,465-foot level, is about 11 feet wide, very rich; average assays, over $400. The east ore body on this level is about 38 feet wide, and assays about $40. I have no doubt these ore bodys are a continuation of those on the 1,300-foot level, and have increased in size as they sink on them. This mine has kept up its line of improvements, and should be selling for more money. The appearance of the mine is one thing, and your market another. I will leave Ophir to its future. Another map by the *Call* is looked for soon.

SAVAGE.—The Savage has her station set for the 2,000-foot level, and the change noticed in their 1,900-foot level gives great hopes for ore on this level. The stock is well held here, and there must be an advance in price.

Jacket will not open any level at 1,600 feet, but will sink for the 1,700-foot level before they will drift.

The Consolidated Virginia looks well throughout, and the receipts this month will be in excess of last month.

The Chollar is not hurrying; they are drifting south, and will not cross-cut until they get to their south line.

We truly regret to see the *Post* following in the footsteps of the *Chronicle* with such dogged fidelity in the matter of yarn-spinning. The latest attempt is as transparent as the diaphanous robe of a danseuse, and as indigestible as a raisin skin. Give us something in the perpetual motion line, or the Midas touch, or something of that sort, if we must be crammed.

The Late Earl of Kintore happened to be walking on the public road near Keith Hall, and, meeting with a boy, entered into a frank conversation with him. When they were about to part his lordship said, "Do you know who I am, my lad?" "No," said the boy. "I am Lord Kintore." "I beg your pardon, my lord; I thocht ye wis a butcher!" was the exclamation.

"MOTHER GOOSE" AS A "CRUSADER."

Rock-a-by-baby as high as the moon,
Father has gone to the whisky saloon;
Mother is trying to mend ragged clothes,
Thankful for even worn-out ones like those.

Trot, trot to Boston, on a white horse,
When father comes home he'll be drunken and cross;
Mother will take little baby and go, [snow.
Seeking for work through the rain and the

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, poor little man,
Father is drinking as hard as he can;
Hungry and shivering, mother must try
Somewhere for money, or baby will die.

Little boy blue blew his poor nose,
Mother's old shoes are all out at the toes,
How can she keep soul and body together,
Working alone in all sorts of weather?

Rock-a-by-baby on the tree top,
How I hate whisky, even a drop.
Most of one's misery, every one knows,
Comes from this trade men can't or won't close.

THE "OVERLAND" FOR JUNE.

The "Overland" begins this time with No. 2 of John Muir's valuable geological papers, entitled "Studies in the Sierra." Wm. Ingraham Kip concludes his "Rhode Island Privateer," and we hope his scholarly English will be employed next time on something more generally interesting to Western folks. White, and sharply cut as of Parian marble, stands out a little classical poem by T. A. Harcourt; hear "Memnon" speaking to his mother Eos about his father Tithonous:

Like me, him Time decayed but could not kill;
He lived in death until thy pity changed
His shrunken form to be a creeping thing.
But he at least could move, and speak, and feel;
And be with thee between the sun and sun,

And plead with thee to let his spirit out.
By being ever present, weak and worn,
And wrinkled by the clutching of the years,
Till all the ichor in thy goddess veins
Did curdle at the sight, and thou didst hate
Thyself for having loved so foul a thing.

Next we have a short article entitled "A Simple Life," whose purity and innate strength of style and matter make it glitter almost wierdly in the plain setting of the *Overland*. The mistaken ideas of the age, concerning luxury and the enervating influence and misuse of wealth, are severely deprecated. Whether the end of this shall soon come, we know not, but writes the author:

"This they do not say, that sit nearest the candlestick and see most clearly over against it upon the wall the old ominous finger, that the present life-lie can not long live; that public and general ostentation and waste are the rapids of a Niagara of destruction, from which few people yet known to history have emerged alive; that hope, if any there be, lies only in swift individual and general effort and retrenchment; that all methods of escape by "*laissez aller, laissez faire*," and general political economy of devil-take-the-hindmost, are surprisingly liable to result in the devil's taking hindmost *and* foremost."

Walt. M. Fisher may congratulate himself that in this number, at least, his pen stands as a lance among reeds.

Ina D. Coolbrith contributes a beautiful little poem, "Hope," while the most valuable and well labored historical article that has appeared in the *Overland* for many a day is that by the learned Henry L. Oak, in the "Etc.," under the modest heading, "Some Rare Books About California." B. P. Avery gives us a baker's dozen of charming landscape verses, entitled "The Golden Gate," and as he leaves us to seek the far Cathay, to fill the highest foreign office of his country, San Francisco can only say to him from the heart of her heart, in Swinburne's words:

O love, O lover, loose or hold me fast,
I had thee first, whoever have thee last.

TWO CALIFORNIA POETS ABROAD.

A London letter from an old and valued contributor to the *News Letter* tells a pathetic story of two California poets stranded in Rome, where they are patiently awaiting remittances to enable them to pursue their travels. We will not violate confidence by giving names, for the letter was not designed for publication. But alas! how striking an illustration is furnished of the emptiness of fame—from a dollar and dime point of view—by the fact that the poet of the Sierras and the "tuneful boy" of San Francisco should be occupying conjointly a twelve dollar per month room in the Eternal City and subsisting for six days out of the seven on a diet of bread, coffee, and maccaroni, at an expense of thirty cents per day each. But this is not the worst. Our correspondent hints at other embarrassments which preclude the possibility of the appearance of the two poets in those intellectual circles which they are so well fitted to adorn. But our lips are sealed. Meantime we think that Carmony, De Young, and the Bohemian Club ought to take steps in the premises.

ROCHEFORT AND HIS COMPANIONS.

Exchanges that come to us from very opposite directions comment upon the escape of Henri Rochefort and his fellow exiles from the island of New Caledonia. The Australian papers tell us all they were permitted to know as to the means by which the escape was effected, which was not much. The fact—now made known for the first time—is that certain minor officials aided the exit, their reward being 10,000 francs, which had been placed to the credit of Grousset by his father, at a bank in Numea, the principal city of New Caledonia. The party were taken on to Australia by a vessel that had discharged coal at the island. Once on board, the only danger to be apprehended was that if they were too soon missed, the Government might send a small man-of-war steamer that was lying in the harbor after them. Luck, however, favored them. A fine breeze sprang up, and the run of twelve hundred miles to Newcastle was made in six days. Safely arrived in Australia, their first care was to raise money. For this purpose the marvelous powers of the telegraph were called into requisition. Our French exchanges tell us how the news was received there. The first telegram arrived on the first day of April, and was generally received as a joke. When, however, telegram after telegram was received by the private friends of the parties, doubt gave way to certainty. M. Edmond Adam, the friend of Rochefort, and guardian of his children, received two dispatches requesting that 25,000 francs be sent as soon as possible to Henri Rochefort, Courvoisier's Hotel, Sydney. Bankers in that city were then telegraphed to, directing them to honor the drafts of the escaped prisoner for that amount. M. Adam had little or no funds of Rochefort's in his hands, but the sum was made up in an hour. Victor Hugo is reported to have given 6,000 francs, the *Republique* newspaper 6,000 francs, the *Rappel* a similar sum, and the honorable deputy (M. Adam) himself, or other friends, made up the difference. On the passage, Rochefort has been somewhat reticent, yet he did not hesitate to freely express his sentiments in regard to certain prominent journalists and public men of France. He avows that he deems it a sacred duty the moment he arrives in Switzerland—whither he is now bound—to call out four of these prominent personages, two of whom are journalists. The leading Bonapartist writer, Paul de Cassagnac, recently failed to get up a duel between one of the Orleans Princes and himself, but he can now be accommodated if he will accept Henri Rochefort as a substitute for royalty. Rochefort declares that he will give Cassagnac no peace until they fight. He attributes his deportation from France to their vile misrepresentations of his course during the troubles of the Commune. In appearance Rochefort is neither handsome nor distinguished, and yet he is very interesting looking. The photographic portraits give strangers no idea of the man. In them, of course, you see the thin face and the strangely projecting forehead; but the sun depicts not the beaming and yet melancholy eye, the color almost green in its pallor, and the dottings on the cheeks made by the marks of small-pox. In figure he is wiry, but slight to an almost incredible degree. A fellow *quid nunc* says he used to know Grousset a little when he was a journalist in Paris during the Empire, and was admired amongst the ladies as the handsome Corsican, but he could never think the man very good-looking, and therefore the ladies must be the best judges. However, he had a gay, pleasant air, and, like Rochefort, always took neat care of his person, and was well dressed. Pascal Grousset first came into notice by being the person who went with poor Victor Noir as second, when the latter was shot by Prince Pierre Bonaparte. His vanity subsequently brought him into many scrapes, and he was very troublesome during the siege of Paris; but the ruling passion of a weak man was gratified during the Commune with the office of Minister of Foreign Affairs. He was afterwards tried by court-martial, and is said to owe his escape from military execution to female influence. Steps are being taken to give the escaped Communists a "fitting reception" when they arrive in London. The preparations are being made by some of the Frenchmen and Germans who celebrated the anniversary of the establishment of the Paris Commune on March 18th last, in the New Hall of Science, Old Street, St. Luke's; but it is stated the "welcome" to British soil of the escaped convicts will not be so warm to M. Henri Rochefort, whose communistic views are doubtful, as to the other five—especially to Paschal Grousset. The "reception" will take place in the New Hall of Science a few days after the arrival of Rochefort and his companions in London; and at it are expected to be present Communist delegates from Brussels and several large towns in Germany.

The New Mail Route to Australia.—Advices from Brisbane state that the Queensland Government have given instructions to commence the lighting and beaconing of Torres Straits immediately. It is added that the works will occupy but a short time, and that when they are completed the Straits route will be among the safest and pleasantest in the East. The new mail line, which has been successfully working for some months, has now been extended to China, "and there is thus every prospect that well-managed Chinese immigration may rapidly develop the more tropical districts of Australia."

Bullock & Jones have the latest novelties of Spring styles of cloths, cassimeres and gents' furnishing goods, to which especial attention is invited. Persons desiring a new Spring style suit of clothes or shirts (both colored and white), made in the mode, will do well to give them a call. No 421 Montgomery street.
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THE DRUNKEN SEA.

The sea, the sea, the Drunken Sea;
The blue, the fresh, the ever free.
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the soul, it mocks the skies,
Or like a cradled monster lies.

I'm on the sea, the Drunken Sea;
I am where I would ever be,
With heaven above and hell below,
And ruin wheresoe'er I go. [deep,
If a storm should come and awake the
What matter, I shall ride and sleep.

I love, O, how I love to ride [tide!
On the fierce, the foaming, madd ning
When every wild wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft its tempest tune;
And tells of Soberland far below, [blow.
And how on the horrors the storm doth

I never was on the Sober shore, [more,
But I loved the Drunk Sea more and
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest.
And a mother she was and is to me,
For I was born on the Drunken Sea.

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
The storm it whistled, the thunder rolled,
And the lightning seamed the skies with
gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild,
As welcomed to life the Drunk Sea's child.

I have lived since then in calm and strife,
Full fifty Summers a jovial life,
With wealth to spend and a power to
range,
And never have sought or sighed for
change;
And Death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come, shall come, on the Drunken
Sea.

A LITTLE ABOUT MANY THINGS.

The average daily consumption of pig metal in Pittsburgh is about twelve hundred tons. That city furnishes sixty-eight per cent. of all the steel manufactured in the United States.——Iowa has 62,000 Spiritualists.——England has 3,423,681 maids.——There are 600 shad fishermen about New York.——It cost a Liverpool man $10,000 to jilt a lady.——Over 1,000 vessels cleared from New York recently.——An elegant toilette in Paris costs from 700 to 1,000 francs.——Denver, Colorado, did business to the amount of $15,000,000 last year.——Great Falls, N. H., makes about thirty-two miles of cotton cloth daily.——The prospective yield of wheat in California for 1874 is estimated at 40,000,000 bushels.——It costs 50 per cent. more to live in Egypt than it used to.——England is building twenty-seven war vessels.——Three thousand mules and horses accompanied the Hayden Expedition.——London consumes 130,000 bushels of cinders yearly.——New Orleans has lost 30,000 inhabitants in two years, and has 6,000 unoccupied houses and stores.——Two millions and a quarter of people have emigrated from Ireland to America during the last twenty-two years.——The gross receipts of the British railroads have more than doubled within fourteen years.——One thousand two hundred and ninety watches are made yearly in a Swiss canton.——Philadelphia's two hundred and fifty carpet factories in busy times employ 60,000 persons.——There were 30,000 dozens less of champagne imported into the United States in 1873 than in 1872.——Five hundred millions of dollars and three millions of men are the cost and force of Europe's standing armies.——It is said that the star fish destroys $200,000 worth of oysters annually in Norwalk (Conn.) harbor.——Ohio had fewer marriages by nearly 7,000 in 1873 than in 1866, although the population has largely increased.——The number of hares and rabbits in Great Britain is said to be 30,000,000, supplying 40,000 tons of food.——In 1873, 2,124,000 passengers crossed on the ferry between San Francisco and Oakland.——The business failures in the United States for 1872 were 4,069; total liabilities, $121,056,000. For 1874, 5,183; total liabilities, $228,499,000.——Brotherly love is not the only kind they cultivate in Philadelphia. For 15,782 fond hearts were made to beat as 7,891 in that city last year.——The American Sardine Company, on Jersey beach, bids fair to excel its foreign rivals. Last year the company disposed of nearly a million cans.——Last year four of the twenty cities margining the great lakes shipped 162,362,896 bushels of grain, and Montreal more than 18,000,000.——It appears that a trifle of only from $50,000,000 to $60,000,000 will be required to finish the James river and Kanawha canal.——During last year 18,363 deaths of British seamen had occurred either abroad or at sea, and these represented 12,242 sailors' widows, and 36,726 orphans.——Alexander Dumas is in Rome.——King Koffee has 8,333 wives.——Queen Emma weighs three hundred pounds.——Mrs. Brigham don't want to be Young.——Nilsson recently sailed for England.——The Sultan of Turkey is of full, stout figure.——Susan B. always concludes her prayers with "Amen and Women."——The New York *Times* paid Bret Harte $600 for the "Rose of Tuolumne."——Prince Arthur will soon be dubbed Duke of Dublin.——Brigham Young is said to have inflated Congress to the extent of $150,000.——Rev. O. B. Frothingham thinks that cremation is better for the earth, the air and pocket, and therefore favors it.——Bret Harte is about to essay juvenile literature in the *St. Nicholas*.——Mathilda, Sumner's twin sister, died in 1832, aged twenty-one.——Theodore Thomas' orchestra will not play for less than $1,000 per night.——St. Louis gave John McCullough, the tragedian, a gold medal recently.——Ruskin and Max Muller have left England for Italy.——A libelous pamphlet on the French Prince Imperial has been suppressed in Brussels.——Mark Twain is said to be writing another book, the subject of which is what he saw in England.——Mark Twain's new house in Hartford, to be finished in July, will cost him $100,000.——The reigning duke of Saxe-Colburg-Gotha has written a grand opera, *Diana von Solange*.——Edwin Booth is said to have made from $5,000 to $8,000 a week ever since the year

began, and all by his acting.——The Rev. Narayan Sheshadri, the Brahmin, who was in this country during the Evangelical Alliance, is preaching in London.——Millions of flowers now deck the green surfaces of the Texas prairies like beautifully variegated carpets.——A Jacksonville (Fla.) man has invented a champagne wine made from the orange.——A number of the exiled German Jesuits are said to have taken refuge in Turkey.——A portion, consisting of 10,000 copies, of a recent issue of the Dundee *Advertiser*, was printed on paper manufactured from reeds grown on the banks of Tay. The paper is said to closely resemble that made from jute. As far as the experiment has been tried, it is said to be satisfactory.——An Atlanta "firm" has named its popular brand of whisky after a female crusader.——Up north the great difficulty is whisky, and in Louisiana the chief affliction is water.——A Georgia paper promises to publish a "thrilling cereal." Its readers will probably make an oat of it.——The woman's paper, the *Revolution*, is to be revived. It will be a bustling sheet.——There is laughter in Chicago because a St. Louis detective went there and had his pockets picked on a horse-car.——"Pharaoh's Phrollicking Phrogg" is the name of a temperance society in Titusville, Pa.——Somebody has started a journal called the Kalkaska *Kalkaskian*, at Kalkaska, Kalkaska county.——As if to second the cold water movement, Lake Ontario is three feet higher than usual.——Street cars in Japan.——India rubber trees have been found on the St. John's river in Florida.——The seven-years-locusts ase expected to arrive in New Jersey this year.——The new territory, to be carved out of Dakota, will be called Oklahoma.——Iowa boasts a dozen of newspapers conducted by lady editors.——The temperature of Egypt in March is 70 degrees F.——New York is going to pave with asphalt.——Atlantic City is five feet above the level of the sea.——There are twenty female undertakers in the country.——Belgium is glad she abolished capital punishment.——More granite quarries have been discovered in Missouri lately.——Large deposits of guano in Peru have been discovered.——Parisian æronauts propose a balloon expedition to the North Pole.——Newport sea-side cottages rent from 600 to four thousand dollars.——The first picture of the moon was taken in 1849.——Nearly every pound of butter used in Florida is shipped from Ohio.——Bellefonters love to get married under the new constitution.——A Portland woman, thirty-two years old, has been a mother ten times.——A newspaper to be published on the cars is the latest novelty.——Massachusetts will have a new $2,000,000 State Prison.——An Illinois legislator has 24 children. He ought to adjourn.——The Fiji Islanders are orphans, and are getting figity for want of a father.——A Chicago paper has "a suggestion to the devil."——The Samana Company has been brought to Bay.——How to get rich—Learn to live on air and sleep on a clothes-line.——Divorce lawyers are now known as "patent separators."——"Five and three naughts" will buy the average Assemblyman.——A Chicago lady's order for Saturday included "One marble figger for Appoler."——A three-year-old child down East recently said, "There's two things I 'spise—Sundays and dyin'."——"Sally, what time do your folks dine?" "Soon as you go away—that's missus' orders."——A Cincinnati professor has demonstrated that a man feels just as satisfied after lunching on a raw turnip alone as if he had feasted at a king's table.——A New York firm have in their store a piece of lace five yards long, worth $1,200 a yard, which a man could crowd into his watch fob or pocket book.——A big diamond is now on exhibition in Boston. It is as large as a hazlenut, and is worth six hundred tons of railway iron, 300 tons of sugar, or 5,000 barrels of flour.——John of Gaunt's bed was recently sold by auction at Tunbridge Wells. It is made of carved oak, with richly embroidered arras hangings, the latter of the time of Queen Elizabeth.——A quicksilver mine has been discovered near Exeter, England, causing great local excitement.——The authorities of Boston have ordered the taking down of all swinging signs.——It is just one hundred years since lamps were first lighted in the streets of Boston.——Of the forty original poems sent to the *Transcript* on the death of Charles Sumner, eight were printed, ten returned, and twenty-two rejected.——A St. Louis woman wants a divorce just because she found 113 letters from a red-headed woman in her husband's pocket.——A man in West Newbury, Vt., recently won $15 by eating twelve boxes of sardines, a quart of raw pea beans, and a pound of bar soap within three days.——Hair-brushes are now made with fine elastic wire in place of bristles. Persons with hair on their teeth will please notice.——Now that so many people are getting married by telegraph, there ought to be some speedier method of obtaining divorces.——A cynical lady, rather inclined to flirt, says most men are like a cold—easily caught, but very hard to get rid of.——A saloon keeper in Union county, Indiana, keeps a saw in his bar-room which he amuses himself in filing when the ladies call to pray with him.——The smallest women look hopefully to high-men.——"Be not puffed up."—St. Paul on Inflation.——They photograph the praying bands in Akron, O.——Dollars and sense do not necessarily follow together.

"**The Little Sisters,**" a band of young girls, who have clubbed together for the purpose of furnishing working women with a shelter during their hours of toil, have removed from their late "Shelter," on Bush street, which was badly located for their purpose, and now occupy No. 759 Mission street, near Third. This building is situated among the heart of the working people's domain, and mothers will be saved the long tramp up the hill, which used to prevent many from committing their children to the care of the "Little Sisters," who otherwise would have been glad to avail themselves of the opportunity. They have furnished us with a copy of their incorporation and by-laws, which shows that they mean business. We wish them every success in their most laudable undertaking.

IRRIGATION.

The fertilizing of an immense area of land in the San Joaquin Valley is the [illegible] Kings River Canal and Irrigation Company. It is a [illegible] grow to the value it will make [illegible] of grass grow where only one grew [illegible] more, more to see those who, both as settlers [illegible] the company in [illegible] Canal. This is probably what is being accomplished [illegible] work [illegible]. There has been very little noise about it, but steady and effective work [illegible]. There has been very little noise about it, but steady and effective work [illegible]. There has been very little noise about it, but steady and effective

THE VOICELESS.

[BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.]

We count the broken lyres that rest [her;
Where the sweet-wailing singers slum-
But o'er their silent sister's breast [her?
The wild flowers who will stoop to num-
A few can touch the magic string,
And noisy fame is bound to win them;
Alas for those that never sing,
But die with all their music in them!

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone, [story;
Whose song has told their heart's sad
Weep for the voiceless, who have known
The cross but not the crown of glory!
Not where Leucadian breezes sweep
O'er Sappho's memory-haunted billow,
But where the glistening night-dews weep
On nameless sorrow's churchyard pillow.

O, hearts that break and give no sign,
Save whitening lips and fading tresses,
Till Death pours out his cordial wine,
Slow dropped from Misery's crushing presses;
If singing breath or echoing chord
To every hidden pang were given,
What endless melodies were poured,
As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven!

JUSTICE---A FLAT DENIAL---THE PACIFIC MAIL SUBSIDY INVESTIGATION.

Richard B. Irwin's Answer to the Charges Preferred by Trenor W. Park and Russell Sage.

NEW YORK, May 18th.—The following appeared in the *Tribune* this morning:

To the Editor of the Tribune—SIR: I have just seen extracts from the New York papers of April 14th and 15th, giving the substance of an argument by Mr. Trenor W. Park before the Post Office Committee of the House of Representatives, in support of the application of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company for a continuance of its subsidy, notwithstanding its failure to comply with its contract with the Government, also a further statement of an interview with Mr. Russell Sage.

The gentlemen seem to labor under the strange delusion that the incompetency and inattention to its legitimate business, which has left the Pacific Mail Steamship Company in default upon its Government contract in the vital matter of building the necessary steamers, can be atoned for, or that the attention of Congress and the Public can be diverted therefrom by the frequent and plentiful abuse of all the company's former officers and agents, while, at the same time, their own daily and consuming thirst for newspaper notoriety is partially assuaged. To this craving I am for the first and last time reluctantly compelled to minister, by the necessity of noticing the gross and outrageous libels which they have availed of my absence to assail me.

To any one—especially in California—who knows Mr. Trenor W. Park and myself, or perhaps either of us, no reply would be necessary to the charges he has launched from behind his shelter, as a director and counsel of the company, before a Congressional Committee; but the case is otherwise when the same statements are adopted and enlarged by the figure-head President of a once respectable corporation.

First, Messrs. Park and Sage are reported to have said, and have not denied saying, that it has already been discovered that $300,000 out of an alleged famous corruption fund—$600,000—placed at the disposal of an agent of the company, afterward spoken of as "the culprit," and identified by name as Irwin, or by a large number as "one Irwin," was transferred by the agent to his sister, and invested in real estate in Philadelphia; that the company are taking measures to recover the $300,000, which measures are described by saying that the company have already attached the land. Each and every part of the statements, and the whole of them, are absolutely false and without a shadow of foundation, and many of these falsehoods relate to matters within the knowledge of the utterers. To be explicit, I have never had $300,000 worth of real or of personal property in Philadelphia, or in the world, in my own or anybody else's name. I have no property in Philadelphia, or elsewhere, in the name of any sister or any person other than myself; and, to the best of my knowledge and belief, neither of my sisters has any property there or elsewhere, in her own or anybody else's name. Loth to bring my own affairs before the public, I will say that my entire property in Philadelphia consists of a house and lot, in my own name, costing and valued at about $8,000, currency, above the purchase mortgage. As a conclusive test between my accuracy and theirs, I accept the precise issue they have themselves selected, and challenge Messrs. Park and Sage to say exactly where these lots are. It was so easy for them to have known, from the records of the Philadelphia Courts, the utter falsehood of their statements before publishing them, that their action would have been sufficiently and outrageously wicked if it aimed at myself alone; the infamy of their conduct in thus going out of their way to utter a foul slander against innocent and unprotected women, I remit to the scorn of every right-thinking person. It is also false that any property of mine in Philadelphia or elsewhere has been attached by the company; and this falsehood was also obviously within their knowledge.

Secondly, I now come to the statements made by Russell Sage, singly; of his own knowledge, and as alleged quotations from Mr. Stockwell. If Mr. Stockwell

ever said these things—which I doubt—he had to forget many things, including his own sworn statements. Whether he did or not is immaterial, because they, as well as Mr. Sage's own statments, are false, and it is Mr. Sage, not Mr. Stockwell, who has used them to assassinate my character. Mr. Sage says Mr. Stockwell told his successors in office that he had been induced to make this application by one Irwin, the company's agent at San Francisco, etc., etc., and that having become alarmed, asked Irwin to go to Washington, etc. In fact, Mr. Stockwell made his application for the subsidy immediately after his accession to office, not only before I ever saw him, but actually before he and I had held any communication whatever. Instead of inducing him to make the application, I opposed it, being warmly in favor of his predecessor's plan of building their new ships in England, and doubtful of the success of any application to Congress. So far from wishing to be employed to go to Washington, as is stated, I refused to go there, and tendered my resignation at my first interview with Mr. Stockwell, and several times afterwards, and was only induced to go on by the repeated appeals and pressure of my friends, whom I could not refuse, seconding Mr. Stockwell's requests.

I learn for the first time, from Mr. Sage's statement, that $500,000 was blindly charged to the San Francisco agency. Certainly that agency was never told of it, and neither the quarterly nor annual statements of the company showed it, nor their sworn statements before Congress and the Legislature. Mr. Sage says—and this time of his own knowledge—that when the Sage administration came into power they asked for a bill of items, "but Irwin suddenly left for Europe." The facts are: First, the Sage administration—meaning, I suppose, the direction of which Mr. Russell Sage is the figure-head, while the administration is performed by another—has never asked me for a bill of items, or for anything else. Secondly, I left New York on the 11th of October, 1873; not after the administration came into power, but when it was unborn and unexpected. Thirdly, not suddenly, for the staterooms for myself and family were engaged about two months beforehand, and our intended departure had long been known, not only to my friends and acquaintances generally, but also to the officers of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company in New York and San Francisco.

"And has not since appeared here." This is perhaps the meanest form of that vilest of weapons, innuendo. I do not live in New York; I have no business there any more than in Bagdad, and nobody has invited me to appear in either place. I appeared in and about New York for about four weeks last Fall, to the knowledge of the company's officers, without hearing anything from them.

To meet squarely the general insinuation which underlies all these details, I say that everything I have which in any way represents money that ever belonged to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, I own by virtue of written contracts, of which the company has or ought to have copies, for services rendered.

This being the only occasion on which I propose to trouble the public, I avail of it to deny, once for all, the idle and unsustained, but oft-repeated gossip, in connection with the so-called "famous corruption fund." I know nothing of any "corruption fund." All the money paid me by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company in connection with the subsidy was applied by me precisely in the manner and for the purpose intended by the company, namely, in compensation for services which resulted in the donation to that company of five hundred thousand dollars, and which were rendered by many persons, including a number of gentlemen of talent and experience, who were necessarily engaged during three or four years. Nobody has ever suggested that these gentlemen performed or ought to have performed these successful and valuable services gratuitously, or even cheaply, any more than do the enterprising gentlemen who now serve the corporation, as officers, counsel or otherwise, in New York, Washington or elsewhere, or those who have similarly labored for every company or individual who has ever had any private measures before Congress or any Legislature. The Pacific Mail Steamship Company has always been satisfied of these facts, I confidently assert, because no question or demand of any kind has ever been made of me by either of the three successive administrations of Messrs. Stockwell, Bradbury and Sage, although nearly two years have since elapsed, and my final accounts have long since been settled and written into the company's books.

It is so easy for Messrs. Sage and Park to prove their charges, if they be true, as they say, and not the foul and wicked libels I pronounce them to be, that I shall not occupy the public attention with the refutal of any fresh calumnies they may again take advantage of my absence to circulate, till these shall have been disposed of.

RICHARD B. IRWIN.

VENTNOR, Isle of Wight, April 28, 1874.

Tasmanian Iron.—The increased price of Iron has induced the establishment of smelting works in Van Dieman's Land. The ores are of two kinds—magnetic oxide, yielding by assay 70 per cent. of iron, and brown hæmatite, having a a rather less percentage. Both are in great abundance in the Ilfracombe district.

The nicest turnout we have had the pleasure to see is that of the trotter. "Lady May," and the phaeton behind her. She is of "Kentucky Hunter" stock, and a perfect beauty. We see, by advertisement on fourth page, that $600 can buy the complete rig. This is indeed a good chance, especially for some one visiting the springs.

CONCIO AD CLERUM.

Gentlemen of the Cloth, and Pounders of the Pulpit: you can read the Greek and the Hebrew Scriptures—at least such is your pretension—can you also read the signs of the times? They are such as are calculated to set an immense amount of theological hair on end. Do you note the tone of compassion, not unmingled with a trace of mild contempt, which literature and science refer to your most venerable dogmas and your most cherished illusions? Do you see how rapidly the sacred circle of readers, bound over not to think for themselves, but to let you, Reverend Gentlemen, do their thinking for them, is diminishing? Have you become aware of the emancipation of the secular mind from priestly control? Do you observe how thin is the attendance at the churches as compared with the attendance at the theaters, or at popular lectures? Have you considered how slight is your influence over able and enlightened minds as compared with that of the ungodly lecturers who go about promulgating "infidel doctrines? If not, it is high time that you should wake up and look around you, for soon your occupation will be gone, and your creeds and catechisms, your Confessions of Faith and Thirty-nine Articles, with all the rest of your theological flummery and ecclesiastical rubbish will be consigned to the rag-bag of the Past. The time is at hand when you will no longer be able to wax fat and prosperous by pulpit droning; when you will no longer be permitted to stand up in the midst of great congregations of men and women and teach things contrary to reason and common sense, with no one to make answer and expose your absurdities. Already the best intellects among men, and the brightest intelligences among women, have deserted your churches and conventicles. The thinker and the scholar is not to be found there, and the foundations of your superstition are the derision of free, educated minds. Your system of childish fables and hideous dogmas has had its day—a long, dark, bloody day—and now the choice spirits of the age rejoice in beholding the dawn that is to usher in the Religion of the Future. That religion, be sure, Reverend Gentlemen, will not require *you*, or such as you, for its expounders. It will not consist of a ready-made creed, or a string of dogmatic propositions, revolting to every reasoning mind and to every humane heart. It will not rest upon incredible miracles alleged to have taken place in a distant land eighteen centuries ago, and never since repeated; nor upon "histories" contradictory upon their face, and more puerile and absurd than the fables of the world's crudest mythologies. Its teachings will be such as may be believed by intelligent men without a conflict between the will and the understanding. Its spirit will be reverent in its heavenward gaze, humanitarian in its earthly labors. Its worship will consist of earnest aspiration toward the highest ideal; its central and most vital article of faith will be: "Faithfulness in the human soul to its highest aspirations brings it into communion with the Divine. The Church of the Future will need no sermonizers or exhorters. Its chief priests will be the poets and the students and expounders of Nature; the Lamartines and Wordsworths, and Whittiers, the Huxleys, and Tyndalls, and Agassiz. Its Bible will consist of the authentic revelations found in Nature and in the human consciousness; its temple will be neither the conventicle of a sect nor the cathedral of an ecclesiasticism, but all the worlds of space that are spanned by the "blue o'erhanging canopy fretted with golden fires;" its God, neither Jehovah, Jove, nor Lord, but the Infinite Intelligence and Primal Cause, the "Wisdom and Spirit of the Universe" that stands back of all phenomena. The dawn is breaking, Reverend Gentlemen, the day is at hand, and it is time that the theological bats and owls that love the darkness, should be prepared to flee to their hiding places. Soon there will be no more demand for discourses on election, predestination, and free grace, on the Trinity and the attributes of the Godhead. Your churches will be turned into schools and lyceums, where something useful and demonstrable will be taught, and you yourselves will have to give place to teachers who, instead of wasting their lives in poring over musty volumes of divinity and polemics, have studied the laws of nature and of life, and so qualified themselves for imparting a kind of instruction which will help us to live wisely and happily, and will augment the sum of human well-being.

The shortest trip between San Francisco and Liverpool performed by a sailing vessel in some time was made by the ship *North American*, which arrived out a few weeks ago in a passage of 93 days. Since leaving New York this vessel has made a good record. She first went to Melbourne, thence to San Francisco, and thence to Liverpool, which port was reached in just ten months from the day she left New York. Following is a statement of the number of miles sailed, days passage, and an average per day:

	Miles.	Days.	Average.
New York to Melbourne	14,112	72	196
Melbourne to San Francisco	10,500	51	204
San Francisco to Liverpool	16,919	93	182
Totals	41,531	216	192

The vessel made 41,500 miles in 216 days, equal to 192 miles per day. She is owned by Henry Hastings & Co. of Boston, and is now on her way to San Francisco, having been chartered for Liverpool at 85s.

Why should a magistrate be very cold? Because he represents just-ice.

DROPPINGS FROM THE SANCTUARY.

"Like holy oil which did drop down
Upon the beard of Aaron." *Methodist Hymn.*

Van De Mark.—More persons have heard about Van De Mark than have heard him. Those who have suffered neither affliction are to be congratulated. With the Christian meekness that is our distinguishing grace we have endured both. The hearing about him was perfectly involuntary. We didn't want to hear about him, but soon after his arrival in our midst he kicked up such an unholy noise that had we the wings of the morning we could not have escaped from the sound thereof. Hearing him, however, was a very different matter. With shame and confusion of face we confess that we did, on a recent Sunday evening, voluntarily and without sufficient cause make one of his hearers. May the Great Forgiver pardon our indiscretion! It came about in this wise: it was Sunday evening; we had the list of preachers for the day in our hand; our eye eagerly scanned the names, and we were full of hope that we might light upon some holy man of God with wisdom like unto Solomon's, and with an eloquence that might have descended in regular succession from Aaron. We failed in our search. The men who were up for that day seemed to us a lot of mediocres. Perhaps we were more than usually hard to please. In a disappointed mood, our eye fell upon the name of the greatly traduced Van De Mark. "Here," said we, "is a man who is either a great sinner or a great saint." Charges incredible have been hurled against him, yet has his courage failed him not, neither has his cheek blanched. His people are still *his* people. If he owned them they could not be more thoroughly his. "Surely," we said, "this man must have something about him worth making a note of." We went to see. Having entered Platt's Hall, we found a congregation assembled numbering about 300, of whom at least two-thirds were females. Soon a small spare man came upon the platform. His clothes were ill-fitting and seedy, and looked as if they might have just come out of a second-hand store. There was a redundance of shirt front and a showy display of jewelry that at a distance was suspiciously like that which is known as "Brummagem." Dark, straight hair covered a moderate-sized head, and being combed backwards hung down behind like the twigs on a weeping willow tree. The small face before us was not prepossessing. The eyes being exceedingly diminutive, black, twinkling, leering and expressive of cunning did not strike one favorably. But ugliest of all was that large, peculiar-shaped mouth, that indicated the sensual rather than the refined. This man was Van De Mark. His subject was entitled, "The Lower Millions." These he described as the poor of great cities, of whom he drew an exaggerated picture. If his description were true every large city in the United States is filled with poverty-stricken and dangerous Communists. His remedies for this State of things were more general education, the extension of eleemosynary aid, and, above all things, the vigorous prosecution of the women's whisky crusade. In the whole discourse there was not one vigorous or original thought, nor one terse or well expressed phrase. Commonplace ideas, delivered in loose, slipshod sentences, showed plainly that we had before us a weak, uncultured man, of small calibre, who had utterly mistaken his vocation. Besides, his every word indicated insincerity. We went to Platt's Hall that evening predisposed to hear something that we might speak kindly of. We heard it not. We came away reflecting upon the poet's words:

"Behold your pastor! How he plays his part,
Christian in name, but wicked in heart,
Filthy in office, earthly in his plan,
A slave at church, elsewhere a lady's man;
A sham as a teacher, and as a priest
A piece of mere church furniture at best,
To live estranged from better men his scope,
And his end sure, without one glimpse of hope."

At the First Unitarian Church, the Rev. Dr. Stebbins took for his text, last Sunday evening, "Whatever you do, do all things to the glory of God," and seemed to think that the Bible is hardly a practical book in its teachings regarding the duty of men. We agreed with him in his remarks touching the force of circumstances, and their influence on our career in life and on the individual man fully understanding his own strength and weakness. He hardly, however, laid any stress on those two great cardinal commands of Christ, to "Love the Lord thy God with all thy might," and "thy neighbor as thyself." These may be too good, too much for human nature, practically considered but the most skeptical will agree that *could* they be carried out, this would not be a very wicked world. We have always given full credit to the Founder of the Christian religion, inasmuch as he has *condensed* into two brief sayings all and more than Moses did in his ten commandments, or any other leader has in a hundred. Christ, from a mass of pious verbiage, selected two great laws, which, acted out, will fill the bill every time. And of his two rules of life that regarding our neighbor is by all odds the grandest, for if you love him as yourself, it necessarily follows that you do no wrong whatever, and the Supreme Being must be satisfied. The foundation of Stebbins' remarks was based on a highly poetical, but hardly practical idea, and as that preacher is nothing if not logical and philosophical, we were somewhat surprised. We are satisfied that the Creator cares mighty little for a visionary, sentimental love for himself, and would call the Doctor's attention to the beautiful idea conveyed in the words of the Great Teacher, "Inasmuch as ye did it to the

least of these, ye did it unto me." The whole sentiment of Christ's teaching *is* practical, even if it aims too high for poor humanity, and our love to God is indicated in exact ratio by our love to man. Of course woman is included.

Grace Church.—The text of the Rev. Mr. Platt, on Sunday night last, was "Quit You Like Men." Immediately on its announcement we commenced a rigid self-examination as to our sufficiency; we had smoked, chewed tobacco, drank whisky, played poker, and if all that did not make us like men, in the name of common sense, what would? We soon found, as usual, that this Rev. gentleman and we differed. He spoke of Christ as the manliest being who had ever trod the earth, and that those most like him were like the truest type of manhood. He said that we are directed to quit ourselves neither like angels nor beasts, but like men; that Christ was the pattern man; that those who had His mind were all right. We have tried to be manly; we have prayed some and cursed much, and we can't win if this standard is right. We expected to hear him say that those who sung psalms and made long faces at our accomplishments were manly men; but the Rev. Mr. P. don't seem to take to those sort more than we. He had in his mind neither Heenan nor Deacon Smoothface; but those men who, out of high resolves, learn "to suffer and be strong;" who are real, sure enough Christians; who never go into Credit Mobilier, nor local rings, nor back doors to saloons—men who try to make their prayers and their lives go in the same direction. Before he got through, we were inclined to admit that there was more in his view of the subject than we had before thought.

At the Tyler street Tabernacle, the Rev. Dr. Cunningham lectured on "The Young Man who Made a Bad Bargain." The discourse was a good and sensible one in the main, and his remarks on the man who marries an artificial woman would have brought down an ordinary week-day house. After his painful dissection of a modern beauty with pads and paint (or at all events whitewash), false teeth, a glass eye, and, we think, a wooden limb, india rubber "palpitator," a blonde wig and jute chignon, in brief a false body and a false mind, we came to the conclusion that we didn't want any of it. Several ladies of the congregation turned visibly pale beneath their *rouge*, and others very red under their *creme de lis*, and we should not wonder to hear of a partial stampede to some sanctuary where their little foibles are not so hardly dealt with.

The Rev. Dr. Miner delivered his farewell address to his particular batch of Universalists, last Sunday evening. Inasmuch as that gentleman has relieved our community of his presence, we do heartily commend him. *We* could spare them all, for this dreary business of running round on Sundays to one-horse churches is getting monotonous. Most of the Rev. Doctor's remarks were laudatory of his particular faith, which he considered "away up," and although he urged a Christian bearing towards others, it was with that somewhat exasperating superiority, which we have observed is common to all the creeds. Until parsons can act like gentlemen, and respect others' ideas and opinions, we have not much faith in "universal" religion. But as this multiplicity of faiths multiplies pulpits, we have no expectation that they will agree to agree.

We mention the Variety Entertainment at Dashaway Hall, to specially commend E. J. Buckley's fine recitations, which, for their mingled pathos and humor, are worthy of all praise. This painstaking young actor is making a well deserved reputation as an elocutionist. The Dashaways have a rival show in the field: "The Pacific Total Abstinence and Benevolent Society," is a new organization, which proposes a similar course of entertainments. In our youth we always took powders in jam; the main idea of these associations seems to be to offer us our pills sugar-coated. In other words, the temperance subject is insidiously mingled with music and recitations, and by a kind of cold water "free and easy," we are to be converted to the cause.

FRANCE AND GERMANY.

There is something singularly interesting in the present attitude of France and Germany toward each other. The statesmen of the latter country evince symptoms of a strange agitation and irritability, for which there appears no sufficient reason, at least to the superficial observer. France does not threaten revenge, or hint at a new war. She is reticent and self-controlled. She gives earnest attention to her internal affairs; she endeavors to recuperate her strength and to repair the losses she sustained during the late disastrous contest. All this is wise, and it is her right. Yet Germany seems troubled. One of her Ministers declares that France is now expending quite as much on her army as she did during actual hostilities, and makes this fact an argument for the necessity that Germany also shall maintain her armies upon a war footing. In fact, whatever the diplomatists and statesmen of the two nations may choose to say, for form's sake, it is clear that France has been too seriously wounded in her pride to be able to forgive or forget, and yet has sufficient wisdom and self-control to refrain from any open manifestation of feeling. She prepares, and is silent. Germany sees the preparations and understands the silence. It is this ominous silence and severe self-restraint that causes some uneasiness in the minds of the German Emperor and his advisers. "There were but two ways," says the *Courier des Etats Unis*, "to finish the war in such a way as that Germany should thenceforth have nothing to fear from France. The first was to crush her utterly; the second to grant her an honorable peace. Germany had not the wisdom to pursue either of these courses, and tis now *too late*."

A RETROSPECT.

In the valley where my being
First received its vital motion,
Runs a dark and rapid river,
To the all-absorbing ocean.
On which river's bushy margin,
In the days long since departed,
I and other young companions,
Thoughtless, gay, and simple-hearted
As the gamesome mountain lambkins,
Sporting on the neighb'ring heather,
Played our merry pranks and gambols,
In the sunny Summer weather.
One, from out the many frolics,
Of those truly "golden ages,"
Rises even now before me,
Fresh on mem'ry's faded pages.
We would launch upon the current
Of that river, dark and wavy,
Bits of bark and broken branches,
And baptize the whole our "navy."
Then along the margin running,
We would watch, with gaze extended,
O'er the fortunes of our "vessels,"
'Till the course of each was ended.

Some would lay, from the commencement,
Amongst weeds and waifs entangled;
Some would vanish in the rapids;
Some on rocks be dashed and mangled;
Few would keep the middle current—
And 'twas still a thing of wonder,
If these reached the goal we set them,
Otherwise than far asunder.
Where are we who play'd so gaily,
By that river dark and wavy?
We are stranded, shatter'd, sever'd,
Like our childhood's mimic "navy."
Cast together on Life's river,
In the days long since departed;
Far is each, who keeps the current,
From the friends with whom we started.
Some have 'gone, he knows not whither.
Leaving neither sign nor token; [ger'd;
Some have passed him; some have lin-
Some have perish'd, wreck'd, and broken.
Thus we drift, we few survivors,
With diversity of motion,
On our scatter'd waves of being.
To Eternity's vast ocean!

Mayfield, April 11, 1874. —*J. Lyon.*

RECALL OF THE JAPANESE STUDENTS.

In our issue for September 1, 1873, we mentioned that the Japanese students were recalled by an Imperial decree, forwarded by the new Minister of Education. At the time some letters appeared in the press, commenting unfavorably upon this sudden resolution, when the greater number of them had scarcely passed through half of the curriculum each was intended to study at the universities, so as to qualify them for posts in the Civil Service, or educational establishments in Japan. Remonstrances were made by the students and their relatives at the injustice of the order of recall, which had the desired effect of its being rescinded, and they were allowed to remain until their studies were completed. Each student on his departure was allowed his traveling expenses, and a certificate was given, authorizing him to draw upon the Treasury at Yedo for his maintenance and payment of class fees. These allowances, we understand, averaged about two hundred pounds per annum, exclusive of traveling expenses. These have been duly honored, but now the Finance Minister of Japan, from motives of economy, has induced the Government to recall the Civil Service students, whose maintenance abroad cost not less than £110,000 per annum. Those, however, who are intended for the army and navy do not come under this order of recall, but they form not much more than one-twentieth of the whole. This time the decree is peremptory, and all must leave for their destination, within two months of the date when they received the order. Hence there will be a complete exodus of these dusky, yet amiable young gentlemen, who have made friends that will miss them—not a few of whom belong to the fair sex. From one of the most intelligent students we learn there are at present about five hundred and fifty of them at the colleges and other educational institutions in Europe and America. They are classed and distributed in the following manner:—In England and Scotland (there are none in Ireland) the largest number are attending classes to qualify as civil engineers; then come those who study commerce, banking, political economy and law. Those on the Continent study law and sericulture in France, medicine in Germany, and a few in Russia acquiring a knowledge of diplomacy. In the United States they are chiefly engaged in agriculture, and for the same purpose there are a few in Scotland. Those acquiring a knowledge of the naval professional number fifteen in Britain and four in America, of the army twelve are in France and five in Germany, making thirty-six in all, to remain until they show a certain proficiency before the examiners for the navies and armies of these countries. None have yet passed examinations in either of the services, but several have obtained the degree of Doctor of Medicine in Germany, and Bachelor of Arts in England. From this it will be seen that the countries selected as the base for acquiring the professional knowledge necessary to perfect Japanese institutions through their agency are those most famous for each specialty; such as Britain for its navy, commerce, and finance; France for its army, code of laws, and silk manufactures; Germany for its medical colleges, Russia for its diplomacy, and America for its agriculture. Besides these Government students, there are 160 gentlemen of different ages, but mostly belonging to noble families, who are learning European langages, and acquiring a general education, at their own expense, or that of their parents. Of these there are stated to be seventy in America, fifty in Britain, and forty on the Continent; making a total of 710 students. If to these we add the Ministers and members of Legations, the Consuls and Consular officers, there have been during the past two or three years not less than 800 Japanese abroad, maintained at the public expense, and spending at least £200,000 per annum.

SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY IRRIGATED.

The success of the irrigation on the west side of this valley is now an established fact, and as such is a matter of untold importance to the future trade of this city. It is now time to consider how irrigation may best be carried out on the west side of this immense valley, where the rainfall is proved to be insufficient, even on the lands that have been summer-fallowed, to mature a profitable crop of grain. From that portion of the valley crossed by the railroad (between Ellis and the San Joaquin River) to the San Luis Creek is a distance of sixty miles, with an average width of ten miles, or an area of 600 square miles, or nearly 400,000 acres, the most of which is under wheat. This large area has yielded but two profitable crops since 1867; namely, in 1868 and in 1872. There has been enough capital thus fruitlessly expended on the cultivation of this area by the farming community and merchants of Stockton and San Francisco to have protected the whole of the west side of the valley from Tulare Lake to Tide Water from drought, by means of a canal leading from Tulare Lake along the edge of the foothills, and of another canal leading from the junction of the San Joaquin River and Fresno Slough. Taking only one-half of this area, say 200,000 acres, under the system of irrigation as proposed, there would be at least one ton of wheat to the acre, or 200,000 tons yearly, worth over seven millions of dollars to the farmers and landowners, so that one season's crop of wheat alone would pay the entire cost of the necessary canals for irrigation and navigation combined with the necessary distribution system. In regard to the question of so large a portion of the land being in the hands of Miller & Lux, W. S. Chapman, T. Paige, I. D. Patterson, and others, we need to take a common sense and practical view thereof. If Miller & Lux, for instance, find they can keep all the cattle they want to supply the San Francisco market on 25,000 acres of alfalfa, they will have no object or desire to hold the 400,000 acres they now own in the valley; but will, for many obvious reasons, be willing to lease and sell their surplus lands to *bonâ fide* settlers. There can be no doubt, moreover, that they will annually spend a large amount of capital in improving their wild lands with ditches and fences, so that they may be made attractive to the settler. It should be remembered that these men came to this country without anything save their brain and willing hard-working hands to back them. They have expended the profits of their business in this city in the purchase of the wild and waste lands of the San Joaquin, which until lately no man coveted or cared to possess. Instead of spending their money on fine houses in the city, or in any shoddy display, they have invested it in improving their lands; and are now, more than any other individuals in this State, dividing their lands into small farms, and irrigating the same. We think the system wrong which enables so vast an area of the public lands to be obtained by a few individuals, but it is unjust to blame Miller & Lux for making use of their successful and honorable career in obtaining these lands, which at the time neither the Government of the United States nor other citizens cared for. The S. J. & K. R. C. & I. Co. and Miller & Lux to-day deserve the highest praise that the State can give them for their enterprise and public spirit in proving what irrigation can and will do for the vast plains of California and Nevada. They have shown us what we did not know before, that California is capable of sustaining an immense population by means of irrigation.

AN EX-M. C. RENEWING HIS YOUTH.

The Honorable John Morrissey, despite his many virtues and graces, is not entirely happy. Although an outwardly most prosperous man, with faro and other kindred establishments of unsurpassed magnificence, he yet has a secret grief. In the gallery of portraits which a long and successful career has enabled him to accumulate, he is said to spend wistful hours in communing with the noble and expressive countenances of those whom he has loved and licked in the palmy days of the prize-ring, long ago; and to mourn as he recalls the glories of his past, and all the culture of his youth and early manhood should lie dormant in the dull embrace of wealth. The sympathizing ear of friendship has overheard him lamenting so much lost time, in which he hasn't closed a peeper, mashed a knowledge-box or spoiled a tater-trap. It was then an oasis, so to speak, in a wide Saharan expanse, when for a moment, the other night, he was almost irresistibly diverted "into the frequent channel of his thought," and found that his hand had not forgot its wonted cunning. It was in the Maison Dorée, one of those monastic retreats of New York where the weary find rest and the troubled nepenthe, that Mr. Morrissey met John Fox, a brother of the order of St. Tammany. They talked of the country, their holy fraternity, their common interests; finally they discussed each other's prolonged retirement from the busy world, and that was the way the difficulty arose. They were each willing to wager that the other's seclusion would be eternal; Mr. Morrissey's muscles tingled, and unpremeditatedly he gave the lie; a word or two more, and he had dexterously dropped his mawley alongside Fox's chops, got in one with his left on his nob, and, for variety, "butted" him with solemn efficiency. After this, sympathetic friends, who had rejoiced in Mr. Morrissey's rejuvenating indulgence, felt it their duty to interfere. The hero of this bar-room fight, by the way, was a member of Congress, not long ago, and is now an important factor in New York politics.

What nation is most likely to succed in a difficult enterprise? Determination.

THE GRAVEDIGGER'S REMONSTRANCE.

[To Sir H. Thompson.]

Who are you, to be thieving
The poor Sexton's bread?
How can we earn our living,
If you urn our dead?—*Punch.*

ADVERTISING SWINDLERS.

If Margaret Annie Dellair, late of Fern House, West Croydon, has recovered yet from the astonishment with which she heard herself sentenced recently at the Surrey Sessions, even her candor, possibly, might admit that five years' penal servitude is a punishment not heavier than she deserves. Dellair, who as a woman of superior education and the mother of seven young children, must have known the nature and effects of her operations, deliberately set herself to prey upon those of her own sex whose necessities should entitle them to consideration. Her method was to offer that great desideratum, "remunerative employment"—such as lacework and church needle-work—to "ladies in town or country." Ladies replying to her advertisements were assured that for such work, as well as for crochet and Berlin wool work, there was a great demand, and that "no one ought to earn less than from 8d. to 1s. per hour." These assurances were introductory to the really practical intimations of Dellair's letter. One guinea was to be paid for a registration fee before work could be sent, and for the convenience of those who had not the guinea at command half-a-crown would be taken "for booking." At the Sessions where Dellair was indicted for obtaining money by means of false pretences an array of ladies appeared who deposed that they received some materials of small value to make up, but who paid none of them any money. A postmaster proved that between July, 1873, and February last he had cashed 400 orders for the prisoner. Her counsel placed the case of his client before the jury as one of debt, and suggested that the ladies had parted with their money in a careless and foolish way. The jury, however, considered that she had been carrying on an extensive system of fraud, and the Judge declared that in all his experience he had never known a worse case. It is satisfactory to think that not only has a stop been put to the career of this particular depredator, but that a useful light has been thrown upon an organization of fraud. But the lesson of this case teaches further. Surely the spectacle of so many ladies grasping at the flimsy promise of good income to be got by doing crochet and Berlin work will convince the last doubter of the necessity of so bringing up girls that they may be qualified for some of those kinds of work which the world requires, and which it is ready to remunerate.—*London Daily News.*

ARRIVAL OF THE AUSTRALIAN STEAMER.

The Australian Steamer Mikado arrived on Thursday morning early, with a large number of passengers from Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, New Zealand, Fiji and Honolulu. Being several days overdue, considerable anxiety was felt as to her safety. The blundering *Call* started a rumor that the line had been withdrawn, but, whilst its readers were being misled by the statement, the *Mikado* was actually at anchor in our bay. We some time ago published a notice from the London papers, announcing that proposals had been issued for the formation of a company to take over the service. We presume the permanency of the line will depend upon the success of those proposals. Very angry complaints reach us from several of the competing railroads east of Omaha. These roads have agents in San Francisco, who are naturally eager for as large a share as possible of the passenger traffic. Of course, the very obvious interest of the line is to stand neutral between these contending parties. But this is precisely what it is not doing. A person who represents himself as brother of Mr. Hall, the manager of the line, claims that he is appointed to conduct the passengers overland, and then takes care to book them by one particular road, of which he appears to be the agent. Those who know railroad men will not need to be assured that this is an arrangement that cannot last. It is the interest of the line to cultivate the good will of all roads. Nothing can be more disastrous than to prolong the bitter enmity which this very suicidal arrangement has engendered. In addition to the escaped Communists alluded to elsewhere, the *Mikado* brings a large number of influential colonists. Prominent among these are two eminent divines—the Rev. Joseph Dare, of Melbourne, and the Rev. Dr. Lang, of Sydney. Mr. Dare may perhaps be fittingly described as the Henry Ward Beecher of Australia. He is probably the most eloquent preacher the Colonies possess. We see by our exchanges that he was the recipient, on his departure, of a purse containing $3,000. The Rev. Dr. Lang is known as an author, politician, and philantrophist, rather than as a divine. For many years he represented Sydney in the New South Wales Parliament. He recently retired from public life, and received a pension from the people he served so well. He is now on his way to the old country, to publish a history of the Colony in which he has lived for nearly half a century.

Mr. Nathan Clark, notably the best hair-cutter in San Francisco, has removed from Russ House Block to directly opposite, at No. 224 Montgomery street, up stairs, where, with a corps of skilled tonsorial artists, he will be pleased to attend his numerous friends and patrons.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

Where sleeping sunlight all the day
On that green lawn reposes,
One rose for me will wait and stay
Among her sister roses—
One rose of all the roses!

Across the lawn, one summer day,
(Where golden light reposes),
My loving eyes beheld her stray
With blushes through the roses—
One rose of all the roses!

And on the lawn, the self-same day
(Where sunlight sweet reposes),
I lost my heart and strolled away,
To dream about the roses—
One rose of all the roses!

When on the lawn, some future day,
A fairer light reposes,
My steps by happy chance will stray,
To claim among the roses—
One rose of all the roses!

J. R. EASTWOOD.

DR. LIVINGSTONE: DEAN STANLEY'S SERMON.

Very seldom have the aisles of Westminster Abbey echoed with a nobler sermon than that which Dean Stanley preached on April 19th, at the afternoon service, on the death of Livingstone. There were great travelers before him whom we have just buried, but no such tongue set forth their glory and pointed the true moral of their lives. Dean Stanley's sense of the inner life which animates the explorer and the missionary enabled him to give words to the popular sentiment, and vindicate its intrinsic justice as few divines of any age could have done. Well indeed did he say that it is to the glory of men to discover the secrets of God's providence, the infinite variety of nature and of man. There is no "soul so dead" but has felt a new man with each freshly-explored country, at his first glance upon eternal snows, or his first view of the boundless desert. To men who go forth beyong the limits of hitherto discovered land there comes a sense of new responsibility and of a watchful Providence, as when Mungo Park, naked and alone in the African desert, was roused to hope and perseverance by the reflection of the care of God as displayed in the lesson of the little plant growing before him. The Dean ended by an appeal to the statesmen, merchants and explorers of England to "be strong and fear not," and to remember Livingstone's own words, "I know that in a few years I shall be cut off; I go back to Africa to make an open path for commerce and Christianity; do you carry out the work I have begun.

A QUEER LAWSUIT.

A funny suit against an editor has been decided in the Circuit Court a Waukeshaw, Wis. The Faye, proprietors of La Belle House, at Oconomowoc, brought an action to recover $94 04 for meals and cigars furnished Ashly D. Hargar, editor of the Oconomowoc *Times*. Hargar set up a counter claim of $160 for "puffing" the La Belle House. Judgment was rendered for the plaintiff, and Mr. Hargar appealed to a jury. The case excited much interest, Hargar being well liked, and having a solemn, earnest manner of making very witty remarks. He testified that Fay would say to him: "Hargar, I've got a nice dinner to-day—come in." "No, I thank you, I'm going home. Fay would prevail on him to stay, and, after dinner, the following colloquy: "Everything all right, Hargar?" "Everything excellent." "Desert all right?" "Excellent." "Ice cream all right?" "Delicious, Mr. Fay." "Very well; remember this in your paper next week." In return for dinners and cigars, Hargar says he told a great many lies—editorially—worth more than one thousand dollars. He would never have presented a bill for lies had not Fay fallen out with him and wanted pay for the dinners. Hargar pleaded his own case, and the jury found a verdict for him, which threw the costs upon the hotel keepers.

WATER.

The apathy which distinguished this community upon the water question has at last been disturbed, and a lively interest is awakened in the issue. The Board of Supervisors (in whose special charge the matter lies) are not inert, but are beginning to look out diligently for our interests. Various corporations and individuals have laid their plans and prospects before the water committee for consideration, and that honorable body is beginning to act. This week a deputation of these gentlemen visited Clear Lake, a beautiful sheet of water lying in Lake county at an altitude of many feet above the sea. The water was thoroughly examined, and in abundance and quality was found perfectly satisfactory. Soundings were made in three different places to the depth of 7, 8 and 11 fathoms respectively. The plans for bringing water to the city, as proposed to the committee, are eminently feasible. Take it for all in all, the trip was a most satisfactory one, and is a good beginning of a good work. Whether the water come from Clear Lake, or from some other place yet to be discovered, we begin to see a vision of the time when we can take a cup of water without seeing the sides crusted with silver dollars. Preliminaries are necessary, but we hope they'll not be long. The nearness of the prospect makes us impatient for the realization of the end.

ART NOTES.

The School of Design will close on June 6th, and on the Tuesday following, June 9th, an exhibition of the students' work will be held at the Art Association rooms. Dr. Norton has presented two beautiful busts, reductions from the Apollo Belvidere and Venus di Milo, to be given as prizes. Itis not decided whether any prizes will be awarded this term, as there is a strong feeling in favor of offering such premiums at the close of the year, and not semi-annually. Mr. Williams delivered the third of his course of lectures last week, the subject being "Parallel Perspective." He will, next Thursday, illustrate "Oblique" ditto. These lectures should, we suggest, be repeated before the members of the Art Association.

The Reception Committee of the Art Association has met and all the arrangements have been made for the *soiree*, to be held on the evening of June 15th.

Some time since, at the suggestion of President Alvord, a circular was addressed from the Art Association to all the prominent academies and schools in the Eastern States and Europe, soliciting information, and any works published by them bearing on art matters. The result has been very satisfactory, and from most of the principal capitals of Europe, from Canada, Australia, etc., response has been made, as well as from the East. The last batch of some dozen books came from St. Petersburgh, and the Association is waiting for somebody to translate at least the titles of them. After awhile a polyglotist will be a necessary officer of the Art Association.

"Enjoyment" was the last theme at the Graphic Club—F. S. Butler's night | and it was illustrated in very good shape in a dozen different ways. John S. Bugbee made a sketch worthy of being painted, a happy bachelor smoking his meerschaum and warming his toes by a glowing fire, a table with the component materials for hot grog hard by, and a favorite dog on the floor as comfortable as his master. Welch drew a portrait of Rockwell smoking a cigar, which the expression of that gentleman's face indicates is a good one. Jorgensen limned a happy mother tossing a happy child in the air. Bush illustrated the pleasures of sledging, and Holdredge those of swinging. Bloomer's thoughts naturally wandered to love and courtship; Rockwell's to fishing under a shady tree, piscator being well provided in every shape, and not caring a dash for anybody, and the *beneficiare's* to the same subjects treated, however, very differently. Hahn made a capital sketch of a playful young goat-ling with a young puppy playing round.

At the music store of Messrs. Schuberth & Co., on Clay street, two fine examples of the eminent German landscape painter, A. W. Wedeking, are on view. One is a winter scene, a most effective work, and the second is a Summer wood study, full of truth and admirable handling. We can honestly recommend *connoisseurs* to inspect this pair of pictures.

On June 10th, Major Edward Sutherland, an artist of considerable versatility, will offer a large collection of his works at auction. Of this more anon.

THE GUTTER-SNIPE PRESS ABOUT TAXES.

The Sacramento Union, which wants this city to pay all the taxes of the State, howls that the *Alta* office has not paid taxes for the past year, and goes off into a tirade upon the grandmother of the press (the *Alta*) for writing against Controller Green's attempt to gouge this city and county of all the milk she has to spare, and more, too. Now, when the howl is taken up by such a newspaper as the *Chronicle*, (see the *Sun* article) and that meek Pickering's *Call*, that never has an opinion, and hold up their hands in holy horror at the grandmother's dereliction in duty to pay her taxes, we have called at the Tax Collector's office to find out how much these papers paid into the City Treasury, and find the following innocent figures, to-wit: The would-be virtuous *Call* paid taxes on just four thousand dollars ($4,000), the slimy *Chronicle* paid taxes on ten thousand dollars, the *Union* (Sacramento) on sixteen thousand dollars, the *Bulletin*, on their $37,000 press, and other material, paid on sixteen thousand dollars, making a total of taxes paid by these worthies, all together, of $47,200. This includes all their buildings, type, presses, material, etc., owned by the four newspapers named. Grandmother *Alta* is accused by these prowlers, highbinders and general scullions, of not having paid taxes, but, by the Tax Collector's books, we find that our good old-fashioned grandmother *Alta* has paid taxes on her material and building just forty-eight thousand dollars, or eight hundred dollars more than all the four virtuous howlers—*Union*, *Call*, *Chronicle* and *Bulletin*—put together? Go to, now, you wretches. Print your own shame, if you dare. O! but you can't see it. You never correct anything reflecting on yourselves, even when you tell a bold lie. Go on your way, Grandmother, and let the whelps howl.

Consumption of Sugar.—The total consumption of sugar for the year ending the 30th of September last in English breweries was 63,111,229 lbs., of which 26,795,293 lbs. were consumed in London, and 31,730,969 lbs. in the provinces. In Scotland the consumption was 574,303 lbs., and in Ireland 3,900,867 lbs.—*Standard*

"Letting off steep," is a little boy's definition of snoring.

THE RELIEF FOR LOUISIANA.

There is great distress in the Southern portion of the States; in many places the Mississippi has broken or overflowed her bounds, and from Memphis to New Orleans the devastation is general. The richest portion of the State of Louisiana is irretrievably ruined; the loss is estimated at over twenty millions of dollars; townships have been swept away, and family upon family are utterly destitute, not to mention those perhaps more fortunate ones who have been overwhelmed by the remorseless flood. The cry for help has been heard from the waste of waters, and California, as usual, is ready with the helping hand. On the 12th, a preliminary meeting was held at the office of Messrs. Peachey & Robert, and a committee nominated of our first men, who have received offers of assistance from all sides. Colonel Wilson, of the Palace Amphitheatre, together with Donald McKay, tendered a benefit, giving the gross receipts, which has already been successfully performed. McDonald and Keene again match their fast horses at Agricultural Park, the whole receipts to go to the fund. Maguire has tendered both the Alhambra and the Opera in the like liberal manner. Woodward gives up his gardens for the same purpose; so does the management of the City Gardens. There is to be a picnic, the like of which has not been heretofore, and an amateur performance, whereat that fair child of the South and of song, who has already charmed us, will take a prominent part, so that there is no fear that San Francisco will be behind other cities in her contributions to the sufferers by flood and famine. We hope every one will help the good cause. Why not? Charity is joined with pleasurable enjoyment in so doing.

TRIBULATIONS OF THE POLICE.

The guardians of our slumbers and special divinities of tender nursery maids are having a lively time of it between the newspapers and the Supervisors. While the papers are industriously abusing them, the Supervisors are making arrangements to cut down their salaries. When the question was first broached in the Board, the members of the force saw the necessity of some extensive lobbying, and believing in the influence of the Captains and Detectives, the matter was left in their hands, and it was believed they would manage things well. And they did. Finding that the Supervisors were determined on a reduction, and that all the lobbying in the world wouldn't stop it, the Detectives and the rest of the lobbyists went to work to save themselves, and managed to induce the Police Committee to recommend the following schedule of salaries: Five Captains of Police, one Property Clerk and one clerk to Chief of Police, each $150 per month; twelve detective officers, six sergeants, four prison-keepers, one bailiff of Police Court, one assistant clerk of Police Court, one first assistant Property Clerk, one second assistant Property Clerk, one assistant clerk of Chief of Police and six officers for special duty, each $125 per month; one hundred and ten patrol officers, each $110 per month. The salary of patrol police officers to be hereafter appointed not to exceed $100 per month. When this report was made public, the patrolmen saw that they had been sacrificed by the men they had trusted, and since then the air about the City Hall has been quite sulphurous in consequence of muttered prayers of "dahmtherize and dahmtherzoles," leveled at the heads of the smart policemen who saved themselves, and nobly threw their brothers into the breach.

[From the San Francisco News Letter of May 23d.]

MORE POLICE INQUIRIES.

MAY 22, 1874.

Editor News Letter:—Your correspondent, "Fair Play," in last week's issue of your paper attempts to make a defense of the present Chief of Police, and as your columns have been allowed to be used by the defendant, the plaintiff in person of one of the prosecutors, desires the right without attorney to propound the following questions to the immaculate gentlemen who pretend to rule the police destinies of the city of San Francisco:

1st. Did Chief of Police Cockrill witness the payment of five hundred (500) dollars by officer Englander to officer Dunbar in consideration of Englander retaining his position of Bailiff of the Police Court, and officer Dunbar in consideration of said amount to resign his position as a member of the force?

2d. Did Chief of Police Cockrill send a private citizen by the name of Burdett, as a detective employed by the Police Department, to Visalia to ferret out a murderer, and allow the citizen Burdett to receive from the people of said city one hundred and fifty (150) dollars, of which Burdett retained one hundred dollars and Chief of Police Cockrill fifty (50) dollars?

3d. Has Mr. Burdett at any time received an appointment by the Commissioners of Police as private or special officer?

Whenever the defendants of Mr. Cockrill can answer the three questions propounded above, then the writer will double the number, and continue the same until the people become satisfied that the Police Department is used either for the benefit of those who seek office for their own pecuniary advancement, or for the best interest of the people.

T.

There was philosophy, of a certain sort, in the cynical advice which an eminent politician is reported, or fabled, to have given Mrs. Woodhull: "If you are going into politics, get rid of your character as soon as you can; *I* got rid of mine, years ago, and have enjoyed myself ever since."

SPECIAL BREVITIES.

Mr. Sumner's sister sends the following letter: San Francisco, Cal., April 22, 1874. Charles P. Stuckney, Esq.: My Dear Sir—I feel it impossible to express my gratitude to the legislative committee, over which you preside, for all their constant and tender care throughout the funeral services of my dear brother, when no kindred were near to receive and guard the precious dust. The last services were throughout most beautiful and soothing, and the scene at Mt. Auburn most impressive and sublime. Will you kindly try to express my grateful feelings to all members of your committee, to the Governor and to the Legislature of the dear old commonwealth of Massachusetts, who in the absence of kindred opened wide her arms and heart to receive the sacred dust; to those whose voices filled the air with such exquisite music, and to all who took part in any way in those last beautiful services over the close of that noble life. Please accept for yourself, dear sir, my most heartfelt thanks, and believe me

Sincerely and gratefully yours,
JULIA SUMNER HASTINGS.

A Curious Elm.—In the course of a trial upon some forest rights, a witness named Elm was examined. Being a hale, hearty old man, the judge asked him what had been his manner of life. "I have always," he answered, "been a very early riser, and been very temperate." Turning to the jury, his lordship said, "See gentlemen, what you may reasonably expect from early rising and temperance. The next witness was a brother of the first, and though older, being upwards of eighty years of age, he was a more healthy-looking man. Addressing him, the judge said, "I suppose, from your appearance, that, like your brother, you have been very temperate?" "Alas! my lord," the witness replied, "I have never gone to bed sober these thirty years!" "Ah, well gentlemen," remarked the judge, "you see an elm will flourish wet or dry."

Retaliation of Nature.—Mrs. H. B. Stowe has an orange orchard in Florida, of which she is very proud, but unfortunately the majority of the oranges on her trees have turned black. She claims that she has discovered the cause, it being a lack of sufficient lime in the soil; but old Floridians who have known the grove for years, say that there were no black oranges there previous to her purchase of the place, and claim that Providence has rewarded her love for the black by endowing her oranges with the favorite color. Mr. Reed's fruit in an adjoining orchard, not 20 feet from hers, are all of beautiful orange color.

Caught by a Cockney.—A good story is being told of George William Curtis, the poet. He prides himself, it is said, on his English accent, eschewing the Yankee "drawl." Therefore, when he was in England, and went to a tailor's, he was not a little mortified at the proprietor exclaiming: "'Array, show the Hamerican gentleman the flowery Weskets!"

Sunken Treasure.—The *Cologne Gazette* states that a company is about to be formed to raise the treasures which are still lying in the *Lutine*, a ship which went down 100 years ago in the Zuyderzee. It is well known that the wreck of the ship still promises to the value of 12,000,000 guilden (£1,000,000) in ready money, while about 50 years ago eight millions were brought to light.

The Law of Libel.—The Court of Common Pleas decided recently that libelous statements, which if sent by letter should be privileged, would not be privileged as telegrams, because they would then be published to the clerks.

In Rome, at the present moment, there are more American visitors than those of any other two nationalities combined.

An old Scotchman of Boston used to say, I'm open to conviction, but I'd like to see the man that can convince me.

In Mr. Beecher's judgment, greenbacks are "Government lies, issued by the hundred thousand."

NOTABILIA.

One Hundred and Fifty Lives and Two Million Dollars.—The dreadful calamity which has befallen the people of Leeds, Williamsburgh and the other towns and villages, by the late flood in Massachusetts, has caused a thrill of sympathy through the whole country, and we are glad to learn that liberal contributions are pouring in for the relief of the sufferers. Among the most appropriate donations we notice a number of those fine Union Cooking Ranges, which have made the name of J. De La Montanya famous throughout the civilized world. A splendid assortment always on hand at 214 to 220 Jackson street.

"Hans," said his grandfather, one day, "take this jug, and go out and get me some beer." "All right; give me the money." "O! it is easy enough to get beer with money; the thing is to get it without money." Hans goes out and soon returns with the jug. His grandfather, after trying in vain to get the drink, says: "Hans, this jug is empty." "So much the better," replied the urchin; "it is easy enough to drink beer when the jug is full; the thing is to get a drink when it is empty." Hans was right; if you would drink, you must first fill up the glass. San Franciscans have their demijohns filled at F. & P. J. Cassin's, 523 Front street, where O K Plantation Whisky is sold.

Why is a ship designated as "she?" Because she always keeps a man on the look-out.

We live in wondrous times. Things new and strange are being discovered every day, until one is lost in wonderment at the possibilities of the human mind. Science is opening such limitless views to us that we can already see that men are yet mere infants in knowledge, compared with what they will in the future attain to. We are only just beginning to get on the right track. The genius of universal emancipation is abroad. Man's intellect, disenthralled and emancipated from all prejudice, is for the first time in the history of the world pursuing free and unfettered investigation. "Man, know thyself!" is the command which, in our day, is imperative. If men would obey it, and know themselves, they should be photographed at Bradley & Rulofson's, 422 Montgomery street. The elevator lifts you into the art gallery.

Handel once composed a piece of music, in reference to which he made a wager that a celebrated player could not play it. The musician attempted to play the music, but failed, and lost his money. The fact was that his fingers required to be at each end of the piano at the exact moment when a note was to be touched in the middle. He wanted to know how that music could possibly be played, unless a man had three hands. Handel accomplished it by bobbing his long nose down until he touched the proper note. Had Handel, in his day, known the excellence of the Hallet, Davis & Co. Pianos, he would have had one. They are purchasable at the agent's, W. G. Badger, 7 and 13 Sansome street.

Many of the daily papers say they are opposed to inflation, and yet they are constantly blowing up people.

John McCullough's success East surprises many people, but then they are persons who do not know the secret of his triumphs. John was accustomed, long before he left San Francisco, to make daily excursions through the Golden Gate Park, and away alone by himself, far from the busy hum of the city, he used to mouth Shakspeare to his heart's content. Even his most appreciative critics say that his voice is just a little husky. That has resulted from talking so much to the winds. McCullough, on all occasions, never failed to call at the "Villa," kept by Mr. and Mrs. Mangenberg, where the lunches are good, but not free.

Here is the very latest from the Poet of the Sierras:

"Here lies interred Priscilla Bird,
Who sang on earth till sixty-two,
Now up on high, above the sky,
No doubt she sings like sixty, too.

Priscilla's latest and favorite piano was the Arion, such as can be purchased of the agent, B. Curtaz, 20 O'Farrell street.

A national convention of milch cows is called for to protest against the manufacturing of artificial butter. It is an unkine proceeding.

They are looking for the names of the next Grand Jury with intense interest. A most important question is to be submitted to them. Fortunately, it was not referred to the last crowd. They would have ignored the matter altogether. Better things are expected when the Judges name the Grand Jurors. For that reason Messrs. Main & Winchester have determined they will reserve the question for them to decide whether the harness and saddlery made at their establishment, 214 and 216 Battery street, will not defy the competition of the world.

Gonzales, the brute, ordered 400 lashes to be administered to Vice-Consul Magee. Guatemala has apologized, and paid a handsome indemnity. A deal of salve for one's wounded feelings can be purchased with $50,000. It was a terrible outrage. Magee fainted, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that he could be restored. It was not accomplished until after some one had happily thought of Cutter's Whisky. If that can't put life into a man, nothing else can. A. P. Hotaling, 431 Jackson street, is the agent.

A School Board member said, "Now, who loves all men?" The question was hardly put before a little girl answered quickly, "Aunt Roschel."

"**Emerson Corville** keeps the place,
The best saloon in town,
There you can get your oysters raw,
Or fried so crisp and brown.
He's the largest oyster dealer
On the Pacific Coast,
And that he keeps the freshest,
Has ever been his boast.

"He's got nice little private rooms,
Where you can sit at ease,
And eat your California stew,
Or Eastern, if you please.
All the young men of fashion go
Right to the SADDLE ROCK,
To eat their EASTERN OYSTERS,
And drink their Rhenish hock."

Emerson Corville has removed from 410 to 419 Pine street.

Knowledge is power. Yea! verily, the greatest power in the world. It is a greater power than steam, for it conquers that element, and renders it obedient and subservient to man's desires. It is greater than electricity, for does it not flash the electric spark around the world, in order to tell us all that is going on, even at the uttermost ends of the world. Knowledge gathers the rays of the sun in a focus, and, with their aid, instantaneously paints a picture that cannot lie—a portrait that is as flattering to the peasant as to the king. Houseworth is noted for possessing that branch of knowledge. His works are the evidences. His celebrities tell their own story, at his establishment, 12 Montgomery street.

The Cobbler's End.—After breathing his "last," he gives up his "sole" and goes to the "upper" regions.

Canon Kingsley, of Westminster Abbey, is here. He is going to tell us what he knows of success. He is a scholar, a thinker, and a well-paid divine. He therefore knows what it is to succeed. Energy, enterprise, determination—those are the qualifications, by the aid of which D. A. McDonald & Co. succeed in their business at the Enterprise Mills. They attend to it themselves, and hence it comes that they sell the best and cheapest doors, sashes, blinds, window frames, etc., that are manufactured in San Francisco. Try them, and see.

Victoria Woodhull is here. Going into the Board of Brokers, they say. She has brought the whole family along—Col. Blood, Tennie C. Claflin, *et als.* They are going to keep house, and are now in search, it is said, of a good one, which must not be too far from the Bulls and Bears of California street. Their furniture will be purchased, for coin, at the establishment of Plum, Bell & Co., 22, 24 and 26 Post street.

What is the difference between a child's bib and suddenly sitting on a pin? One is a pin-a-fore, and the other a pin-a-hind.

They are on the make, and will stand watching. There is money in it. The Spring Valley Company are watching movements with the keen eye of an eagle. Our citizens must look out, or they will be saddled with a bad purchase of the company's muddy water. Until we get a pure supply, the right thing to do is to use "Evart's Patent Carbon Filter." It is cheap, handy, clean and perfect in its operations. The sole agents are Messrs. Bush & Milne, 29 New Montgomery street.

A singular instance of scepticism is recorded in the case of the man who said that the Bible was "too good to be true."

Exclaimed the beautiful actress, as she rushed to the front of the stage, "What am I made for?" The startled audience sat in mute reflection. Yet again the voice came, but with increased emphasis, "What *am* I made for?" The young urchin up among the gods cried, "I'll give it up." If, however, he had been asked what a Richmond Portable Range is "made for," he would have known directly. There is no mistaking its purpose. Economical and good cooking result from its use. The agents are Geo. H. Tay & Co., 614 to 618 Battery street.

There is nothing like personal experience. That is how Mabel found out how it was. She remarked, "Mamma, he is very fond of kissing." Astonished Mamma—"Mabel who ever told you such nonsense?" "Why, I had it from his own lips," was the very natural rejoinder. Yes, there is nothing like personal experience. That's why every one knows there is no wine like the Gerke, which is supplied by Geo. Hamlin, 413 Market street.

"**Where there's a will there's a way,**" as the young man said when he eloped with the fair legatee.

Citizens who know their duty, but do it not, will never build up a model republic. The next Grand Jury, it is hoped, will understand that fact. Our country requires that every man should do his duty. That is exactly why Sanborn & Byrnes, the stair builders and wood turners, are so largely patronized. Our citizens know that they do their duty at their establishment, over the Mechanics' Mill, on Mission street, between First and Fremont.

When Adam awoke in Paradise, and found Eve by his side, he was truly a happy man. He would find himself in a paradise should he awake in San Rafael. And, to enjoy a maximum of happiness, he should take his Eve along with him. There is no danger from eating apples there. Everybody puts up at the Marin Hotel.

Isabel and I had a good time that afternoon, and no mistake. Such billing and cooing! We had a team that could go faster than greased lightning—regular flyers. But they couldn't fly half so fast as the time did that afternoon. We had a spin on the San Bruno Road, and a refresher at Harry Blanken's.

REAL ESTATE TRANSACTIONS.

Recorded in the City and County of San Francisco, Cal.

Compiled from the Records of the Mercantile Agency of Hope, McKillop & Co., 317 California Street, San Francisco.

Monday, April 13th.

GRANTOR TO GRANTEE.	DESCRIPTION.	PRICE
L Hansen to City and County S F.	Com 137:6 w Stockton, 55:6 s Union, s 13:3, e 11:½ inch, nw 17:3 to com	$ 64
Henry Wagner to same	Se Stockton and Green, s 38:9, etc	12,765
John W Shaw to Wm Hollis	Nw 18th and Howard, 25x95	5
Wm Hollis to J E H Helms	Same	2,500
Wm McLaughlin to E McGonigle	N 22d, 92:6 e Treat Av, 30x95	1,600
Mary E Ross to Mary C Sims	Und ½ 100 v lot known as the Ojo de Agua de Figuerra	3,000
Wm Ashcroft to C McGonigle	S Natoma, 402 w 1st, 24x80	4,000
Hyam Joseph to City and Co S F	W Kearny 137:6 n Pacific, w 3:3½, etc	321
Land Investm't Co to J Archibald	Nw Howard, 275 sw 7th, 275x275	85,000
Wm Hollis to John Corcoran	S Clay 343:9 w Webster, 25x127:4½	2,800
A T Green to Henry Hansch	S Haight, 137:6 e Octavia, e 25, etc	1,600
F L A Pioche to Nathan Atkinson	S Fell, 137:6 e Buchanan, 110x120	6,000
Jas Ballentine to Jos Hanson	Nw Jessie, 130 sw 9th, sw 25x165	3,150
Jos Hanson to Sarah Ballentine	Nw Jessie, 155 sw 9th, sw 25x165	1

Tuesday, April 14th.

Jas Ambrose to F C A Kleebauer	W Church, 76 s Jersey, 38x75	$ 500
Dan'l Murphy to Willows L'd As'n	W Mission, 137 n 19th, n 50, w 80, etc	1
Geo Barstow to P H Canavan	Com in Tibbets s l 36:5½ w 1st Av and 162:6 n from blk 72, O L, th w 83:8 to 1st Ave, e 64:1½, etc	1,600
Henry Hahn to A T Green	S Haight 165 w Gough, s 129:0½, etc	225
Jabez P Clay to S C Hastings	Nw Vallejo and Leav'th, 137:6x137:6, subject to D of T for $20,000	28,000
Willows Land As'n to W H Brown	Sundry lots in M B 39	120000
A G Stiles to Margaret Dean	N O'Farrell, 62:6 w Buchanan, 25x125; also, Buchanan n O'Farrell, 12:6x62:6	1,000
R F Morrison to Rich'd Wilson	Filbert 137:6 w Buchanan, 25x120	750
Thos Magee to Geo Morrow	Nw Fell and Webster, 45:6x82:6	2,900
John Darby to Adam Upp	S Natoma 125 sw 7th, 25x75	4,500
Silver Ter H'd As'n to F Dond	Lot 128, Silver Terrace H'd	315
Ed F Hall, Jr, to Adam Grant	S Pine 185 w Leav'th, 45x137:6	6.535
Wm Boltrey to Edw Landers	Nw Bryant 175 ne 4th, 60x80	9,500

Wednesday, April 15th.

John P Nelson to W T Coleman	W Taylor, 72:6 n Clay, 45x65	$3,000
Nelson Provost to J P Nelson	Same	3,000
V P A Roncovieri to M Roncovieri	S Hinkley, 62:6 e Dupont, 35x57:6	1
M L Roncovieri to Louis Dutertre	N Broadway, 98:4 e Dupont, 5 in x 39:2	250
Aaron Bruman to J Mangels	S Oak, 112:6 w Gough, 25x125, to correct error in former deed	10
J B Dickinson to City & Co of S F	Nw Stockton and Green, n 54:4½, etc	22,402
John E Doyle to Thos B Lewis	E Yale, 150 n Henry, 120x125	1
Wm Woodward to F Giacobby	Se Wash'n and Powell, e 34:4x68:9	11,000
J J Birgin to E Lasar	S Green, 137:6 e Powell, 30x22:11	800
Same to M Bergin	S Green, 57:4 e Powell, e 34:8, etc	2,000
Mrs Rosa Sutro to Otto Sutro	N Channel, 275 e 6th, 22:11x120	1
F B Austin to Thos H Cooper	Ne Laurel and Sac'to, 137:6x127:8¼	3,000
Thos H Cooper to Sophia Moore	E Laurel, 127:8½ n Sac'to, c 137:6, etc	Gift
E F Hall, Jr, to Rob't F Morrow	S Pine, 230 w Leav'th, w 45x137:6	6,545
S and L Soc'y to Augusta Dunlap	W Shotwell, 197 s 17th, 48x122:6	1,555

Thursday, April 16th.

C W H Coney to Thos B Holt	Lots 3, 4, 45 and 46, blk 303, Haley T'ct	$2,500
Spring Valley H Ass'n to D Strumer	Lot 66, Silver Terrace H'd	360
A W Kauffmann to Meyer Wolff	S Berry, 60 e Dupont, e 37:6x60	2,250
D M Richards to same	Und ¾, same	6,750
Augusta Dunlap to J C Duncan	W Shotwell, 197 s 17th, 48x122:6	3,150
Camilo Martin to same	Sundry lots in R R H'd No 2	1
Solomon May to Sam'l F Bufford	N Turk, 68:9 w Fillmore, 68:9x137:6	10,000
M H Whitmore to John Brickell	N Cal'a, 169 w Kearny, 56x137:6	100
Peter Meyn to Wm Gering	Ne 12th, 102:6 nw Folsom, 25x75	2,250
S and L Soc'y to M B Barry	Lots 9, 10, 11, 29, 30, blk 7, blk A, P H'd	1,250
Geo Hyde to J J McKinnon	W Steiner, 100 n Sutter, 26x110; also, Sutter 110 w Steiner, 100x137:6; also, se Fillmore and Tyler, 137:6x137:6	
Phillip Heuer to City and Co S F	S Lombard, 7 e Jansen, e 24:6, etc	1,717
Thos H Holt to C H Stanyan	S Wash'n, 137:6 w Laurel, 137:6x127:8½	1
Geo Milburn to Jacob Gundlach	S Chestnut, 137:6 w Kearny, 91:8x137:6	5,000
J C Duncan to P B Green	Lot 4, blk Y, R R H'd No 2	
C T H Palmer to R F Clark	N Pine, 106:3 w Buchanan, 25x137:6	5
Simon Marks to John Pforr	S Eddy, 137:6 w Mason, 30x137:6	9,500
David H Rand to Jos Anderau	W Leav'th, 97:6 s Pacific, 20x60	3,000

Friday, April 17th.

A D Splivalo Guglielmo Berreta	Lots 3 and 4, blk 1, S S F H'd	$1,500
J J McKinnon to Geo Hyde	W Steiner, 100 n Sutter, 25x100; also, Sutter 110 w Steiner, 110x137:6; also, Se Fillmore and Tyler, 137:6x137:6	10,000
Phillip S Fay to N B Ritchie	S Pine, 84:6 w Gough, 28x120, subject to mortgage for $3,000	5
Abigail Wallace to S Hepdonfeldt	Und ½, Cal'a 50:5 w Kearny, 89x137:6	26,250
C W Wallace to same	Und ½ same	26,250
A & C W & M Wallace to same	Und ⅙ same	
Henry Judge to Gustave Mebaum	Ne Pine and Pierce, 171:10½x275	10,500
Pleasant V H'd As'n to W Beretta	Lots 75 and 79, blk 367, Pleasant V H'd	250
Rob't Wilson to Jas P Dameron	N Ridley, 238:7 e Valencia, e 33:3, etc	15
C T H Palmer to Edwin Goodall	S Cal'a, 81:3 w Buchanan, 25x137:6	500
L E Swift to Wm Fehrenbacher	Se Minna, 115 sw 11th, 50x80	2,550
Wm Fehrenbacher to F Gehrig	Se Minna 115 sw 11th, 25x80	2,550
Isadore Isenberg to J W Henry	W Powell, 47 s Union, 70x28:6	3,500
Eugene Celle to Geo Scott	N McAllister, 30 e Laguna, 37:6x190	3,400
John Syroul to Wm Subiette	5 acres tract adj on the east a tract of 18 acs conveyed by Sharp & Sproul to W Soublette about June, 1853	1,000
City and County S F to E H Park	Re-record	
John H Russell to Josiah Sturgis	S Clay, 165:6 e Mason, 28x71:6	2,722
John Russell to same	Same	2,722
Wm Miller to Anne Kershaw	Se Jones and Vallejo, 58:9x45:10	Gift
Wm Bryant to John Parrott	Ne Sac'to and Davis, 100x119:6	65,000
Wm F Mohrhardt to O F Bolles	W Dolores, 51 s 20th, 25x105	650
City and County S F to A T Noble	Se 22d and Capp, 122:6x80	
Sand L Soc'y to same	Same	5,900

Saturday, April 18th.

T Burke to P S Van Rensslaer	Se Gough and Grove, 120x137:6	12,500
A H Walzen to Geo Nicholas	S 23d, 100 e Guerrero, 25x114, subject to deed of trust for $500	100
B J Shay to Chas Easton	E Chattanooga, 100 n 22d, 30x125	750
Bd of T L Com'rs to N Burns	Lots 12, 17, 18 and 19, blk 890, T L	105
Same to same	Lots 1 to 9, 20 to 24 inc, Tide Lands	292
H S & L Soc'y to to C Josselyn	N Sac to, 115:10 e Kearny, 21:8x59:6	12,000
S A Woodbury to D H Crocker	Com at the mouth of Lobos Creek, th'ce n 60 deg, w 1:81 chains, etc	5,000
D H Crocker to A J Longmore	Same	5,000
F Paty to Michael Reese	N Wash'n, 207:3 e Stockton, 75x35	750
H Hyman to Michael Smith	N Bernard, 83:6 w Taylor, 23:6x60	2,050
F Vassault to John Landers	S Bush, 222:6 w Leav'th, 52:6x137:6	1
Helene Hyman to H Hyman	Und ⅙ nw Tyler and Polk, 55x120; also, E Noe, 76:6 s Hancock, 25x105; also, Bernard, 83:6 w Taylor, 23:6x60; also, N McAllister, 50 e Octavia, 50x100	
Sam'l McCullough to G M Condee	S O'Farrell, 117:6 w Mason, 20x60	6,000
Phoebe Palmer to F & Mech's B'k	Lot 2, blk X, Pac Sav and Hd Ass'n; also, lots 15 and 16, blk 310, and lot 9, blk 311, S S F H d and R R Ass'n	2,500
J C Duncan to Johnston Paterson	Lot 1, blk G, R R H'd No. 2	65
G Guenazio to John Guenazio	Com at a pt in w l of 50 v 374, 30 it s fr nw cor of sd 50 v lot, 20x58:9	2,500
Hiram Roseckrans to Matilda Molt	N Haight w Laguna, 68:9x137:6	16,500
C T H Palmer to C Stallmann	N Sutter 206:3 w Buchanan, 137:6x137:6	600

Monday, April 20th.

Jas Sheehy to L Cunningham	N Tyler, 137:6 e Larkin, 50x137:6	10,000
L Cunningham to James Shea	Same	10,000
Jabez P Clay to H Hegeler	Nw Leav'th and Union, 68:9x65	3,000
Same to Same	W Florence n Broadway, 22:11x58:9	750
Same to Same	Und ⅓ sw Taylor and Pacific, 52x92	3,500
Thos Hill to May Moore	N Post, 103:1½ w Hyde, 34:4½x137.6	9,000
F W Pinkham to John Gross	Lot 304, Gift Map 1	50
Erhard Weissig to J Jennings	Lot 2, blk 92, Buena Vista H'd	450
Elisha C Skinner to C E Haseltine	W San Jose Rd, 60 n 26th, n 52, etc	5,100
Same to Lewis F Knight	Com 110 w San Jose R'd n 26th, 10:3x80	5
L F Knight to E C Skinner	N 26th, 116 w San Jose R'd, n 30, etc	5
Wm H Harndin to L S B Sawyer	Lot 92, blk 26, and lot 30, blk 6, Mission and 30th St H'd	....
L S B Sawyer to Michael Barry	Lot 30, blk 6, same	....
Frank C Havens to Ellen Connolly	Se Fulton and Laguna, 46x120	294
Silver Ter Hd As'n to T O'Connor	Lot 184, Silver Terrace H'd	187
David Norris to B F Williams	Nw Bryant, 30 sw Dora, 25x80	1,600
P G Partridge to Frederic Clay	E Larkin, 112:6 n Jackson, 25x137:6	1,300
G L Miller to Frank M Pixley	N Mission, 325 e 6th, 50x90	13,000
Arthur Quinn to Ellen Quinn	Sw Dolores and Center, 120x90	1
J B Palmer to Zoe M H Cobb	Und ¼ Tehama ne 3d, 25x80; also, und ¼ Tehama ne 3d, 25x80	1,600
Geo L Bradley to Wm D Heath	Eddy w Gough, 55x120	8,250
John M Browne to John Walsh	Dolores s 21st, 78x125	1,200
Jos S Alemany to John Hughes	Tyler e Franklin, 50x120	6,000
Diedrich Schwartz to P Meacham	Sw 25th and Guerrero, 125x60	2,500
J S Alemany to Wm Bacome	Clementina ne 4th, 25x80	2,900
Ann E Slaniels to O G Moore	Pine w Fillmore, 25x127:6	800
Gustavus Bilicke to J W Pearson	Chatanooga n Park, 100x32	600

Tuesday, April 21st.

J F Koenig to Albert B Patrick	Und ⅓ se Folsom and 18th, e to center of Mission Creek, s 150, etc	$7,500
Same to Louise L Amos	Und ⅓ same	2
Diedrick Wilgan to City & Co S F	W Dupont n Broadway, n 6:2½, etc	429
J G North to Wm B Swain	50 v lots 4 and 5, blk 348, W A—se cor Broadway and Steiner, 275x137:6	6,200
John Hinkel to Louis Larseneur	Ne Geary and Baker, 137:6x137:6	3,500
John J Hucks to City and Co S F	N Lombard, 92:9½ w Newell, e 92:9½, n 13:7, nw 89:1, s 2, etc	11,934
Elisha C Skinner to C Reynolds	N 26th, 180:6 w S Jose Av, 100x20; also, N 26th, 180:6 w San Jose Av, 30x30	900
Jas L Blaikie to Sam'l L Theller	Und ¼ lots 1 to 7, lots 12 to 22, blk 1, lots 7, 8, 9, blk 2, lots 1, 4 to 18, blk 3, Junction H'd Ass'n	5
P G Partridge to O J Bettis	Ne Jackson and Larkin, n 112:6, e 137:6, s 25, w 115, s 87:6, w 22:6 to com	2,600
Same to Margaret Hyland	N Jackson, 22:6 e Larkin, 23x87:6	1,100
W S Phelps to Phelps Manfg Co	W Drumm 68:9 s Sac'to, 70x22:11	1
Martin Buzzini to Henry J Hussey	N 20th, 230 w Guerrero, 25x114	1,200
Wm McCrossan to Edw Duane	S Stevenson, 440 sw 7th, 27:6x75	2,300
Wm Murphy to Michael Driscoll	N Jersey, 60 w Noe, 50x114	700
Jane Sullivan to Walter B Todd	Lots 383, 385 and 387, Gift Map 2	228
S A Sanderson to G H Sanderson	E Vermont, 125 s 24th, 100x100	5,500
David Scannell to T W Freelon	Se G St and 15th Av, 200x100	....

Wednesday, April 22d.

Edw Heringhi to Randolph Craig	S Precita Pl, 380:9 e Folsom st, 25x100, subject to mortgage for $350	$ 800
B F Sherwood to D L Bliss	Se Ellis and Gough, 120x137:6, subject to mortgage for $7,000	16,000
Bay Park H'd As'n to Lena Molus	Lot 1, blk 558, Bay Park H'd	360
M G Kennedy to Thos Downing	Various lots in Western Addition	201
J C Hutchinson to same	Se Harrison and Mariposa, 200x132:3	4,182
E Foster to John Wm Hahn	W Calhoun, 68:9 s Union, 45:10x91:8	3,200
John Coop to Martini Buzzini	Lots 11 and 12, blk 1, Garden Tract H'd	500
Dan'l Enwright to Edw Pearson	Nw Bernard and Jones, 40x68:6	1,200
Sam'l Crim to Henry L Davis	S Cal'a e Van Ness, 50x137:6; also, ne Fulton and Buchanan, 110x120	10
Walter A Butler to Wm Burroughs	N Fell, 192:6 w Steiner, 27:6x137:6	2,100
Chas E Broad to Chas Broad	S Bush, 120:9 e Dupont, 17:3x60	9,000
Edward Phillips to Edward Green	N Brannan, 254 e 3d, 22x80	5,000
Harrison St H'd As'n to I G Messic	Lot 14, blk 142, Harrison St H'd	800
Abner Doble to Chas E Broad	Ne Hyde and Pine, 137:6x60	1
Daniel Popper to N C Luhrs	S Sac'to, 67:6 w Front, 20x41:8	7,500
Henry Toomy to C McC Delany	Se Cal'a and Gough, 137:6x137:6	5,000

Thursday, April 23d.

M J Redding to Thos L McCauley	N Welsh, 105 w 4th, 25x75	$3,300
I P Dameron to P Van Rensselaer	Se corner and Grove, 12½x137:6	1
S B Wortsmith to H Wortsmith	W Polk, 127:6 n Washn, 100x89	1
L P Drexler to M J Redding	N Welsh, 105 w 4th, 25x75	2,000
Richard Dyer to Isaac Cohn	S Bush, 165 w Laguna, 50x137:6	570
Wm J Lowry to Same	Same	3,430
Lewis Sonier to A J Smith	N 26th, 77 e Bartlett, 40x80	5
Wm C Ralston to S B Whipple	Und ¼ nw North Point and Mason, 137:6x137:6	10
John Cronin to Chas Suckow	S Geary, 162:6 w Jones, 25x137:6	7,500
A B McCreery to John Morton	Sw Tyler and Broderick, 137:6x137:6	10
Sam'l Suter to City & Co S F	W Hartman Pl, 140:5 s Lombard, n 15 11, w 12:5, se 2[illegible] to com	397
W O'Connor to Same	N Adler, 140:11 e Dupont, e 42:11, etc	1,253
Isaac Heckt to S Hancock	Se Van Ness and Ellis, 100x120	22,000
Mary B Wiese to Fred'k Wiese	Se Mission, 80 ne 7th, 25x80; also, s 27th 152:9 e Ellen, 50:11x114	Gift
Flint Tract H'd Ass'n to H F Allen	Lots 78 and 79, blk 3, Flint Tract H d	1
S Dickinson to Pat'k Shurdon	N Fairmount, 92 e Palmer, 25x135	250
E A Bandrup to F A W Davis	Se Gilbert and Bryant, 36:6x125	1,104
H Marchand to Calif Creamery	W Jessie, 185 n 19th, 25x80	800
D Callaghan to Herman Liebes	N 23th, 230 e Valencia, 80x105	5
Emile Grisar to Pat'k Whelan	Ne Dunham and Noe, 50x114; also, lots 9 to 15 inc, G ft Map 1	1,228
Flint Tract H'd Ass'n to John Kern	Lots 1, 2, 3 and 4, blk 12, Flint Tract Hd	10

Friday, April 24th.

Flint Tract H'd Ass'n to Wm Hollis	Lots 68, 69, 70, 76 and 79, blk 9, lots 16, 17, 39 and 40, blk 11, lots 19, 20, 21 and 22, blk 15	$ 1
Same to Samuel Fleming	Lot 75, blk 6	1
Jas Palache to Helen M Palache	W 2d Av, 150 n 16th, 50x112:11	Gift
Louisa R White to Fred'k A Hyde	Lot 9, blk B, Eureka H'd; also, S Eddy 60 e Devisa, 77:6x137:6	7,700
Clifton P Stearns to J H Culver	E Gustave, 48:9 e Sac'to, 30x60	2,500
Benj J Hall to Sarah Cassin	W Clara Av, 448 n 18th, 56x136	500
Wm H Jessup to Isaac Nathan	S Nevada, 130 e Folsom, 25x63	1,400
Wm C Ralston to City and Co S F	N North Point, 87:10½ e Leavenworth, w 87:10½, n 146:6, etc	1,694
Fred'k Putzman to A Erickson	Ne Wash n and Powell, 32x52	6,000
S B Whipple to T H Williams	E Leav'th, 31:11¾ n Montgomery Ave, s 31:11¾, se 138.3¾, e 187:1¾, etc	2,000
Wm C Ralston to Same	Same	2,000
L A Pavillier to Marie Bustide	Nw Mission, 350 sw 5th, 25x80	10,000
Flint Tract H'd Ass'n to S Groah	Lots 18 to 21, blk 13, Flint Tract H'd	1
Ellen McHenry to John Allen	S Broadway, 166:6 e Larkin, 29x137:6—subject to mortgage	2,450
Isidor Lansberger to I M Philip	Und ¼, 100 v 24 of Laguna Survey; also und ⅛ s Filbert 237:6 w Larkin, w 30, etc, also, und ⅛, leasehold int, 20 of Leases 24	5
Isaac Bernard to Woolf Bloom	N 16th, 117 w Mission, 35x160, subject to mortgage for $4,500	1,000

Saturday, April 25th.

Flint Tract H'd Ass'n to M A Wil-	Lots 41 and 42, blk 9	$ 5
Same to David Rankin	Lots 2, 3 and 4, blk 6	5
Same to Abbie H Stenart	Lot 16, blk 12	5
M Rosenberger to K Johnson	W Trinity, 137:6 s Bush, 34:4x100	10,000
A Himmelman to R B Woodward	N Cal'a, 200 e Polk, 137:6x137:6	4,000
C C Rourke to Sam Mahon	E Wisconsin, 100 n Custer, 100x100	2,000
P G Partridge to Mrs M Given	N Jackson, 45:6 e Larkin, 25x87:6	1,200
T W Fleming to D Sullivan	S 15th Av, 200 e G st, 100x320	[illegible]
W K Van Alen to J H Turney	Various lots in Mission Dolores	1
W H J Brooks to Arthur Quinn	Various lots in Mission Dolores	1
C H Reynolds to Wm Dunphy	Sundry lots in Tide Lands	1,250
Flint Tract H'd Ass'n to R G Brown	Lots 1, 2, 3 and 14, blk 4, Flint Tract H	1
Wm Rolfe to W J Hussey	N Turk, 275:6 w Pierce, 25x137:6	4,000
E W Park to Wm P Clark	W Bryant, 143 s 25th, 47:6x100	875
Same to Barney Loomis	W Bryant, 187:6 s 25th, 47:6x100	875
Noe Garden H'Un to S B Sublette	Lot 2, blk 21, Noe Garden H'd	500
Susan Sublette to G D Shadburne	Same	300
Peter Dow to Pierre Merry	Lot 11 in blk 11, University M'd Survey	250
John Rosenfeld to Samuel Fisher	Turk w Steiner, 275:6x137:6	10
Aaron Stolz to Paula Werkheim	Souther e Hyde, 27:6x137:6	10,250
M P Holmes to O P Savings Bank	19th w Church, 50x228	2,606

Monday, April 27th.

Flint Tract H As'n to J Wheeland	Lot 22, blk 2, Flint Tract H'd	$ 1
Same to Geo N S Smith	Lot 2, blk 16, same	1
Same to Geo Sawyer	Lot 31, blk 11, same	1
Same to D W Kline	Lot 50, blk 6, same	1
Silver Ter H'd As'n to M Maloney	Lots 483 and 484, Silver Terrace H'd	936
Same to Same	Lots 182 and 183, same	791
Babette Eisen to C H Gottschalk	W Franklin, 68:9 n Grove, 103:1½x55	9,000
Aug F Eisen to Same	Same; also, N Grove 57:6 w Franklin, w 54, n 137:6, e 56, etc	17,500
Jas Mackey to Pat'k O'Shea	W York, 234 s 24th, 26x100	1,900
N B Ritchie to Lucy Dule	S Pine, 84:6 w Gough, 28x120, subject to mortgage for $3,000	2,500
Jos M Lord to John A Stanly	E Castro, 118:2 s Lewis, 100x112	500
Flint Tract H'd As'n to Van Pelt	Lot 9, blk 3, Flint Tract H'd	1
Same to Frank Eastman	Lots 8 and 9, blk 6, same	1
Same to John F Snow	Lot 30, blk 14, same	1
Same to Wm N Brown	Lot 31, blk 14, same	1
Same to James Henry	Lots 4 and 5, blk 14, same	1
Great Park H'd As'n to F Chinette	Lot 3, blk 398, Great Park H'd	250
S and L Society to W R Wheaton	Lot 5, blk 353, Hunter Tract	450
Mary Wiese to Fred'k Wiese	Se Mission, 80 ne 7th, 25x85; also, s 27th 152:9 e Ellen, 50:11x114	Gift
R Foley to A H Vaughn	Ne 6th, 130 se Market, 40x78	24,500
J N Risdon to Risdon I & L Works	S cor Main and Harrison, 167:6x137:6	21,000
Flint T'ct H'd As'n to D Ballard	Lots 12 and 13, blk 15, Flint Tract H'd	1
C E Driscoll to Julia H Driscoll	Se Bay and Powell, s 160:5, etc	Gift
Aug Bultmann to C H Voight	N Pacific, 169:3½ e Dupont, 137:6x48:10	1
C S Schmidt to Jas L Butcher	S 7th Av, 150 e N st, 25x100	525
Isaac F Black to Geo Dann	Und ½ n 17th, 370 e Douglas, 74x260	1,250
Ellen Meyer to Jacob Jochim	S Fell, 137:6 e Laguna, 55x120	4,500
Michael Kiernan to J L Hicks	E Columbia, 130 s 20th, 2 x80	1,500
F A W Davis to Pat'k Rush	E cor Gilbert and Bryant, 30x80	2,500

Tuesday, April 28th.

Flint T Hd Assn to Peter Gannon	Lots 1, 2 and 3, blk 14, Flint Tract Hd	$ 1
Same to Same	Lots 30 and 29, blk 5, Flint Tract Hd	1
Same to Patrick Mulranin	Lot 6, blk 8, Flint Tract Hd	1
Same to Martin Eagan	Lots 2, 3, 4 and 5, blk 8, Flint Tract Hd	1
Gustave Mebaum to S Sweet	N Post, 137:6 w Larkin, 40x120	15,000
Andrew Spring to L Radovich	N Jackson, 212:7 w Van Ness, 25x117:10½	3,250
Arthur Quinn to John McGeary	S Ridley, 144 e Valencia, 24x160; also, w Valencia, 140 n 14th, 10x420	500
J Brown to Hib Sav and Loan Soc	Sw Baldwin, 125 nw Folsom, 15x40	1,190
B Bonnet to C Reis	W Dupont, 68:9 s Cala, 68:9x137:6	26,500
J Sedgley to Catharine Bracken	W Bryant, 100 s Butte, 25x100	750
George D Bliss to John Pearson	Sw 4th Av, 50 nw N st, 50x200	2,500
Cornelius Collins to John G Chase	Lot 219, Gift Map 3	275
Flint Tract Hd Assn to C Harlan	Lot 28, blk 9	1
City and Co of S F to S Dickinson	E Alabama, 140 s 25th, 80x200	....
Margaret J Coit to F Reis	Nw Channel, 91:8 sw 6th, 45:10x240	3,000
Flint T Hd Assn to Marcus Scheigr	Lot 20, blk 11, Flint Tract Hd	1
Fredk Preatorious to J McCarthy	Lot 25, blk 142, Harrison St Hd	800
Philip S Fay to Charles H Currier	N Grove, 137:6 w Webster, 30x137:6	2,500
William Hollis to Harry Wilkins	Sw Pierce and Turk, 27:6x95	2,100
S F Butterworth to A J Moulder	N Pine, 79:9 w Van Ness, w 50:3, etc	5
S Dickinson to Harry Donnelly	E Alabama, 140 s 25th, 30x100	600
Flint Tract Hd Assn to A C Brauer	Lot 28, blk 5, Flint Tract Hd	1

Wednesday, April 29th.

T O'Connor to Mary Ann Lewellyn	Lot 185, Silver Terrace Hd	$ 200
Geo W Smith to Eliza M Smith	Nw Harrison, 55 sw Dora, 25x80; also, w Leavth, 48 n O'Farrell, 20:9x87:6	Gift
John Ennis to Anna Ennis	E Lyon, 82:6 n Post and Lyon, 55x110	Gift
H M James to Mary A Thompson	Sundry lots	1
Sav and L Soc to F F Collins	Lot 1, blk 391, Hunter Tract	630
S A Sanderson to L A Sanderson	Und ⅓ lot 1651, Laurel Hill Cemetery	300
Geary St E Hd Assn to Alex Kustel	Lot 7, blk 166, Geary St Ex Hd	350
Same to Oscar Kustel	Lot 6, same	350
Flint T Hd Assn to Francis Brady	Lot 5, blk 15, Flint Tract Hd	1
Same to Thos Porter	Lot 21, blk 14, Flint Tract Hd	1
Same to Patk W Powers	Lot 12, blk 14, Flint Tract Hd	1
Elisha Stevens to Jacob Berel	S Cala, 192:6 e Hyde, 27:6x137:6	6,400
Sav & Loan Soc to Robt J Tiffany	Sundry lots, Outside Lands	5,970
A B McCreery to John Everding	Und ½ 50 v 6, W A 450, sw Tyler and Scott	10

Thursday, April 30th.

A C Corbett to James Hartford	E Chattanooga, 183 s 22d, 26x125	$ 690
Sarah Harney to Geo C Hurlbut...	N Lincoln, 136:6 e Jones, 10 inches x 70.	80
Wm De Goey to Andrew Krog.....	W Mason, 100 s Bay, 20x68:9.....	500
M A Thompson to F Mohrmann ..	Sw Broad'y & Kearny, w 107:11, s 77:6, e 75, n 29, e 32:11, n 48:6	18,100
J Nightingale to C H Reynolds ...	O L blk 997	5
G O Wilson to M Amelia Wilson ..	W Fremont, 275 s Folsom, 23:10x137:6..	Gift
Flint T H Assn to Annie Ferguson	Lots 3 to 7, blk 7, Flint Tract Hd	1
Same to B Feigenbaum	Lots 31 and 32, blk 7, same.	1
Thos B Lewis to Superior Hd Assn	Lots 8, 23, 24, blk 129, University M S ..	1,500
Wm P Bromley to H N Gillespie..	N Riley, 91:6 e Jones, 23x60.....	1,150
Thos B Lewis to Superior Hd Assn	Nw Henry and Amherst, 175x120; also, ne Henry and Yale, 100x60	4,500
J G Messec to Solomon Levy	E Harrison, 156 n 21st, 26x100.....	850
Flint T Hd Assn to Wm Geimann.	Lots 43 and 44, blk 9, Flint Tract Hd ...	1
Same to Henry M Newhall.....	Lot 17, blk 13, same.....	1
Same to Mary Ann Arnold.....	Lots 16 and 17, blk 5, same.....	1
Isidore Eisenberg to J W Henry...	W Powell, 47 s Union, 70x28:6	3,500
Flint T H Assn to Angus Cameron	Lot 9, blk 14, Flint Tract Hd.....	1
Same to Mrs M E Hagen	Lot 11, blk 14, Flint Tract Hd.....	1
Albert Whipple to John A Ledden	Sw Scott and McAllister, 137:6x137:6 ...	1,900
Wm Talbot to Annis Merrill	W Scott Pl, 112:6 n Pacific, 25x56	1,300
Alex Gerdes to Robt Mitchell	S Ellis, 27:6 e Polk, 27:6x120	3,900
Flint T Hd Assn to J K Warren...	Lot 14, blk 8, Flint Tract Hd	1
Paul Roueset to J P Jones	O L blks 888, 891, 915, 972, 983, 1014, 1070, 1057.....	5,500
Geo K Gluyas to Chas Holbrook...	N Bush, 60 e Jones, e 77:6, n 137:6, w 137:6, s 10, e 60, s 127:6	22,500
Martha Thomas to Eliz Thomas...	S Greenwich, 122:6 e Jones, 20x120	Gift
Amos A Sanders to J A Hardman .	Ne Downey, 181 se Bryant, 36x80.....	1
J H Hardman to Elizabeth Cairns..	Same.....	1,400
Arthur Quinn to John Quinn.....	Sundry lots, Outside Lands	1,000
Arthur Quinn to John Quinn.....	W Dolores, 120 s Church Lane, s 4:6, etc	300
E E Mealey to Gotlieb Arnold	W San Jose Road, 95 s Grove, n 35, etc.	2,900
Flint T Hd Assn to Jos De Forest.	Lots 1 to 14, blk 10, Flint Tract Hd.....	1
Same to Same	Lots 12 to 21, blk 6, same	1
Same to Same	Lots 16 to 18, blk 15, same	1
Same to Same	Lots 1 to 5, 22 to 31, blk 13, same	1
Same to Same	Lots 1 to 8, 32 to 36, blk 3, same.....	1
Same to Same	Lot 1, blk 1, same	1
Same to Same	Lot 19, blk 5, same	1
Same to Same	Lots 1 to 6, 19 to 23, 45 to 47, 62 to 66, 71 to 75, blk 9, same	1
Same to Abraham Gallatin.....	Lots 48 and 49, blk 9, same.....	1
Same to Sanford E Herrick	Lots 68 to 72, blk 6, same	1
Same to Jos Basset	Lots 14 and 15, blk 15, same.....	1
Geo Schultz to Otto Kloppenburg .	Ne Franklin and Grove, 68:9x110.....	5
Otto Kloppenburg to V L de Cima	E Franklin, 68:9 n Grove, 103:1½x166:9.	23,000
Geo Schultz to Same.....	E Franklin, 103:1½ s Fulton, 103:1½x 166.9.....	5

Friday, May 1st.

J Nightingale to Wm T Coleman .	Sundry lots, Outside Lands.....	$ 10
Jos De Forest to John A Russell ..	Und 4-28. lots 1 to 14, blk 10, Flint T Hd	10
Flint Tract Hd Assn to G Palache .	Lots 43 to 49, blk 6, 14 to 18, blk 9, same	1
Same to Ellen White.....	Lot 25, blk 8, same.....	1
Same to Same	Lot 24, blk 8, same.....	1
Same to Theodore Brown	Lot 3, blk 12, same.....	1
Simon Held to David Held.....	E 13th Ave, 51:3 n K st, n 172:10, etc	750
Nancy Jane Healy to G H Healy ..	S Greenwich, 137:6 e Filmore, 27:6x120.	1,500
Sav and Loan Soc to Wm Payne..	S 23d, 255 e Guerrero, 50x100.....	1,675
D F Marquard to Mary D Davis ...	N Washn, 137:6 w Stockton, 20x77:6....	4,100
Flint Tract Hd Assn to F Duhring	Lots 1 and 2, blk 7 Flint Tract Hd.....	1
Same to Wm Watkinson.....	Lot 8, blk 12, same.....	1
Same to M J Blackman	Lot 7, blk 12, same.....	1
Thos Donnelly to Patk O'Rourke .	W Brannan Pl, 100 s Brannan st, 35x60.	1,200
Nathaniel Gray to C C Butler	Sw Pine and Franklin, 233:9x120	5
Odd F Cem Assn to C T Pidwell ..	Lot 18, San F Plat 1, Odd Fellows Cem.	64
Same to Robt Moore	Lot 18, S F Sec Plat 1, Odd Fellows C..	64
J Heron to Nat G Bk & Trust Co .	Sw Shotwell and 21st, 65x122:6; also, lot 154 S F H U P R C; lot 34, blk 27, F H; lots 281 to 286, 369 to 376. Gift Map 3.	12,587
Superior Hd Assn to John Cairns.	Lot 8, blk 129, Superior Hd	[illegible]
Same to J F Gilfillan.....	Lots 23 and 24, blk 129, same	1,000
A F Eisen to C H Gottschalk	N Grove, 57:6 w Franklin, w 54, n 137:6, e 56:6, s 68:9, w 2, s 68:9; also, w Franklin, 103½ s Fulton, 103:1½x55 ..	17,400

Saturday, May 2d.

Henry Hahn to John F Hurney	S Haight, 162:6 e Octavia, e 57:6, etc	$ 1
Claus Hadler to Claus Wreden	Sw Clay and Mason, 58x27:6	5,850
A B Brady to John Nightingale	O L blks 799 and 800	5
H Barroilhet to Same	O L blk 795	1
Saml Irving to Mary Lawler	N Pine, 85 w Webster, 25x87:6	950
Lucius A Booth to J McDaniel	Nw 24th and Fair Oaks, 122x117:6	4,000
Silver T H Assn to Julia Hartnett	Lots 347 and 348, Silver Ter Hd	791
J G Morse to Le Grand Morse	Ne Texas and Yolo, 433x200; also ne Iowa and Yolo, 266:8x200	Gift
Flint T Hd Assn to Wm M Bunker	Lot 18, blk 5, Flint T Hd	1
Same to Same	Lot 27, blk 9, same	1
J Nightingale to A B Brady	Sundry lots, Outside Lands	5
Same to F F Taylor	Und 1-5, same	5
T Catteral to J Conroy	S Pt Lobos Av, 100 w Collins st, 25x125	900
D Mundy to Alice Killeen	Lot 3, blk 3, Fairmount Ex Hd	137
Bd of Tide L Commrs to N Burns	Lots 7 to 14, blk 553, Tide Lands	559
Same to Same	Blk 706, same	378
J Flanagan to S Riordan	Se Mission, 134 sw 12th, etc	4,000
J L Chamblin to J M Burnett	Sundry lots, Outside Lands	....
Wm Smith to Same	Same	....
Flint T Hd Assn to P Walsh	Lot 2, blk 1, Flint Tract Hd	1
Wm K Van Alen to Thos Murphy	S Clay, 225:11 e Central Av, e 25x127:8½	650
Wm Labinski to M Schuppert	Lots 213 and 214 blk 34, Mission & 30th St Homestead	300
E McLaughlin to A B Brady	Outside Lands	1,000
Chas H Hewitt to Chas W Smith	Nw Sacramento and Broderick, 110x77:6	500
John W Shaw to E A Cleveland	W Capp n 18th, 30x122:6	5,500
Robt S Watson to Paul Roussett	50-vara 981	1
J W Jung to Henry Balzer	E Taylor n Union, n 46x77:6	8,041
Isaac Bernard to Wolf Bloom	N 16th w Mission, 35x160, subj to mortgage for $4:500 re-record	6,000
B B Minor to Geo W Beaver	Ne Taylor and Washington, 70:1x137:6	7,061
V Squarza to Fernando Bonacona	Sundry properties in south portion city	1
Wm E Young to Silas A White	N 23d, 300 e Guerrero, 25x114	3,600
Jas L King to Wm H Patterson	Same	1
Chas H Exall to Jas L King	Same	500
Alfred Borel to Annie Crayton	Same	1
Wm H Patterson to same	Same	1

Monday, May 4th.

C H Reynolds to A J Shrader	Block 997, Outside Lands	$1,000
Thos McInerney to Mary Henry	W San Jose Road, 137:1 s of Brook st, s 21:1, w 59, n 26⅝ inches, e 61:6 to com snb lot 393, Precita Valley	550
Wm Hollis to Chas F Wehn	N Turk 137:6 w Pierce, 45x137:6	5,800
C A Low to G B Bonaldi	Lots 24 and 25 blk 416, Park Hd	1,140
Superior Hd Ass'n to E R Robinson	Lots 9, 10 and 11, blk 128, Superior Hd.	1,500
Flint T't Hd Assn to Louis Livin	Lot 20 blk 14, Flint Tract Hd	1
Same to Alex Mann	Lots 38 and 39, blk 9, same	1
Bd Tide Ld Comrs to John Lynns	Nw Clary, 212:6 sw 5th, 42x80	13
Mrs Eliza Ward to N C Suhrs	N Oak, 57:6 w of Mason, 20x22:4, being subdiv 50-v 972	1,000
Flint T't Hd Assn to H N Tilden	Lots 24 to 33; 51 to 65 inclusive, block 6 Flint Tract	1
Same to same	Sundry lots	1
H H Haight to Fred Wm Lange	Ne Kearny and Lombard, 68:9x68:9, being subdiv 50-v 1449	1
Edward Wash to same	Same	3,500
Jas Ballentine to Wm W MacKay	Nw Jessie sw 9th, 25x165, being subdiv Mission Block 4	2,500
Sav & Loan Soc to G Compodonico	Lots 11, 12, 13, blk 324; lots 1 to 6 inclu, blk 353, Hunter Tract	2,790
Flint T't Hd Assn to Sarah Joy	Lot 14 blk 14, Flint Tract	1
H Balzer to G L Wedekind	E Taylor, 82:9 n of Union, n 46x77:6, being subdiv 50-v 402	5,600
Fireman's Fd Ins Co to H Balzer	Same	1
Amandine Jenkins to Z Blondau	E Ellick's Lane or Pratt Court, 77:6 n California, n 50x60, being a subdivision of 50-vara 127	2,000
W W Crane Jr to C McLaughlin	Sw Hayes and Lark'n, s to Market, sw to Fell, w to Polk, n to a pt 10 ft n of Hayes, e to a pt in w side Larkin, 10 ft n of nw cor of Hayes and Larkin, s to commencement	10,000
Sav & Loan Soc to T Carpenter	Com at a pt in blk 11 Horner's Addition at insec'n of 2 lines, one parallel with 23d st, the other parallel with Guerrero, 250 e therefrom, th s 50, e 110, etc.	1,900

Tuesday, May 5th.

W De Goey to C H Reynolds	W Mason 60 n Francisco, sub 50-v 1508.	$ 650
C H Reynolds to Stephen Cuneo	W Mason 60 n Francisco, 20x68:9	750
Paul Rousset to John Nightingale	O L blks 802, 803 and part of 798	1
Same to Same	O L blk 796	1
Same to Benjamin Richardson	O L blks 827, 906, 913, 1062	5
Same to same	Part O L blk 727 and 728	5
Superior Hd As'n to Maggie Hubb	Lot 5 blk 128	500
Flint T't Hd Assn to J P Le Count	Lot 6 blk 14, Flint Tract Assn	1
Same to J Mansen	Lot 7 blk 14, same	1
Same to J D Hooker	Lot 6 blk 15, same	1
Henry Horst to Henry Kohler	E Kearny, 34:4 s Green, 34:4x81	4,500
Paul Rousset to John Nightingale	Portion sundry Outside Lands	5
J H Carothers to Wm Camron	E Mission 120 s 23d, s 40x122:6, being subdivision Mission Block 154, subject to mortgage	6,000
Flint Tract Ass'n to A Zinnamon	Lot 19 blk 14, Flint Tract Hd	1
Same to Jas Palache	Sundry lots	1
Bd Tide Ld Comrs to A J Donnelly	Lots 10 to 13 inclu, blk 525, Tide Lands	1,475
C D Carter to Sunny Vale H Ass'n	Sundry Lots	1
Peder Sather to S C Hastings	E Leavenworth 7 n Jackson, 22:6x70	1
Simon Lust to Fannie Lust	S O'Farrell, 48:6 w Webster, 22:6x68	500
Henry Hinkel to Geo T Scott	W Buchanan 70 s Fell, 25x55	2,225
H W Baxter to Margaret Pierce	Lot 42 blk 118, Hillside Hd, subject to balance due on mortgage of $306	650
Flint T't Hd Ass'n to H Rothschild	Lots 12 and 13, blk 9, Flint Tract Hd	1
Same to John Kern	Lots 1 to 4 inclusive, blk 15, same	1
Adam Grant to Caroline C Merriam	N Bush, 100 w Leavenworth, 37:6x137:6, with right of way at rear, and subject to mortgage for $5,000	14,000
Fannie Lust to Matthew Margrave	S O'Farrell, 48:6 w Webster, w 22:6x68	800
Jonas Barman to Henry Barman	Lots 2521 to 2523 inclusive; 2535 to 2539 inclusive, Gift Map 4	500
Flint T't Assn to Wm McColl	Lots 7 to 11 inclu, blk 8, Flint Tract	1
Same to Fred Leppien	Lots 10 and 11, blk 6, same	1
Same to Wm McColl	Lots 34 to 40 inclu, blk 6, same	1
Same to Chas Lemon	Lot 1 blk 8, same	1
H S Ackerman to C H Rumrill	N Mission 275 ne 4th, 30x160, being subdiv 100-v 15	5
C H Bumrill to Frances H Wooster	Same, subject to mortgage for $10,000	15,000

Wednesday, May 6th.

Sarah E Aston to B J Shay	Se Columbus and 24th, s 100x40	$ 5
Wm Hollis to Wm Cline	N Sacramento w Steiner, 26x103	3,500
Samuel Merritt to Andrew Foreman	S Pacific, 50 e Jones, 25x107:6	1,875
R T Carroll to P T Flynn	Sw 8th and Tehama, s 5x100	1,100
Jane Hutchinson to L Peterson	S Powell Ave, 150 e Mission, 25x200	260
C H Rumrill to S H Brown	Sw Nevada and Vermont, 100x100	3,000
F Rosenbaum to Wm T Higgins	N Sutter 137:6 w Larkin, 68:9x120	16,400
C Nelson to Wm Witzeman	N Ridley 210:9 w Mission, 30x104:4	1,750
Mercedes Cameto to J S Clements	W White 62:6 n Vallejo, 50x56	1,030
M Brandon to Elizabeth Brandon	1 acre McDonald Tract or Ranch	1,000
Caroline C Calhoun to M O'Dea	W Mason, 117:6 s O'Farrell, s 20, w 80, n 60, e 4, s 40, e 76 to commencement, being subdivision 50-v 975	7,500
John Sullivan to Wm Hollis	50-vara 3 blk 432, Western Addition	5
Wm Hollis to Henry Pfaff	N Turk, 90 e Scott, 28x109:6	4,200
Silver Ter Hd Assn to Emily Smith	Lots 420 to 423 inclu, Silver Terrace	1,385
John Hinkel to Christian Waller	W Gough 60 s Oak, 30x87:6	1,800
J H Turney to Meiggs Wharf Co	50-v 1510 and 1526, and N B blk 16 and 6	10
Daniel Daily to Wm C Fox	Lots 5 and 6 blk 13, West End Map 1	800
Frank H Woods to Levi M Kellogg	Se Pierce and Tyler, 137:6x137:6	4,300
Francis B Wilde to Peter Holk	E Folsom 35 s 23d, 30x90, being subdivision M B 152	1,000
Robt J Tiffany to D F Marquard	W Stockton, 56:8 s Clay, 10 in x 57:6	5
Wm M Seaton to John Baumann	S McAllister, 82:6 w Gough, 27:6x137:6	2,600
Chas Smith to Wm S Sainey	Nw Sacramento and Broderick, 77:6x110	1,300
Flint T't Ass'n to N G Bk & Tst Co	Lots 8 to 12 inclusive; 15 to 20 inclusive blk 4; 1, 11 to 18 incu, blk 16	1
Same to same	Lots 11 to 13 inclu, blk 13; 2 and 12 blk 12, 11 and 42 blk 6	1
G W Haskell to F A Wohlfrom	Sw Valencia and 19th, 100x50	5,000
G R Parburt to Sam'l Barkley	Green w Mason, 24x68	600
F L A Pioche to S I C Sweezey	Fell w Octavia, 82:6x120	1
Henry Harms to Albert Koster	Nw 22d and Folsom, 65x122:6	12,000
Wm A Moore to B J Shay	Chattanooga s 21st, 26x75	10
James Donovan to Wm J Gunn	Post w Octavia, 25:10x120	700
Emile Bauer to Wm T Eager	W Fillmore, 75 s Post, 25x94:6	1,050

Thursday, May 7th.

Ed Keating to Michal McClosky...	Se Clementina, 150 ne 9th, 25x75.....	$3,000
Wm M Pearson to H S Burr.....	Undivided ½ nw Broadway and Franklin, n 137:6x343:9.....	1
P L Weaver to John Nightingale..	Undiv ½ O L blks 1063 to 1066 inclusive	5
E N Knowles to Samuel Cowles..	E Douglas, 145 n 19th, e 125x75, being lot 4 blk G in Eureka Hd.....	850
Benj Hayes to Peter Craig	S Eddy 50 e Mason, 25x70, being subdiv 50-v 962, subject to mortgage.....	5,000
E W Burr to Albert Hansen.....	Lot 32 blk 1 Garden Tract Hd.....	200
C H Killey to H G Strachan.....	N Union, 100 w Webster, w 30x137:6....	3,500
J W Patterson to Michael O'Brien	W Noe 30 s 15th, 25x110, subdiv M B 117	1,200
Honora O'Brien to Tim O'Brien...	Sw Stevenson and 5th, 75x25	2
Restcome Perry to R Perry	S Sutter, 77:6 e Powell, 30x137:6.....	1
John Berghauser to City & Co S F	Sw Kearny and Pacific, s 63:6, nw 82:7 e 52:10½ to commencement.....	54,668
Flint Tract Hd Assn to M J Dillon	Lo 20 blk 5.....	1
Same to James Daley.....	Lot 21, 22 and 23, blk 5.....	1
Maria E De Wolf to Bank of S F.	Lot 6 blk 16, University Hd	400
City & Co San Fran to J H Handley	W Treat Ave 185 n 22d, n 30x122:6.....	....
J Morris to Sidney L Johnson....	E Hyde 87:6 n Union, s 50x112:6, being subdiv M B 54	3,622
Bd Tide L Comrs to J M McDonald	All of blk 510, Tide Lands	2,451
Same to same.....	Lots 2 to 11 and 24, blk 357, Tide Lands	241
Same to same.....	Lots 7 to 14 inclusive, blk 396, same....	3,203
Same to same	All of blk 74, same.....	2,016
Same to same.....	Lots 1 to 6 and 24 blk 1038	192
Same to same.....	Sundry lots.....	848
Same to same.....	Sundry lots in blk 701.....	1,390
Amos W Riley to A F Graham....	Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 29, 30, 31, 32, blk 196 New Potrero	500

Friday, May 8th.

Chas Hook to Jacob Neuman.....	W Larkin, 91:3 s Greenwich, 37:6x100..	$2,000
Cal Building & Ln Soc to W Burke	Nw Shipley, 250 sw 5th, 25x75.....	1
Betsey Seavy to Mary P Benton...	Sw Sparks and Valencia, w 137:6, etc..	Gift
Flint Tract Hd Assn to J G Carson	Lots 39 and 50 blk 12.....	1
Pat Harvey to Catherine Harvey..	W Battery, 75 n Green, 7:6x15:6.....	Gift
Eliza A McEachran to Chas Kinsey	S California 103:1 e Stockton, e 34:4½, s 137:6, w 68:9, n 37:6, e 34:4½, n 100 to commencement, being subdiv 50-v 147	10,000
Flint Tract Assn to Ellen Carlin..	Lot 23 blk 8.....	1
Emma Bortschards to John Hinkel	Sw Grove and Webster, 30x97:6	6,900
Deborah Young to Geo M McKean	W Larkin, 114:6 n Union, w 50, n 3, etc	1,100
Sarah E Smith to Sidney M Smith	W corner Rincoln Place and Bryant, nw 149, sw 112:6, se 49, ne 60, se 100, ne 52:6 to commencement, subj to mortg	15,000
Abel Guy to Jos F Loubal.....	S Commercial 90:3 w Montgomery, 20 x 119:6, being subdivision 50-v 1.....	5
Leon Mejasson to same.....	N Sacramento, 90:2 w Montgomery, w 20x119:6	5
Henry Kraft to Paul Rousset.....	Undivided ½ ne K street and 37th Ave, n 66:1, e 240:6, s 50:1, w 240 to com...	5
J H Jennings to Sarah M Wallace	S half of lot 5 blk 106, University Hd..	250
Same to Hugh A Gorley.....	Lot 5, blk 106, University Mound Tract	500
H A Gorley to Emma Austin.....	N half of lot 5 blk 106, University Hd..	250
John Hill to F S Wensinger.....	Sw Sutter and Hyde, s 96x26.....	6,500

Saturday, May 9th.

Samuel H Brodie to Annie Phair..	S Tyler 137:6 w Fillmore, 27:6x137:6....	$1,600
M Wilton to Henry Pierce.....	Se Geary and Buchanan s 171:10 e, etc.	1
Ebenezer Knight to A H Knight..	Nw Channel, 91:8 sw 5th, 45:10x275....	5
John R Spring to Emile Pegnillan.	Lots 7, 8 and 9, blk 10, University Hd..	10
Bay Pk Hd Asn to Julia A Wilson	Lots 7 and 8, blk 558, Bay Park Assn...	720
Flint Tract Ass'n to W S Jones...	Lot 38, blk 14.....	1
T Jeff White to Thos Magee.....	N M st, 75 e Guerrero, 275x114.....	4,300
Thos Magee to John Murphy.....	N M st, 75 e Guerrero, 275x114.....	1,000
T de St Germain to City & Co S F	Undivided ⅞ commencing 45:2 e Kearny, 68 n Jackson, e 3:10, s 4:7 to etc..	491
Thos S Miller to Geo F Sharp.....	N cor 2d and Bryant, 275x275	....
Thos Magee to Owen Gilligan.....	N M, 275 e Guerrero, 25x114.....	500
Geo L Browning to R B Wallace..	S Bush, 111:6 e Jones, 26x100	8,000
John Nightingale to W T Higgins.	O L block 1064.....	5
H F Williams to Benj Belloc.....	Sw Hayes and Larkin, w 275, s 137:6, e 102:78, ne 212:24, n 13:45 to com.....	40,954
Wm H Jessup to John Doherty....	S Nevada, 80 e Folsom, 25x63	1,100
Paul Tract Assn to W G Doolittle.	Lot 3 blk 59; 2 and 3 blk 47; 2 and 8, blk 56, Paul Tract Hd.....	2,500
Jas Ballentine to Wm C Forsyth..	Nw Jessie sw 9th 35x25.....	100
Manetta Ballentine to same.....	Nw Jessie sw 9th, sw 25x65	2,000

Monday, May 11th.

Rose Avery to William Counihan	S Broad Ave, 75 e Captol, 50x125	$ 300
Thos Magee to John Moloney	N M, 300 e Gurrero, e 25x114	500
Same to Bernhard Flaherty	N M, 325 e Guerrero, e 25x114	500
Flint Tract Hd Assn to S W Dick	Lots 4 and 5, blk 16	1
Same to Edward Vollmer	Lots 17 and 18, blk 8	1
Same to Wm A Vollmer	Lot 16 blk 8	1
Same to Henry Epstein	Lots 15, 19 to 22 inclu blk 8; 40 blk 9	1
Same to Wm K Vandersllce	Lot 9 blk 15	1
Geo Middlemiss to E P Buckley	Und ¼ of 1 share in the ¼ of the Franchise granted to Wm Dunphy et als—Butchers Tract	500
Flint Tract Hd to Chas Hopps	Lot 8 blk 16	1
Same to Samuel Hartshorn	Lots 22, 23, 32, 33, blk 14	1
Andrew J Gunnison to D W White	E Guerrero, 150:8 s 17th, 30x193:6	3,250
Franklin Martin to W S Chaffee	N Vallejo, 137:6 e Stockton, n 137:6x68:9; also, n Vallejo, 245 e Stockton, 137:6 x e 30, being subdiv 50-v 223	75
Henry Conner to James McGuire	N Green, 48:9 w Mason, 20x69	3,300

Tuesday, May 12th.

Eliz'th & W Stringer to E Levitzky	Lots 166 and 168, Gift Map 1	$ 100
R Stevenson to H A Sweet	Se 14th and Mission, 60x160, Leasehold interest	700
Robt White to Wm J Gun	N Bush, 131:3 w Fillmore, 25x127:6	1,350
W J Gunn to John Bays	Same	1,200
Flint Tract Hd Ass'n to Jos Getz	Lot 37 blk 14	1
Stephen Otis to Henry Haslam	Sw Larkin and Union, 75x50	2,200
D D Page to Mrs Eliza Haskell	W Front at ne cor B and water lot 234, w 137:6 x s 30, re-record	15,000
Chas F Hamilton to Robt Graves	Nw Pine and Van Ness, n 80x130	8,612
Mary E Hamilton to same	Undivided ¼ same	4,000
Andrew J Monider to same	Undivided ¼ same	9,359
P Morgan to Thos Quinn	E Van Ness, 60 n Hayes, n 30x109	3,800
Daniel Winter to Amos Currier	Se Market, 180:8 ne 16th, ne 47:8, etc	5
Amos Currier to Daniel Winter	Se Market, 125:8 ne 16th, ne 55 etc	5
C H Petersen to Mary H Tourney	Lot 193, Gift Map 3	Gift
Daniel McCarthy to B J Shay	E Church, 208, s 22d, s 52x125	540
Veit Popper to Max Popper et als	E De Haro, 100 s Sonoma, s 133:4x100	1
Jacob Whitney to F D Whitney	Subdiv 50-v 176	500
Eliza Haskell to J B Steteon	Front, 91:8 s California, 137:6x80	19,500
John Uzzovich to Susanna Scholl	N Post 37:3 e Dupont, 33:9x21:5, being a leasehold interest	4,250

Wednesday, May 13th.

Richard Cornell to A J Gunnison	E Sansome 77:6 s Broadway, 25x68:9; also e Sansome, 70 s Brodway, etc	$ 7
Flint Tract Assn to M Meyerfeld	Lot 39 blk 14	....
H Loewenhayn to A Loewenhayn	Columbia, 364 s 20th, 52x100	Gift
L R Townsend to John M Burnett	Nw Fulton and 7th Ave, n to a pt 328 n from C st, s 88 degs, etc	....
Hervey Sparks to Thos Golden	Undivided 5 acres of 160 acres, situated near the mouth of S F harbor	1,000
H F A Schussler to Edward Kruse	Sw Pacific Ave and Steiner, s 125:4x116; 4, subject to mortgage for $1,400	5,000
Geo L Kenny to Homer S King	Se Leavenworth and Green, 137.6x137:6	10,000
Comrs Fund Debt to J P Treadwell	E 8th 275 from Brannan, 275x275	772
Wm McColl to Richard P Tenney	Lot 11 blk Flint Tract	1
Sav and Loan Soc to M Ryan	S 23d 230 e Guerrero, e 26, s 100, w etc	....
F A Schuesler to Jos M Wood	N Jackson, 116:4 w Steiner, w 15:3, etc	5
Jos M Wood to F A Schussler	S Pacific, 101:1 w Steiner, w 15:3, s etc	5

Thursday, May 14th.

Marcus Levy to Leopold Saenger	Lots 1, 2, 3, 4 and5 blk 13, Fairmount	....
H M Blackburn to A J Moulder	N Bush, 206:3 w Mason, w 30x137:6	7,500
Bd Tide Ld Comrs to Bridget White	E Geneva 150 s Brannan, 25x100	10
Flint Tract Ass'n to Geo F Grant	Lot 7 blk 15	1
Same to T C Grant	Lots 50 and 77 blk 9	1
Jas Sullivan to Jerome Lincoln	Lots 421, 422, 423, Gift Map 4	100
Benj Solomon to Ellen Kelly	N Glover, 68:6 w Jones, 23x60	100
P A Morse to C C Pernau	S Bay, 114 e Taylor, 45:10x120	1,850
Robt Mather to B Collins	S 14th, 174 w Noe, 26x115, subj to mortg	100
Bd Tide Ld Comrs to Patk Mullan	Se Clay, 350 w 5th, 25x80	8
Solomon Levy to John Center	E Harrison, 286 s 20th, 26x100	800
Theo Meetz to Isidor Lowenberg	Sw Turk and Van Ness, 109:9x120	19,000
John M Barnett to F de St Germain	Union w Stockton, 100x29	5
Emelen Painter to Rob't R Givens	Clay e Hyde, 105x137:6	7,875
Wm Hollis to Fred B Wood	Steiner n Sac'to, 25x98:9	3,250
Same to Philip R Murphy	Scott s Ellis, 25x90	2,800

S S Wensinger to J A Fortune....	S Post, 140:6 e Polk, s 120x140:6.....	$ 100
F G Lyons to N S F H & R R Asn	N Chestnut e Pierce, 68:9x275.....	400
Eauline L D Eu to Daniel Murphy	Sw Marengo and Lobos, 125x75.....	500
P Ruoff to Pauline Sturzenegger..	Sundry properties in south portion city	600
A Brady to Margaret Brady.....	E Valencia, s Ridley, 75x80.....	500
Reo Robinson to Wm F McAlester	Und ½ Bryant sw 3d, 20x80.....	10
Ghos Conlon to Ellen Welch	Huron Av sw Niagara Av, 106:8x40	500
Teary St Ex H'd As'n to D R Avery	Lot 18, blk 261, Geary St Ex H'd.....	350
M G Searing to Bridget Quinlan ..	Clary sw Ritch, 27:6x80	3,000
Nath Atkinson to Robt J Stenson.	S Fell, 137:6 e Buchanan, 27:6x120, subject to mortgage for $1,000.....	1,900
John Center to Salomon Levy.....	E Harrison, 182 n 21st, n 26x100.....	800
W M Rockewell to Francis de Long	S Pine, 87:6 e Battery, 50x91:8; also nnd half nc Fourth, 246 nw Howard, nw 28:10x82:6	25,000
Same to same.....	S Greenwich, 68:3 w Mason, w 69:3, etc.	1,500
Miles O'Donnell to Barthol Lalley.	Commencing at a pt in e line of 50-vara 621, 77:6 s from Broadway, s 20x60....	1,050
Hib Sav & Loan Soc to F Castel...	Se Pike and Clay, 36:9x68:9.....	12,050
P Lynch to Henrietta D D Airon..	Se Perry, 425 sw 4th, sw 25x80.....	1,090

Friday, May 15th.

Henry Wagner to Ernest Schlott..	N Chestnut, 70 e Mason, 42x137:6.....	$5,125
Nicholas Ely to H C Olsen.....	Ne Gottingen and Bacon, e 60x100	500
Cidrel Houle to Louis Marier.....	Lots 631, 760 to 763 inclu, Gift Map 4....	400
Flint Tract Ass'n to John Best....	Lot 26, blk 5.....	1
John Best to Isabella Best.....	Same	Gift
Edward L Turrell to Thos Noble..	E Kearny, 34:4 s Green, 34:4x137:6.....	825
Thos Noble to Amos A Irons.....	S Green, 81 e Kearny, e 26:6, etc.....	1,700
Nicholas Reynolds to B J Shay....	E Church, 208 s 22d, s 52x125.....	1
B J Shay to John Furness.....	Same	2,000
Flint Tract Ass'n to M A White..	Lot 9 blk 16.....	1
C H Reynolds to Marcus Krog....	S Vandarwater w Mason, 22:11x60.....	450
J Mason to City and County S F..	Commencing 146 e Taylor, 124:6 s, etc ..	1,214
G Perazzo to Catterina Perrazzo	E Pollard Place, n Vallejo, 20x58:6.....	2,000
John Nightingale to Paul Rousset	Subdivisions sundry blks Outside Lands	5
A B Brady to Frank F Taylor.....	Same	3,000
Mary O'Meara to J G Knorp.....	N Lynch, 88 e Hide, 23x60.....	600
Wm Schmidt to Jas Baumberger..	Sw Octavia and Hickory, 68:9x40.....	3,600
E F Dennison to F S Spring.....	E Mission, 210 s 17th, s 75, e 245, n etc..	....
Flint Tract Assn to R K Rogers...	Lots 12 and 13 blk 8.....	1
J Nightingale to P Rousset.....	Part of blk 798, Outside Land.....	5
Jas Thompson to W F Whittier...	N Folsom 91:8 sw Main, sw 45:10x137:6.	5,000
Thos Johnson to John G Druhe ...	Se Dupont and Greenwich, s 27:6 x e 70.	4,000

Saturday, May 16th.

Geo S Ladd to John Kleinhaus....	N Geary, 67:6 e Steiner, 13:6x77	$ 250
Same to Emile Bauer.....	N Geary, 27 e Steiner, 40:6x75	1,350
John Kleinhaus to Annie M Bauer	N Geary, 94:6 e Steiner, 73:6x75	450
Emile Bauer to Peter N Hanna....	E Avery, 100 s Post, s 25x94:6	400
Wm Schadde to Sophie Schadde..	E cor Minna and Julia, ne 100x80.....	Gift
Adelheid Rhem to John Bellstedt.	Lots 22, 23 and 24, blk 211, O'N & H Tct	1,100
A C Peachy to Lafayette Maynard.	Undivided 1-6th sw Sansome and Sacramento, 62:6x75.....	10,550
Flint Tract Ass'n to C E Boman...	Lot 18 blk 3.....	1
Henry R Haskin to T J Welsh	S Tyler, 192:6 w Webster, 27:6x137:6....	1,650
Geo S Haskell to Wm Hollis.....	Se Pine and Buchanan, 82:6x112:6.....	3,600
H A Cobb to Wm H Brown.....	E Jessie, 235 n 19th, 150x80.....	3,000
Cornelius Dorris to Adam Miller..	N Horner or 23d, 25 e Bryant, 25x90	600
E B Ragsdale to E B Clement.....	Nw 14th and Folsom, w 108, n 51:6, etc..	5,000
E B Clement to H Cornabrens.....	Same	4,250
E F Baldwin to L Gottig.....	Sw Hayes and Polk, w 100x60; also, nw Polk and Fell, w 100x35.....	11,722
Dennis Jordan to Jas McCormack	S A, 90 w 26th, w 50x120	600
C T H Palmer to Mary McKiernan	Sw Bush and Buchanan, 68:9x85:6.....	1
Lamson S Welton to same	Same	250

Real Estate Transactions--Alameda County.

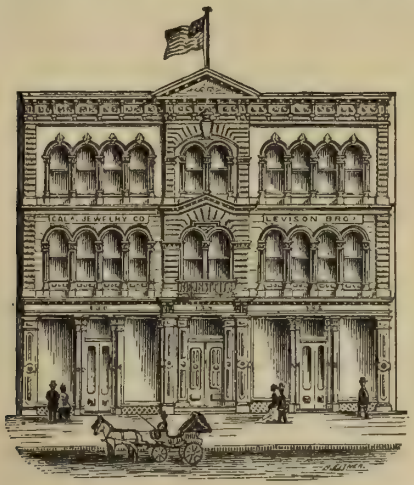
Reported by G. W. McKeand, Searcher of Records for Alameda Co. at East Oakland.

GRANTOR TO GRANTEE.	DESCRIPTION.	PRICE
Pac Theo Sem As'n to W Sparks..	Oakland: Lot 19, in P T Sem As'n T'ct	$ 700
J R Brown to G S McKay	Same: Nw cor Madison and First sts ..	3,200
J A Hobart to C H Hayes	Same: E l San Pablo Av 109:8 n Delger, n 33:4x100	3,000
W Benitz to A Menges.....	Same: S l 9th 75 e Webster, e 75x100....	3,500
J Caperton to P Cox.....	Same: 100x25 sw cor Market and R R Av	900
J C Hays to Edward Elamo.....	Same: W l Myrtle 94 s West, s 25x125..	550
M K Thornburgh to J M Sharp ...	Same: W line Charter 109:5 s Middle, s 41:8x122:11½.....	975
J Ormiston to John Coughlin	Same: S l R R Av 125 w Chester, 50x95	1,850
A C Henry to C S Petterson.....	Same: 56x140 se cor Campbell and West	725
E B Mastick to G Mahe.....	Same: 46 acres near San Pablo Road...	5
W Lockman to W T Coleman. ...	Same: N l 20th 268 w Grove, w 122:8 ...	450
L P Fisher to K Shaffer	Same: N l W 3d st 50 e Chester, 25x100.	325
P McGee to E S Knight.....	Same: S line Frederick 300 w from Telegraph., w 100x100	6,400
P Holland to D E Cotton.....	Same: E l Linden 450 n 28th st, n 50x125	1,600
Irene Grover to J Baglin	Same: W l Market 169 n West 24th st, n 30x125	300
Armes & Sather to P Barry	Same: E l Linden 160 n 5th st, n 25x125.	437
Davidson & McGregor to W Finch	Same: 50x105 sw cor Seward and Pine .	2,200
J R Rogers to L Day	Same: 90x34 sw cor 11th and Wash'n...	9,000
T B Bigelow to Thos Edstrom	Same: W l Center 95 n 5th st, n 25x141:4	500
Chas Hoebner to M M J Lyth.....	Same: N l 9th st 75 e fr Grove, 37½x100	1,200
A C Henry to W Blair	Same: Various lots Market, Myrtle, Filbert, Linden, 16th and 18th sts	100
P Thompson to T Varney.....	Same: W l Filbert 160 s 10th, 40x125....	1,600
Chas Hoebner to N B Mulville	Same: N l 9th 112:6 e Grove, 37½x100 ..	1,200
Durant & Bigelow to A C Bryan ..	Same: W l Henry 163 n West 5th st, n 25x125	475
J E Marchand to E J Roseberry ..	West Oakland: 190x91 nw cor Taylor and Campbell.....	3,000
S F Gilcrest to E Surryhue.....	Same: W line Cedar 79 n Division, n 54 x150, and n l Division 100 w Cedar, w 50x133	1,600
P Schley to C Schley.....	East Oakland: Ne Washington 125 se Arroyo, se 50x140	5
L M Evans to Trustees O L No 189	Same: 50x150 s cor Wash'n and Pierce.	2,000
Joseph Silva to Asa Howard.....	Same: 100x150 e cor Walker and Monro	2,400
H B Hobson to P C Bassett.....	Same: 75x100 n cor Benton & Humbert	1,500
J Williams to H Antone	Same: 150x150 s cor Webster & Walker.	900
J B Larues to C H Chamberlain...	Same: 660x300, b'd by Benton, Strode, Hepburn and Saunders sts.....	5,500
Lucy H Cochran to A H Cochran .	Same: 25 feet on Commerce street near Washington by 75.....	1,200
P T Kelly to B F Ferris	Same: E l Pierce 100 sw fr Washington, sw 26x100	600
Thos Richardson to P Von Pfister.	Same: N l Benton 75 w fr Lacy, 75x150.	1,500
P Feeney to J W Phillips.....	Same: 150x150 w cor Franklin & Jones.	3,500
Capital H'd As'n to M S Barker...	Same: 40x125 Capital H'd Tract.....	360
Pioneer H'd As'n to V A Torras ..	Alameda: 100x150 sw cor San Jose Av.	1,000
V A Torras to J E Damon	Same: Same premises	5,500
Pioneer H'd Ae'n to J E Damon...	Same: Clinton Av 255 w Willow, 50x150	500
W F Van Gent to A Wason	Same: Foley st 300 s fr B Vista, 42x140.	100
Eli Corwin to C H Bradley.....	Same: An undivided 5 acre Marsh Land in San Antonio Creek..... ...	7
Same to J Sroufe.....	Same: An und 5 acre, same locality	7
T Geaney to E Corwin	Same: An und interest of 36 acres M'sh Land on San Antonio Creek.....	50
E Field to E L Beard.....	Mission San Jose: 198 and 302 acres....	5,000
E L Beard to Edw Field.....	Same: Same.....	5,000
J Peralta to J B Watson	Int of J Peralta in Rancho San Antonio	807
S Ladd to J Horton.....	Livermore: ½ acre	200
Hayward P H'd Un to G Adams ..	Haywood: Lot 10, blk 12, H P H U.....	250
F D Atherton to A Lee	San Lorenzo: 1½ acres	400
F T Young to J G Young	Livermore: 152 acres 6 miles from same.	1,500
J E Baily to Irene Baily.....	Oakland Tp: Sundry lots.....	Gift
Berkely V H Assn to J G Johnson	Same: Lot 19 A V Hd Tract	610
John Wilson to S F & J Reynolds	Same: Und int in tract 4 miles n Oakld	3,000
A T White to B F Birnes	Same: Sundry lots in White Tract.....	5
Arch Edgar to Arthur Edgar	Same: 80x110 in tract adjoining Univ'ty	1
Arthur Edgar to Arch Edgar	Same: 40x110, same	1
H W Carpenter to E B Mastick....	Same: 300 acs on San Pab Ave 4 miles n from Oakland.....	5

E Hunt to S Rogers	Oakland: N line 12th st 175 e fm Grove e 50x100	$3,000
F K Shattuck to same	Same to same	3,000
W Blair to A C Henry	Same: Sundry lots near Market, 16th and 18th	100
Armes & Sather to M Slattery	Same: E line Linden 135 n from 5th st n 25x125	437
Same to J Slattery	Same	437
G M Pinney to F M Pinney	Same: 300x100 by Mason, Jackson and South by 9th	Gift
F C Farrington to J B White	Same: E line Myrtle 219 n 8th, 65x125	7,500
M Collins to P Maloney	Same: W line Hannah 600 s from 32d st s 193:11x115:10	800
P S Wilcox to Oakland Bk of Sav.	Same: Lots Peralta Homestead Tract	1,774
G Parry to M Holland	Same: N line 3d 50 w fm Chester, 25x100	375
J H Halsey to F M Stratton	Same: W line Filbert 105:6 s from 14th, thence s 96x125	5,000
J Zeigenbern to L Dinemore	Same: W line Chester 323 1 n from Middle street n 50x117	1,250
Same to A Merle	Same: E line Chester 401:2 n from Middle, n 50x125	3,000
M Dore to R H Bennett	Same: N line Filbert 151:6 n from 12th st, n 48x125	1,300
G E Butler to T N Willis	Same: E line Adeline 360:4 n from 14th st n 58:4x127	1 425
J B Scotchler to H Kohler	Same: S line 16th st 207:3 e fm Cypress, e 25x104:9	350
P S Wilcox to M Reese	Same: 100x150, sw cor Broadway & 9th	45,000
Drumm & Bigelow to J D Boon	Same: W line Henry 138 n from 5th st, n 25x125	475
Central Ld Co to E & E C Varnill.	Same: 50x120:3, Brown Tract	575
W R Rowell to H H Perry	Same: N line 8th 130 w from Willow, w 30x91:2	800
J Collyer to J W Church	Same: N line 15th w 147 e from Market e 50x103:9	1,350
D McDougal to W P Bromley	East Oakland: 150x150 Jones & Frank'n	3,000
P Murphy to B McGinnis	Same: Se Polk 100 sw from Washington sw 50x100	250
T Pritchard to S Holborn	Same: Nw Clay 25 sw from Harrison sw 25x100	1,100
C R Bowen to C Rodenbeck	Alameda: W line Foley 200 s from Buena Vista s 50x140	380
E Trenor to E Cook	Same: 5t Park st x 134	736
M A & T S Fitch to E Trenor	Same: W line St Paul 150 n from Jefferson Ave n 50x150	550
E Trenor to S E Trenor	Same to same	Gift
M A & T S Fitch to A Methoen	Same: 200x150 sw cor Jefferson and St George	1,950
Same to F Dreypoelcher	Same: E line Bay 125 s from Jefferson s 75x150	382
J S Adams to C Tompkins	Oakland: S l 17th, 90 w Clay, w 60x50	1,500
Henry & Blair to B Maloon	Same: 111:8x100 sw cor 18th and Market	3,250
W D Clark to J D Chaplain	Same: N line Sycamore 950 w from Telegraph, w 128x186	4,000
Chas Barlow to J W Mackie	Same: S line 10th, 100 e Madison, 50x100	4,000
G C Potter to D C Thompson	Same: 5 acres on Webster St Extension	6,500
A Kuhne to A Holzhauer	Same: E line Jackson, 60 s 7th, 40x100	1,200
F Oliver to E Flagg	Same: S line 13th, 100 w Brush, 100x100; also n l 10th st 50 w West st, 50x100	5
J W Towne to A W Cowles	E Oakland: 35x100, Clinton Mount Tract	Gift
J Whitney to F H Whitney	Same: N l Abell, 275 e Antonio, 85x140	200
W E Brown to S A Scott	Alameda: Lots D & C in blks 3 and 4 Alameda Park Homestead Tract	1,000
S A Scott to J Powell	Alameda: Lot D in blk 3 Ala Pk Hd	550
D W C Skilton to H Philip	Same: 6 acres bounded e Pera s Central Ave w by the Fitch Tract	1,500
M A & T S Fitch to J Sullivan	Same: S line Jefferson 75 w St Paul st w 75x100	615
E Trenor to W Bryan	Same: 302:10x269:1 ne cor Central Ave and Park sts	7,800
M A & T S Fitch to R Eberhardt	Same: Various lots on the Fitch Tract	4,285
M G Cobb to H W Carpentier	A Tract 4 miles n from Oakland	10
L M Peralta et als to E A Lawrence	Interest in a tract same locality	1,000
E A Lawrence to H W Carpentier	A tract in same locality	800
J B Watson to C P R R Co	A strip 100 feet wide over the tide land fronting former town of Brooklyn	3,000
H Frost to O J Christiensen	Eden T'p: 49 acres Marsh Land	800
S Wetterau to C Hermann	Haywood: 100x50	1
E B Renshaw to W G Long	Same: Lot on C & D streets	3,500
F D Atherton to A Flores	Same: 200x100	150
M O Brien to J O'Brien	Livermore: 160 acres six miles ne from	2,000

W W Moore to A A Moore	Oakland: S line 20th 100 e West	50x100 $1,700
J L Bailey to D Tisch	Same: S line Bay Place 370 e Telegraph Ave, e	50x118:4 1,625
B Pilkington to G H Parker	Same: N line Caledonian Avenue, 329:4 e Grove, e	100x143:2 6,000
R B Cole to M E Wand	Same: S l Middle 180 e Peralta,	100x145 11,000
R Dudgeon to O H Chamberlain	Same: E line Telegraph Ave 200 n from Hawthorne Ave n	90x250 6,600
G C Potter to C Tompkins	Same: N l 17th st w Tel'ph Av,	37:6x108 1,650
Same to J S Adams	Same: N l 17th 147:6 w Tel'ph,	376x108 1,650
C Tompkins to same	Same: S l 17th, 150 w Clay, w	50x50 1,350
E P Flint to M King	Oakland: N Laurel 667 e Telegraph Av, thence e	95x118:6 709
M Curtis to S Irwin	Same: N 22d 187:6 w West st, w	56x100 600
J C Morrell to L E Dam	Same:	100x133:3 sw cor 30th & Magnolia 600
A Carroll to Annie Carroll	Same: E Clay 50 n 6th st, n	50x75; also, in Oakland T'p 57:6x108 adj Univ site Gift
S F Gilcrist to Thos Barnes	Same:	27x94 se cor Adeline and 3d sts 500
E Hunt to S Rogers	Same: N 12th st 177 e Grove, th e	50x100 3,000
F K Shattuck to same	Same: Same premises	3,000
A C Brown to P Schoen	Same:	50x120, Brown Tract 1,000
J Stoddard to L J Stoddard	Same: Various lots on block b'd by San Pablo and Alden Ave, Campbell and West Sts	Gift
Oakland View H'd to G Smith	Same: Lot 21, in block D, O V H'd T'ct	383
G Smith to G E Schenck	Same: Same premises	390
J B Woolsey to Trust Pac T Sem'y	Oakland: N College Av, 184:3 w from Webster, w	100x150 1,250
J de Fremery to S F Savings Un'n	Same: Lots 68 and 69, in B V H'd Tract	1,375
M A Tracy to W McG Barry	Same: N Laurel st 117 e Telegraph, e	100x118:6 1,100
H H Tracy to M A Tracy	Same: Same premises	2
M A Tracy to W McG Barry	Same: Same premises	2
E P Flint to same	Same: Same premises	1,100
J Fischer to J Dorn	Same: S Folger Av 512:11 w San Pablo Av, thence w	130x250 Gift
S F Gilcrist to M O'Neil	Same: E Chestnut 244 s West 3d st, th s	25x132 300
D McDougall to J & M A Biggs	Same: N Park 290 w Grove, th w	50x100 500
R M Murray to T O'Brien	Same: Lots 86 and 87, Mitchell Tract	625
R Campbell to J Dalziel	Same:	150x140 sw cor Grove & Campb'l 2,000
Villa H'd Ass'n to K M Harvey	Same: Lot 33, in Villa H'd Tract	300
J C Quinn to Hanson & Howes	Same:	50x100, ne cor Jefferson & 16th st 1,550
M Maddock to Mary Maddock	Same:	50x75 nw cor 9th and Webster Gift
R H Bennett to A Helmer	Same:	W Filbert 151:6 n 12th, n 50x125 1,300
W K Irving to S W Lander	Same:	S 5th st, 150 e Brush, e 25x100 1,400
A L & H Tubbs to O Casserly	East Oakland:	Lots 22, 23, 24, 41, 42 and 43, in block D, Lynn 1,000
Hannah Antone to Bridget Feeney	Same:	150x300, s cor Webster & Walker 2,000
L B Huff to R C Howell	Same:	100x150 w cor Lacey & Fremont 1,150
C Bartlett to F W G Moebus	Alameda:	125x82 nw cor Pacific Ave and Lafayette 625
Jenks & Mead to E B Mead	Same:	S Eagle 320:6 e Everett, e 90x190 500
W B Clement to Max J Werder	Same:	150x190, sw cor Blanding Av and Everett st 1,600
C Bartlett to B Arias	Same:	107x150 ne cor Pacific & Schiller 987
Same to J Hanson	Same:	N R R Av 56 e Union, e 52x125 390
M A & F S Fitch to G H Percy	Same:	W St Pauls 300 e Jeffer'n, 100x150 700
C Bartlett to F C C Jacobson	Same:	125x56, se cor Pacific and Schiller 407
J Vallejo to W H Watson	Oakland T'p:	A tract on San Pablo Av 1,890
T M Antisell to H E S Hemenway	Same:	269x240, in tract near Univ'ty site 4,800
M Levy to L Saenger	Same:	Lot Oakland Prospect H'd Tract ....
H K Moore to W Turney	Same:	20 acs part plot 66; also, plot No. 2, State Univ'ty H'd Tract 200
Berkeley L & T I Co to W J Bowen	Same:	4 acres on San Pablo Ave 4,500
W J Bowen to Berkeley L & T I Co	Same:	4 acres part plot 65 4,500
D S Whilder to C J Deering	Brooklyn T'p:	Lot 9, on F V H'd Tract 400
M A Stanton to H Partridge	Same:	Various lots in Fitchburg 2,000
J de Fremery to S F Savings Union	Same:	18 acres 2,050
J H Bernal to L M Lyster	Pleasanton:	1½ acres near 300
Same to E Johnston	Same:	2 acres near 4,000
P Bernal to L W Winn	Same:	A tract near 600
G W Chapman to C M Chapman	5 acres Road Centerville to Vallejo Mills	Gift
Theo Levy to G Barnwell	San Leandro:	100x143 310
H Centner to P Costello	Alvarado:	50 acres near 4,000
Hayward P K H'd to A Rose	Haywood:	Lot 5, in blk 8, H P H Tract 250
O W Morgan to Hinckley & Osgood	Mission San Jose:	168 acres near 18,500
John Cottrell to W G Crow	Livermore:	160 acres 4 miles s from 3,000
W G Crow to S T Cult	396 acres 3 miles e from San Leandro	7,000
F D Atherton to M A Van Ness	Near San Leandro:	420 acs on S L Creek 16,408

CALIFORNIA JEWELRY COMPANY



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London & San Francisco Bank,

(LIMITED.)

(Incorporated under the Joint Stock Companies Acts of 1862 and 1867 of Great Britain), with which has been consolidated the business of

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Of which $3,000,000 is fully paid up.

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Frederick Rodewald, London, Chairman; E. H. Green late of Russell & Sturgis, Manila), London, Deputy Chairman; H. L. Bischoffsheim (of Bischoffsheim & Goldschmidt), London; J. F. Flemmich (of Fred. Huth & Co.) London; Julius May late of San Francisco, Frankfort-on-the-Main; J. S. Morgan of J. S. Morgan & Co., London; John Parrott of the late firm of Parrott & Co., Bankers, San Francisco; Baron H. de Stern (of Stern Brothers), London; Rudolph Sulzbach (of Sulzbach Brothers), Frankfort-on-the-Main; Robt. Kyrie (of Gladstone, Ewart & Co.) London.

Manager.....R. D. PEEBLES.

Secretary, JAMES M. STREETEN.

London Bankers, { BANK OF ENGLAND, / LONDON JOINT STOCK BANK.

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MILTON S. LATHAM.....President.

CAMILO MARTIN, Assistant Manager.

Cashier, ARTHUR SCRIVENER. Accountant, ALFRED BANNISTER.

This Bank is prepared to grant Letters of Credit available in any part of the world; to transact every description of Banking and Exchange Business, and to negotiate California and other American Securities in Europe.

MILTON S. LATHAM, President.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., 1st April, 1873.

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Devoted to the Leading Interests of California and the Pacific Coast

The News Letter is the most reliable organ representing the moneyed and substantial interests of the City of San Francisco and State of California; its Banking, Real Estate, Commerce, Insurance, Mining and other Stocks. It reflects the times as they pass: men, manners, literature, theatricals and follies. It is piquant and pungent by turns—

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FOR NEW YORK via PANAMA.

Leave at 12 o'clock noon every FOURTEENTH DAY, instead of every seventeenth day, as formerly for PANAMA, and connecting via PANAMA RAILROAD, with one of the Company's Steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.

May 26th---COSTA RICA,
Capt. Nolen,
Stopping at Manzanillo, Acapulco, and all the Central American Ports

May 27th--COLIMA,

Captain Shackford,

Calling at ACAPULCO only.

First Steamer of the month will call at the following CENTRAL AMERICAN PORTS: SAN JOSE DE GUATEMALA, ACAJUTLA and PUNTA ARENAS; and during the coffee season, the first steamer each month will call at these ports both ways.

☞Through Tickets sold to and from Liverpool, Queenstown, Southampton, Bremen, Brest, Havre, Hamburg, Stettin, Copenhagen and Norway.

Each Ship carries an Experienced Surgeon -- Medical attendance free.

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For Santa Barbara, San Pedro, Anaheim and San Diego.

At 9 o'clock A. M., MOHONGO, Douglass Captain. Wednesday, May 13; Thursday, May 28; Saturday, June 7; Thursday, June 11; Tuesday, June 30; Saturday, July 18.

ORIZABA, Johnston Captain. Saturday, May 23; Tuesday, June 2; Friday, June 12; Tuesday, June 23; Saturday, July 4; Thursday, July 16.

FOR SAN PEDRO,

Calling at Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simeon, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, San Buenaventura, and Hueneme.

At 9 o'clock, A. M., SENATOR, Charles Thorn, Captain. Tuesday, May 19; Saturday, May 30; Wednesday, June 10; Saturday, June 20; Thursday, July 2; Tuesday, July 14.

PACIFIC, G. D. Korts, Captain. Tuesday, May 26; Friday, June 5; Tuesday, June 16; Saturday, June 27; Tuesday July 7; Saturday, July 18.

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Directors — [illegible] Esq., San Francisco; [illegible] Esq., Geneva; [illegible] Esq., Geneva; [illegible] Esq., Geneva; [illegible] Esq., Geneva; [illegible] Esq., Geneva; [illegible] Esq., Geneva.

This Bank is prepared to grant letters of credit on Europe, and to [illegible] general Banking, Accounts and Exchange Business, and to negotiate American Securities in Europe, on favorable terms.

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[illegible],	[illegible]-on-the-M.,	[illegible],	[illegible],
[illegible],	Geneva,	[illegible],	[illegible],
[illegible],	[illegible],	[illegible],	[illegible],
[illegible],	[illegible],	[illegible],	[illegible],
[illegible],	[illegible],

REMOVAL.

The Commercial Insurance Co. of California, have removed their office to No. 228 California street, in Tallant's New Bank Building, Northeast corner California and Battery streets, San Francisco. This Company transacts A GENERAL FIRE and MARINE INSURANCE business, determining rates commensurate with the hazard assumed, and independently of any combination. The attention of the insuring public is invited to this fact, and also to the following list of Directors, comprising many of our wealthiest and most responsible citizens:

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C. W. KELLOGG, President.
H. G. HORNER, Secretary. May 8.

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WALLACE EVERSON General Agent,
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ELLIS READ,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,

304 California street..... .....San Francisco. [Feb. 14

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401 California St.—Assets Jan. 1. 1874, $582,632 02; Liabilities for Unsettled Losses, etc., $24,213 52; Net assets for Security of Policy Holders, $558,418 50. Net Assets, 1873, $558,418 50; Net Assets, 1872, $486,235 49; Gain, $72,183 01. Income, 1873, $619,887 73; Income, 1872, $526,21. 8.; Gain, $ 13,669 86, Jan. 31

MORRIS SPEYER & CO.,

Importers and Commission Merchants, Mo. 13 Merch. Exchange. Hamburg-Bremen Fire Insurance Company. Office, 13 Merchants' Exchange. Policies issued against loss or damage by fire on brick and frame buildings, stores and dwellings, furniture and merchandise, warehouse and contents. Premiums as low as in any other responsible company. ☞ All losses paid in U. S. Gold Coin.
Jan 29. MORRIS SPEYER & CO., General Agents.

BANKS.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital, $5,000,000. W. C. Ralston, President; Thos. Brown, Cashier. AGENTS—In New York, Agency of the Bank of California, No. 33 Pine street; in Boston, Tremont National Bank; in London, Oriental Bank Corporation. The Bank has Agencies at Virginia City, Gold Hill, and Correspondents in all the principal Mining Districts and Interior Towns of the Pacific Coast. Letters of Credit issued, available for the purchase of Merchandise throughout the United States, Europe, India, China, Japan and Australia. Exchange for sale on the Atlantic Cities. Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, St. Petersburgh, Amsterdam, Hamburg, Bremen, Locano, Vienna, Leipsic, Sydney, Melbourne, Yokohama, Shanghai, Hongkong, Frankfort-on-the-Main. Sept. 20.

THE BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO,

No. 215 Sansome street.....Incorporated January 31, 1874.

Capital.....$1,000,000.

A general commercial Banking business of deposits and discount. Accounts solicited. Interest paid on average balances and term deposits. Office hours from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M.

N. P. COLE, President.
March 28. FRANK M. PIXLEY, Manager.

THE ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN BANK (LIMITED.)

412 California st., San Francisco.—London Office, 3 Angel Court; New York Agents, J. W. Seligman & Co., 21 Broad street. Authorized Capital Stock, $6,000,000. Will receive Deposits, open Accounts, make Collections, buy and sell Exchange and Bullion, loan Money, and issue Letters of Credit available throughout the world.

FRED. F. LOW, } Managers.
Oct. 4. IGN. STEINHART, }

MASONIC SAVINGS AND LOAN BANK,

6 Post street, Masonic Temple, San Francisco. Guarantee capital, $150,000. Moneys received on Term and Ordinary Deposit. Dividends paid semi-annually. Loans made on approved security. LEONIDAS E. PRATT, Pres't; Wm. H. Culver, Vice-President; H. T. Graves, Secretary. May 13.

FRENCH SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

411 Bush street, above Kearny. G. Mahe, Director. Loans made on real estate and other collateral securities at current rates of interest.

THE LONDON AND SAN FRANCISCO BANK (Limited).

Sell Drafts on Yokohama, Hongkong, Shanghai and Manilla, at sight or on time, in sums to suit. July 4.

CHINA TRANS-PACIFIC STEAMSHIP CO. LIMITED

FOR THE CHINA AND JAPAN PORTS.

The magnificent new Clyde built iron screw S. S. Vancouver, [illegible] will be dispatched for the above ports on or about the 20th inst. [illegible] Through Bills of Lading will be given to Hongkong, Shanghai, Foochow, Amoy and Swatow, and Through Rates of Freight will be made to Yokohama, Nagasaki, Hiogo and Kanagawa. For Freight or Passage apply to

May 13. [illegible] 214 and 216 Sansome street.

FOR MAZATLAN LA PAZ GUAYMAS AND THE COLORADO RIVER.

The Steamship Newbern Wm. Metzger Captain will sail as above [illegible] For Freight or Passage apply to

May 20. [illegible] 214 Sansome street.

FOR GUAYMAS AND LA PAZ.

Regular Steamship Line to Mexican Ports, sailing every 20 days. [illegible] Passage to Ensenada, Santa Barbara, MONTEREY, San Francisco and Sacramento Rivers. [illegible] Through Bills of Lading given to Mexican ports, including steamer connections, and to

Jan. 6. [illegible] 214 Sansome street.

CUNARD LINE—BETWEEN NEW YORK, BOSTON & LIVERPOOL,

[illegible] AT NOON EVERY SATURDAY.

Passage Tickets sold to and from Great Britain and the Continent. [illegible] Through Bills of Lading given to and from Interior Points in connection with the Pacific Railroads.

May [illegible] E. H. [illegible] & Co., 214 Sansome street.

FOR VICTORIA, DIRECT.

Carrying her Majesty's Mails, connecting with Steamers for Puget [illegible] Sound Ports and for Alaska. The Steamer [illegible] will leave Broadway Wharf, San Francisco, at 10 A. M. on the 1st, 11th and 21st of each month, or on the arrival of the California Steamer from Portland, touching at Port Townsend, Victoria and Esquimalt Harbor.

Jan. 1. [illegible] & Co., 214 Sansome street.

X LINE FOR LIVERPOOL, DIRECT.

The magnificent new A 1 Clipper Ship Freethinker, 1650 tons register, [illegible] Master, is now loading at Steuart Street Wharf, and will have quick dispatch. For Freight or Passage apply to

[illegible] E. H. [illegible] & Co., 214 Sansome street.

NOTICE.

Shippers to Santa Barbara and other Coast Ports are requested [illegible] to have their Freight delivered at the Steamer's Wharf, as we will not be responsible for any Freight not in the Warehouse at the time of the Steamer's departure.

June 28. [illegible] & PERKINS, Corner Clay and East sts.

A. P. HUTT & CO.'S
CELEBRATED KENTUCKY WHISKIES:

Congress Bourbon. National Bourbon.
Capital Bourbon. Breckenridge A. P. H. Rye.

None of the above brands are ever [illegible] but quality maintained.

SMITH & CO., Sacramento. W. W. DODGE & CO., San Francisco.
Dec. 1 [illegible] Sole Agents for Pacific Coast.

W. W. DODGE & CO.

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in Groceries and Provisions.

[illegible] Clay and Clay streets, and 8 Pike [illegible]

NEW YORK. [illegible]
C. T. [illegible] W. W. [illegible]
Dec. 1 [illegible] San Francisco.

BAGS, TENTS AND HOSE.

[illegible] & Co.,

112 Clay and 114 Commercial streets.

San Francisco. May 14.

GEO. A. [illegible] JOHN A. [illegible] GEO. W. [illegible]

Members S. F. Stock and Exchange Board.

ATHEA, COPP & CO.

Stock and Exchange Brokers, 302 California street, San Francisco. [illegible] Stocks of every description bought and sold, exclusively on commission. Dec. 20.

FOR SALE.

THE FINE CHESTNUT MARE, "LADY MAY,"

Good, sound and solid, a fast trotter, with a splendid action, between five and six years of age, gentle and ambitious, 14½ hands high, trots double or single, "Kentucky Hunter" stock, out of bay mare "Molly" (formerly one of Judge Ely's stock). Also,

A Kimball End-spring Phaeton,

been in use twelve months, and in good condition. The above, including full set of Harness to match, with Robes, Blankets, etc., in perfect order, will be sold for $600, U. S. Gold Coin. Address "JUNIOR," P. O. Box 2,344.
May 23. San Francisco.

EARNESTLY

Do I call upon those Stockholders in the Page and Panaca mine who are timidly watching the Bear movement to come forward and pay their quota of assessment. That the mine is all and more than its ardent friends claim for it, requires no assurance on my part, and the present Directors are anxious to have the assessments still due speedily settled, so as to convince those who are inimical to the interests of our mine that we not only mean business, but that we compare in integrity of purpose more favorably than the managers of any of the mines on our slope. Thanking those who have so readily responded to my call, I feel confident that those who are still lagging behind will not require another reminder to have them come up with their assessments, so as to save extra expense and assure themselves of their legitimate investment. PHILIP FALK, President.

At a Meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Page & Panaca Silver Mining Company, held April 23, 1874, it was resolved that all Stockholders paying Assessment No. 6 before becoming delinquent, be allowed a rebate of 1¼ per cent. per month. ISAIAH COHN, Secretary.
May 16. Room 7, 438 California street.

TO THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE PAGE AND PANACA S. M. CO.

Office, No. 438 California street.—The Stockholders are requested to pay the Assessments levied on the Stock, immediately, as it is to their interest and the interest of the Company to place the financial standing of the Company on a good footing, and not wait for the expiration of the legal time.

PHILIP FALK, President.

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Page and Panaca S. M. Co. held April 2?, 1874, it was—Resolved, That all Stockholders paying Assessment No. 6 before becoming delinquent be allowed a rebate of one and one-fourth (1¼) per cent. per month. ISAIAH COHN, Secretary.
Room 7, No. 438 California street. May 2.

TO THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE PAGE AND PANACA S. M. CO.

The drafts of your Superintendent, J. C. McDonald, Esq., for last month's work and expenditures at the mine, are coming in and must be promptly paid, as it is not right nor just to keep the miners, who toiled hard to develop a splendid mine for you, waiting for their just earnings. They own a large amount of the stock and desire to pay their assessments, but have no bank or bankers to their advance. I therefore call upon you, having the right vested in me as President, to come promptly up with your assessments and I will continue allowing the rebate of 1¼ per cent. until the sale day, June 10, 1874.
May 23. PHILIP FALK, President.

CUTTER WHISKY.

A. P. Hotaling & Co., No. 431 Jackson street, are the Sole Agents on this Coast for the celebrated J. H. CUTTER WHISKY, shipped direct to them from Louisville, Kentucky. The Trade are cautioned against the purchase of inferior and imitation brands of "J. H. Cutter Old Bourbon." Owing to its deserved reputation, various unprincipled parties are endeavoring to palm off spurious grades. It is really the BEST Whisky in the United States. March 19.

A. S. ROSENBAUM & CO.

Have removed to the Southeast corner of California and Battery streets, where they invite the attention of their customers and others to their large assortment of the Best and Finest Brands of CHEWING and SMOKING TOBACCO, HAVANA CIGARS and CIGARITOS. Consignments of Choicest Brands of Cigars received by every Steamer. [Oct. 18.] A. S. ROSENBAUM & CO.

CENTER MARKET.

This Market will open for business on Tuesday, June 9, 1874.—Parties wishing Stalls will please apply on MONDAY, May 11th (before that time by letter only). A premium of $.00 will be given for the best complete Butcher Stall (to be my property), three or more to compete. Premium Stall to be judged by five Butchers of this Market. [May 9.] CHAS. R. PETERS.

M. D. NILE,

Importer and Dealer in Oil Paintings, Engravings, Chromos, Etc., and Manufacturer of Pier and Mantel Mirrors, Portrait and Picture Frames, etc., 223 and 225 Kearny street, San Francisco.
Factory, corner Chestnut and Taylor streets. May. 2.

CASTLE BROTHERS.—[Established, 1850.]

Importers of Teas and East India Goods, Nos. 213 and 215 Front street, San Francisco. Jan. 31.

BULLETIN—EASTERN RATES.

THE REASON

Why every Merchant, Farmer, Miner, Wool-Grower and Monopolist Should Not Subscribe to the Weekly Bulletin.

It is one of the most completely dull, stupid, pragmatical, and pedantic newspapers in the United States. Each number contains several dignified editorials of strong sedative influence, together with copious clippings from the dullest articles of the inferior class of English Magazines. No other California journal has a staff of writers so pretentious, conceited, bumptious, silly and inefficient as the Bulletin, and from this cause it has come to be regarded as the truly representative journal of Fitch & Pickering, whose personal traits of greed, selfishness, meanness and mendacity, are conspicuous in every issue. No family that reads thoroughly the Weekly Bulletin can fail to become a badly demoralized family.

As an Advertising Medium,

the Weekly Bulletin is an imposture and a fraud. Its circulation is small, and its rates of advertising ridiculously exhorbitant. May 2, 5t.

NOBLE & GALLAGHER,

Importers and Dealers in Painters' Materials, House, Sign, and FRESCO PAINTERS, Plain and Decorative PAPER-HANGERS, and GLAZIERS, No. 437 Jackson street, between Sansome and Montgomery, San Francisco.
Ceilings and Walls Kalsomined, Whitened and Colored. Jobbing promptly attended to. Jan. 25.

J. C. MERRILL & CO.,

Wholesale Auction House, 204 and 206 California st. Sale days, Wednesdays and Saturdays at 10 A. M. Cash advances on consignments.
Dec. 14. E. M. PATTEN, Auctioneer.

15,000 TONS PER MONTH

Of Black Diamond and other Mt. Diablo Coals received and for sale by [May 23.] P. B. CORNWALL, Pres't B. D. Coal Mining Co.

A. ROMAN & CO.,

Booksellers, Publishers and Stationers, No. 11 Montgomery street San Francisco, California, and 27 Howard street, New York. [July 23

RICHARD PATRICK & CO.,

Importers and Jobbers of Foreign and Domestic Hardware, No. 122 Battery street, San Francisco. Nov. 1.

F. G. NAGLE,

Searcher of Records, Sonoma county. Temple and Johnson's Office, Santa Rosa. June 15.

LAIRD'S PATENT SEAMLESS BAG.

Wm. Laird & Co., Manufacturers. Ellis Read, Agent, 304 California street, San Francisco. March 7.

PETER SHORT,

Merchant Tailor, No. 613, N. W. corner Montgomery and Merchant streets, San Francisco. Nov. 1.

GRAND HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

JOHNSON & CO., Proprietors.

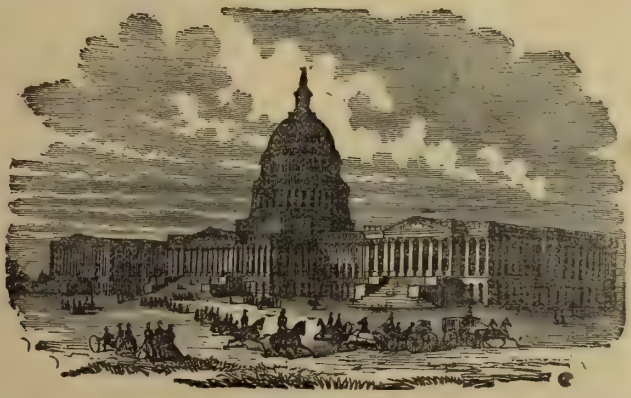
"WESTWARD
THE STAR OF EMPIRE TAKES ITS WAY"

"The New World shall redress the wrongs of the Old" Canning.

STATE LIBRARY

Vol. 5.] [No. 3.

THE CALIFORNIA



MAIL BAG.

JULY, 1874.

SAN FRANCISCO:

PUBLISHED BY F. MARRIOTT, 607 TO 615 MERCHANT ST.

AGENTS:

ROMAN & CO., W. E. LOOMIS, WHITE & BAUER, SAN FRANCISCO; A. S. HOPKINS, SACRAMENTO; C. WIEDERHOLD, PIOCHE CITY, NEV.; WESTERN NEWS CO., CHICAGO; AMERICAN NEWS CO., AUGUST BRENTANO, NEW YORK; JOHN LAW & SON, OMAHA, NEB.; F. ALGAR, 8 CLEMENT'S LANE, LONDON, ENG.

ADVERTISING RATES:—$30 a page; $15 a half page; $8 a qr. page per mo.

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY

CALIFORNIA MAIL BAG.

THE EMIGRANT.

An Experience in Travel Across the Plains.—The car door opened, there was a rattle and a rustle upon the platform outside—and she came stumbling in. At the same instant there came in with her a ruddy-cheeked, blued-eyed boy, whose years were not counted above ten. She carried in her arms a bundle closely and carefully wrapped, at one end of which a tiny face appeared, a diminutive copy of her own. Carefully placing this bundle upon a seat, she next dragged in a box and basket, and the strong odor of bilge water, such as ever pervades the steerage or between-decks of the emigrant vessel, announced to the indifferently interested passengers that my fellow-passenger was an emigrant.

She was not more than thirty, was fair, and appeared as strange and timid as the antelope we saw from the car windows gliding over the plains. But no one spoke to her, no one presumed to claim acquaintance with this travel-soiled, weary looking young woman, and as she sat upon the next seat to my own, gazing wearily out upon the wide bleak monotony of the plains, I observed several times during the day that her large blue eyes filled with tears, and that the little boy in Scotch cap, knee breeches and black hose busied himself in a vain attempt to comfort his "mother." All this I observed from behind my book, which book proved a medium of communication between my fellow-passenger and myself. She had been looking at the back of the book attentively for some time, when she broke the silence by saying:

"I beg pardon, sir, but can you tell me when we shall arrive (looking at an envelope) at Bijou station?"

"To-morrow evening sometime, if all goes well," I replied.

"Is the country out there as wild and sparely settled as this, sir?"

"Yes, madam, or more so. It depends very much upon the portion of Bijou you go to."

The ice being broken between myself and my fellow-passenger, she soon fell a victim to a professional American newspaper interviewer to whom she told her story.

"Yes, sir, I am from England. I left there three weeks ago. I observed you reading Dickens, and I took the liberty of speaking to you. Do I admire Dickens? Yes, sir, I loved him. I am a relative of his, and have oft-times visited him at his place at Gads hill. I am from Gloster. Do you know Gloster? It is a dear old town. We lived just within the shadow of that great cathedral (a sigh). Oh, the dear old town! I expect we will never meet again. It is a great old structure, sir. You can read all about it in Uncle Charles' last book, 'The Mystery of Edwin Drood.' He describes our town just as it is. We all loved Mr. Dickens. I walked many times with him in the grand old structure, for he made our home his home when he came to Gloster. He only lived ten miles away, and frequently came to see us while he was working upon his last book. I observed you reading one of his works, and I made so free as to speak, for I am—oh! so very lonesome and strange here! Did I come all the way alone, sir? Yes, sir. But it was wrong in me to attempt it. I think sometimes I shall give up before I reach my husband. But Charles is quite a man to me. You have no idea, sir, how clever and kind my little son has been to me, both on the voyage and at Halifax, at Baltimore, and Cincinnati. How do I like the States, did you say? Oh, sir, I don t like them at all. I like the state of Cincinnati the best of any I have been in. I stopped at Halifax. It is a dull, cold, miserable place. They kept us three days at Baltimore to discharge cargo. At Cincinnati my luggage was smashed, and I had to purchase deal boxes to pack in. They charged me a sovereign for them. I was detained one day at St. Louis—a nasty, gloomy, smoky place, is it not, sir? At Leavenworth they refused to take my English gold for my hotel bill, and I was in great trouble and distress. Did I get my baggage all right? Yes, sir. There is nine hundred pounds of it. Why did I bring so much, did you say? Why, sir, my husband wrote me that he had got a perfect little Eden of a place in Colorado. Yes, sir, he calls our new home Eden, and I thought I would bring as many of the old things from home as possible, and I brought a box of tea, a barrel of sugar, several bolts of long cloth, some boots and clothing, and at least a hundred different kinds of garden seeds. We will be so happy when I get home. But, sir (crying), I really think

I never will reach home again. Three weeks of travel all alone has nearly cost me my life.

What is my husband doing in Colorado, did you say, sir? He is sheep farming. He was a tailor and gentlemen's furnisher in Gloster. We lived in one house nineteen years; my father kept the business before I married my husband. We were doing very well and getting rich, but my husband, who had been a sailor when a boy, and who was born in Brazil, was always discontented and wanted to travel. In an evil hour I consented to sell out our business in Gloster. He took £5,000 with him and started to Colorado. His letters which he wrote from Colorado were very interesting, they were printed in our county paper at home. Oh, sir, if you only could know how tired I am of traveling, how lonesome I feel here upon these plains so many thousands of miles from my dear old home, you would realize how anxious I am to meet my husband."

The sun and the train rolled on westward, and toward evening on the second day out from Kansas City we came in sight of Bijou. My fellow-passenger was all bustle and excitement; she had been half a dozen times to the glass to adjust her hair and apparel. The beautiful little boy in his Scotch cap, blue jacket, and black stockings had had his golden locks freshly curled, his rosy cheeks washed, and stood upon the car seat looking out of the window—looking for "Father."

"Oh, mother, I think I see father," said Charley. "No, mother, it is some one else. Oh, I see a coffin, mother; some person is dead. They are taking the coffin out of a wagon, mother. There it is, mother, there we are past it now. Now we shall see father; we are home."

The train stopped. The weary, travel-soiled niece of Charles Dickens gathered up her parcels and her cloaks, and stepped out upon the wild bleak spot called Bijou station. The passengers, all interested in the talkative and unsophisticated pair of travelers, crowded to the windows of the car to witness the expected meeting between husband and wife. They saw it. While her baggage was being tumbled out of the car she stood with her baby in her arms, and her boy by her side, gazing around upon the strange scene, and peering eagerly among the rough clad ranchmen and plainsmen for the face, which alone of all others she wished to see. A rough-looking, but polite ranchman stepped forward, and, with a clumsy bow and bashful manner, inquired who the "Madam desired to see."

"I want my husband, Mr. Henry Lester. Does he not keep a sheep and cattle farm near here?"

"He did, madam," answered the ranchman sadly; "but he's rounded up his herd for the last time. There he is in that coffin; died last Wednesday night, and we're sendin' the body to Denver, accordin' to his last instructions. He died of congestion of the bowels, madam. Beg pardon, madam, but are you his——"

He did not finish his sentence, but stepped forward to catch the falling form of my fellow-traveler, who was carried to the car in a swoon. The little boy uttered a piteous wail of grief, while I led him sobbing back to the car which this wearied and travel-tired pair had left a minute before so hopeful and so happy. There were many wet eyes in that car just then, mine among the rest, as I held the beautiful boy sobbing to my breast.

I saw my fellow-traveler twice again, once when she followed her husband to his last resting-place, attended by one solitary carriage and four mourners, and again when, pale, sad, and bowed with grief, she started with her fair-haired boy upon her long journey back to the quiet shade and seclusion of her old home within the shadows of Gloster cathedral.

JAPAN PUNCH.

Japan is undoubtedly advancing. It is unquestionably keeping abreast of the march of civilization. If one were inclined to doubt this the following description of its press, from its real live *Punch*, should be deemed conclusive:

"It is with feelings of the utmost contempt for journalism in general, and Yokohama journalism in particular, that we take up our brush to-day. When not abusing each other, the rival editors either single out some private individual whose personal appearance is probably the only cause of their hatred, or disseminate false and sensational news. As for any attempt on their part to find out the truth, that is a thing never thought of. Any news is put in. This is, it appears to us, treating the community as if they were beings devoid of intelligence, and that anything was good enough for them. The community wants information, and that they certainly cannot get in any journal published here. For our own part we frankly confess that we combine in an eminent degree all the bad qualities we have attributed to our contemporaries—no, that word is too awful, we mean to our fellow scribblers. We are not above bribery and corruption; on the contrary, we proclaim openly to the world that we have been bribed on various occasions, and are ever ready to serve the highest bidder. In order to induce the Japanese Government to take 1,600 copies of our paper each time it is published, we solemnly declare that the reported rising in Saga never took place at all, and not only that, but it was invented by the local editors in order to fill their columns. If the press would combine to get the settlement lighted even with oil instead of dabbling in politics, some good might be effected. Our charges are $25 for representing fellows who want to appear in *Punch*, and the same price for those who object to appear, and Yara is celebrated for the beauty of its women."

It is a sad comment upon humanity, but soft soap, in some shape, pleases most folks, and generally the more "lye" you put into it the better.

THE PRAYER OF AGASSIZ.

On the isle of Penikese,
Ringed about by sapphire seas,
Fanned by breezes salt and cool,
Stood the Master with his school.
Over sails that not in vain,
Wooed the west wind's steady strain,
Line of coast that low and far
Stretched its undulating bar,
Wings aslant along the rim
Of the waves they stooped to skim,
Rock and isle and glistening bay,
Fell the beautiful white day.

Said the Master to the youth:
"We have come in search of truth,
Trying with uncertain key
Door by door of mystery;
We are reaching, through His laws,
To the garment-hem of Cause,
Him, the endless, unbegun,
The Unnamable, the One,
Light of all our light the Source,
Life of life, and Force of force.
As with fingers of the blind
We are groping here to find,
What the hieroglyphics mean
Of the Unseen in the seen,
What the Thought which underlies
Nature's masking and disguise,
What it is that hides beneath
Blight and bloom and birth and death,
By past efforts unavailing,
Doubt and error, loss and failing,
Of our weakness made aware,
On the threshold of our task
Let us light and guidance ask,
Let us pause in silent prayer!"

Then the Master in his place
Bowed his head a little space,
And the leaves by soft airs stirred,
Lapse of wave and cry of bird
Left the solemn hush unbroken
Of that wordless prayer unspoken,
While its wish, on earth unsaid,
Rose to heaven interpreted.
As, in life's best hours, we hear
By the spirit's finer ear
His low voice within us, thus
The All-Father heareth us;
And his holy ear we pain
With our noisy words and vain.
Not for Him our violence
Storming at the gates of sense,
His the primal language, his
The eternal silences!

Even the careless heart was moved,
And the doubting gave assent,
With a gesture reverent,
To the Master well-beloved,
As thin mists are glorified
By the light they cannot hide,
All who gazed upon him saw,
Through its veil of tender awe,
How his face was still uplit
By the old sweet look of it,
Hopeful, trustful, full of cheer,
And the love that casts out fear.
Who the secret may declare
Of that brief, unuttered prayer?
Did the shade before him come
Of th' inevitable doom,
Of the end of earth so near,
And Eternity's new year?

In the lap of sheltering seas
Rests the isle of Penikese;
But the lord of the domain
Comes not to his own again;
Where the eyes that follow fail,
On a vaster sea his sail
Drifts beyond our beck and hail;
Other lips within its bound
Shall the laws of life expound;
Other eyes from rock and shell
Read the world's old riddles well;
But when breezes light and bland
Blow from Summer's blossomed land,
When the air is glad with wings
And the blithe song-sparrow sings,
Many an eye with his still face
Shall the living ones displace,
Many an ear the word shall seek
He alone could fitly speak.
And one name for evermore
Shall be uttered o'er and o'er
By the waves that kiss the shore,
By the curlew's whistle sent
Down the cool, sea-scented air;
In all voices known to her
Nature own her worshiper,
Half in triumph, half lament.
Thither Love shall tearful turn,
Friendship pause uncovered there,
And the wisest reverence learn
From the Master's silent prayer.

—*Whittier.*

It seems sometimes that it will be necessary to immure our womankind, after the fashion of the wives of Chinese merchants of high standing, going abroad is getting to be such a disagreeable affair. At church or concert, theater or opera, the doors are lined with a set of whelps, who make it their business to stare impertinently at ladies as they come out. A booting seemed expedient, but upon reviewing the brigade we find them to be not worth the trouble. In the first place, the long-legged hobbledehoys who form one half the crowd, who think it something stunning to ogle the ladies, and who may be classed under the general name of "smarties," look so sadly out of place away from their mammy's apron strings and their little truckle bed, that we pity rather than blame them. As for the other creatures, a woman is a rara avis. They would be expelled from a respectable house at the point of a boot, and they have not even admission to the *maisons de joie*, where none but pecunious individuals and privileged policemen may go. Bummer is written plainly in their faces, sponge in their unearned habiliments, rowdy in their vulgar leer. But as it is, the nearest they ever get to decent people, viz., to review them as they pass out the door, the remnant of this appreciation of respectability may perhaps be forgiven them. Let them stare, and, now that we have classed them, the ladies may select hobbledehoys or rowdies at their pleasure, whose impertinences they may return, as we have seen some of them do.

A lady asked a veteran which rifle carried the maximum distance. The old chap answered, "The Minnie, mum."

HER MAJESTY'S BIRTHDAY.

In accordance with the good old custom followed by the sons of John Bull, resident in San Francisco, of honoring the anniversary of their Queen's birthday, our British friends assembled on Monday evening last, at the Cosmopolitan Hotel, and indulged in an Englishman's greatest delight, a good substantial dinner. The guests mustered in the parlors of the hotel, and at 8.30 o'clock marched to the dining room, about one hundred strong, to the tune of the "Roast Beef of Old England." Here they were received by mine host Pearson, who, on this occasion, had prepared a dinner for his visitors in which the substantial roast beef with the Yorkshire pudding, and the plum pudding with brandy sauce, both so dear to an Englishman's heart and stomach, had not been forgotten. For about an hour after the mustering, naught was to be heard save the rattle of plates, the hum of conversation, the popping of champagne corks, and an occasional musical burst by Ballenberg's Band. Whilst the guests were so worthily occupied, we took a glance around to notice who were there. First and foremost was that whole-souled genial friend to all, the British Consul (W. Lane Booker), who presided over the feasters, his jolly face glowing with enjoyment and good fellowship; on his right was J. W. Stow, representing the San Francisco Benevolent Society, tall, gaunt, Josh Billings-like as ever, feeling in his inmost heart, as he polished off the good cheer, that his lines had fallen in pleasant places amongst his English friends. On the Chairman's left was to be seen our old friend David Porter, of the St. Andrews Society, smiling on his many friends, occasionally caressing with affectionate care a promising young mustache. Then there was Parson Turner, of Oakland, with his broad shoulders and big, gruff voice; Harry Edwards, looking wonderfully well after his spell at rusticating; Lawyer Hayes, bent on enjoyment; Archibald McKinlay, Vice-Consul Mason, Captain Naunton, the brothers Rolf, as like as two peas, and many more well known residents, whilst flying around here, there, and everywhere, might be seen the Secretary of the British Benevolent Society (J. P. McCurrie), with his white hair, white whiskers, white cravat, and white vest, looking a perfect picture of innocence. After good service had been effected on the eatables, a stir at the further end of the hall attracted general attention; eyes glanced in that direction, and smiles illumined every face when Lawyer Hayes ushered in ten ladies. Here was an unexpected innovation, but not an unappreciated one. The new-comers were heartily welcomed, and the business of speech making commenced. The Chairman gave the toast of the evening, "The Queen," in a few well selected words, and, as was to have been expected, his remarks were received with immense cheering, a general upturning of glasses, and the national anthem. Cigars were then lighted, vests loosened, chairs pushed back, and all started in for toasts, speeches, songs, and a good time generally. The list of toasts was short, but well selected. Number two on the list was "The President of the United States," followed by the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner." Then followed in quick succession the "Prince of Wales," "Our Sister Benevolent Societies," responded to by David Porter, who, in the course of his remarks, spoke of the presence of the ladies, how he was now a supporter of the innovation as he was an opponent in times past; the "British Benevolent Society," proposed by J. W. Stow; "The Ladies," by G. H. Fryer, with a burst of oratory, and a curious intermingling of the mother of Jesus, Mary Magdalen, Cleopatra, Queen Elizabeth, and the speaker's infant daughter. The last regular toast was that of "The Chairman," proposed by the Rev. Mr. Turner, who spoke of the secret charities, the many virtues, the kindly feeling, and the great good done by Mr. Booker. The remarks of Mr. Turner were received with loud applause, cheer after cheer greeted the toast, three times three and one cheer more rang through the hall, the exuberance of the guests finding vent in yelling "For he's a jolly good fellow." Mr. Booker, modest as ever, repudiated all the pretty things said of him by the Reverend Gentleman, but his modesty was of no avail, and his speech was received with three cheers and a tiger. After each toast, appropriate songs had been sung by the musical friends present. Mr. Guthrie surprised his hearers by his admirable rendering of "A Warrior Bold." Mr. McKinlay gave "The Men of Merry Merry England," and "The March of the Cameron Men." Alfred Wilkie sang "The Death of Nelson," sadly marred, however, by the excessive joviality of one of the guests, and W. F. Baker sang "The Queen's Letter" in his very best style. The Chairman's toast finished the regular business of the evening, but the fun was not yet over. Speeches were made by Messrs. Stow and Eastman; Harry Edwards added his quota to the general fund by his inimitable recitations; songs were sang by Secretary McCurrie and others, whilst Mr. Swanson, the blind organist, presided at the piano and sang "Then the toast be dear woman." The fun raged fast and furious; jokes flew around, corks popped, and it was well on to three o'clock before the company separated, but before the separation it was determined that the custom now adopted in the old country of inviting ladies to take a share in the rejoicings from the very commencement should be adopted on the next anniversary. Mention must not be omitted of the tasteful floral decorations, several ladies having devoted their time the whole of the afternoon to this laudable service. Those who were present on Monday last will not readily forget the occasion of the anniversay of the Queen of England's birthday, A. D. 1874.

In Truckee, Nevada, the other day, a group of five able-bodied individuals were conversing about fire-arms. One offered to wager the drinks that there were not three revolvers in the crowd. The bet was taken, and the result was six revolvers, three derringers, and a horse pistol.

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

THE CRIER'S PRAYER.

Most gracious, sweet-faced Christ,
Why, why hast thou forsaken us?
Dost thou not see, Lord Christ,
The ills that have overtaken us?
The Foul Fiend has burst his chain,
And is casting his ordure over us;
Dear, fair Lord, tie him up again,
Ere with his filth he cover us.

Muttering doctrines fraught with danger,
For his crest a Commune-brand,
Lo, the greedy, grasping Granger
Stalks, a curse upon the land.
This is he who thinks that only
Grangers need be fatly fed,
Who would see the merchants starving,
Hear their children cry for bread,
Granted only that *his* coffers
Were secure from being bled.
Horny-handed son of labor!
Horny-*headed* son of *sloth!*
Communist we soon shall find him,
If we do not check his growth.

Two foul pills the devil hath brought us;
What have we done to merit this?
The scum of the Eastern cities hath sought us,
Our brokers are ruined by Woodhull's kiss;
While a clatter of tools is made by Tennie
Rearing her temple of Free-Love-Lust.
Kind God, let them earn their "honest penny"
In some other place, for it is not just
That our pure young brokers should wax unchaste,
Through a pair of "strange women" like these.
Let not the immaculate Board be defaced,
We pray thee, O Lord, on our knees.

Yet if thy love *must* chasten us, O Lord,
Let these remain,
And we will only ask thee to remove
One filthy stain,
The like of which hath ne'er been seen before,
And ne'er can be again.
Elagabalus was a wicked priest,
But he was young
And fair: his body was at least
Into the Tiber flung. [Beast,
But far more wicked Van de Mark, the
Who is as yet unhung.
Take, Lord, this hoary lecher from our town,
And we will thank thee for the favor shown.

One day this week a hombre, with deeds of dark intent in his eye, mounted per elevator to the brilliant *salon* of our principal photographic establishment. He was tastefully attired in seedy garments, and a dirty shirt, but there was something striking in the way he clenched his hand, and something manly in the way he smelt of whisky. Long before he reached the show case the most urbane of proprietors accosted him with "May I ask to what I am indebted for the honor of this visit?" The intruder turned a black eye on him and said "Sir, I am *a celebrity.*" "Excuse me, my dear sir," said the urbane one, "pray do me the favor to walk this way. Mr. Davis, will you be so good as to attend to Mr.—— Mr.—— Miss Keyes, be so very kind as to take down the gentleman's name and address." "I'm Smith, of Nevada," said the other "every one knows me up thar, and if you like I'll tell you my history." "Pardon me," said the politest of proprietors, "I am particularly engaged at present; suffice that you have committed crimes. I know Mr. Jones, of Nevada, and he is also a celebrity." Mr. Smith walked under the skylight, was flashed into a negative, and emerged in a profuse state of perspiration. Approaching the quintessence of urbanity, he said, "Pal, that was dry work." Hospitality is innate in the chief, so he replied, "Friend, there is an establishment round the corner called 'the Mint,' where, like its namesake, they coin money: let me invite you there." They went, and it was a sight to see that celebrity walk into the lunch and the tumbler of whisky he took; it rather roused the urbane one's suspicions, so he followed the famed one along Montgomery street, till he stopped under the Lick House, and entered the rival establishment. Here the surly and all-in-contrast boss saluted him with, "What d'ye want?" "Guess you want me," was the answer; "I'm a celebrity. I'm Brown, of Brown's Flat.' "Mr. Steinwascher," called out the imperious, "here's another celebrity, take him off, and break the negative, so that no one else can get it. I don't know who it is, but he has an awfully bad expression, so he'll do." "Good bye sir." "Look here, Governor, do you smoke." "No, sir." Well, I do, so just send out for some cigars." He did, and it was strange how many little odd articles of optical value were missing from that store the same afternoon.

The heavenly peace which has descended upon the *Chronicle* can be likened only to the benign feeling enjoyed by a man after having soundly thrashed his wife, a woman who has just planted the sting of a raging jealousy in the old man's bosom, or a mother-in-law, who has kept things lively in the house for a week. It need scarcely be mentioned to intelligent readers that the reporter employed for the Rochefort occasion was a youth who, in early life, employed the hours of recreation between French lessons in putting salt on little birds' tails. Habits of generosity were early instilled by a systematic course of penny-giving to the heathen. He therefore does not miss the dollar which paid for the soda so much as his melancholy yet spirited statement of the fact would seem to imply. It is hoped, in pen circles, that the Bohemian Club will levy an assessment on the members and make good this rash expenditure to the young literateur. In the meantime, it is quite comforting to know that the Sacramento bar keeper is quite squelched by the lofty scorn of the Rochefort treater. Also, that an interest in the French language has been caused to such a degree that the reporters on all the dailies are obliged to employ interpreters to translate the sensations, in consequence of which we entertain a dire hope that we may stumble upon some good English.

The Wonders of San Francisco.—Wonder if Sherry Corbyn and George Wight sleep together? Wonder if John B. Felton brushes his hat the wrong way? Wonder, also, what makes him shave so close? Wonder if Judge Lake owns a "gift map?" Wonder if Col. McComb knows John McCullough? Wonder how high Michael Reese's instep is? Wonder what makes Col. Stevenson wear a glazed cap? Wonder why Judge Talliaferro can't get that hair out of his mouth? Wonder why Alphonso Von Mier has given up society? Wonder what has become of Jerry Beyea? Wonder where Harry Larkyns got that big coat? Wonder why Sol Sharp grew his mustache? Wonder why Sam Holladay shaved off his beard? Wonder what induced Russ Wilson to let his grow? Wonder why Harry Logan is such a woman hater? Wonder what makes Ned Taylor so serious? Wonder what made Charley Low leave his bronzes at the club? Wonder why Augustus Bowie is called "the tourist?" Wonder why Sprague dances with his hat? Wonder if Hypolite's papa will say "*yes?*" Wonder when Jim Freeborn and Ben Smith will be back? Wonder where James Mee got those gold specs? Wonder if Al. Dudley ever practices in the Police Court? Wonder why Willy Cunningham always wears a flower in his button-hole? Wonder why Schmeidel always carries a rose in his'n? Wonder how old Joe Spear is, anyhow? Wonder if M. Theo. Kearny is an Abyssinian? Wonder if Ned Cahill is near-sighted? Wonder if Cutler McAllister ever eats anything? Wonder why Dr. McMillan never lights his cigar? Wonder why Strauss doesn't buy off Henry Chauncey? Wonder why Tom Edmonson does not get married? Wonder what makes Judge Hoffman so reticent, as a rule? Wonder who Mr. Theo. K—— *is*, anyhow? Wonder what Tom Gallagher does for his corns? Wonder if Mike De Young has been astonished at a smile lately? Wonder what Dr. Blake's next motion before the Academy of Sciences will be? Wonder why Len. Reynolds never eats anything? Wonder why W. F. Babcock never wears a Panama hat? Wonder why W. E. Turner is called "Poor Jack?" Wonder why Harry Logan never goes to the California Theater? Wonder how Fred Mason feels about that wedding?

We never heard of a more mutually obliging pair than the Tennants. Mrs. Tennant intimated that existence would not be a burden if Mr. Tennant took his departure for heavenly spheres, and he took it via strychnine, leaving word that he still loved her. It was no fault of his that Dr. Stivers pumped all ideas of heaven out of him with the city stomach pump. With returning life came returning sense, and he permitted Mrs. Tennant to know that life could not be altogether without charms if there were no Mrs. Tennant, whereupon she in turn took her departure for heaven via a pistol, and got there, we hope. It was her bad luck to be a woman, and to have the shot take effect. It is consoling to know that her intentions were good, and that she had a good picnic before she started. We live in daily hope that the accommodating Mr. Tennant will take a trip after her to see how she gets along. A heaven without these little sacrifices would be unsatisfactory to both of them.

Van De Mark's boy has come to the surface again, and as it is an ill wind which blows nobody good, he has been useful in two ways; he has given the First Universalist secessionists a chance of seeing what a conglomeration of nastiness, filth, and moral rottenness they have been fostering in their bosoms, and it has given the Hoyt family a chance to make a speech, an opportunity they have not enjoyed since the fizzling of the crusade. It now remains for them to rid themselves of these festering lepers as soon as possible. As regenerators of the modern Babylon, we ourselves offer the following resolution: *Resolved*:—"That the boy be presented to the cremation society for experimental purposes, and that Van De Mark be delivered to the tender mercies of the Art Association." Van was asked the other day, "What's the matter now?" "Oh, nothing," said he; "only those women jealous of that boy."

The innate wickedness of the human animal is evidenced in the curiosity, sympathy, and wish-I-was-he feeling with which they rush in hordes to gaze upon the Mexican brute, Vasquez. He proved himself to be a cowardly sneak after all his bravado, yet is better than many who flocked to look at him, for he boldly calls himself robber, while they pillage and plunder and pilfer under the name of merchants, bummers, brokers, politicians, and editors of daily newspapers. This public exhibition of this greaser loafer is useful in one way, however. The crowds, who are slippery enough to elude justice, can get a glimpse of the place where they belong without suffering the disagreeable item of incarceration, and may inspire them with such a dread as to keep their fingers out of our honest pockets and their poisonous fangs off our honest reputations.

The Oakland Father is out in a new role. This time he has been engaged in calmly, but firmly, opening his children's heads with a hatchet, to make an aperture through which their innocent little souls may fly to heaven. The mother heroically blew out the candle, hoping that he could not see in the dark, and might by accident strike the cat. The Oakland father was too old a bird to be caught with chaff, and as he didn't intend his innocent children to be loafing around heaven, without any one to blow their noses, and keep them in clean pinafores, he tried to finish the old lady, but only succeeded in slicing a steak off her left shoulder. It is comforting to know that he finished his antics by finishing himself. Readers in distant climes are informed that this one is an extraordinary specimen of the Oakland father. The ordinary one is much worse (*vide* the Calendar of Crime).

We cannot at the present writing call to mind any old cove more thoroughly up to snuff than David, the psalm-singer. His recipe for rejuvenation was so successful that it has held its own through many thousand years, and all the old boys are willing to try it yet. We noticed among the old bucks on Monday an air of preparation and anticipation. There was an upward curve to the lips and a reckless display of crow's feet, confidently expected to be their farewell appearance. We were to have a batch of fresh fellows made over almost as good as new. When the curtain rang up at the California young men were alarmingly in the minority. There faced the stage row after row, and tier after tier, of gray-haired, bald, toothless old scoundrels, all wanting to be Davids as hard as ever they could. It is sufficient to say that on both sides of the curtain the disgust was mutual.

Indiana is said to have turned a vivid uncomprising green. It is the bilious green of jealousy. Whole villages are said to be depopulated by the emigration of divorce lawyers. They are coming to California. We had nine divorces in one day, in one court, last week, and then the judge could have kept his hand in, had he had time to go further down on the docket. They have a fashion in some districts of France of planting two trees every time a child is born. Children have rather gotten out of the habit of being born in this country. So much so that it would take too long to get up a forest to make it worth while, but if divorced couples could be made to plant a couple of trees every time there was a family schism, we would soon have good firewood at one cent per cord.

Our worthy Chief of Police has added another accomplishment to his list. Those who have taken so much pleasure in his performances as liquor merchant, Chief of Police and Whitewasher, may now behold him under the attractive guise of a showman. If he have always as profitable a show as Vasquez, it is confidently expected that he will make his fortune in the character of mountebank. It would seem to the verdant eye an oversight that no admission fee was charged, but those misguided individuals who blindly signed their names to the petitions so industriously circulated by the gray-coated "supes," can easily understand how tidy a commission was realized off the signature of every citizen who thus paid for his permit.

The disposition to part their names in the middle, indulged in to such an aggravating extent by poets and other trash, has finally reached down to the minstrels, and the latest acquisition, known among his schoolmates as Bill Bent, is announced in the play bills as W. Horace Bent. Such impertinence causes the same feeling among the upper strata as animates the bosom of a fashionable lady in full rig of French *passementerie* when she sees a hoodlum arrayed in black glass of similar design, worth about fifty cents a ton. What satisfaction is there in blue blood if it doesn't show on one's visiting card.

Oakland is trying to get up a local option law. It is difficult to ascertain why, because nobody in that burg drink anything but ginger-pop and goat's milk, but as it is necessary for them to have some little amusement to keep them alive, perhaps local option is as harmless as anything they could take to. We are afraid, however, that this finishes the list. The Court-house is built, Lake Merritt is an old story, Sallie Hart is too familiar a figure to grow violent over, the County seat question is settled, every one has been to Mt. Diablo. The next step will probably be to raffle the town off. We must respectfully decline taking a chance.

The daughters of Col. D. and Col. S. are teachers in the Sunday School belonging to the church ably represented by Rev. Mr. Peake. The scholars were assembled for an examination, when the question was propounded by one of the young ladies as to the name of the mountain whereon our Saviour was crucified. Not one of the various classes could supply the information required. However, one youngster jumped up and exclaimed, "I know; it was on Bunker Hill!" A general laugh greeted the *wit* and ignorance of the luminous youth.

The Van Cott meditates another descent upon us, and we shall have another attack of the Holy Ghost. She gives him three times a day, as the doctors give pills, but without sugar-coating. She is indomitable and indefatigable, and don't believe in religion in homeopathic doses. We can't stand it any other way, and we have but two hopes. Either she will be used up by repeated trips across the continent, or we must get Woodhull & Claflin to pitch into her and incontinently annihilate her.

A man in Haverhill, N. H., who had recently buried his wife, on hearing of the sudden death of his nearest neighbor's better half, hastened over to his house to console him. After he beheld the lifeless remains of the lady, he remarked: "Wal, we hev both lost our women, and all we hev got to do is to find two more."

A young lady naively advertises as lost a brown hat with a brown pink bow. It has been found by a young man with a blue green eye, who rode to the house in a yellow blue car, returned the parcel in a gray brown paper, will be married by a purple red minister. We expect a salmon pink baby.

The perpendicular hight of the Sun illumines the depth of the sea,
And the fishes, beginning to sweat, cry "D— it, how *hot we shall be!*"—JOSEPH MILLER, A. D. 1735.

A POEM OF ROBERT BURNS.

[HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED.]

The front in yonder wimpling burn
That glides, a silver dart,
And safe beneath the shady thorn
Defies the angler's art:
My life was once that careless stream,
That wanton trout was I;
But love wi' unrelenting beam
Has scorched my fountains dry.

That little flowret's peaceful lot
In yonder cliff that grows,
Which, save the linnet's flight, I wot,
No ruder visit knows,
Was mine, till love had o'er me passed,
And blighted a' my doom;
And now beneath the withering blast
My youth and joy consume.

The wakened lav'rock warbling springs,
And climbs the early sky,
Winnowing blithe his dewy wings
In morning's rosy eye;
As little reckt I sorrow's power,
Until the flow'ry snare
O' witching love, in luckless hour,
Made me the thrall o' care.

—*Every Saturday.*

FASHIONS FOR JULY.

Le Follet says fashion has decreed that the elegance of a toilette no longer consists in its appearing worth a large sum of money, but simply in the perfection of its fit and details. In examining the toilettes prepared for this season at the principal Court modistes, we have invariably found that the expensive-looking dresses, with a fouillis of different ornaments, were intended for some nouvelle riche, while the simple but tastefully-made materials, whose cachet consisted in their arrangements, were ordered by some grande dame or lady who had a claim to distinction beyond the length of her purse.

The Parisiennes have always been so excessively fond of alpaca that we were not surprised to find in the show-rooms an immense variety of toilettes made of the Danish silk alpaca, for which they had sent large orders to England. Some of these were of lovely color, with all the brilliancy of silk.

The poil de chèvres have been brought to great perfection. There are also many improvements in silks of all kinds. Taffetas and the lighter makes of silk will be worn this season, as well as the rich failles, poult de soies, etc. We are glad to find the report that velvet skirts would be worn through June and July is emphatically contradicted by the grandes dames and the modistes, whose word is law concerning "La Mode."

The principal white tints are known as silver, pearl, and snow. As to the façon of robes, there is nothing in this season's novelties to contradict the steps already taken towards a greater simplicity of style, many very rich silk skirts being made almost devoid of ornament. Dresses with a pattern in the material are invariably made with less ornament than plain ones. Flounces are still worn, in great variety of arrangement; for really Summer materials, their vaporous character renders them very suitable. Lace, especially that in which the pattern is outlined with jet beads, will be most elegantly worn. Polonaises are still worn; but the newest arrangement of the kind is tunic and bodice separated, though, of course, made of same material as in the case of a polonaise cut in one. The sleeves match or correspond with the skirt worn, the latter being certainly the most elegant and finished in style.

All skirts, whatever the material or trimming, with or without pouff, have an elastic to the side breadths, which serves to make the front quite plain, and throw all the fulness to the back. They are cut the same as last month, of which we gave a detailed description. Another invariable rule is that all silk skirts have a plaiting of muslin, edged with lace, tacked underneath the hem; this prevents the contact of the hem with the skirt, and gives a great finish to the toilette. All bodices are made more or less open if intended for afternoon wear; if worn out of doors, they are, of course, accompanied by a plastron of the same, or a guimpe of some kind. We need hardly say that no transparent material will be worn out of doors over the neck or shoulders with a lining. A mistake of this kind would infallibly ruin the pretensions of the wearer to elegance, or even moderately correct taste. Transparent materials, if intended to wear in and out of doors, may have the bodies made without lining; they can then be worn either over a high or low silk or nanzouk bodice. Corsages à pointes will be much worn for dinner and dancing dresses as well as dresses worn in the daytime. Toilettes de visite, or for any out-door wear, unaccompanied by a mantle, must, of course, have basques; there can be no exception to this rule if the bodice is intended to serve as an out-door vêtement.

The season's bonnets are charming on he head, though peculiar in the hand; the best modistes make without strings or long ends, though some very elegant ones have a mantille of lace fastened at the back, and hanging loosely on the chest. They are trimmed with a quantity of flowers. The little muslin frill worn underneath is very becoming and fresh-looking.

Taking care of a baby and sewing buttons on a wife's shoes were adduced, in a trial the other day, as evidence tending to show a husband's affection for a wife whom he subsequently shot.

HIGH LIFE AT WASHINGTON.

A Washington paper, the Capitol, makes a doleful complaint of the ravages of fashion and extravagance at the seat of Government. No one, we are told, "possessed of brain controlled by a conscience" can live there without being pained by the unhealthy symptoms manifest in semi-official and social life. The capital of the Republic has long ceased to be distinguished for Republican simplicity. The simple etiquette of the Presidential mansion and other official abodes has shown signs of a tendency to disappear in favor of the ceremonial of a court. The personal character of the President used to command the respect which was paid him. Now one must speak with bated breath in the presence of "a coarse soldier," and any attempt to criticise his eccentricities are to bring upon the critic threats of personal violence from his "courtiers." The ladies of his family have obtained official recognition, and such title as "first ladies" and "second ladies" have actually come into use. The extravagant mode of living is out of all proportion to the salaries of the officials. It is well known that, with the exception of the President, no prominent official can live within the salary allowed him by law. On this point a correspondent of the *New York Times* enters into details. Cabinet Ministers are paid $8,000 a year. But their duties to society involve, in the first place, an expenditure of some $5,000 or $6,000 for house rent. Wednesday receptions by the ladies of the house involve at least $1,000 for the refreshments supplied to the visitors. The visiting list of a Cabinet Minister's wife will contain not less than two or three thousand names; and to these she must send out invitations to her evening receptions at least twice during the season. Taking all items into consideration, it is asserted that a member of the Cabinet, with his $8,000 of a salary, cannot get through the year in a satisfactory style with a less expenditure than from from $15,000 to $17,000. In itself, however, there is nothing so remarkable in this disproportion. No one supposes that our own Cabinet Ministers live within anything like their official salaries. But the Washington *Capitol* gives us another side of the story, which we may be thankful has no parallel on this side of the water. Since the war, Congress legislates on all sorts of business, and pecuniary interests of vast extent depend upon its action. Hence the "lobbying" system has swollen to inordinate bounds, and the competition for profit among speculators sticks at nothing to gain its ends. What is an investment of $1,000 in the right place when it will gain a million? The result, so far as officials are concerned, is briefly this: If they come to Washington poor, they go home rich; if they are wealthy at first, they can buy their places, and make a good thing out of the purchase. The state of society thus described is one in which a hollow show of extravagance and style covers a thorough decay in honesty and all morality. And the worst of it is that these recent accounts are quite in harmony with many others which have been given before.—*English Paper.*

POPULARIZING ART IN AMERICA.

Professor Norton writes to the *Nation* that certain American bankers in Italy are adding to their legitimate profits by undertaking to popularize art in America. They have galleries for the display of sculpture for sale, and workshops at Carrara, where wages are low, under the charge of a foreman who can make any model required. If their customers require a classical statue, they have only to make a selection from a set of photographs, and are provided with an exact facsimile; though, if there is any defect in the work of Phidias or Praxiteles, it is corrected, as nothing that is not perfect is allowed to go out. If a domestic subject is required, the want can be easily met. Thus a statue of Ruth was got up, but was not successful, till a member of the firm, on looking over his photograph book, conceived the happy idea of forming a statue of Rebecca as pendant to Ruth out of the Faun of Praxiteles. "So I sent for my foreman," said this promoter of art to Professor Norton, "and said to him, 'Now, you take this, and you make me a design for Rebecca out of it; it's got to be draped, and it's got to be a woman.' So he took it, and he brought me a sketch, and I didn't like it; and then he made me another, and at last he made me this one; and then he wanted something to show who it was; and so we put in this symbolic well here, and, altogether, it's just about the most popular work of American art going."—*Academy.*

AN EQUIVOCAL POSITION.

Lady readers will, I am sure, sympathize with a charming little correspondent of the female persuasion, who writes: "I never was so put out. I got into an omnibus, and everybody stared at me. I sat down, and the people drew aside, and an old lady whisked her skirt away as if I had brought the plague into the 'bus. As I sat there I looked up and saw the reason of it. There was a placard, cautioning people to take care of their pockets, as a great many purses had been stolen of late, and it said 'the pickpockets are chiefly women.' It was dreadful. There was I suspected of picking pockets only because I was a woman! I took my purse and held it tight in my two hands right before me to show that I wasn't so much as touching anybody, much less robbing them. Then all at once it came into my mind what I had read in one of Mrs. Brown's books, how she sat next a woman in a 'bus who was 'reading a book with false hands,' while she picked a pocket with her real ones. It gave me such a turn I didn't know what to do, so I stopped the 'bus and got out as quick as ever I could. Isn't it shameful?"

—*South London Press.*

UNFINISHED STILL.

A baby's boot, and a skein of wool,
Faded and soiled, and soft : [right,
Odd things, you say, and no doubt you're
Round a seaman's neck this stormy night,
Up in the yards aloft.

Most like it's folly, but, mate, look here :
When first I went to sea,
A woman stood on the far off strand,
With a wedding ring on the small, soft
Which clung so close to me. [hand

My wife, God bless her! The day before
She sat beside my foot ;
And the sunlight kissed her yellow hair,
And the dainty fingers, deft and fair,
Knitted a baby's boot.

The voyage was over ; I came ashore ;
What, think you, found I there?
A grave the daisies had sprinkled white;
A cottage empty, and dark as night,
And this beside the chair.

The little boot, 'twas unfinished still ;
The tangled skein lay near ;
But the knitter had gone away to rest,
With the babe asleep on her quiet breast,
Down in the churchyard drear. —*Cassel's Magazine.*

THE AUSTRALIAN LINE AND ITS AGENCY.

To the Editor of the Cal. Mail Bag:—What is the matter with the San Francisco agency of the Australian line? This steamship service belongs to a company whose headquarters are located in London. Anything like supervision of the agency here is therefore impossible. If complaints could be made to and investigated by some one having authority, the business community might very well be left to seek redress in the proper quarter. In the absence of any such court of appeal it would seem that the power of public opinion may be of use. Perhaps, too, the facts, if noticed by the press, may reach headquarters, and so lead to the needed reforms. Agents having control of property belonging to principals located so far away have grave responsibilities. They are entrusted with an immensely valuable property to do pretty much with as they please. They may either conserve it or ruin it at pleasure. They may use it for their own purposes only, and so array other traders in antagonism against the line, or they may act in the true interests of their principals by giving all customers a fair and equal show. In this view it would seem to have been a mistake to have selected agents who are competitors for much of the trade the line is intended to build up. Indeed, we venture to think this will prove ere long to have been a fatal blunder. The merchants of this city will not stand the treatment which we now complain of. Early the day of arrival of the *Mikado* room for considerable cargo was applied for by a large exporting house. The agents asked what the cargo was to consist of, the quantity, etc. After obtaining all possible information, they replied that they were unable to give an answer, as they did not know what the destination of the steamer would be until advices from London. That answer was, to say the least, peculiar. Can it be that such uncertainty prevails as to whether the line may not suddenly come to an end? If there is no fear of that result, then such explanations are calculated to have a needlessly damaging effect. Now mark what followed. The *Mikado* arrived several days overdue and was a very short time in port, yet she was largely filled by the agents *on their own account*, with cargo of the precise nature which they refused to take for a house which, if fairly dealt with, would become a large customer of the line. This is not a solitary instance. Such treatment is intolerable. It may have been that the agents had information of their own that that particular export would pay, but the probability is that they obtained it from the inquiries of their would-be customer. In other respects, too, interests of the line are suffering. Hall's brother ought to be provided for in some other way. At present he acts as runner for one of the competing lines of railroad east of Omaha. This has antagonized all the other roads, and great bitterness and opposition prevails in consequence. The manifest interest of the line is to remain neutral as between all the roads. Then again, a very extraordinary state of internal affairs received a too public ventilation after the arrival of the *Mikado*. Most of the passengers pay Mr. Hall, in Sydney, the whole amount of their passage money from the Colonies through to England, and receive orders upon the Central Pacific Railroad and upon such of the Atlantic steam lines as the passengers may select. Acting no doubt upon good and sufficient reasons, the railroad the other day refused to honor these orders unless they were indorsed by the San Francisco agents. This these gentlemen refused to do, giving as their reason that they had advanced the company a considerable sum for which their drafts had not been honored in London. The excitement that prevailed among the passengers at this statement may well be imagined. It was allayed at last by the receipt of a telegram from London. Meanwhile the company's credit had not been improved. Either the company is in a very fishy condition or its agents have submitted it to a needless exposure. We would suggest to those gentlemen that if they must make up their losses occasioned by the Customs seizures in the *Comet* case, they had better do it in some other way than in using the information of customers of the line to their exclusion and consequent injury. Yours, etc. X.

"Is the old man any better?" asked a bootblack of a newsboy at Detroit the other day. "Better?" echoed Jim; "I should say he was! You ought to have seen him slinging stove wood at mother this morning."

DROPPINGS FROM THE SANCTUARY.

"Like holy oil which did drop down
Upon the beard of Aaron."—*Methodist Hymn.*

The great work we have undertaken prospers, and shall go on. We have good reason to know that we aided the cause of the Lord in our few remarks in last issue, touching that eminent bilk, the Rev. Van de Mark, and we hear that our article was quoted at a recent meeting which followed the incubrations of that saintly one, and created no little stir. We are sorry to find that several respectable names have been brought forward in connection with the individual, but congratulate them on the enthrallment. The scales have fallen from their eyes, and they will sin no more. We cannot be hard on the sheep, albeit we must be on such a shepherd, who, with "that boy," had better seek new pastures.

The Rev. Joseph Dare, of Wesley Church, Melbourne, Australia. The large congregation that had the good fortune to be at the Howard-street Methodist Episcopal Church, on Sunday morning last, enjoyed at once a surprise and a genuine sensation. Our great preachers and lecturers come to us from the East. Telegraph dispatches and newspaper correspondence precede them until by the time they reach our city we are thoroughly posted as to what we have to expect. So used are we to this sort of thing that we seem unable to wake up to the fact that a truly great orator is in our midst unless he has come heralded in the usual way. Thus it came that that congregation, last Sunday morning, doubtless little expected what was in store for them. It is true that more than one newspaper paragraph had intimated that the preacher was probably the most eloquent divine of his own country, and described him as the Henry Ward Beecher of Australia. He had come to us unannounced, and that of course was fatal to the formation of any very great expectations. But, then, it is not a disadvantage to expect but little. Unexpected pleasures are generally the most keenly relished. Be that as it may, it is certain that the Methodists of Howard-street Church, on Sunday morning, enjoyed a most unlooked-for delight. Possessed of an unusually tall and commanding presence, a voice marvelously flexible, together with finished elocutionary powers, Mr. Dare would surpass ordinary men from the sheer force of his physical advantages. But when to these is credited Mr. Dare's intellectual gifts, which are evidently of the very highest order, we have before us a preacher who seemed to us, in point of power and impressiveness, to tower a whole head and shoulders above any divine whom we remember to have visited our city. Morley Punshon was very justly popular, but we venture to think if he were to follow Mr. Dare as a speaker, on the same platform, he would appear to be considerably dwarfed alongside of his physical if not intellectual superior. On Sunday morning Mr. Dare preached a sermon which occupied fifty minutes in its delivery, but which did not seem a third of that time. The whole discourse fairly sparkled with gems of thought. Mr. Dare has a lofty ideal before him in the God whom he worships. No sour, severe, or puny creator claims his adoration. As he spoke of the Great Jehovah's power and majesty on the one hand, and of his goodness and mercy on the other, he seemed to raise his hearers, in imagination at least, from earth to Heaven. Whatever our opinions may be as to the God of the Bible, and of future rewards and punishment, it was an ennobling intellectual treat to be so carried out of one's self, to be lifted above the earth earthy, and made to walk on the higher plane of that golden city which, with the eye of faith, Mr. Dare looks upon as the Heaven to which he labors to lead all men. Mr. Dare has been granted twelve months leave of absence by his people in Melbourne to recruit his health. He will make an extended tour through this country, Canada, England, Egypt and Palestine, and will return, *via* San Francisco, to the Colonies.

"The Development of the Natural Man" was the announced subject of the Rev. W. H. Bradford, of Montclair, New Jersey, at Dr. Stone's Church, last Sunday evening. The speaker evidently meant the "spiritual" ditto, as he had nothing whatever to say on sparring, boxing, rowing, or cricketing, but his discourse was yet, on the whole, sensible and practical. The man whose soul once was virtually dead to all that is high and noble, may, by a spiritual training, be really "born again." The blind cannot perceive the beauties of the landscape; could their eyes be opened, it would be a new revelation to them. His remarks on the drawbacks to the development of the spiritual were to the point; the new occupations, feverish business and dissipations of the present day, the latter sometimes of a pious and religious nature (we presume he meant ladies' fairs and tea fights), rendered that calm and peace essential to a true and full communion with the Infinite next door to impossible. The only weak part of an otherwise able discourse was that relating to Faith, a rock on which about all of the parsons split. Whilst arguing for the education, training and development of the soul, the cloven foot would stick out in places. Like the rest, he virtually looked upon Faith as a vague, indefinite something, not founded on the logical. But as he terminated by saying that we should follow Christ, and not the creeds, we partially forgave him, although we shall always fight against the "go it blind" faith theory.

The Rev. Mr. Platt, last Sunday evening, delivered an excellent lecture on the duties and religion of "home life," the influence of mothers, and the obligations of fathers. We shall always be ready to commend practical discourses of this kind when treated in an interesting manner, and the Rev. Doctor's address was both pointed and abounding in beautiful and tender passages. "There's no place like home," after all, when it *is* home, and not a pandemonium enlivened by a vicious mother-in-law, scolding wife, dissatisfied, and perhaps consequently dissipated husband, and nine squalling brats. Home can be either Heaven or Hell, and is perhaps more often simply a kind of intermediate purgatory.

COURT CHAT.

The ball given by the Lord Mayor of London to the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh on April 29th at the Mansion House was one of the most brilliant entertainments ever given in the city. The guests had mostly arrived at half-past ten o'clock, and, after being presented to the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress in the Reception-room, had passed on to the Egyptian Hall. About a quarter to eleven the Royal procession entered the ball-room, conducted by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress. The Coldstream band played, first, "God save the Queen" and then the Russian Hymn, as the distinguished guest were conducted to the high chairs on the dais. When the national airs had been played, a quadrille was formed, in which the Lord Mayor danced with the Duchess, and the Lady Mayoress with the Duke of Edinburgh. The Prince of Wales danced with the French Ambassadress, and the Princess of Wales with the young Hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburgh. The Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Teck, the Duchess of Sutherland, and Lady Emily Kingscote, also took part in the quadrille. The Duchess of Edinburgh looked in the best health and spirits, and conversed with the Lord Mayor in that amiable and pleasant manner which wins the hearts of all who come near her. Her Royal Highness worn a tiara of diamonds and a greenish dress. The Princess of Wales was dressed in pink. The Prince of Wales wore the blue coat and epaulets of an elder brother of the Trinity House, the Duke of Cambridge the uniform of a Field-Marshal, and the Duke of Teck that of his Volunteer Artillery Corps. The Duke of Edinburgh wore his Trinity House uniform. The "Doctrinen" waltz succeeded the quadrille, and then followed the "Lancers," danced to Lecocq's "Madame Angot" music. There were in all twenty dances in the programme, including the "Princess Marie" gallop and the "St. Peter-burg" quadrille. Supper was served to the Royal party in the Long Parlor at twelve o'clock, covers being laid for sixty. In this apartment, on a buffet opposite the entrance, stood the gold plate of the Corporation. Flowers and palms lent their charm to the scene, and filled the room with their perfume. On the table was a self-acting electro-gold perfume fountain, fashioned in the shape of a palm-tree, and set upon an elaborately-chased plateau of the same metal, and a crystal cut cornucopiæ affixed to the outer rim held flowers; while in lieu of the fire-places were banks of growing plants, ferns and flowers, with rockwork interspersed. The Lord Mayor had on his right the Duchess of Edinburgh, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, the Right Hon. Gathorne Hardy and Mrs. Hardy; and on his lordship's left were the Lady Mayoress, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, the Duke of Teck, the Right Hon. R. A. Cross and Mrs. Cross, and the Turkish Ambassador. The Duchess of Edinburgh, and indeed all the Royal party, seemed to enjoy themselves thoroughly. The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress received many compliments on the beautiful decorations of their rooms. After supper dancing was resumed, and maintained until a late hour. At half-past one the Royal and Imperial guests took their departure, amid great enthusiasm. After dark the Mansion House was beautifully illuminated by Messrs. Defries. On the *façade* of the building was a large pointed star with the monogram "M.A." in the center, and other devices crowned with trophies of English and Russian flags were lit up to the admiration of the crowd of spectators.

The Duchess of Edinburgh, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh and suite, attended the Russian Chapel in Welbeck street, on April 29th, to observe the usual "Te Deum" on the anniversary of the Emperor of Russia's birthday. The small chapel was filled with devotees, the members of the Russian Embassy and other male attendants, occupying the right side of the chapel, according to the usage of the Greek Church. The service was performed by the Rev. Father Popoff, assisted by his son, Mr. Basil Popoff. After the prayers the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh returned to Buckingham Palace, where they received Count Brunnow, M. Bartholomei, and a select party, including the whole of the members of the Embassy, at luncheon. In the evening Count Brunnow received at dinner at the Russian Embassy, in Chesham Place, a distinguished party, to celebrate the Emperor's birthday. The Ambassador, during dinner, proposed the health of His Imperial Majesty the Emperor.

The following advertisement appeared a few days since in the *Impartial de Nancy*:—"A young man, the Baron C., possessing an income of 100,000 francs, traveling for pleasure, and desiring to be married at Nancy, requests the young ladies of the town who wish to be married, to whom the advantages of a brilliant union and a large fortune are an attraction, to pay attention to the following facts: The young baron has decided to make his choice at Nancy. He cares little about the station in life of the lady, as he seeks neither fortune nor beauty—only the beauty of the soul. The young ladies who desire to make such a matrimonial engagement are requested to wear in their coiffures on Sunday next ribbons of the color called 'frightened mouse.' The baron will walk through the town, make a selection, and announce his choice through the medium of the press. This mode of selection is imperative, as the young baron will not expose himself to a refusal."

A national exhibition of textile plants, and machines employed in their manufacture, will be held in St. Petersburg in the coming Summer. The Russian Government seems disposed to give special encouragement to the cultivation of fibrous plants and the manufacture of textile fabrics.

The Peruvian Government has entered into a contract with an English company for the laying of a telegraphic cable between Panama and Payta.

NEW BOOKS FROM A. ROMAN & CO.

Chapters on Animals. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. With Twenty Illustrations, by J. Veyrassat and Karl Bodmer. Published by Roberts Bros., Boston.

The author of those enjoyable books, "A Painter's Camp," "The Unknown River," "Thoughts About Art," which so fascinated all readers, has presented to the public another valuable and entertaining work. He prefaces his Chapters with the following suggestive paragraph: "Having been in the habit of loving and observing animals, as people do who live much in the country, I thought that possibly some of my observations, however trifling in themselves, might interest others whose tastes are similar to my own. In this spirit I wrote these Chapters, describing what I had seen rather than what other writers had recorded. The book has therefore no pretension to system or completeness, but consists merely of desultory chapters, as its title indicates."

His ideas are thoroughly sound on the brute creation, and in no instance does he give way to the common habit of sentimentalism, which is one of the great obstacles in the way of a right understanding of his subject.

"Animals, like the great majority of the human race, observe only what concerns them, and see everything simply in the relation which it bears to themselves. In Gustave Doré's 'Juif Errant,' a donkey is tasting a man's beard, under the impression that it may possibly be a sort of hay. Why should a man's beard not consist of hay? There are physiological reasons, but we cannot expect a donkey to be aware of them. We continually forget that brutes have not the advantage of obtaining accurate ideas by spoken or written language. We do not realize the immensity of their ignorance. That ignorance, in combination with perfect cerebral clearness (ignorance and mental clearness are quite compatible), and with inconceivable strong instincts, produces a creature whose mental states we can never accurately understand. None of us can imagine the feelings of a tiger when his jaws are bathed in blood, and he tears the quivering flesh. The passion of the great flesh-eater is as completely unknown to civilized man as the passion of the poet is to the tiger in the jungle. It is far worse than merely a good appetite; it is an intense emotion. A quite faint and pale shadow of it still remains in men with an ardent enthusiasm for the chase, who feel a joy in slaughter, but this to the tiger's passion is as water to whisky. This impossibility of knowing the real sensations of animals—and the sensations are the life—stands like an inaccessible and immovable rock right in the pathway of our studies. The main difficulty in conceiving the mental states of animals is, the moment we think of them as *human* we are lost. Neither are they machines pushed by irresistible instincts, etc., etc."

Responsibility in Mental Disease. By Henry Mandesley, M.D. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Another valuable addition to the International Scientific Series. The scheme of this work is simple, but it contains forcible statements in regard to the treatment of the insane, and will compel admiration by the evidences given of much study, great research, and immense observation.

A Daughter of Bohemia. A Novel. By Christian Reed, Author of "Valerie Aylmer," "Morton House," etc.

The lovers of light literature will welcome another work from the pen of this popular author, particularly as "A Daughter of Bohemia" seems destined to be even more sought after than its predecessor.

The International Review. Six Times a Year. Published in New York by A. S. Barnes & Co.

The circular says: "The chief object of this Review is the sifting and telling treatment of great questions of our age and country above mere sect or party—literary, scientific, social, national, religious.

Be Real.—Canon Kingsley says:—"Whatsover is not simple, whatsoever is affected, boastful, willful, covetous, tarnishes, even destroys the heroic character of a deed, because all these faults spring out of self. On the other hand, wherever you find a perfectly simple, frank, unconscious character, there you have the possibility, at least, of heroic action. For it is nobler far to do the most common-place duty in the household, or behind the counter, with a single eye to duty, simply because it must be done; nobler far, I say, than to go out of your way to attempt a brilliant deed with a double mind, and saying to yourself not only 'this will be a brilliant deed,' but also, 'and it will pay me, or raise me, or set me off, into the bargain.'"

We have just received a copy of a poem by George G. W. Morgan, entitled "Aspiration and Realization," a story in verse for children, dedicated to Sam Brannan, who, no doubt, with his habitual generosity, will present the rhymester with a couple of hundred dollars.

As so many articles in everyday use are manufactured of paper, it is asked if a paper beefsteak cannot be invented to take the place of the leather ones common at boarding-houses.

SMOKE: A POST-PRANDIAL POEM.

When you're weary, night or day,
Smoke a cheery yard of clay!
When I'm smoking, jesting, joking,
There is no king half so gay.

Minds are lifted from mere mirth:
Thoughts then sifted have more worth.
I am thinking, as the shrinking
Sunset, sinking, fires the earth.

Lying lazy, far from crowds,
Weaving hazy mental shrouds;
Watching curling smoke up whirling,
Softly curling to the clouds.

Thoughts that sages may have had,
In their pages grave and glad: [wreathing,
Thoughts thus seething, like smoke
Sadness breathing, make me sad.

Cigar ended—twilight broke—
Night descended—thus I spoke:
All that's jolly, wisdom, folly,
Melancholy, end in smoke.

LOTUS CLUB, New York, April 14, 1874. —*Cope's Tobacco Plant.*

ANNEXING MEXICO.

Recent press dispatches state that there is a strong party in Washington favorable to the annexation of Mexico. No doubt the territory would be a valuable acquisition, but that cannot be taken without its encumbrances. The idle, restless, foreign-speaking Mexicans cannot be absorbed into our republic, become a voting power, and share the duties of governing without danger. Apropos of this subject, we are in receipt of a letter from an old correspondent, written in the City of Mexico. He says: "Mexico ought to excite our warmest sympathy, for the misfortunes she has endured since she shook off the yoke of Spain have been sufficient to prostrate the most powerful nation. After continual revolutions, invasions, and foreign rule, by a well-sustained and vigorous struggle she has succeeded in returning to her republican institutions, and hoped by the blessings of peace to enjoy under the administration of a wise President her due share of happiness and prosperity. But alas! that wise President (Lerdo) seems to have hidden his talent under a bushel, or something worse, for, instead of exerting himself for the benefit of his country, he seems to devote all his time to good living and libertinage. The constitution and the law of reform are a farce, and he is a farceur who sets both at defiance. The Government is from sheer necessity a military despotism, and Lerdo retains the presidential chair by force of bayonets. The people are tired of revolutions and attenuated by them; still, if the Church had the abundant means it formerly possessed of aiding, as it constantly used to do, revolutionary movements, Lerdo would not have remained six months in peace. It is a most remarkable fact, that notwithstanding the absence of revolutions and the general tranquility, from which state of things so much was expected, business never was duller, people were never poorer, and they are absolutely praying for a change, even should it be a pronunciamiento!

The railroad from Vera Cruz to Mexico is a grand achievement, and worth the expense of the journey to see it; but it does not pay. The proposed interoceanic one programmed may for the present be regarded as mythical.

Protestantism is making some headway in the republic, but it is not that the Mexicans love it more, but Catholicism less. In the meantime, the missionary business, which is not a bad one, thrives—though a missionary is now and then served up on toast, or otherwise eccentrically disposed of."

BAILIE AND THE NEWS LETTER.

The News Letter in Scotland.—From the rising to the setting sun, the *News Letter* carries information and amusement to the people of many nations. Glasgow has its inimitable sheet modeled very much after our own fashion. The *Bailie* is bright, incisive and witty. It is a literary free lance that holds its own with all comers. The canny Scot seems to take to it kindly, for it is evidently a prosperous publication. It claims that we are indebted to it. We were not previously aware of the fact, but suppose it must be so, inasmuch as the *Bailie* claims it is. This is what it says: "The San Francisco *News Letter* has borrowed his idea of publishing "What Folk are Saying," and under this heading details regularly the gossip of "Frisco" with its own peculiar dash of humor. In a recent issue the *News Letter* quoted the *Bailie* to give Californians an idea of what people were saying in Glasgow. The Ass, who takes credit to himself for having suggested the column of tittle-tattle in question, has become particularly anxious to be at hand each time the post comes in. He expects a remittance to arrive from the land of gold as an acknowledgment, and is afraid he may never see it unless he watches the letter-carrier." We hereby remit our acknowledgments, but retain our coin.

"**This Summer** ladies are going to dress their hair as they did three hundred years ago," says an exchange. This makes some of the ladies pretty old.

THE WAR OF TAXES.

People used to subscribe for the daily papers to get the news. They subscribe now from mere force of habit, for there is no news. The papers are mere cesspools of scurrilous language, of vituperative abuse, of vainglorious boasting, and bosh. They are always wrangling over some bone or other like a pack of strange curs in a pound. If gentlemen engaged in other businesses than newspaper publishing, should choose to quarrel like mad over such blatant nonsense, and fling filth at each other in the full face of the community as these newspapers do, they would be hooted out of the city, and justly, too. People would refuse to be witnesses to such a spectacle, and in a twinkling they would have no taxes to fight about. They are none of them taxed half enough. They are none of them so profitable to the government as they should be. Even with their bloated circulation lists, or their printing presses, the *Bulletin* and *Call* have a large stock in trade of unblushing mendacity which has been entirely overlooked, the *Union* a certain amount of patriarchal prestige not charged; for the *Chronicle's* staple stock, cheek, does not appear on the list at all, and the *Alta* stock fixtures, frumpiness and grumpiness included, is sufficiently assessed but pays nothing. She has been a good friend to the Tax Collector, when he needed her, but a personal favor is scarcely sufficient reason why he should favor her at the cost of the public. If he wants to return a kindness it should be done at his own expense. They need a fresh overhauling, a new appraisement and assessment, and a forced payment if necessary. The man who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow is forced to put a slice of it into the public treasury. Why, then, should not these papers be charged for publishing twaddle. After the circulation and the tax rows we hope these papers will settle down and give us ten cents worth of reading matter in a week. Our souls are hungered and athirst for a few legitimate paragraphs in a daily paper.

A RESURRECTION FROM FIRE.

A lamentable hiatus in the registers of births, deaths, and marriages in Paris was created by the fires kindled during the dying struggles of the Commune. It is stated by the *Petit Journal* that the contents of about 70,000 deeds, burnt quite black and apparently illegible, will be recovered. The registers found among the ruins of the Palace of Justice proved to have preserved their original shape, but they were burnt into apparently homogeneous blocks, from which a single leaf could not be detached without instantly falling into dust. The means of making these unpromising remains deliver up their secrets are these: The back of the register is cut off, so that it becomes a heap of separate leaves welded together by the flames. This heap is then dipped into water, and, while damp, placed before the mouth of a stove. The water evaporating raises the sheets so that they can be separated, though, of course, requiring great care in handling. The writing now stands out in shining black upon dull black, like the silken flowers on velvet brocade. It is easily deciphered and copied, with a note stating that it is reproduced from the carbonized original.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

CHARLES KINGSLEY ON WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

We confess our disappointment. We went in all faith to hear one whose writings have ever delighted us. We went prepared to hear the history and mystery and tradition of that Minster which, for nine centuries, has witnessed the coronation of kings, and has enshrined their ashes, as well as those of the worthy, the great and genius-born of England, and we only heard that which we already know, and that which we in our pride have already trumpeted, namely, that we are descended from our ancestors, that we have a great future, that our pine trees are God's pinnacles, and our forest glades the cloisters of nature; that, in fact, we are the best of people if we are patted on the back. But, with the exception of one brief moment, when the lecturer dwelt on the tombs of Mary Stuart, Queen Elizabeth, and of Bloody Queen Mary, there was little or nothing that touched on Westminster, so that we were tempted to say with another, "What, then, does Mr. Kingsley mean?"

Emigration of Miners.---Since the competition which has recently sprung up between rival shipping companies the fares to America have been so reduced that a man can travel from London to New York for less money than it takes to purchase a first-class ticket by rail from Penzance to London. Consequently a great rush is now going on of emigration to America. The present week has served to send off between two and three hundred, and more are preparing to avail themselves of the present low charge for the passage.—*West Briton.*

A young lady will sail in the next steamer from Boston to Europe who doesn't expect to marry a nobleman; another one who isn't going to Italy to study music.

A watchmaker wants to know whether, if a man runs away from a scolding wife, his movements should not be called a lever escapement.

CARRION CROWS.

There are two dirty Carrion Crows,
Named *Bulletin* and *Call*,
Who daily by their croaking try
Big Eagles to appall.
These Crows are owned by two mean men
Named Fickering and Pitch,
Who feed their pets on offal-scraps
Picked from the public ditch.

The Crows think that by lies and threats
The Eagles they can kill,
And hunger for the carcases
That they may take their fill;
But we, who know them, are in fear
That all their lies and spite
Can never stir the Eagle's blood
With Carrion Crows to fight.

Yet still we cannot help a wish
To see the Eagle's claw
Just once stretch out and take a grip
Upon the foul birds' maw;
It's laughable to think of how
The dirty things would squeak
If once they felt the Eagle's strength,
Whom now they think so meek.

CHEAP AND NASTY.

Ought an accomplished newspaper writer to be paid less than a common policeman? The degeneracy of the daily press cannot be better illustrated than by the fact that the *Alta* answers "Yes." Day after day her local columns have teemed with articles showing, with considerable force of argument and illustration, that $125 per month is "scarcely adequate" pay for a policeman, and that it ought by no means to be reduced to $110 per month. With an earnestness that is surely born of soul-felt personal experiences the writer shows that a married man cannot do more than keep body and soul together upon the latter sum. Yet, with hesitating pen, and with a deeply-seated sense of humiliation at the degradation which has overtaken our near relatives, the knights of the daily quill, we make known the fact that that writer gets $25 per month less than is now paid to a common policeman! Can there be better exemplification of the loss of status and position that have overtaken the daily press than this question of the measure of the pay thought adequate to the compensation of its principal representatives? If it be true that the real value of a thing is what it will realize in the open market, in what little esteem must the services of a newspaper man be held? At the *Alta's* appraisement they are valued at twenty per cent below the "scarcely adequate" payment for that bumming, loafing nondescript, who, too lazy to work, fattens upon the evils, wickedness, and crimes of humanity. To be able to write vigorously, to teach virtue, impart knowledge, and pronounce wisely upon men and things, is to own qualifications that will not bring nearly as much as those possessed by a Rogers or a Lindheimer. To be capable of supplying the demands of the public in these days, a good newspaper man would need to be the embodiment of all knowledge. When he takes what he knows to a market he finds that he must content himself with pecuniary aspirations far below those indulged in by an ordinary policeman. Verily this is leveling downwards with a vengeance. It is like reducing a giant of the Calaveras grove to the diminutive proportions of a Nevada sage brush. In the face of such a state of facts it is no wonder that the daily press has well nigh lost its influence. Any ordinary citizen one may meet with upon the sidewalks will discuss the topics of the day with more precision and intelligence than the same matters are usually treated by the daily press. Why? Simply because an ordinary citizen possesses experience and talent beyond that which is procurable at $100 per month. Instead of a newspaper man being selected because of superior knowledge and attainments he now gets employment because he is cheap; and being cheap, it is no wonder that in too many instances he is nasty. While newspaper proprietors pay only for rubbish it is not to be expected that they will get other than what they pay for. Until the genuine article is paid for the public must be satisfied with literary skim milk. Meanwhile we doubt not the daily press will continue as now to spout and spout away in one everlasting wishwashy stream.

Australasian Gold.—The receipts of Australasian gold into the United Kingdom in March amounted to £323,804, as compared with £14,460 in March, 1873, and £398,497 in March, 1872. The aggregate receipts for the three months ending March 31 this year were valued at £1,382,031, as compared with £1,812,979 in the first quarter of 1873, and £1,767,334 in the first quarter of 1872. The North Energetic Company (Victoria) has struck a large body of rich stone at its 90 foot level. This reef has produced such large quantities of gold that any new discovery on the line may be of great importance. There is also encouraging news to hand from the Elaine district (Victoria) with reference to the discovery of alluvial gold. The aggregate gold mining dividends paid in Victoria in 1873, were, however, considerably less than the corresponding dividends distributed in 1872.

Nesmith of Oregon gave the mule a very clear and unique status when he alluded to it recently as "one of those useful animals that has no pride of ancestry and no hope of posterity.

IDEAS ON THE RESUMPTION OF SPECIE PAYMENTS.

The financial policy of the U. S. Government is an anomalous one. We have a Government whose revenues exceed its expenditures by millions; we find her bonds that are not due for years selling at a premium, and her demand notes at a discount from 12 to 15 per cent. The expenses of the Government are paid in this class of paper, consequently the cost of carrying on the Government is augmented the difference, for there is no one in the employ or having any connection with the Government who would not serve for gold at a price less the percentage which her bills are worth in the market. Now, how do the heads of the Government use this surplus? They go in the market and buy bonds that have years to run, drawing only 6 per cent. per annum interest, and pay for the same in gold at a premium. Would it not be better for her to buy her notes at 12½ *a* 15 per cent. discount, and thus raise her credit? Any one who had any pretensions of a financier would certainly do so. We are told by Senator Morton that there is not gold enough in the country to resume specie payments. The fact that every week our Government is in the market buying bonds with surplus gold puts the lie to this assertion; in addition, we have the fact that the reserve called for to be held by the national banks, is held not in legal tenders, but in gold—in a word, the banks have loaned their surplus, and taken gold as a collateral. During the late panic in New York, when money could not be borrowed on U. S. Bonds, it was easily obtained on gold. We of the Pacific Coast must have our loyalty questioned because we keep all values at gold standard, and will not accept any other, and had the Atlantic and Western States done the same, our debt would have been about one third of its present amount. Unfortunately for the country, at the commencement of the war the banks saw a splendid speculation before them: their bills were in circulation to over $400,000,000, which they had promised to redeem on demand in specie; trouble was brewing; the Secretary of the Treasury goes to Wall Street, and asks for a loan of $50,000,000; we all remember the credit for patriotism which was given to Wall Street for the prompt manner in which the loan was made; but the conditions that suspension of specie payments would be legalized was assured them, and they handed over to our Government the $50,000,000. This increased their circulation this amount. When their bills came in, payment was stopped, gold raised in price until it reached 280; when at about this figure the banks called in their notes, making and adding to the banking capital an enormous amount of money. Now we find the banks loaded with gold, and in condition to resume specie payment, but they do not make a move towards it, but on the contrary we find them opposing every move that is made in that direction, and coming out with the cry what they will lose if they are compelled to resume. And thus far they have controlled matters to their own liking. How long will the people submit to having the credit of their country thus depreciated? We would despair, was it not that the last election in our own State demonstrated the power of the people in electing delegates that sent Newton Booth to the U. S. Senate; his election was opposed by both political parties and the moneyed influence of the entire State. The result we know; and we therefore have hopes that the country at the next general election will purify itself, and that a return to specie payments will follow. The late debate on the Inflation Bill, and the part taken by the Hon. Senator from Nevada, pleased us—with an if. If he had proclaimed immediate resumption of specie payments it would have pleased us better. But we suppose he felt like the boy who first ventured upon the ice, and was afraid to go as far as he could. The only drawbacks to specie payment are the banks, who have only their own interests in view. As we now have a new Secretary of the Treasury (Bristow, with whom we have the pleasure of a personal acquaintance), we shall look for better things, and his first act, we hope, will be to announce that he will redeem the legal tenders of the Government at par upon presentation. This looks like a bold move, but we will suppose that the announcement had been made, and that Wall Street conspires against it and brings $5,000,000 to $50,000,000 for redemption, and he takes the greenbacks and puts *them* where he took his specie from, what is the result? Why, gold will take the place of greenbacks, and the fact has been accomplished. Have we not seen within the last six months that gold was as low as 105, or even less? But, says a friend at my elbow, you will create a panic. We doubt it. Have we not seen gold drop from 180 to 130, and no panic? Why not drop from 112 (the present quotation) to par without a panic? Well, suppose it does create a panic, will it not be one from which we will emerge to a healthy state? The California Gold Bank bills will be on a par with greenbacks, and we will then have a uniform currency. We hope that Mr. Bristow will at least try the experiment. If he is afraid of this, let him go into the market, and instead of buying bonds let him invest in greenbacks, and continue his purchases until they are at par. But, says our same friend at my elbow, you will be reducing the circulation. We say to him, bah! are we not putting gold in its place, which will serve the people better? The veto of the Inflation Bill was but a little sop to our trouble. Let us put the Administration to the rack, and demand of them to put the credit of our country where it belongs—equal to any nation's in the world—and if they refuse, let the people unite, as they did at our last election, and we will again take rank with the most favorable nations of the earth.

Now that the word "hymeneal" is so commonly used in reference to weddings, it is suggested that births should be headed "crymeneal" and deaths "diemeneal."

THE CONTRAST.

Lady Amelia is tall and fair,
A coronet gleams in her golden hair;
Betsy is short and rather thick-set,
And carries her hair in a cabbage net.

Lady Amelia can sit and play
On a trichord piano the live-long day;
Betsy performs, from morn till e'en,
On a patent lock-stitch sewing-machine.

Lady Amelia, as fits her rank,
Has lands, and stock, and cash at the bank;
Betsy—beyond one sixpence bent—
Has to earn every shilling for food and rent.

And now shall I marry Amelia fair,
With the coronet binding her golden hair,
Or Betsy—known to her friends as Bet—
With her hair drawn back in a cabbage net?

Amelia—only for ornament made—
Should the mantle deck, 'neath a tall glass-shade;
But Betsy: I think they should call her Bess
Would a poor man's fireside comfort—bless

And Amelia—and that's why she shan't be my wife—
Couldn't sew on a button to save her life;
While Betsy would whip you one on, like winking—
What's life without buttons! Worth nought, I'm thinking.

CALIFORNIA'S WONDERFUL PROGRESS.

Langley's San Francisco Directory.---That indispensable and very carefully compiled aid to business, Langley's City Directory, has made its appearance in its familiar binding. A mass of interesting statistical, historical and commercial information prefaces the Directory proper, and from the pages thus occupied we obtain the following: Our city population has increased at a satisfactory rate. The aggregate of the present year (200,770), as compared with that of last year (188,323), exhibits a gain of 12,447, or about seven per cent., a much greater increase than has taken place for the same period for several years past. The names in the Directory exhibit an increase of eight per cent. over those registered last year, showing a most satisfactory growth during the last twelve months. Of gold and silver the product of 1873 exceeded that of the previous year by nearly $10,000,000. The dividends from the mines were in excess of those of 1872 by nearly $6,000,000. Of wheat, wool and other home products, over $10,000,000 worth more were exported in 1873 than in the previous year. The increase of home manufactures and population is shown by the fact that, while our mines yielded $10,000,000 more in 1873 than in 1872, we sent away nearly $2,000,000 less in treasure. The Central Pacific Railroad Company now employs in San Francisco, Oakland and on the ferry steamers 856 persons, in all capacities, whose aggregate monthly salaries amount to $76,396, or about $920,000 per year. The Southern Pacific Railroad employs 250 men, whose monthly wages amount to $17,000, or about $201,000 per year. The California Pacific Railroad employs on its steamers 287 men in San Francisco, whose aggregate monthly wages account is now $9,220, or about $110,500 per year. The other employés of that company, resident here, number 24, whose monthly salaries amount to $4,000, or a total of $48,000 per year. Three thousand six hundred and forty-seven vessels, of all classes and flags, arrived in the port of San Francisco during the year 1873. They represented a total tonnage of 1,293,398 tons. The united capital of our metropolitan commercial banks is about $2,000,000, controlling an equal amount of deposits, and if we add the $46,000,000 comprising the capital and deposits of our savings institutions, we have a working total of $86,000,000 in this city alone. Interior savings banks hold $10,000,000 of deposits, and by making a liberal allowance of $5,000,000 more, for private interior banking capital, we find a grand total of $110,000,000 of funds employed in the business of this State. The rates at which discounts have been made in the Metropolis were one to one and one-quarter per cent. monthly, in commercial banks, and nine to twelve per cent. per annum on mortgage and State securities in the savings institutions. The amount of dividends disbursed by our banks, of all classes, during the past year was about $10,000,000, of which the savings banks paid in the neighborhood of $5,000,000. The value of the real and personal property of the city and county of San Francisco, October, 1873, was assessed as follows: Real Estate, $130,871,138; Improvements, $37,182,680; Personal Property, $36,228,884; Money, $7,925,833; total, $212,208,535. The total value of the real and personal property of the State of California, 1872-73, is $637,232,823. Total State tax levied, $3,175,480, of which San Francisco was assessed 45 per cent. The city and State are also making satisfactory progress in the culture of influences that are both refining and elevating in a social and æsthetic sense. The State University has been most liberally endowed. The reputations of several of its Professors are national, while the advantages offered by the institution have been placed within the reach of the children of those of limited, no less than those of ample, means. The era when people looked upon this city and State as places of temporary sojourn, in which to make money, has passed away; and, in consequence, homes and houses of a character altogether unknown in the early history of the State are now, and have for five years past been, rapidly increasing—not only in this city, but all over the State.

The proposition to introduce ladies as railroad conductors is frowned upon in view of the fact that their trains are always behind.

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

There is something refreshing in the new phase developed in the annual Fourth of July wrangle. Usually some bumptious old noodle wants to advertise himself by being marshal. This time Mr. Silas Selleck proposes to put all the Jesuits out of the procession. We have never seen a Jesuit in a procession excepting upon an occasion like the Pope's fandango a few years since, but we have seen many papists, if they be what the gentleman means, and we expect to see many more. We are glad, however, that Mr. Selleck has spoken. Catholicism was gaining too much ground, and then a man like unto Mr. Selleck delivers his *pronunciamento* against it. Such rottenness is shaken to the core. The Pope trembles in the Vatican, he dares no longer to present his toe to a heretic to kiss, and he bathes it daily in asafœtida to break the faithful off the habit. St. Peters is to be turned into a photographic gallery, Empress Eugenie is going to throw off on chapel and pilgrimages, and Napoleon IV. is willing to promise that Selleckism shall be the prevailing religion in the new dynasty. At least all this would have happened if John F. Meagher hadn't got mad during the proceedings, and telegraphed to George Washington for his "opinion on the situation." Wash thought at first that he would write it out for the *Chronicle*, but feared to spoil that indefatigable journal with another contribution, so merely telegraphed back in a general way that he would like to have his birthday celebrated by every man who warms himself under the folds of the American flag, unless he was a narrow-minded, conceited, fanatical, ignorant, egotistical, prejudiced, upstartish bigot, in which case he was politely requested to take up his line of march for Tophet. All our rich men are now troubled as to whether they shall ornament the Golden Gate Park with a monument of Meagher or Selleck. It is feared that they cannot find bronze enough for the head of either.

We thought we could stand Victoria Woodhull. In fact, we have always rather relished a joke seasoned with a spice of naughtiness, and expected to appreciate the flavor of her lectures, about which such a hue and cry had been raised. But we acknowledge, in all humility, that she is too much for us. We have sometimes felt extremely awkward at being about when a child has delivered itself of a string of horrible oaths. In fact, most of the children we know are accustomed to relieve themselves in this manner of any little superfluity of temper. However, we can always forgive the children, because their mothers tell us they are angels, and to their innocent understandings these violent jabberings are as Greek, and of course the mothers know. But a shameless woman is a disgusting spectacle, at which our gorge rises. The utterance of every atrocious sentiment falls upon us like a violent douche of dirty water, and Vic. is bountifully provided. We intended rather to take her part, because we knew all the other papers wouldn't, but upon consideration we remember that every time she opened her mouth to deliver herself of a new nastiness, we were afflicted with an intense desire to lift her tenderly and firmly by the nape of the neck and snap her toe nails off. We do not opine that her toe nails had anything to do with her beastly lecture, but we are firmly convinced that such a course of action kept up unintermittently for an hour or so would have broken her thread of thought, and spared a very decent lot of people the dread that the walls would tumble in to crush such wickedness. We will be most happy to receive Mrs. Woodhull's P. P. C.

Charley Stoddard came very near punching a Roman tourist's head, finishing his career, the poet says, because the tourist stood between him and St. Peter's toe, to which devout object Charles was kneeling in prayer. We had heard that the youth's trowsers were becoming exceedingly thin at the knees, but never thought of attributing the wear to prayer. In Charity's name, why don't the Bohemian Club, or James Lick, or some other of the munificents, forward the passage money and let Charley come home? His whole nature is becoming changed in the wilds of Europe, and when we get our apron strings tied around him again we shall not know our boy. He used to like the front seat in the orchestra when a spectacular piece was on, and now he's worrying himself thin over St. Peter's toe. He used to apostrophize laziness with such a delicious flow of all the adjectives he could possibly hit off, that at one time we were almost ready to fry it ourselves, and now he is deliberately contemplating chastising a tourist for standing in his way. Poor Charles! We are glad he was restrained by being inside a church. It would have been a fearful thing if the tourist had returned him to us by express, white brow and all, neatly preserved in a jam pot.

We observe a look of brooding discontent upon the faces of two of our citizens since the Lick bequest was made public. It is said they consider the establishment of the Lick baths a personal affront, as they will feel it incumbent upon them to take one when immersions are free. The contents of the tubs after they shall have bathed are already engaged by the managers of the Old Ladies' Home, where it is considered a refined charity to give each old lady a plat of ground for floricultural purposes. The old ladies themselves are in a fearful wrangle about the choice of tubs, there being a division of mind as to which will give the richest soil, Blumenberg's or Emperor Norton's. There's more of one of them, but, then, it is longer since the other bathed.

There is nothing so tends to shorten the lives of old people, and to injure their health, as the practice of sitting up late, particularly winter evenings. This is especially the case when there is a grown up daughter in the family. We publish this item at the earnest request of several young men.

"**When the lamented Judge Bagley** tripped and fell down the court-house stairs and broke his neck," says Mark Twain in the *Galaxy*, "it was a great question how to break the news to poor Mrs Bagley. But finally the body was put into Higgins' wagon, and he was instructed to take it to Mrs B., but to be very guarded and discreet in his language, and not to break the news to her at once, but do it gradually and gently. When Higgins got there with his sad freight, he shouted till Mrs. Bagley came to the door; then he said, 'Does the widder Bagley live here?' 'The widow Bagley? No, sir!' 'I'll bet she does. But have it your own way. Well, does Judge Bagley live here?' 'Yes, Judge Bagley lives here.' 'I'll bet he don't. But never mind—it ain't for me to contradict. Is the Judge in?' 'No, not at present.' 'I jest expected as much. Because, you know—take hold o' sothin', mum, for I'm a going to make a little communication, and I reckon maybe it'll jar you some. There's been an accident, mum. I've got the old Judge curled up ont here in the wagon—and when you see him you'll acknowledge yourself that an inquest is about the only thing that could be a comfort to him.'"

Boat riding in the vicinity of Harbor View is scarcely so popular an amusement as it has hitherto been, owing to a propensity on the part of target shooters to delicately puncture one's spinal column or cerebrum with a stray bullet. One can scarcely imagine a less enjoyable entertainment than being in an open boat on a treacherous bay with a parcel of badly-aimed bullets whistling about one's ears. The difficulty is that the average dodger is scarcely quick enough to dodge a badly-aimed bullet, and, while it makes the hack business very lively and helps Jim Farrell's saloon, to the unwilling corpse it is extremely unsatisfactory. The *Chronicle* says the shooters are naughty creatures and ought not to do it, and the *Alta* says the *Chronicle* ought not to say anything after their own shooting season. But then that rule won't work, for the Harbor View shooters furnish the nice little shrimps and mussels and all the other dainty little creatures with a choice meal, while the *Chronicle* shooting scrape was a different thing altogether. A perfect Fourth of July affair: lots of powder and noise, but no bullet!

Knotty.—The Boston *Transcript* perpetrates the following: Judge Nott thinks a judge's wife may not practice as a lawyer before her husband? May he, Nott. Judge not, Judge Nott, that you be not judged. The hymenial Nott must be weak in this instance, or Judge Nott is not a judge of womankind. Truly this is a knotty question, but it was naughty of the judge to decide it backwards, and his ruling will be brought to naught, if we mistake Nott, by Mrs. Nott. If that worthy woman fail to cut the gordian Nott in one way, our word for it she will in another. If she may not practice before her husband, who is the judge as Does that ponderous functionary suppose that she will not circumvent his orders well as man of her choice, why not behind his judicial, ermine-clad back. somehow, and practice upon him, if she will, his Nottifications to the contrary, Nottwithstanding? We shall see. If she do Nott it will hardly be a Nottable event; but should she fail to do Nott, it would be, for a woman, something not able indeed."

We consider the Oakland Local Option election one of the daintiest affairs of the season. We know of no more effectual way of making a man vote against his convictions than to rub him down gently for a moment or two, and then put a bouquet of gillyflowers or other garden truck into his button-hole. These bouquets contain a most delightful collection of little green bugs and other animals, who have a playful way of crawling into one's ears and nose, etc., but these little drawbacks are nothing when a tender, pretty little creature is importuning one to make his mother or his wife happy by forswearing the wine cup. It was a mere trifle that we had no wife or mother, and never drank wine, because we couldn't afford it. We promised. We didn't vote till very late, it was so nice to be solicited. We got bouquets enough to get up another Decoration Day, and our esteemed citizen, Harry Edwards, is building an addition to his house to contain the collection of bugs presented by us.

One satisfactory result of Maxcey's death is that the papers have all found out how to spell his name. We can imagine the anguish of mind with which this young man read the various complimentary paragraphs referring to him with the telling c omitted. How fearfully he must have contemplated the thought that his tombstone might be erected without a c. It is a satisfaction to feel that, as long as Caldwell had to be killed, he achieved the distinction of being killed by a Maxcey with a c. To the careless observer, this would seem to make little difference, but all those who know Smiths with y's, and Thompsons with p's, or a Byrne without a final e, can realize the solid comfort a man takes ont of a letter. The *Alta* closes its pathetic account with the remark "the dark mystery dies with the hatter." The mind recoils at thoughts of the horrible disclosures that would have been made had his parents seen fit to bring him up a plumber and gasfitter, or a stovepipe inspector.

We are very sorry to hear that our free-love friends, the Woodhull and Claflin, have concluded to shake the sand of San Francisco from their feet and hie themselves off for Paris or Constantinople. They found the "longs" of California street too much for them; "shorts" they despise on general principles. It is rumored again that our well-beloved Laura Fair is going into the business of stock brokeress. We shall always be very prompt with our margins.

The little Post is to have a new press, and the very little George a new pair of trowsers. They will both be tickled to death.

We hope the public have not allowed their enthusiasm to grow cold, as the Louisiana sufferers are not half relieved yet. The amateurs are practicing the Aimee kick to relieve their misery; the *Chronicle* and *Post* are to give a tickling match; Pickering is to cast his eyes upward and sing, "Sweet spirit hear my prayer;" the *Alta* is to give an imitation of the *Danbury News* man; the Catholic clergy are going to allow the faithful to contribute a little something outside the church; the dives are to be kept open one night; the Indians are to take a bath; Woodhull is to hold a revival prayer meeting; the De Youngs are to have a shooting match; Cobb and MacCrellish will contribute a slice of Saucelito, and Van De Mark will exhibit "the boy." If all these fail, the brokers will telegraph to Budd & Williams to go down there and see what they can do for them.

A paragraph has been going the rounds of the dailies, to the effect that a woman broke her leg while standing on her head. Imagination fails to realize the friskiness of a woman who could stand on her head long enough to shake her leg to pieces. Such a woman needs no legs anyhow. She might have rolled around town on her head to the entire comfort of herself and the satisfaction of beholders. We can see a woman on her feet any day.

Santa Barbara wants a soap factory. This is as it should be. Whenever we have seen a particularly yellow, greasy creature of the human species, we have set him down as a Santa Barbarian. It now only remains to make San Jose happy by establishing a mint within its precincts, so that coin may circulate only among its own population. Traveling shows will be paid in wheat and climate.

The attention of the Call reporter is invited to the fact that the dive law has passed into effect. We merely mention this because the young man is oftimes as far behind the times as he is sometimes ahead of them. We hope he will not utterly annihilate the police department, now that he knows it.

D'Alva Mosse committed suicide at his residence on Green street, yesterday afternoon, by distributing a pistol-shot into his *cabeza*.

QUIETA NON MOVERE.

The question as to whether the railroads of Great Britain should be purchased by the State, and be subject to the control of the Imperial Government, has recently elicited a very interesting and dispassionate discussion in the English House of Commons, the results of which may enlighten some of our dreamers and would-be law makers on railroad matters. The mismanagement and financial embarrassment of private and competing companies have caused this question to be thoroughly examined from all points, and its consideration has engaged the attention of politicians for years past. The conclusion arrived at is, that as far as England is concerned, the purchase and control of railroad property by the State would be an operation involving responsibilities and inviting dangers far too large to be seriously contemplated. The reasons for this conclusion are derived from the following facts: The amount of capital required for the change would be enormous; the financial success would be doubtful; the patronage the change would carry with it would be dangerous; the inconveniences which it would entail in the process of administration would be numerous, and the improvement in the management of such are immense undertaking, problematical. These would be, but in a greater degree, the consequences to ourselves were the State to assume the control of our railroads. Those who now lift up their voices in condemnation of the acts of a private corporation would then have ample leisure to contrast the merits of the respective systems. On the one hand, we have an intelligent management; a line open at all times to competition, a company amenable to public opinion and anxious to study the welfare of the community as intimately connected with its own interests. On the other, we should have a crude system, responsible only to a government inexperienced in the direction of railroad affairs, and open to the misdeeds or mismanagement of every politician or Jack in office who had a finger in the pie; a system which would last long enough to enrich thieving placemen, whilst the depletion of the public purse for its maintenance would be without remedy and without appeal. If it be admitted that the assumption of the management of our railroads by the State would be pernicious, it is only a logical conclusion that any interference on its part with the detail of railroad management would be equally inexpedient, and this has been the experience in all countries where the regulation of fares and freights has been under consideration or has been attempted by the government. The correction of ordinary abuses may be safely left in the hands of the people themselves, as no railroad company would be so blind to its own interests as to insist for any length of time on measures which were obviously unjust or uncalled for.

The Napa Register estimates that the grape yield for the valley for the present season, from Bale Slough up to Lyman's Mill, will be 3,200 tons, and from the mill on up to Calistoga and beyond, 450 tons, or a total of 3,650 tons, equal to half a million gallons of wine. The estimate includes about fifty vineyards. The quantity of all wine on hand in the the same district is estimated as equal to about 100,000 gallons.

If a man dreams the devil is after him, it is a sign he had better settle his newspaper bill.

LOCAL OPTION VS. FREE WILL.

ARGUMENT.
A drunkard sober'd 'gainst his will
Remains at heart a drunkard still.

When Adam in the garden stood,
The pride of his creator,
Of noble, high, heroic mood,
And pure, angelic nature,

What endless joys our glorious dad
Had left for our absorption,
If 'bout that apple some one had
Suggested Local Option.

Our Adam could not shut his mouth,
And it was death to fill it,
To let him eat was most uncouth,
And showed a reckless spirit.

Then to our worthy selves give praise
For skill in sin's prevention,
Keep man but out temptation's ways
He'll never need redemption.

Strong might is right—fair Freedom's
A flashy, vain delusion, [nought—
For which our hair-brained Fathers
With plucky resolution. [fought

The Ballot's heir unto the Sword,
For walloping our brother,
Whose temper tunes a nobler chord,
As we shall soon discover.

The sumpt'ry laws of old Queen Bess
We'll rescue from perdition,
Monarchal rulings yet will bless
Republican condition.

San Francisco, June 6, 1854. GEORDY BEWBUNIN.

THOSE EYES.

Of all features the eyes are the most expressive; at least, the most capable of expressing any kind of emotion if it be real. But when we come to classify eyes according to their shape or color, etc., and to lay down rules as to what these indicate, we feel ourselves, comparatively speaking, circumscribed. Still, there are a few general rules which may be laid down on this subject. About the shape of the eyes I cannot say much, because that is for the most part tolerably uniform; nor am I aware of any particular indications afforded by such variations as exist. One thing, however, I have noticed, i. e., that very round eyes generally express dullness, heaviness, and want of character, like those of the bird they so much resemble. A prominent pupil is said generally to produce short-sight, which is so often accompanied by a talent for acquiring languages, that we cannot help thinking there must be some connection between the two. Phrenologists account for this by saying that the organ of language pushes the pupil forwards. This may usually be the case, but it does not always produce this effect; or, if it does, then it must follow that a prominent pupil does not necessarily indicate short-sight, for I have known two persons whose talent for languages was most remarkable, but whose sight was not, as far as I could judge, short. Eyes which are situated very far apart in the face, are said to denote a certain amount of deficiency of intellect; what the opposite fault denotes I cannot exactly say. Eyes which can never look you straight in the face generally indicate a want of straightforwardness, and create an unconscious feeling of mistrust in those who look at them, which, like the rattle of the rattlesnake, serves as a sort of providential warning, to let us that danger is near. I allow that a similar effect may be produced by shyness, but in that case it is not unlikely to wear off on closer acquaintance—in the other case, it never wears off. Eyes which possess the opposite characteristic of this, i. e., that of looking you steadfastly in the face without flinching, are seldom, perhaps never, found in persons of an artful, underhand disposition. A steadfast gaze, if it be not, as it sometimes is, an unmeaning stare, or a mere wistful look, like that of a dog expecting food, but of a searching, penetrating character, will be found to imply a great power of influencing, or, perhaps I should rather say, it gives that power; e. g., what an effectual auxiliary to a preacher is an eye of this description. This was one great secret of the effectiveness of Dr. Guthrie's preaching. If a man wants his words to carry weight with his hearers, he should fix his eye on them. Such indeed is said to be the power of a concentrated gaze, that I have been told there is no animal, however ferocious, which might not be kept in check by any one who had the courage to look him steadfastly in the face, though, as few could trust their own hearts, were they to encounter a wild beast, it would be a tempting of Providence to try the experiment, the more so, as a moment's failure of courage might be fatal. I once saw Van Amburgh, the celebrated lion tamer, in a den of wild beasts, but his eyes did not exhibit that fixed gaze which I have noticed as being so powerful in its effects on the human race; the balls seemed to be in a state of perpetual motion, such as, had I not seen it, I should have thought the human eye incapable of sustaining, where there was no motion of head, and which he resorted to because he was obliged to encounter so many ferocious beasts at the same time; so that it would not have been safe for him to remove his gaze from one of them for more than a single moment. It would be needless, and indeed nearly impossible, to go through all the phases of feeling, all the various emotions, which display themselves in the eye, or all the states of mind which it indicates, for there is nothing in human nature which it cannot picture, but a great many of these indications, though they may easily be recognized, cannot be described, nor can we lay down rules for their discovery; for they do not belong to any particular class of eyes—they are, many of them, totally unconnected with its form or size, color or position.—*Golden Hours.*

THE CZAR IN ENGLAND.

England may almost believe, says the Times, that she has broken the spell of isolation when year by year she is visited by the greatest and most distant sovereigns of the habitable world. To-day it is the Emperor of Russia who reminds us that no distance, no geographical conditions, no divergence of politics or conflict of interests, need stand in the way of national amity and the full enjoyment of a domestic tie. The most persuasive of all harbingers have prepared the way, and the Emperor will find himself at home in this metropolis. He comes here as the father of a Princess with whose pleasant face every child in these Isles who knows one picture from another is by this time well acquainted. Even without this, he would have deserved, and, we trust, received, a friendly and even enthusiastic reception. The wonderful episode of Peter the Great left a deep impression on all Englishmen, though, perhaps, we failed to realize fully its national character and bearings. After a long interval France brought out Russia, as she has brought out other countries, by putting her on her defence, and compelling her to take the foremost part on the stage of Europe. When Alexander came to us in 1814 he was hailed as the heroic and Heaven-sent man whose mission it had been to drive back France; to restore to every nation its lost territory, titles, and treasures; to establish order and peace, and, as it was expressly said on a great occasion, all things as they had been before. England then recognized the power and the patriotism of Russia so ardently as to foster some Imperial delusions. They who can recall the mutual admiration left by the Peace will think it not unlikely that England and Russia would have remained fast friends and allies, continually growing in one another's regards, but for their supposed Indian rivalry, its bearing on some questions nearer home, and the interest found by France in fanning these sparks into flame. Certain it is that France, by her continual machinations in the East, from her first landing in Egypt to her latest claim of a Christian protectorate, made that the common point of national jealousy and suspicion. It must be admitted, on the other hand, that there has always been a tendency to enthusism, rising to fanaticism, at the very focus of the Russian Empire, charged as it is with the preservation of so many traditions and the contemplation of such high destinies. Her case is in some respects hard for her to bear with equanimity. Though on the land she draws a girdle half round the globe, and can never hope to people her illimitable wastes, wherever she touches the sea it is to find herself in land-locked waters, constrained to pass under foreign batteries. She pants most for that which is wanting to her completeness. The visit of a Russian Emperor is no novelty, for this is the fourth. Indeed, it would almost seem as if every Czar felt himself bound to follow the example of Peter the Great. But, in very truth, what is that Russia which to-day we greet in its highest representative? Like us, Russia is insulated—from the sea as we are from the land. Like us, it has inherited a policy of its own. Like us, it is a race not so much conquering as occupying and possessing. The territory of the Russian Empire is a third more than it was two centuries ago, but it has not increased more than three per cent. since the beginning of this century. More than forty years ago we emancipated our slaves, and though it may be questioned whether we did it wisely and whether the results have been such as we hoped for, still it is now seen that we had no other alternative but to emancipate in one way or another. The United States refused to take the warning, and had to see the knot cut by the sword of civil war. The Russian serf question was certainly not less difficult than ours or the American, but it was boldly attempted and thoroughly solved, even though there remains for the next generation a heritage of cost and social difficulties.

THE NEW YORK DAILY GRAPHIC.

The New York Daily Graphic goes on improving with wonderful strides. It recently published a special number illustrating the scenes at Nellie Grant's wedding, and this is what it says about it: "We have always held that there would be practically no limit to the sale of a pictorial paper which should fully and properly illustrate any event of unusual importance. Our experience with the 'Wedding Number' of *The Daily Graphic* proves the truth of this theory. The demand for the paper was simply enormous. With all our facilities, we were totally unable to supply it, for the reason that the printers were finally compelled to stop work through sheer exhaustion. Had we been able to print half a million copies, we could have sold them all at ten cents each. We regret to learn that in many instances the newsboys took advantage of the paper being printed in a double sheet, with a supplement, to divide it into two and sometimes three parts—selling each at the price of the entire paper. Of course the newsdealers are to be exonerated from all share in this deception, but the success with which it was attended shows that the public was not prepared to believe that an eighteen-page paper so superbly illustrated could be sold for five cents. We shall frequently issue sheets of similar size, and the public might as well understand that while the demand for such issues is unlimited there is a limit to the number of papers which can be printed in a day. The only way in which persons can be sure of obtaining the paper at all times is to subscribe for it at the office or at the nearest newsstand."

A hard-money Congressman condensed his speech by holding a ten-dollar greenback in one hand and a ten-dollar gold piece in the other, and asking, "Which will you have?"

DANCING DAYS.

The band strikes up a lively air,
That sets young toes a-prancing.
I steal away and take a chair
To watch the others dancing.
I once could shake a nimble toe—
It lost its spring (you know, *Ver Non semper viret*) - be it so!
My dancing days are over!

I still can watch while others skip,
And think how erst I hopped it,
Ere gouty toe, rheumatic hip,
And feeble ankle stopped it.
What need to envy lad or lass
Because they live in clover,
While I am munching chaff and grass—
My dancing days are over!

Let happy youth enjoy its Spring—
It will not last forever!
In vain to its delights we cling,
Time forces us to sever.
So let them laugh while laugh they can!
Who wishes them at—Dover,
Or further—is a soured old man,
Whose dancing days are over!

But I am growing grey and old,
And looking-on is dreary;—
I feel I'm getting tired and cold,
And I find the fun is weary;
From slippers and an easy chair,
Ah, why was I a rover:
Would I were now at home, for—there!—
My dancing days are over!

I envy not the merry lot,
Who gaily skip and caper;—
But, O, I miss my pipe and pot,
My fire, and evening paper.
Good night! I'm off! Nor will again
From my fire-side, by Jove, err.
Let others dance. To me it's plain,
My dancing days are over!

COURT CHAT.

Her Majesty's Drawing Room.—The *Court Journal* devotes the whole of a sixteen page supplement to a description of the latest reception given by Queen Victoria. It says: "It was a wonderful Drawing Room on Tuesday, such as few remember to have seen. About four or five years ago, 250 presentations made an extreme number, and it seemed hardly probable that Buckingham Palace would ever receive a larger attendance. This week there were over 400 presentations, and a corresponding increase in the number of the general circle. Of course the result was an inconveniently crowded state of the rooms and a great delay both in the reception and the exit. But no one, till the last moment, when it was too late to circumscribe the reception and pass some over to another occasion, could really foresee the unpleasantness that resulted; and it is to be hoped that nothing worse will happen to the chilled and Palace-imprisoned fair ones than a souvenir of a momentary inconvenience which it is certain the Sovereign receiver regrets and the official world could not help. Sooth to say, most took their hardships with pleasant equanimity, and such evidences of good temper and genial disposition was almost, we think, as becoming to them as the brilliant costumes and the costly gems, on the details of which we shall proceed in one moment to dilate, depicting to the mind's eye of the reader, who can conceive the individual aspect and the general *coup d'œil*, a dazzling spectacle indeed. The Queen wore a black silk dress, with a train trimmed with black ostrich feathers and crape, and a long white tulle veil, surmounted by a diadem of emeralds and diamonds. Her Majesty also wore a diamond and emerald necklace and brooch, the Riband and the Star of the Order of the Garter, the Orders of Victoria and Albert and Louise of Prussia, the Saxe-Coburg and Gotha Family Order, and the Persian Order of the Imperial Portrait. The Princess of Wales wore a dress of pale green satin with pleatings of green crepe and a trimming of fine Brussels lace, looped with bunches of red and white currants; a train of pale green satin edged with crepe and Brussels lace, and ornamented with bunches of red and white currants. Headdress, a tiara of diamonds, feathers, and veil; ornaments, pearls and diamonds; Orders, Victoria and Albert, and the Danish Family Order. Princess Beatrice wore a train and petticoat of rich rose-colored silk, trimmed with ivy and ornaments of pearls, diamonds, and emeralds, with the Order of Victoria and Albert. Her Royal Highness Princess Christian, dress of white tulle, trimmed with handsome point lace and turquoise corn flowers; train of rich white faille with point lace and turquoise corn flowers. The Duchess of Sutherland looked remarkably well in a toilette entirely composed of forget-me-nots, blue satin, and lace, which was much admired. The Lady Florence Leveson-Gower was attired in a white dress and train showered with Scotch harebells, which was extremely pretty, and very becoming to her ladyship. The Duchess of Manchester looked lovely in a Court dress of white satin and tulle, with branches of magnolias twining over skirt and train. The Countess of Wilton wore a most becoming toilette of a new shade of blue with beautiful fuchsias, which was greatly admired. Lady Fairbairn wore a most beautiful and *recherché* toilette, which caused quite a sensation. The dress and train were purely white, profusely trimmed in white ostrich feathers and lovely flowers. The Countess of Caithness. Coiffure grand style, composed of puffs and curls entwined, with waved curls falling on the shoulders: ornaments, diamond diadem, feather, and lace. The lace and jewels worn by this lady may be cited as exceptional, the lace being old Roman, the horses in it being a work of art. The diadem was magnificent, and the sapphire necklace was the one worn by the unfortunate Queen Marie Antoinette." The *Court Journal* then adds forty-nine columns of closely printed matter descriptive of the dresses worn by the ladies upon the occasion.

THE GUTTER SNIPE PRESS.

The dailies are happy. Most congenially are they employed. Instinct is stronger than reason. Gutter snipes every one, they are true to their scavengering propensities. Here is how they are indulging themselves: The *Alta* finds the De Youngs guilty of having a brother who has been making a fool of himself in some obscure country town, for which Granny holds them responsible. The *Chronicle* answers back, and goes one better. It suggests that no man of spirit would remain a slave to taskmasters more inexorable than Pharoah was to the Israelites whilst he may betake himself to shoveling sand, which it claims is the occupation for which nature designed MacCrellish. To this the *Alta* replies that "had Woodhull come here a few months ago the live paper would have snapped up her doctrines, filth and all, but that a more thoroughly live journal had cured the *Chronicle* proprietors by serving them up as they had served other people." Now that was by no means a bad shot for old Granny to fire. Pity its effectiveness was destroyed by the fact that the *Alta* was the only paper that puffed the Woodhull's powers as a speaker before her lecture, and reported her afterwards at greater length than all the other papers combined. The *Chronicle's* latest return fire is that "nobody but an idiot would put money into a disreputable bankrupt concern, which cannot pay its taxes, which has been kicked out of the Associated Press for non-payment of its bills, which finds it convenient to borrow money from candidates on the eve of election, and which depends for its maintenance upon parties who hope to use its columns for the furtherance of corrupt jobs in places where its utter worthlessness is not fully known." Then the hypocritical *Bulletin* snivels, and the sickly *Call* squeaks. The latter says the *Chronicle's* stock reports are deceptive, and insinuates that the *Alta's* are designed to mislead, as they systematically puff stocks that are worthless and intended for sale to the public. The *Chronicle* replies that the *Call* "perpetrates deliberate falsehoods," and that "its columns are used in the interest of the bears, who would like to get into Crown Point and Belcher at low prices." The *Bulletin* calls the *Alta* "a journal of corporate extortion;" declares that "it is still following its usual method of villification and disregard of truth," and expresses its willingness "to allow even a lunatic to manage his own business—to the best of his ability." The *Alta* then tells us that "Loring Pickering is assessed at $2,500 on his household furniture, but his fine team of black horses is not mentioned, from which we may infer that they do not belong to him, but are the property of some undertaker, and only borrowed by Mr. Pickering on special occasions. George K. Fitch, his "pardner," has not a dollar in the world, so far as the assessment lists show." Then the lately risen *Sun* lets the light in upon the little *Post* after this fashion: "The servility of the *Post* will be indulgently overlooked by those who know how dependent it is upon the De Youngs, but when it shall have its Bullock press running, they will look for better things—and be disappointed." Old Granny *Alta* also seems put out with the flirting that is going on between the *Post* and *Chronicle*. The old jade wants all the kissing to herself, and complains that this is how they do it: "Tommy, come tickle me; Tommy, do. You tickle me and I'll tickle you." Then comes in the stately and respectable *Examiner*, and says that it "cannot help remarking the fellow feeling that moves the *Chronicle* to felicitate the *Post*. All who are, as Mrs. Woodhull puts it, 'behind the scenes,' know that the *Chronicle* soft-solders the *Post* because the latter is a thorn in the flesh of the *Bulletin* people, and the *Post* encourages the *Chronicle* because it is an irritant to the *Call*. When one observes the mean rivalry, duplicity, envy, bickering, and blackguardism of these papers, there would appear to be great reason for the denunciation of Mrs. Woodhull upon the morality of a community whose public sentiment they assume to represent." After having thus fairly given all these varied opinions, it only remains for the *News Letter* to express its own. We are seldom quite sure of the correctness of anything we read in a daily, but we can conscientiously say that we believe every word of the foregoing quotations to be literally true.

"HIS LEAF FADETH NEVER."

The polite talker being now permitted, besides Shakspeare and the musical glasses, to introduce cremation among his: opics of conversation, some queer stories respecting the consequences of ordinary burials are extant, and import a cheerful tone to many an otherwise gloomy gathering. One (said to be particularly suitable for dessert) has cropped up in this country, in consequence of the skull of James Otis, the Republican orator, being found enclosed in the rooty fibre of a tree. This tale has revived that of the extraordinary transmutation of one Roger Williams, founder of Providence Plantation, into an apple tree. It appears that in 1860, when the grave of Rogers was opened, not a fragment of his remains could be found, but the root of an adjacent apple tree had been pushed down towards the spot that had been occupied by his skull; thence it followed the direction of the backbone to the hips, and there divided into two branches, each one following a legbone to the heel, where they both turned upwards to the extremity of the toes of the rooty skeleton. As not even the skull of poor Roger could be found, it does not seem quite clear that he had much to do with the formation of this curiously-shaped root; but the story points the valuable moral that had he been properly cremated he could never have been placed in so ambiguous a position.

A Philadelphia youth was recently married to a girl who had refused him eighteen times. He wishes now he hadn't asked her but seventeen.

THE DEEPEST DEEP.

What are these two, that clad in female garb
Have come among us! teaching such foul things,
That men of women born do shrink to hear,
And turn and hide their faces from a sight,
The darkest, saddest that a man can see—
A woman utterly devoid of shame.

Fair women, who are mothers, sisters, wives,
Who have a name to lose, a love to hold,
Perchance the doctrine of these latter days
That in the Play of Life the rôle of Man
Must be performed by all upon the stage,
And that the very sweetest thing of all—
The Part of Woman—must be left unplayed,
Perchance, I say, this marsh-fire leads you on;
But if or this, or curiosity,
Or ignorance of what they really are,
Should prompt a wish to hear these Harpies speak,
Pause first, and know them in their proper shape.

They are iconoclasts; they would destroy
The purest images that through all time
Have had the love and reverence of the world.
And first is Chastity, the holy dame,
White-robed, clear-eyed, beloved in every land;
Her would they trample with their harlot feet,
And raise instead a hideous god of Lust,
To whom they falsely give the name "Free Love."
And many others—Honor, Marriage, Truth—
They would cast down and trample at our feet;
Nay, more, they ask your help to do these things.

Then, loved ones, leave the Harpies to the men,
Who soon will learn to scorn them and their god;
But keep *your* ears closed to the harlot-cry
That trumpets forth how low your sex can fall.

T. A. H.

THAT POLICE SHOW.

Chief Cockrill's pets have been running a show. Quite a success, in its way, it has been, too. The attendance was large and the compensation substantial. Full houses were the rule. Vasquez proved an undoubted draw, and his powers of attracting were utilized with that keen eye to business which may almost be said to be an instinct with your experienced showman. Admission to see the Great Man was readily granted to all and sundry of that eager throng who, as a *quid pro quo*, signed that petition to our City Fathers against a reduction in the big pay at present given to those showmen. Of course, signatures were offered faster than even the very perfect arrangements that had been made would permit of their being taken. The show was cheap at the price. To witness it, the same crowd would—had it been necessary—have signed a petition to hang Cockrill, Rogers, Lindheimer, and all their crew. As evidence that the Police are our masters, and that the city, its buildings, furniture, and all its appurtenances are owned by them, we need only refer to the manner in which the city prison and the lower police office, together with its tables and chairs, were taken possession of on the occasion. Citizens, too, were taken hold of by fat policemen, in a manner that indicated entire ownership. Even the prisoner was their's to make such use of as they saw fit. As we have said, they pretty well utilized him when they drew together that crowd of anxious and conscientious petitioners. Not content, however, with that, they took him from the city prison, through the streets of San Francisco, to a leading photographic establishment. Is it not plain that we are all owned. The police are our masters. Why, then, should their pay be cut down? Let our masters live at least like gentlemen.

Nicholas, the Emperor of Russia, won his bride in a singular way; yet it had a spice of gallantry in it. During a visit to the King of Prussia, one day, while at dinner, the Emperor rolled a ring in a piece of bread, and, handing it to the Princess Royal, said to her, in a subdued voice, "If you will accept my hand put this ring on your finger." This is the Imperial way of "popping the question." She took no time to deliberate, but suffered her heart to speak the truth at once; and their happy nuptials were soon consummated.

A western paper chronicles marriages in this suggestive style: "The couple resolved themselves into a committee of two, with power to add to their number."

THE OAKLAND FANATICISM.

The No License frenzy still rages in Oakland. All the parsons, with Hamilton and McLean in the van, are leading the crusade. The parsons have enthused the women, and the women are wild with the total abstinence fanaticism. A week ago they carried Oakland, contrary to all reasonable expectation, and carried it by a handsome majority. The liquor dealers went into the election with full confidence of success. They had organized their forces, and knew the positive strength of the enemy. But they made no allowance for the new element in the fight—the women. It was the women who won the victory—there is no use denying it. They didn't go into hysterics, as had been expected; they were excited, and yet showed no symptoms of excitement. They behaved just as if they felt they had a right to take a hand in the fight, and had been used to it. They were serious, earnest, sometimes pathetic, but always calm. They didn't slop over. In short, they conducted themselves with perfect decorum, and they won heaps of votes. Impressible men, who can feel, but cannot reason; men of feeble intellect and strong emotions, could not resist the appeals of these gentle crusaders. As to the women themselves, with characteristic disregard of logical distinctions, they jumped from the acknowledged evils of intemperance to the wisdom of prohibitory legislation, as if the latter were the plain and necessary consequence of the former. They ignored all such considerations as the justice of the Local Option Law; whether it can be enforced; whether such laws have not always proved practical failures, etc. Their whole argument was: "See what misery drunkenness produces; therefore vote for No License." But they won their fight; and to-day the same battle is to be fought in East Oakland, which includes the former town of Brooklyn. The Oakland female crusaders will be on hand again, reinforced by a delegation from San Francisco, led by Miss Sallie Hart. The Big Tent has been set up, and for three days there has been praying, exhorting, and the beating of tom-toms. Last night the fanatics made their last grand demonstration; and the other side also had a meeting. How the election will go it is hard to tell. The women are full of confidence, and the License men seem a little anxious. If the crusaders win another victory, they will be emboldened to try a Local Option election in San Francisco, when we may look out for lively times.

DR. STONE COUNTENANCING WOODHULLISM.

Marvelous to relate, Dr. Stone attended Woodhull's lecture. Not the first one either. It might have been possible for him to have been duped into being present at that without having any very distinct idea of what he was going to hear. But it was a very different affair in regard to the second lecture. The morning papers each and all told in no measured terms what was to be expected. They acknowledged that a regard for common decency utterly precluded the possibility of their reporting her worst utterances. Yet they told us enough, and in the case of the *Chronicle* and *Alta* far too much, of her shameless ribaldry. It remained for a woman in this nineteenth century to boldly declare that evil is good, that vice is virtue, that unchastity is laudable, and that the practice of harlotry is a sort of divine right, to be cherished above all things. She avowed that she hated the institution of marriage with a hatred beyond her powers of expression, and she proclaimed that her mission in life by her pen and tongue is to undermine it and bring it into utter contempt. With a full and unmistakable knowledge that her sole business is to preach these views, Dr. Stone attended her second lecture, and occupied by choice a conspicuous position, and—still more extraordinary—took his wife to listen to language which the not over scrupulous dailies were under the necessity of proclaiming too indecent for publication. What did Dr. Stone's presence that evening mean? His position as a Christian minister and as a teacher of public morality imposes upon him grave responsibilities that do not attach themselves to ordinary men. The public accuser of Beecher—the noblest ornament of the very church of which Dr. Stone is a representative—ought to receive no countenance from him. A receiver of marriage fees, an officiator at the solemnization of the highest of Christian ordinances, an exemplar of morality and a well paid teacher of virtue, Dr. Stone is associated in one's mind with all that is the very antithesis of everything that is known as Woodhullism. Why, then, his presence at that lecture? This community will impatiently await his answer. His congregation, no doubt, will insist upon the much needed explanations.

"A Fast Life," is the title of a very amusing and interesting work which has just came to hand. The author is Joseph Taylor, and the subject matter treats mainly of railroad life, its comic and tragic sides, its hair-breadth escapes, its scenes of heroism, daring and disaster. It is exceedingly well illustrated by Messrs. Reinhardt & Abbey. From the title page with the little cut of "Tickets!" to the larger funny or sensational page engravings, all is characteristic of railroading, and the book is a genuine novelty in its way. It is published by the Harpers.

Newspaper readers do not like to peruse indifferent poetry by little girls—unless the little girls are their own.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS' WORTH.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

Oh say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming;
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight;
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming;
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there!
CHORUS—Oh say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

On the shore dimly seen thro' the mist of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes;
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses;
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream!
CHORUS—'Tis the star-spangled banner! oh long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is the band who so vauntingly swore,
'Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country they'd leave us no more!
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution!
No refuge could save the hireling and slave,
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave.
CHORUS—And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Oh, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and the war's desolation;
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heaven rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserv'd us a nation!
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: IN GOD IS OUR TRUST!
CHORUS—And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

CHINESE POPULAR LITERATURE.

For some years past a growing interest has attached to surviving popular literature. The labors of Grimm and Liebrecht in Germany, of Afansief in Russia, of Asbjörnsen in Norway, and of Mr. Coxe and others in our own country, have shown that a large field for interesting inquiry exists in the legendary traditions that have been preserved among the inhabitants of the different nations of the world, from times long anterior to the first dawn of modern civilization. Not only is this popular literature valuable as perpetuating reminiscences of actual events which have been in many cases the turning points of political life, but it is also valuable as it presents the ideas which sway the conduct of the masses, and reveals the mental calibre of those whom we delight to call "the people."

Considerable success has attended the efforts of European scholars to rescue from oblivion this peculiar literature, which can flourish only in unenlightened times and must disappear as the schoolmaster advances. The popular mind of Europe has now been fairly represented in several volumes of much interest; but the songs and fables of Asia—pre-eminently the land of fable—have hitherto been strangely neglected. Miss Frere's "Deccan Days," and Mr. Gover's "Dravidian Folk Lore," have quite recently made us aware of the almost exhaustless store of legendary lore that still lives in India, awaiting only the presence of the collector. These charming volumes fascinate the attention of every reader from the varied nature of their contents, the love of nature they manifest, the quiet humor that runs through them, and the strong human interest that clings to the simple anecdotes of domestic life. Nothing, however, had been done for China in this respect, although its dense population, its early civilization, its historical memories, and, more than all, its restrictive and exclusive policy, must have given birth to, and must have preserved uncorrupted and innumerable host of traditions that could not fail to be instructive and interesting in no ordinary degree. The ground has now been broken by Mr. Stent, who, in the volume before us, has brought together specimens of Chinese song and legend taken by himself from the mouths of native reciters. Mr. Stent is too well known to need any introduction at our hands; his dictionaries have proved him to be a thorough scholar in Chinese, and his lyrics and other works have shown the skill with which he places before the public the results of his researches. The "Jade Chaplet" will sustain his reputation, and will prove, we think, a welcome volume not only to the student of ballad literature, but to the general reader, from the easy verse into which the songs are thrown and from the drollery of some of the anecdotes. A sentimental and a comic song are given so as to show that the Chinese are not in advance of the English in these things; and a short drama is translated which contains some pretty songs, but is not otherwise worth much. A piece called "Queen Mi's Devotion" celebrates the heroism of a woman who sacrificed her own life to save that of an infant prince; and an improvised song, "Azalea," is quite a novelty, showing the immense

amount of historical information which the improvisatores of China will glibly run off in rhyme. Popular superstitions crop up in these songs in an agreeable and artless way. The "Twelve Mouths' Many Stories" is a piece which abounds in such allusions, many of which are of peculiar interest. The "Enchanted Tree" is a legend for which Mr. Fergusson will be thankful, as it shows that tree-worship, or something near akin to it, actually exists in China. Our notice of Mr. Stent's work would be unpardonably incomplete if we did not offer an illustration of his graceful style of writing. This we select from "Chang-Liang's Flute," the melancholy strains of which, tradition says, caused 8,000 men to desert from an enemy's camp during the night. Its tones are thus described:

When a low mellow note on the night air came stealing,
So soothingly over the senses it fell—
So touchingly sweet—so soft and appealing,
Like the musical tones of an aerial bell—

Now rising, now falling—now fuller, now clearer—
Now liquidly soft - now a low wailing cry—
Now the cadences seem floating nearer and nearer,
Now dying away in a whispering sigh.

* * * * * * *

The sleepers arouse, and with beating hearts listen:
In their dreams they had heard that weird music before;
It touches each heart—with tears their eyes glisten,
For it tells them of those they may never see more.

Perhaps the sweetest thing in the book is the "Adventures of 'Tiny Rill,'" the ideas in which show incontestably that the Chinese have a sincere love for the beauties of nature. A verse or two from this exquisite poem must suffice to give an idea of it:

"Bubbling Spring" had a daughter—the clear "Tiny Rill,"
Who could scarcely have been an inch wide;
When she longed for a change, so she stole down the hill,
And trickled away from "Spring's" side.

"Tiny Rill" ran away with no thought of fear,
And careless of what she had done!
She was free—and her bright face, transparent and clear,
Gleamed and glistened again in the sun.

* * * * * * *

Put your face down to hers—your hand merely dip
In her bosom—a clear draught to quaff;
She would slip through your fingers, or glide by your lip,
Rippling off with a silvery laugh.

* * * * * * *

"Bubbling Spring" mourned her absence for long dreary years,
And daily he weeps for her still;
For what are all rivers and streams but the tears
"Spring" sheds for the lost "Tiny Rill?"

A Cure for Hydrophobia.—Dr. Buisson, of Lyons, claims to have discovered a remedy for this terrible disease, and to have applied it with complete success in many cases. He was himself seized with hydrophobia, and says:—"I took a vapor bath, not with the intention of cure, but of suffocating myself. When the bath was at the heat of fifty-two centigrade (93.3.5 Fahrenheit) all the symptoms disappeared as if by magic, and since then I have never felt anything more of them. I have attended more than eighty persons bitten by mad animals, and I have not lost a single one." When a person is bitten by a mad dog, he must for seven successive days take a vapor bath—*a la Russe*, as it is called—of fifty-seven or sixty-three degrees. This is the preventive remedy. A vapor bath may be quickly made by putting three or four red-hot bricks in a bucket or tub of water, and let the patient sit over it on a cane-bottomed or willow chair, enveloped in a large blanket, for fifteen or twenty minutes. When the disease is declared it only requires one vapor bath rapidly increasing to thirty-seven centigrade, then slowly to fifty-three; and the patient must strictly confine himself to his chamber until the cure is complete.

We note with the sincerest welcome the arrival from Europe, a day or two since, of Dr. R. K. Nuttall, whose long residence among us has endeared him to the highest esteem of our leading residents. This most worthy and intelligent son of Esculapius, whose travels in Europe have been marked there by many a contribution to the periodical press, will, in all probability, now remain with us, proving that nothing in life is so satisfactory as to settle down and compete with James Lick in constructing another telescope by which we can see the lunar inhabitants at less distance than 30 miles.

A Toast.—Woman: The last and best of the series—if we may have her for a toast, we don't ask for any but her.

OUR CALIFORNIAN PEABODY.

George Peabody stands first amongst generous donors of great fortunes to charitable purposes. To-day the name of James Lick occupies a position only second to that of George Peabody. By a deed he has just donated the whole of his princely fortune save $25,000 per annum during his life—to the following purposes:

Observatory, summit of the Sierra	$700,000
School for the Mechanic Arts, California	300,000
Bronze Statuary, Sacramento	250,000
Key Monument, San Francisco	150,000
Baths, San Francisco	150,000
Old Ladies' Home, San Francisco	100,000
Ladies' Protection and Relief Society, San Francisco	25,000
Protestant Orphan Asylum, San Francisco	25,000
Orphan Asylum, San Jose	25,000
Mechanics' Library, San Francisco	10,000
Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, San Francisco	10,000
To Academy of Sciences and Pioneer Society, San Francisco, residue of estate—perhaps	255,000
Total	$2,000,000

These gifts are to be in gold coin, and to secure their payment, Mr. Lick conveys to T. H. Selby, D. O. Mills, H. M. Newhall, Wm. Alvord, G. H. Howard, James Otis and J. O. Earl, all his real estate. The deed has been accepted by the trustees, who have all signed it, and the instrument is placed on record. This removes, so far as human foresight can, the possibility of defeating the will of the donor by the interference of courts at the instance of disappointed relatives, as might be the case had the gifts been conveyed by will.

OUR INDEBTEDNESS.

We have been accustomed to consider the national debt as representing the real indebtedness of the country. That debt is now $2,149,725,277. But the aggregate of all the debts of the country, State, county, and municipal, added to the national debt, may be summed up as follows:

National debt	$2,149,725,277 02
Bonds to railway companies	64,623,512 00
Interest on bonds	18,627,743 43
Unsettled liabilities (estimated)	250,000,000 00
State and Municipal	1,000,000,000 00
Loans, etc., by national banks	944,233,304 22
Loan, etc., by State banks, etc.	514,081,396 00
Loans, etc., by same in twenty-eight States, etc. (estimated)	1,500,000,000 00
Individuals to each other, etc. (estimated)	2,000,000,000 00
Funded, etc., of railroads	1,511,578,944 00
Making a total of	$9,952,870,027 67

This is equal to $248 *per capita* for the entire population.

A French chemist named Pasteur has invented a process for making beer that will not sour or spoil by keeping. It is well known that all the objectionable changes which beer undergoes are produced by the action of microscopic organisms, whose germs are carried in the air, contained in the materials used, or are found adhering to the utensils employed in the brewery. In order to make an unalterable beer, therefore, a must entirely free from objectionable germs is required, and it should be fermented by a yeast similarly pure. To this end the must, prepared by the ordinary methods, is first heated very hot, in order to destroy all germs contained in it, and then allowed to cool in a vat fitted with a perfectly tight cover, whose interior communicates with the outer air only through two vertical tubes, into one of which a current of carbolic-acid gas is allowed to enter, its excess being discharged by the other. A sufficient quantity of pure yeast, obtained by a process which cannot well be described in detail, is then added; alcoholic fermentation sets in, and in due time a beer is produced which is wholly free from minute organisms, and which can be kept for an indefinite time without the use of ice. Whatever changes do take place are positive improvements, and even high temperatures will not affect it unfavorably. It is a little singular that a Frenchman, whose countrymen usually like beer about as well as they like Germany, should have perfected the national beverage of the conquerors of Alsace and Lorraine.

A Dutchman in San Francisco, in trying to reach the ferry boat, fell into the water. His first exclamation on being hauled out was—"Mine Got, let's have a pridge!"

REMINISCENCE OF AN INFANT, AND WHAT IT SUFFERED.

I was born in San Francisco, "of poor but honest parents." The medical gentleman who attended on my mother had been admitted to the practice of "his profession" after eight months study, so it will be perceived that it took less time for "the college" to turn out a "doctor" than it did for my mother to turn out a "bouncing boy." There was a lady's nurse employed likewise on the occasion, but inasmuch as she knew nothing at all, she was to my mind less dangerous than the doctor. There was a great deal of difficulty in the case, but this was altogether confined to the doctor; my mother had no trouble whatever, and it would have been better for us both had there not been a human being within a thousand miles of us. The doctor was a very well-meaning old man, but never had a chance, since he took to the business of learning anything connected with midwifery, except what he obtained from books. He was naturally a very dull, serious-looking man, and had only taken to doctoring because he had failed to succeed in any other kind of business. He was very pious, gray and bald, and had a wife and family, and an annual income of nothing to keep them on." My mother was very partial to an old maiden lady, straight of back and grim, who was always present on these occasions. She used to wear a black stuff dress, and round her neck a strip of black velvet. She saved my life. The doctor was in a fever all the time, and would have made any other woman but my mother nervous. Both his arms were enveloped in towels, and he seemed to suffer much more than my mother did. I was born whilst he was down in the hall getting his instruments out of a black leather trunk which he always carried with him. As soon as I was born, Mrs. Slime, the nurse-tender, took me into the next room and held me before the fire until I was nearly roasted, and forced "catnip tea" down my throat as long as I could hold a drop. This I threw up continually, and she as perseveringly continued to give it me, saying, "I was full of wind." The Doctor tied a scarf round my mother, with a large, hard knot opposite to her back-bone, for the purpose he explained, of "keeping her from lying on her back, which was very dangerous." Betty brought in a tub of hot water, a stool for the nurse, and a chair. On the latter she placed a basket trimmed with blue silk ribbon, containing old linen, thread, baby-powder, pins, scissors, sponge, and a lot of other small things too numerous to mention. But stop! I am going too quick; there was a blue pin-cushion having the words, "Welcome, little stranger," elaborated on it with pin-heads. On another stool was placed a saucer with half a pound of Castile soap and a piece of flannel.

Everybody was in a state of hurry and excitement, and the wonder is they did not let my mother die and kill me. The Doctor was up to his eyes in towels, upset everything he came near, and made a mess of everything all round. The nurse kept an old shawl close over my face all the time, to keep the clean air from me, and well nigh squeezed me to death. When the bath was got ready and the shawl was removed, I got a chance to take a look at myself. I was one of those babies that appears all white, just as if I had been dipped in a keg of white paint, and had a mouth from ear to ear. The nurse, having put the flannel in the hot water, rubbed it for some minutes on the Castile soap, and then began vigorously to rub my skin. The process took about half an hour, and when it was over all the white paint and the cuticle of my skin had disappeared, and I was left raw, red, and sore. I have since learned that if she had put some olive oil in the saucer, and, dipping a linen cloth into it, and had rubbed my body gently, I could have been turned out as clean as an apple in two minutes by the watch, and no injury whatever done to my skin. It was destined to be otherwise; the Doctor knew no more about it than my mother, and the nurse had a strong belief in flannel, Castile soap and hot water. I had been fairly *rasped*, and was red and raw all over, especially about the neck and folds near the groin, in fact where the rubbing had been most violent. I was then dried, powdered over, and had a pad of burned rag, almost on fire, placed—not to put too fine a point on it—on the middle of my little "tummy," as the nurse termed it, to the infinite delight of Betty. A flannel bandage about ten inches wide and a yard long, "to allow for shrinking," was wound round my body as tightly as it could be drawn, for the purpose, as the nurse explained, of "supporting my back." A linen shirt was then put on, and over this a kind of flannel petticoat, split down the center. The body, or waist, was of new calico, doubled, and about a foot wide; so this had to be doubled down, for the better "support of the back," and was put on very tight. As it is almost impossible to put a pin into unwashed calico, the nurse nearly broke my ribs during the process. I was then "turned up," and my little feet held to the fire until, from a combination of circumstances, I became black in the face. A diaper was then placed on me, with a bit of scorched and scorching-hot linen next my skin, and as I was choking, they placed me upright and pounded me between the shoulders until they were tired. A flannel petticoat, not split, with a waist like the first one, was then put on, and my ribs again suffered violence. Over this they next put a long-tailed white frock, made tight at the waist with a string. I had then a pair of red worsted socks, hot from the fire, put on my feet, and, O, heaven and earth! what's going to happen now? The nurse took the end of the frock in her right hand and let me hang, head downwards, for what appeared to me the space of half an hour, whilst she explained to the doctor that it was very necessary to "clear slime out of the wind-pipe and purify the lungs." A large square of flannel, embroidered with floss silk, was then wrapped round me, and over this a large shawl. I was then taken in, more dead than alive, to be shown to my mother. Poor mother wanted "to see what I was like," and so she opened the

shawl, and I then, for the first time, got a little sniff of pure air, the first good thing I knew in life. The nurse, however, soon put an end to this, by popping me into the bed, behind my mother, and covering me up with the sheet, blankets, counterpaine, and an old dressing gown of my father's that was hanging on a nail behind the door.

I at once began to gurgle, choak and struggle all "I knew how," until my mother, impelled by dear old Nature, said imploringly, "I'm afraid the child will be smothered; O, let me have him in my arms." This very wise and natural proposition was violently opposed by the nurse, who appealed to the doctor, who advised my mother to keep herself "in a perfect state of tranquility," adding that Mrs. Slime was "a very experienced person." As the gurgling, choking and struggling continued, though more feebly, the grim old maiden with the straight back got up, and without asking a question or saying a word, took me from under the blankets, and placed me in my dear mother's arms. The nurse said nothing, but she looked daggers; the doctor wiped his face with a towel which was lying where he had placed it, on the chest of drawers, and as it was not a clean towel, it left a mark, like that of Cain, on his forehead. Thus my life was saved, for my mother let a little air to my nose. I have a very long nose—in fact remarkably long—and I have often thought might not this, the circumstance mentioned, have given the first impulse of growth to it? I am inclined to think it did.

The next morning I was taken out to be washed again. I had "galds" in every fold, and my body was covered over with pimples, as if I was suffering from the "prickly heat." The nurse, backed by the doctor, urged a free use of flannel, Castile soap and hot water, as the best thing possible "to keep the skin clean" and "give it a chance to heal," and I got it on the raw accordingly. During the process it was discovered that I was "ruptured" at both sides, which both the nurse and the doctor said was a very common occurrence with infants. Now, I could not speak a word, and if I could what avail would my words have been against an "experienced nurse," and a "legally qualified physician?" Of none whatever. But, nevertheless, I knew, and know now right well, the causes which produced the troubles I labored under; the first resulted from my cuticle having been removed, and the second from my having been too tightly bandaged. My poor mother knew nothing, and, good soul, believed that the nurse and the medical sham did. Had she, like a squaw, had a little less intelligence, and trusted to her natural instincts, or had she a little less faith in the wisdom of those about her, and a little more confidence in the wisdom and providence of Almighty God, and "let me rip," it would have been better for all concerned.

My poor father got "wet to the skin" going for the doctor, and a few days after I was born he became so very unwell that he had to go to bed. The doctor did not see him for three days, but when he did he told him that he would give him a prescription "that would make him well right off." I have the prescription before me, and will copy it word for word and letter for letter. The doctor knew nothing of pharmacy, and never to my knowledge wrote any other prescription in any case, no matter what. (I have seen a dozen of them at least). It was not a prescription invented "out of his own head," but it was one almost universally used by "the head doctor" of the "college" where he had been "made" and dubbed doctor. It runs as follows: "Tinct. Sem. Colch., an ounce and a half, Tinct. Verat. Vir., Tinct. Aconit, of each an ounce, Hive Syrupus, two ounces, Plumb. Acet, a drachm, Morph. Sulph. six grains, Ammon. Carb. one drachm, Ext. Sars., two and a half ounces, mix. Take as directed.

My father took two doses, and at once "cocked his toes," as many more had done before him and since, leaving my mother a widow with four children. The "legally" qualified doctor was discharged and a "regularly" qualified doctor was called in. Instead of my body being kept wet with perspiration day and night, I was clothed lightly but warmly, and the tight bandages were all removed. I recovered from the rupture in about a year's time without anything more being done. Not so the trouble of the skin; for two years I was covered over with scabs from head to foot, and though they tied down my arms, I could not be kept, so great was the itching, from grinding my hide against anything I came near. I could not sleep and I could not eat, and from one cause or another became bandy-legged—such is my present condition. My present doctor indorses my views in regard to the origin of all my troubles. He denounces Castile soap, flannel and hot water, not to mention "elbow grease," as much as I do. He is a queer man, and I do not altogether understand him; he says that "sham doctors" are a "national blessing, as they kill off fools, and so prevent them from propagating."

Oregon is at last waking up, the painter is to be cut, and San Francisco no longer to be a toll gate for Portland. Mr. Read, of Dundee, is at present in Portland arranging for a Scottish Oregon Company, with the object of direct shipments of wheat, etc., to Dundee; and we hear of an Anglo-Oregonian Company, who are making arrangements for extensive trade. The great desideratum of all provident cities, viz., a savings bank, has been incorporated under the name of the Hibernia Savings and Loan Society. A lease has been obtained of the Bank of British Columbia's old premises, and some of our leading financiers are looking up a gentleman by the *John L. Stephens*, to place matters in working order, for immediate business.

A cynic says marriage is very often a dull book with a very fine preface. Sometimes it is "half calf," too.

KISSES.

What are kisses?
Short-lived blisses
As the dew-drops in the sun;
Yet in giving
And receiving
Them, are hearts oft lost and won.

Foolish lipping,
Nectar sipping,
Sweeter than the honeyed flowers;
Such employment!
What enjoyment
It imparts to twilight hours!

Bright eyes shining,
Brown locks twining,
Cheeks as ruddy as the rose;
Smooth chin rounded
Straight neck bounded
By a heaving bosom's snows;

All these charm me,
But not harm me
Half so much as ruby lips
Sweetly smiling,
Soul beguiling
As sweet poison thence it sips.

Words they've spoken,
Trembling—broken,
Low, but all my frame they thrill;
"Thine forever!
I will never
Cease to love thee, come what will!"

Still caressing,
Fondly pressing
O'er and o'er those lips to mine,
Thus I murmur,
"Lovely charmer,
I, too, am forever thine!"

San Francisco, June 6th, 1874. ARJAEL.

[From the San Francisco News Letter of June 6th.]

OUR PHYSICIANS.

San Francisco seems to be the chosen heaven of quackery. Recently we have had our scrutinizing eye turned upon the Doctors, and most certainly we had not previously suspected that the profession contained so much fraudulent humbug and vile charlatanry. Strong words these. Yet not one whit too strong. The healing art is a noble one. Its professors ought to be men with the highest training the world can supply. They are admitted to the holy of holies. They are taken to the inner sanctum of our confidence and intrusted with our honor and our lives. To fit them for the right discharge of the varied duties attaching to their sacred office, long years of very special training is necessary. First, there should be a thorough academical education to serve as a basis for the superstructure which is to follow. A knowledge of words—their origin and meaning—is essential before the book of science can be read, much less studied and mastered. Then there should be years of patient investigation and study, guided by wise professors. The opportunities for these investigations are perhaps only obtainable to a desirable extent in less than a dozen cities of the world. Whilst acquiring practical knowledge, the well-trained medical student is made thoroughly to appreciate the sacred obligations of truth, faithfulness, honor and secrecy which attach to the profession he has chosen. Believing that these qualities have been acquired before a man dares to dub himself M. D., it too frequently happens that even reasonably well informed people admit so called physicians to their chambers, who are destitute of skill, education, and even, in many instances, of legal evidence of their right to practice. If one sends for a San Francisco Doctor, the chances are rather against than in favor of his getting one with a diploma, unless he makes searching investigation beforehand. Recently we showed how quackery in our University was perpetuating quackery. We learn that our strictures have not been without effect. The occupant of what may be considered the principal chair of the faculty has resigned on the ground that he cannot afford to remain associated with Professors who lack either diplomas or education. In taking that course, Dr. Hewston has only done that which was due to the profession in which he occupies so undoubted a position. It is intolerable that unabashed ignorance and bold charlatanism should capture the very fountain of future medical knowledge. This is a matter high above those miserable squabbles and intrigues which divide the medical fraternity. It concerns the name, fame, and even the very existence of the profession. We fear that instead of improvement in the medical school of the University, there is to be retrogression. We are to go from bad to worse. Hewston has gone. Cole can't rule, and will undoubtedly follow. Then it is rumored that O'Neil, Fish, Stout and Logan will either retire or be retired. The most amazing fact of all is that a slate is well understood to have been made up to supply the vacancies, if the hitherto exceedingly pliable Regents continue in their happy complacency. If some of the new men had not themselves hinted at the coming change, we should have scouted the idea that their names could by any possibility have found their way into the list of Professors of the Medical Department of our State University. If we proceed to say who these men are, and to deal with their qualifications, it will be with the sincere desire of averting the calamity with which our educational interests are threatened. Let it be known then that Doctors Luscomb, McCune, Holland and Eckel are to be the new appointees. The latter is undoubtedly chosen as a sop to the Homeopathists. Fancy the descent from a Cole to a Luscomb! Not that Beverly Cole ever amounted to anything as a teacher. A cute ward politician and a ready stump speaker, he has not one element of the student about him. Entirely lacking application, he has not studied to prepare himself to meet his class, but has relied upon his ready wit and the knowledge acquired a quarter of a century ago to pull him through. Instead of studying up modern authorities, his reliance is upon the *Vade Mecum* of his own school days, a work that has in many respects been superseded by the discoveries

of later times. Worst of all, he has glibly inculcated lessons from which we shrink with horror. From our very souls we abhor his teaching our youth to believe that not one San Franciscan woman in a hundred is virtuous. But then Cole has education, and though it was acquired a long time ago, and has not since been improved in the true spirit of a student such as we desire to see exhibited by a learned Professor, yet, in the name of all that is good, let us bear the ills we have rather than fly to those we know not of. Let us have Cole—aye! a thousand times more bumptious and shallow than he is rather than a Luscomb. This man is a practicing physician; has he a diploma? We will bet our bottom dollar that he hasn't, and if he has, we will pay our bet like a man, and give him a free advertisement into the bargain. McCune, it is said, is in good practice, and is honored with the confidence of several of the Hibernian societies. Surely he has a diploma? Yet we offer him the same terms as Luscomb. Eckel is rich, has a large business, and is widely known. Can any one doubt that he has received a medical education, and can produce the proofs of it in the shape of a diploma? We are terrible doubters, we know, but then on this subject our doubts are easily removed. Dr. Eckel, show your diploma! When you do, we will inform your many patients that you have one. We don't think you will trouble us to do that this year. And now last, but not least, comes Doctor Holland, erewhile a reformer of our city morals, and for some time a prominent member of our Board of Health. He is physician to many of our best families. He, at least, will not permit a doubt to exist as to whether he has a diploma. We tell him plainly that such doubts do exist, and we offer without charge to remove the doubt if he will produce the document. If he does not, the conclusion is obvious. Now here are four well known, successful medical practitioners, of whom this one vital question needs to be asked, and of whom it will be asked in vain. Because they will make convenient and pliable tools, it is seriously proposed to make Professors of them. We await further developments.

JAMES LICK'S MUNIFICENCE.

James Lick has bestowed his fortune as nature has dispensed her favors upon our State. Nothing has ever been given to California by halves. The tallest trees, the highest of mountains, the grandest of scenery, the most fertile of valleys, the most enjoyable of climates, the richest of gold mines, the most varied of products—all these nature has showered upon us with right bountiful munificence. James Lick, inspired by the true Californian spirit, has done an act which has made his name to-day a household word from one end of his country to the other, and soon it will reach to the uttermost ends of the civilized world. Men everywhere will associate the name of James Lick with that of George Peabody. Americans both at home and abroad will feel a thrill of pride at the thought that to two of their countrymen belongs the honor of being the truest and grandest philanthropists of modern times. Californians feel especially proud that their State is the home of James Lick, and the recipient of a bounty that honors alike the giver and receiver. A noble lesson has been given to the wealthy men of the nation, which is not the least of the benefits that will flow from James Lick's munificence.

OLD FORTY-NINERS.

Thursday, being the twenty-fifth anniversary of the arrival of the steamer *Panama* in this bay, the surviving members who are at present in the city, celebrated the event with a grand dinner, which was partaken of at the Grand Hotel. The twenty-five who sat down to the table are the following named gentlemen, well known in financial, literary and social circles: Dr. W. M. Gwin, R. W. Allen, W. H. Y. Cronise, Stephen R. Harris, M. D., Henry B. Livingston, J. H. Crossman, John C. Morrison, Jr., Samuel C. Gray, Daniel T. Adams, N. H. A. Mason, J. H. Jewett, Jno. V. Piume, Hall McAllister, Horace Beach, H. G. Bankman, Samuel Tyler, W. C. Brown, Thos. Friedlander, S. W. Holladay, John Bensley, Frederick F. Low, Chauncey Taylor, and Robert Martin. The collation was an elegant one, and served up in splendid style by the caterer of the Grand. The club room, where the cloth was laid, was appropriately decorated. Dr. Gwin sat at the head of the table. Willis' band discoursed sweet music during the evening, and the time passed in the most pleasant manner. It was late in the evening when all retired from the table hoping to meet on many successive occasions.

New Route Contemplated.—The Pacific Mail Steamship Company have appointed a committee to consider the advisability of running their steamers via Havana. This will add twenty-four hours to the time between Aspinwall and New York, but will add greatly to the revenues of the Company and to the convenience of the traveling and commercial world.

What is the difference between a Jew and a lawyer? The one gets his law from the prophets, and the other his profits from the law.

THAT RAILROAD.

The North Pacific Railroad (narrow gauge) has started in earnest, and will lay over 50 miles of iron this Summer. The company has 70 miles of iron on the dock at Sancelito, but will not be able to lay the track this Summer beyond Tomales, owing to heavy grading, bridging and trestlework beyond. In sixty days the cars will be running to San Rafael, connecting with the fast steamer *Sancelito* (formerly the *Petaluma*), and the trip from the city front to San Rafael made in less than 50 minutes. At present there is at least 150 men at work, which number is to be increased materially next week. The engine to lay the track is all in order, and the whistle of the locomotive will be heard in a few days. This is "a go" this time, as some heavy men have taken hold of the road, knowing it will pay from the start. At the same time, some capitalists here and at Santa Rosa have made arrangements to build a road from Santa Rosa to "Freestone," 12 miles, to connect with the North Pacific Coast road, so that they may ship their grain by car direct to deep water. As is well known, there is any quantity of bold water along the shore line of Sancelito, and a wharf of 50 feet in length will accommodate the largest ship, with plenty of water beneath her bottom at low tide. The grain from parts of Russian River Valley, all around Santa Rosa, Tomales, etc., will be loaded direct into ships this Fall from the cars. When such men as John Parrott, Milton S. Latham, etc., take hold of a road like this, we may be sure it is going to be built. When finished to San Rafael, through the valleys of Marin County, the ride to and from that delightful village will be free from the monotonous steamboat voyage now endured by those residing at or visiting San Rafael.

EMMA MINE.

The meeting of the shareholders of this company, which was to have taken place in London on the 15th of May, has been adjourned to the 9th of June. The reports of the manager, Mr. George Attwood, is most unfavorable, both as to the present condition of the mine and its future prospects. Notwithstanding the many reports of rich strikes (so industriously circulated by unprincipled parties at Salt Lake), no new discoveries have been made, or any ore met with worth mentioning in the numerous trials made by the company during the past twelve months. Mr. Attwood quotes from the reports of two well known mining geologists, who examined the property last year. Mr. Clarence King, in concluding his report of the mine, says: "I can only reiterate that the great Emma "bonanza," the object of such wide celebrity, the basis of such extravagant promises, is, with insignificant exceptions, worked out, and the future of your company is hung on a mere geological chance, which may be eternally against you, and if in your favor, may only be secured by wise expenditure of much time and money." Mr. Andrew Murray finishes his report in these words: "In my opinion, the famous Emma Mine is exhausted, and nothing more is to be extracted from it but the leavings of the old workings, the scrapings of the walls, the ore which may have been entombed by the cave, the old fillings, and the second-class ore on the dumps."

AUSTRALIAN PASSENGERS.

We are frequently applied to by visitors from the Colonies for advice as to which of the railroads east of Omaha they should travel by. The moment each steamer touches the wharf the passengers are beset by a host of runners in a manner that is perfectly bewildering to a stranger. A gentleman who arrived two steamers ago, writes to us from Canada that, in consequence of representations made to him in San Francisco, he was sent very much out of the direct line to the place he intended to go to. From here to Omaha there is of course no difficulty, as there is but one road. From Omaha to Chicago the Burlington road is deservedly popular. It is unquestionably one of the best operated roads in the United States. East of Chicago there are so many roads that it would be impossible to advise, unless we knew the places most desired to be visited. The very best thing the stranger can do is to make his way to the office of the Burlington road, at 214 Montgomery street, and explain what places he wishes to see to Mr. John S. Gray, the agent of that road, who is a gentleman of truth and integrity, and who is responsible for what he says; by that means the stranger may rely upon acquiring exact and reliable information.

"Aspiration and Realization," a story in verse for children, is the modest title of a story set in verse by George G. W. Morgan of this city. The versification is remarkable smooth, and the incidents of the poem are narrated in a readable style. Although the story is written for persons of immature years, it may be read with advantage by many children of a larger growth.

A Chicago pork-packer, whose pew-rent was raised to $25, exclaimed: "Great Cæsar! here's a nice state of affairs—the gospel going up and pork going down. What's to become of us?"

THE LAMENT OF THE CRUSADED.

I was a happy citizen
Of this once happy nation,
I'd not have changed with any man
In all our wide creation.
I had no ills, I had no care;
I had enough and yet to spare;
My health was good, my wife was fair;
In short, my happiness was rare,
Before this strange invasion.
But then that talking lady came,
And with her came vexation;
My gentle wife began to rave
Of misery and starvation;
To meeting and committee ran,
To bore my ears with texts began,
All proving me a sinful man,
Of whom she'll make, if sooth she can,
Teetotal reclamation!

Alas! the proverb old doth say
A willful woman has her way;
Well, when that "way" is pretty near,
What is but right we'll have to hear,
And though I'm not converted quite
By the new reformation light,
And yet can see some difference slight
Between the shades of black and white,
That might bear proclamation.

On second thought I'll not berate
My little wife; she'll lead our boy
(Bless his blue eyes) to man's estate
By paths (as I take whisky) straight!

VULGAR TOURISTS IN ROME.

The conduct of strangers in our churches, writes a Catholic in Rome, is scandalous. During the most solemn offices of the church, when hundreds about them are kneeling in devotion, these people talk and laugh aloud, make insolent and profane remarks, eat, read letters, and go in an out in a manner that would bring a storm of hisses on them if the place were a theater or opera. If they are ever reproved, it is by strangers. Romans seem to look on them as a sort of wild animal whom it is not safe to meddle with. An American, accustomed to have order in churches at home, is astonished to see here a whole congregation disturbed by the indecent conduct of a few persons. They are seldom of the class suspected as communists; but are well-dressed people, frequently with guide-books in their hands and sometimes known to be Americans. The extraordinary patience of the Romans in this regard is only another phase of the patience with which they endure the government. The clergy say that they dare not put such people out of the churches, because it would create a disturbance, would be misrepresented, and the police would not sustain them. But the police were very ready to arrest a lady, the Belgian Countess Stainlein, who went with some others to say her prayers at the stations in the Coliseum recently.

GREENWICH PARK.

This proposed private park is to be laid out with the idea of building eight palatial residences within the boundary. The area contains 48 fifty-vara lots, 8 blocks. One residence is to be erected on each block, and the grounds are to be laid out with avennes, shrubbery, and tropical trees and plants. The entire park will be enclosed by one fence, and each separate block and residence will be bounded by a European hedge, after the prospective idea of the beautiful parks of London and Paris. The plans have been drawn from a topographical map furnished by the government officials. The whole ground being by nature specially adapted to the project without artificial aid, is the most desirable portion of the city for residence, as regards fine views, health, and comfort. The construction of street railroads, street grading, and many other improvements, now being carried out, tend to make this enterprise very desirable for parties wishing to secure to themselves not only splendid residences, with all the elegance and beauty now expected in San Francisco buildings, but also the comforts and conveniences of a home. The location of the property is Pacific Hights, in the Western Addition, and a beautiful photograph of the Park, with complete information, will be found at the Placard Exchange.

ENGLAND'S NAVY.

The Bulletin recently had an article calculated to give its readers an exceedingly erroneous idea of the strength of the British Navy. Our exchanges just to hand give us the full debate which took place in the House of Commons upon the subject. Mr. Childers, the first Lord of the Admiralty, under Mr. Gladstone's Government, discussing the practical question, "What is an efficient navy for England to keep up?" maintained that it was a relative question and must be decided by reference to the strength of Foreign Navies. Into this comparison Mr. Childers went at great length, giving minute details of the Navies of France, United States, Russia, Germany, and Italy, and concluded by asserting that if to-morrow England should be at war with the three principal Naval Powers of the world she could hold her own at once in the Channel, the Mediterranean, in the China Seas, etc.; in six months she would have swept the seas of her enemy's commerce, and in twelve months not an enemy's ship could leave port without the certainty of meeting with a superior force.

For Taxpayers.—Who has charge of the new City Hall affairs? The Supervisors? Some say H. L. King!!! Poor Taxpayers.

SPECIAL BREVITIES.

Emily Faithful says both the physician of Vassar College, Dr. Avery, and the professor of astronomy, Maria Mitchell, a woman whose reputation is as great in the New World as Mrs. Somerville's was in the Old, assured her that "the girls who studied the hardest at Vassar were the healthiest." They traced the bad health of American women to its true source—the terrible severity and extremes of climate, combined with the unwholesome habit of heating houses by furnaces, to the exclusion of all proper ventilation, and the widespread disinclination to physical exercise of any description. "I venture to add that the delicacy complained of is also due to the fearful rapidity with which our American cousins apply the rule of doing 'smartly' whatever they have in hand, to their meals, and to the intemperate use of iced water throughout Winter and Summer."

Steam Cars.—All accounts of the new method of propelling street cars, introduced in New Orleans, continue to speak favorably. None of the objections usually urged against steam on the streets apply to this invention. Explosions are impossible. There is little smoke and no noise. The speed might be twelve miles an hour, but is limited to six. The motor is attached to the rear of the car, and the driver handles a small bar and the usual brake in place of the reins. The working of the machinery is so simple that it can be learned in five minutes. Ten dummies do the work of 180 horses. General Beauregard, the President of the road which has adopted the new system, is confident that it will be adopted all over the country in less than a year.

Another block of Peabody Buildings has been built in Blackfriars-road, and now a large rangè of these buildings in that locality is well nigh filled with working families, clerks, warehousemen, etc. The last addition of these buildings had been built and finished for the last three months, but the Trustees did not permit any single room to be occupied. Instead of this they insisted on a fire being every day lighted in each room, and the windows being partially opened during the day. Thus the houses were thoroughly dry and completely fit for occupation before any tenants were admitted. What a contrast this to the doings of speculative builders, who run up houses, and let them before the mortar is dry and the walls in exceeding moisture!

My belief is that Unitarianism in London is dying. When Mr. Martineau left the pulpit, the last chapter was reached. Four of its pulpits in London are now vacant, and it would appear that the eloquent young ministers of the country districts and provincial towns cannot be persuaded to come to London. The dismissal of Peter Dean is only one of various indications that, as a denomination, London Unitarianism has split on the rock cast in its way by the issue of Theism against Christianity, and that the revolutionary elements in which it originated must now pass to new movements, leaving the old material of the sect to relapse slowly to the evangelical creeds with which they are already harmonious in spirit and ethics.—*M. D. Conway.*

It is said that on one occasion, as Miss Wordsworth, sister of the poet, was passing through a wood, which the stock-dove was filling with its soft music, she fell in with a country woman, who exclaimed, "I am so fond of stock-doves!" "Oh!" thought Miss Wordsworth, "at last I have come on one of nature's poets, with a soul to appreciate the beautiful music of the birds." Very ruthlessly was the dream disenchanted by an explanatory remark of the woman's: "Some likes them in pies, and some likes them roasted; but for my part I think there's nothing like them stewed with onions!"

Solid and "Sold."—A letter from Naples says:—"The procession of St. Januarius was celebrated with extraordinary pomp this year. The blood of the Saint was 'solid' when the vial was taken out. At Santa Chiara, after 30 minutes' prayer, the liquefaction took place gradually. Throughout the distance passed over a splendid jet of electric light, emanating from San Pietro, accompanied by the *cortège*, which did not reach the suburbs until half-past nine at night. The blood, placed on the altar, was again 'solid,' but it melted almost immediately. The crowd was immense."

"The bestowing of 200 lashes," says the *Court Journal*, "upon an English vice-consul at San José has rather astonished the world. It shows what the diplomatic estimation of the nation is in some quarters, thanks to arbitration, etc. Doubtless under the late Government this little informality would have been pacifically arranged by that means."

"Prince Florestan," who has been supposed by various English journals to be Mr. Matthew Arnold, Lord Pembroke, Lord Monteagle, Mr. Colvin, Mr. Leslie Stephen, Mr. Labouchere, Mr. G. O. Trevelyan, and several other persons, is in reality Sir Charles Dilke, who, it will be remembered, is sharply satirized in the work.

A correspondent, who has been on a visit to Bazaine in captivity, seems to have been much struck with Madame Bazaine, whom he describes as "a Mexican, with dark, lustrous eye, black eyelashes and eyebrows, beautifully curved, a mouth indicating unusual resolution, and a radiant, lovely face."

On the tomb of Talma, in Père Lachaise cemetery, a new-born child, healthy and strong, has been discovered, made up in a bouquet of lilac, violets, and lily of the valley. If mothers desire to get rid of their shame, even this plan is better than strangulation or throwing them into an ashpit.

A PICTURE.

She is sitting close beside me,
Gazing with eager eyes
Up at the crimson cloud-isles
Draping the western skies;
Singing a passionate ballad,
A song with musical flow,
Of heroes who loved and battled
In days of the Long Ago.
Softly the odorous south wind
Plays with her silken curls,
While the blood-red scroll of the sunset
Far in the west unfurls;
Youth and hope and beauty,
Heavens of golden light,
Passion-flowers and crimson roses
Bloom in our hearts to-night.

Blossoms of gorgeous Summer,
Radiantly to unfold!
Bloom, O ether islands,
Gemming the skies of gold!
Birdlings, pour your music
Forth on the evening breeze;
Blow from your Eden valleys,
O breath of the Southern Seas!
For the life-streams, flowing lonely,
Have blended in one to-day,
And hand in hand together,
We'll tread life's opening way.
Night and hate and anguish
Lurk in our path no more,
Through all the flower-strown vistas
Opening on before.

* * * * * *

Ha! has the vision vanished?
Slowly—with numbing pain—
The joyless forms of the real life
Flock to their place again.
Fifty years, on a lonely road,
Weary and faint I've trod:
Fifty years has that bright young head
Mouldered under the sod.

Yet sometimes into my spirit
Come thronging those visions blest;
Again those golden tresses
Are pillowed upon my breast;
Again we sit together,
Watching the radiant glow
Which the smiling skies shed round us
In that heaven of long ago.
And I look beyond the river then
To the bright, eternal shore,
Where the loved and lost of other years
Shall be mine forever more!

San Francisco June 12, 1874.

IMPORTANT LITERARY DISCOVERY.

"**The Fall of Prince Florestan of Monaco.**"—On Eastern Monday I thought I would pay a visit to Clapham Common. Long years ago I used to catch the merry stickleback there, and it eases the old heart of Goggs to get now and again to the happy hunting-grounds of his youth. For an hour or two I strolled about the common, smoking my pipe, and watching the thousands of merry-makers; then I grew tired of it, and wandered down Clapham Road towards Kennington Church. Just as I got to Albert Square I tripped up on a piece of orange-peel, and fell heavily on the pavement. A number of good Samaritans helped me up on to my feet, and among them I recognized the calm features of the great naturalist, Smiff. I begged the loan of his arm for a few steps, and as we walk along, said, "Mr. Smiff, I believe?"

"No—not *missed a* Smiff, but *found* a Smiff," he retorted, playfully; and then added—"Yes, sir, I am Mr. Smiff—O. P. Q. Philander, at your service."

"Remarkable being!" said I, gazing on his placid lineaments; "I have long wished to have the honor of a conversation with you, and now my wish is realized."

"May I ask your name!" said my companion.

"Goggs," I replied—"Didimus Goggs, unknown to history or fame."

"I knew one Mr. Goggs," replied Philander, "but he was tried for bigamy; was that you?"

"No, Mr. Smiff, it was *not* me. I put it to you—you are married, once: are you likely to commit bigamy? Think of *two* mothers-in-law!"

"I cannot, sir!" replied Smiff, excitedly; "I scarce dare think of one, and the actual and realized existence of two would, I am sure, drive me to the center of insanity. Come home with me, Mr. Goggs, and take tea within my humble walls. My board is simple, and my fare is plain. Come with me, and we will *fraternize* over the many-boned bloater, and linger awhile over the toothsome marmalade."

I thanked Mr. Smiff for his invitation, and went home to tea with him. The meal passed pleasantly enough, and very quietly; his family were out on the Common, and Mrs. S. presided over our frugal fare. After tea I handed my cigar-case to Philander; and, over a glass of "that which cheers and oft inebriates," we conversed of many things. Glancing among Philander's books, I caught sight of "*The Fall of Prince Florestan of Monaco.*" I asked my host if he had read it.

"Yes," replied he, quietly enough.

I said—"There seems to have been a deal of mystery as to who is the author. I have been given to understand it is written by Dr. Kenealy, by Matthew Arnold, King Koffee, by the 'Besieged Resident,' by Bogle, by John de Soyers, by Stephen Fish and I don't know how many more."

O. P. Q. Philander Smiff, Esq., leaned over to me, and, taking the cigar from his lips, blew forth a great cloud, and said—"I am the author of that work."

"You?" I replied, in amazement; "why, there is nothing in it!"

"I know there is nothing in it—what a discovery you have made!"

"But, Smiff," I said, "should not a book contain something?"

"Assuredly, Goggs; but, by way of a change, I chose to write one (and, I may say, wrong many) containing nothing."

"But, Philander, don't you consider it a wrong done to the British public?"

"Not at all, Goggs: they buy me, I sell them—see!"

"Mr Smiff," I ventured to inquire, "why did not you put your name in the book, instead of setting the critics guessing?"

"Put my name to *that!*" returned the historian.

"Well, Smiff, I said, "what object had you in writing this book?"

Smith lit a fresh cigar, and replied—"Didimus, I will tell you. First, I meant it to be an allegory, in which I was to be 'King of the Coop,' with my Editor for prime minister, and the rest of the *Figaro* staff the cabinet; then I changed the idea, and intended to make a political satire on the fall of the Radicals and the education muddle; afterwards I thought I could make a companion to the 'Pilgrim's Progress," with a different moral; finally, I hit on making it a long riddle, with no answer, and so puzzle the critics. Now I have written it, I honestly assure you I am ashamed of it." "Are there many copies issued?"

"Yes," replied Smiff; "they are abroad in the world, filling our lunatic asylums, and driving people to drink." "But how comes it," said I, "that the book sells?"

"My dear Gogge," said Smiff, "pardon my bluntness—you can do that, for you are far from sharp yourself, and do not hit out with that somewhat grimy fist of yours. Did it ever occur to you that you are a silly old fool, not to have learned in your long life the secret of success in selling a book? Why, sir, any book, however trashy or senseless, will sell, if you only advertise and puff it widely; big type, black ink, and white paper, unsparingly used, will sell anything, from the *Tobacco Plant* to *Punch*."

"Well, Smiff," I rejoined, "I cannot help thinking that it was wrong to call a quire of gilt-edged note paper done up in white waistcoat cloth, a book, and charge five shillings for it."

"There we differ. I sell you a book for a crown, and I actually give you a crown back on each cover. Why, you are a crown in at once. Again, I sell you a book weighing, say, three-quarters of a pound, and I only charge you a quarter of a pound for it; two more crowns in. Why, Goggs, if the man who buys that book only knew it, he is something like fifteen shillings in pocket over the transaction. Then, look at the delicate white waistcoat cloth it is bound in; many shillings per yard that cost. Then look at the map (where's 'Wyld' now?—wilder than ever), and the illustration. How well the picture represents the scene:—'The tall palms, the giant tree geraniums blooming in masses down the great cliffs to the very edge of the dark blue sea, the feathery mimosas, the graceful pepper-trees laden with crimson berries, the orange grove, the bananas fruiting and flowering at the same time, the passion-flowers climbing against the rugged old castle wall—all were new to me, unused to the South, and brought up in Convent Garden and the New Cut.' Look, too, at the magnificent gilt-edged paper, pounds a quire; the elegant type, the French. Why, hang me, Gogge, it must be clever—it is so elegant and aristocratic."

"But still, Smiff," I said, "I cannot conceive that you wrote the work. Where are your jokes, inseparable from your nature? your puns, that are part of you? your humors? How did you contrive to alter your style so perfectly?"

"Didimus, I will tell you. I wrote after I had hammered and battered my brains over my history, natural and unnatural, and my personal adventures, and knocked all the jokes out of my head into my articles, I used to sit down with a barren brain and do a few pages of 'Prince Florestan.' I simply sprawled through it with considerable elegance, and that was all I wanted."

"Smiff, adieu!" I said rising. "You're a great man, and I am proud to have sat at your table."

"Good-by, Diddy!" said Smiff. And, with the words ringing in my ears, I left the author of "The Fall of Prince Florestan of Monaco." D. Gogge.

"Graphic" Artists at the Royal Academy.—We may be excused a little crow of triumph, says the *Graphic*, when we call attention to the fact that the two hits of the Royal Academy Exhibition this year have been made by artists who are frequent contributors to this journal. The pictures in question are "The Casuals," by S. L. Fildes, and "The Master Roll," by Miss E. Thompson. "The Casual Ward," by Fildes, with "its dumb silent horrors," will undoubtedly be remembered at the close of the exhibition as the most powerfully depicted bit of character of the year. In drawing attention to these successful pictures, which will assuredly attract admiring crowds, we may venture to recommend those persons who are on the look-out for rising talent to turn over the leaves of their *Graphic* with more attention than heretofore, for, without doubt, the artist's touches can be as smart and pointed in our black and white pages as on canvas.

A French physician is out with a long dissertation on the advantages of groaning and crying in general, and especially during operations. He contends that groaning and crying are the two grand operations by which nature allays anguish; that those patients who give way to their natural feelings more speedily recover from accidents and operations than those who suppose it unworthy for a man to betray such symptoms of cowardice as either to cry or groan. He tells of a man who reduced his pulse from 126 to 60 in the course of two hours by giving vent to his emotions. If people feel at all unhappy about anything let them go to their rooms and comfort themselves with a loud boohoo, and they will feel one hundred per cent. better afterwards. In accordance with the above, the crying of children should not be too greatly discouraged.

A DREAM.

[AFTER READING PLANCHE.]

I'm all in a flutter, I scarcely can utter
The words to my lips that come dancing—come dancing;
I've had such a dream that I'm sure it must seem
To incredulous ears like romancing—romancing.
No doubt it was brought on, my mind being wrought on,
By a dose homœopathic of Tupper—M. Tupper;
Or perhaps I was restive, through troubles digestive
Caused by eating pork chops for my supper—my supper.

I dreamt I was walking with Rochefort, and talking
The very best French I was able—was able,
While Chambord and Napoleon, to music Eolian,
Were dancing the "Dip" on the table—the table.
There Bismarck was giggling to see the Pope wriggling
As he balanced an eel on his nose, sir—his nose, sir,
While ex-President Thiers, with most comical leers,
Pirouetted about on his toes, sir—his toes, sir.

Then Victoria Woodhull assured the great Mogul
She'd give her heart's Blood for a carriage—a carriage,
But her feelings were wrung when she saw Brigham Young
Better off than the women in marriage—in marriage.
"Inexperienced" Chief Cockrill, with an equestrian named Dockrill,
To whitewash Lindheimer and Rogers—and Rogers,
Wrote a flattering notice for the lips of Mayor Otis
In praise of those two artful dodgers—ful dodgers.

Messieurs Whitney and Scannel and their men in red flannel
Were gleefully "smiling" together—together,
When a bell being sounded away they all bounded
To a fire—where there's always hot weather—hot weather.
In his bath Mr. Sartoris caught by a reporter is,
And retires from the scene in confusion—confusion.
But, not pleased "in the nude" to be thus interviewed,
He lets out an improper allusion—allusion.

Cried Americus Vespucius, "West'ard, Ho!" to Confucius,
Canon Kingsley's discovered America—America;'
While the war-like Rob Roy taught Van de Mark's boy
To weave garlands for Aimée of *Erica*—*Erica*.
Cyrus Field kissed Sue Anthony, a fact which he can't deny,
While Judge Morrison fought with a "cabby"—a "cabby;"
And the Archbishop of York, winking slyly at Cork,
Asked Stebbins to hold forth in Westminster Abbey.

Then I called on Boss Tweed, who sat smoking a weed,
Writing "eds" for the *Times* in his prison—his prison,
And he fondly declared that the jail is prepared
To make him happy who takes what's not his'n—not his'n.
In tones sentimental now Vasquez the gentle
Expressed his re-Morse at being captured—being captured,
And he earnestly prayed that he might serenade
Mrs. Pitt Stevens, who, of course, was enraptured—enraptured.

I caught up a knife, and said to my wife
She must fetch me some kerosene butter—sene butter,
When Governor Booth, my feelings to soothe,
Cried, "Here's Commodore Platt in a cutter—a cutter;"
In surprise I awoke when he pulled from his cloak
Some cigars, and then asked if I'd buy 'em—I'd buy 'em,
And, being still in the dark, I could only remark
That I thought I would venture to try 'em—to try 'em.

A LARGE REAL ESTATE SALE.

Yesterday J. C. Duncan completed the purchase of the block on the south-east corner of Montgomery and California streets, opposite Stevenson House. The frontage on Montgomery street is 137 feet, whilst that on California street is 68¾ feet. The price was $110,000. A large brick block will be built, four stories, with basement. It will be divided into spacious banking rooms, insurance offices, etc. The main basement, fronting 68¾ feet on California street, will be grandly fitted up with vaults, costing nearly $200,000, for "The Safe Deposit Company." Capital $1,000,000. This Company will be on the same plan as the institutions in the Eastern cities of like character and which have been so eminently successful and profitable to the stockholders. The Company will build 4,750 interior safes for the safe keeping and guarding of treasure, valuable papers, etc. The whole business is being thoroughly systematized, and will be presented to the public in due time, with the names of leading business men as its officers and employees.

THAT CALEDONIAN RECEPTION.

The prizes awarded to the successful competitors at the last Caledonian games, were not given to the winners on the day of the competition, but were reserved to be distributed on another occasion, when, free from the fatigue incident to the contests in which the clansmen had been engaged, and accompanied by their fair and "sonsie lasses," they could, with renewed zest, enter upon a new pleasure, less exciting, but quite as enjoyable as was the gathering at the Park. The ball given on Wednesday night, at Platt's Music Hall, was in honor of the distribution of the prizes. It was an invitation social, to which the members of the Club and their friends were invited. More than a thousand invitations were issued, but even this large number was insufficient to meet the demand. Every one who could, even in the most remote degree, connect himself with the Scotch—either by lineage or acquaintance—sought admission to the social. How well they succeeded was evinced by the fact that the hall was filled. Chief McDonald and his subordinates had charge of the affair, and conducted it to the satisfaction of all. The chief and several of the clansmen were attired in highland costume, in whole or in part; and their picturesque appearance, as they moved about the hall, or flitted through the mazes of the dance, added much to the beauty of the scene, and recalled fond memories of the dear land of the tartan. The ball was opened by a grand march to the spirit-stirring music of the Bagpipes. Chief McDonald led the van. At the conclusion of the march, the dancing was begun, and was entered into with keen relish by the majority of those present. Of course, there were the usual dances engaged in on such occasions, and, in addition to these, the deservedly famous Scotch Reels. After the pleasures of the dance had been enjoyed for some time, the distribution of the prizes—the event of the evening—took place. The prizes, whose aggregate value is over $3,000, were displayed on tables, placed in the center of the hall. They were varied in kind: some being ornamental, some useful. Principally, they consisted of gold and silver medals, shields, etc.; but among them were cruet stands, fruit dishes, and other articles for the table. The roll of the successful competitors was called, and as each came forward, he was presented with his prize, accompanied by some appropriate remarks from the chief, or some other person to whom he accorded the privilege of presenting the Club's awards to the victors. As there were many prizes to be presented, there was not time to indulge in speech-making, to any great extent, and, in consequence, the remarks of the speakers were very brief. To this rule, however, there was one notable exception. When the prizes to be awarded to the best players on the Great Highland Bagpipes were to be presented, the gentleman who had the honor to present them—ex-Chief Mitchell—made a happy and appropriate address. A country's music is an index and expression of its soul; and every one who knows anything of the grand old music of Scotland will not wonder at Mr. Mitchell's glowing eulogy of the Highland Bagpipes, and their music. He briefly and felicitously sketched the Highlander's love for the Bagpipes—how, in early boyhood, they had filled his life with gladness; how, in youth and manhood's prime, they had moved his arm to deeds of valor; and how, in declining age, they had been his solace and his joy. But this was not all; for on many a hard fought field, Waterloo, the Pyrenees, Spain, Egypt, India, and, last of all, in Ashantee, the Bagpipes had led the Scotch to victory, and driven despair to the hearts of their foes! With these and other appropriate words, for which we have not space, he presented the prizes. Two sets of prizes were given: one for the club pipers only, another, open to all comers, club men included. This last mentioned prize is very justly esteemed an object worthy of the greatest emulation, and it elicits keen competition. We were glad to see it fall into such good hands. Mr. John C. Fergusson, who may now be said to be the champion piper of this coast, is a worthy scion of a noble race. Muscular, broad shouldered, ruddy complexioned, cultured, and genial, he is in every way a splendid specimen of a Scotchman. In addition to the prizes awarded to the successful competitors, a handsome silver-mounted Spencer rifle was given by the Club to Donald McKay, chief of the Warm Spring Indians. As Donald is en route to Washington, the rifle will be forwarded. An original poem, by "Geordie Buwhenin," was read by its author in this connection. After the presentation of the prizes, dancing was resumed and kept up till the "wee short hours ayont the twal'."

Supreme Court.—This, the highest tribunal of the State, will shortly hold court in this city. The authorities having hired the Olympic Lodgings, northeast corner of Clay and Kearny, the beds and contents were removed a few days since, the partitions of the 25 cent rooms also being extracted, and after the walls are whitewashed, the floor will be a rendezvous for the *bon ton* members of the legal fraternity, where a Webster can expound his views of the law, which may occasionally influence the scales of justice. At these Olympic Lodgings one of the vilest melodeons that disgrace a city held high carnival some time since. Underneath the Lodgings are Cheap Johns, pawnbrokers, etc. It is a surprise to many that such a place should be selected for the Supreme Court to hold its sessions in.

Cardinal Cullen held a meeting to denounce modern literature, the influence of the press, and John Stuart Mill.

THINGS.

A hornet is under the Dutchman's tail;
They've taken away his beer;
Donner and Blitzen! Gott! Sacrament!
Why, what is this we hear?
A wail goes up in the Land of Oaks
From the petticoat-stifled "bum:"
"Heilige hel-phire! Tam noch einmal!
Vat shall I do for my rum?"

Beer-bloated Teuton, thy yelling is heard
By thy brother this side of the Bay,
The *Demokrat's* stomach is mightily stirred
Lest the women should travel his way,
So he lies in his throat, to the *Chronicle's* glee,
And the infinite harm of his cause,
Where he says the election was only a spree,
And the ladies who canvassed were——bores.

Far be it from us to shut up the shop
Where so oft we have dallied of old
With the innocent cocktail, or mild ginger-pop,
Where the bottled affiatus is sold.
But—well there is something else to be said;
We have spoken of medical men,
But it seems that our readers have not understood
What we wrote, so we'll write it again.

Our doctors are legion, as all of us know;
They look wise, and we think it's all right:
But, come, let's consider now, when do they show
Their diplomas, or bring to the light
The proofs of their wisdom? Which of us has seen
The documents proving the skill
Of one of the host of physicians who cure—
If their patient's too healthy to kill?

FOREIGN DOTTINGS.

A dispatch from Berlin to the London Times says that the Governments of Germany, Servia and Roumania have confidentially informed other European Powers that they have concluded an agreement to mutually protect their interests and positions against the designs of Turkey. Dispatches to the *Daily Telegraph* from Berlin further assert that differences between the Khedive and Sublime Porte are serious and imminent. Grave complications are probable.——The discussion of the Electoral Bill was resumed in the French National Assembly. The clause declaring that no person shall exercise the electoral franchise who has not attained the age of 21 years was adopted by a decided majority.——A strong guard was placed on the train which conveyed the Deputies from Versailles to Paris, to protect the Bonapartists, against whom the feeling is very bitter.——The Paris correspondence of the *Daily News* reports that while Gambetta was waiting for the Versailles train, he was hustled and insulted by a band of well-known Bonapartists, led on by Meoulion M. Petiers, former Secretary, and Cassinove, an officer of the Imperial Guard. The latter attempted to strike Gambetta.——Late India advices state that famine riots are reported in the district near Darzelaugh, in Sikkim Territory. The troops fired on the rioters, killing several.——Twenty-five battalions of Carlists, with twelve guns, are posted between Estella and Arga Valley, awaiting the Republicans, who are advancing from Taffalla.——The extensive cotton mills of Mosiere & Co., near Manchester, England, have been burned. The loss is estimated at $250,000.——The French papers publish a letter written by the Bishop of Laranda upon the massacre of Christians at Tong King. The Bishop says that with his mission there were eighty thousand Christians, but that ten thousand have been strangled, burned or drowned; and he adds that he has no hope of escaping a martyr's doom himself.——The *Times*, in an article on the American pilgrimage to Rome, expresses surprise that a race priding itself on shrewdness and precision of thought should indulge in such an antiquated superstition. "It is possible, that after contrasting the desolation and wreck of the late Papal States with the cultivation and fertility of America, these eminently practical people, who are accustomed to judge of institutions by their results, will find their minds disabused."——The Duke of Connaught (Prince Arthur) appeared as a member of the House of Lords on Monday night for the first time.——Disraeli says that no less than seventeen bills of domestic importance are to come before Parliament, and he urges members to be diligent, to avert a protracted session.——The insurrection at Fez has been quelled. The Sultan's troops on the 19th ult. opened a heavy cannonade on the town, and kept it up for several hours. Many houses and stores were burned. The troops afterward entered and sacked a portion of the town. Ninety inhabitants were killed; the loss of troops was trifling. The insurgents gave up the fight and submitted, and the Sultan has granted an amnesty.

The diplomatic "gas retort" to an opponent is, "Go to cremation."

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

The conclusion is pretty evident that George Washington struck the wrong country to have a birthday in, and that patriotic Americanism is pretty well played out anyhow. When a committee of two hundred can furnish only fifty citizens to a meeting, the American eagle has ceased to screech, American bunting is at half-mast for dead enthusiasm, and the Fourth of July is a fizzle! Perhaps this is as it should be. We have generals in our midst by the gross, but they take no step except to criticize the efforts of those who are up and doing what the generals should be doing. It is evident they think the country no great shakes anyhow, and feel that they could have done much better with the same materials than George Washington. Perhaps they could. At least, there would have been no huge standing army, with nothing to do but smoke cigars when Fourth of July time came round. At least we have left for celebrating purposes the festive butcher with his gay cart, his bleating calf, and moaning lamb, all of which excite emotions in the breasts of the children. We have the brewers' wagons with their big barrels and big families, and we have the printing press and the boy who gets himself up to look like Franklin—much to Franklin's astonishment, if he gets a peep at him. Then we have the little girls from the public schools, who, with the skin peeling off their noses under the influence of the sun, the perspiration in rivers, creeks, rivulets and rills all over their dear little bodies, and singing the "Wearing of the Green" in many keys, present a touching and patriotic picture. And the foreigners are all willing to turn out in their best clothes to testify their approval of the new country. In fact, people could worry along without the American Army that day, but the fact still remains that any prominent American officer who will not contribute his best efforts and influence toward the getting up of a proper celebration should be impaled. It would be rough on the officer, but the patriotic American could cry "'Rah for Fourth of July!" once more with a peaceful and untroubled conscience.

We have always maintained that people advertise altogether too intelligibly. If people know exactly what they are going to see, they sometimes don't want to see it. Our gift dry goods friends, realizing this, and knowing that the more hapless a muddle you make the more apt people are to patronize you, have confronted the town with a huge placard which says, "British Bankrupt Stock," ever so many thousand pounds. Having that bankruptcy in Britain is a stroke of policy, but putting the figures in £. s. d. is a masterstroke. The American always stops before these three letters and multiplies by 5. It has never yet been discovered why, but the popular fancy inclines to the 5, and while they are working this little sum in their minds, the money grows bigger, and they have a better opinion of the firm. The next move of this enterprising establishment will be to have a blanket bankruptcy in the lava beds, the details to be given in the soft and musical Modoc. We hope the Modocs won't be any more astonished than the gentlemen in Glasgow whose names have been taken in vain.

The Supervisors have allowed the laying of some more tracks. This is as it should be. There must be some two or three streets not yet covered, and people have contracted a bad habit of driving therein with perfect comfort to themselves and safety to their wagons. This is an earthquake country, and we have no business to get used to such luxuries, when we are likely to be unexpectedly shaken up at any moment. There is really no more exhilarating exercise than having one's diaphragm shaken into one's mouth every time one jostles on the track. Riding along on four wheels is monotonous after one has left a wheel at each corner and taken a spin around the park without any at all. Then, car tracks cultivate a habit in a man of expressing himself forcibly when he gets to a switch and can't accurately find out which street the wagon is going to take, thereby giving flavor to his conversation which makes the youth of the city emulous of imitating. O, yes, give us some more by all means, Mr. Supervisors. We like them so well that we cry for them.

Every one who has seen the picture of Murphy, the Irish giant, remembers the little shrimp who stands beside him as a foil. We saw a little fellow among the Mead rubbish on a ladder last week who had a crick in the back of his neck from trying to paint the top of a long letter he was standing beside. Judging from the intended length of the letter, we expected to see "Spicy and Bold" come out under the young man's brush, but when the work was finished our breath was quite taken away by the information that Van Schaak & Co. wanted to see us immediately. It is said that the *Chronicle* people's heads have been done up in ice compressers ever since that Meichel has signed his name Mike in a fit of absence of mind, and that the De Young family are harassing the lives of Latham and Ralston to get them to pull down their banks, and give them a good wall for advertising.

We observe among the news items that a temperance society is about to erect a drinking fountain and lamp post on the corner of Third and Market streets. We are no prohibitionists, but if we were, we would fight under our own colors. A lamp post is a tacit encouragement to drunks. It has been there stand-by since drunks and street posts came in. We would suggest instead a broad, deep gutter, filled with nice, soft, black mud, kept well supplied by the drinking fountain. It is astonishing how much a drunken man prefers leaning against a post to falling in the mud, however soft and tempting. A tailor at our elbow says that erecting a post would be playing into the enemy's hand.

We feel ourselves slipping upon the treacherous quicksand of immortality. We are losing sight of the landmarks. We know we are not so awfully good as we used to be. Our souls are faint with the same emptiness with which our stomachs were afflicted before we had a circulation list and figured in the Assessor's book. Something is wrong. We don't go to church because we hate to be mistaken for a hypocrite, but we have been sustaining the better part of our nature upon the sermon reports in the Monday morning papers. The sermon reports have ceased, and our better nature has gone back on us. We hope the sermons will be resumed as soon as possible, unless the reporters have all been kicked out of the churches, for we feel that we can not fight the good fight unaided and alone. We catch all the droppings from the sanctuary that we can, but we can't get enough to go round. We don't like to have the *N. L.* considered the only religious paper that the city can afford.

There is joy among the Biddies at the Local Option prospect. The small drop of comfort heretofore obtained by a surreptitious appreciation of master's lips is all very well in the line of perquisites, but, from a stomachic point of view, is eminently unsatisfactory. There is nothing that makes a girl want to change her place so much as an empty demijohn, for while every one knows that Biddy wouldn't touch a ten cent piece dishonestly, every one knows, too, that she makes no bones of a gallon or two of whisky. Gentlemen who intend putting a latch on the buffet, or the wine closet, when the Local Option supply is laid in, are invited to engage a Chinaman forthwith. Alas! we see another cloud looming on the Local Option horizon. The whisky must be locked up, and, if it must, we'll have another dose from Hongkong, one hundred thousand strong.

We consider the death of the young man, Wiley, an irreparable loss to the mercantile community. The man who, in his hour of agony and distress, had his wits about him sufficiently to consider the intrinsic value of the engagement ring and the tokens of affection, had a "good head for figgers." We can quite appreciate the intensity of his anxiety as he stood behind the fence around the corner, while his friend went for the things, and wondered if the girl would give them back. Had she refused they might have gotten into the hands of the Public Administrator and kept his heirs in suspense for a day. It is painful to think of such forensic sagacity, such methodical precision being devoted to harp thrumming when it might be so useful in the ledger and day-book line.

Now that the warm weather is coming on, suicides are becoming encouragingly frequent. We observe an idea to be prevalent among them lately that it is quite the thing to die with the head under the bed. In early life, in very early life we slept with our aunt, which accounts for our knowledge of the ways of women. It was her custom nightly to look under the bed for a man. It is but justice to the old lady's memory to say that she never found one either under the bed nor in it, but she never tired of looking. The suicides, however, can scarcely be looking for a man. Would it be asking too much if we requested the next young man who contemplates this melancholy step, to leave a note among the voluminous correspondence customary on such occasions, explaining to us what they all want under the bed?

Our admiration is excited for that young gentleman who practices dentistry in the day time and tends bar at night. It is probable that he becomes a peripatetic preacher on Sunday, and holds the baby for his mother on wash morning. It would scarcely be pleasant for the dentistry patients, if the fact leaked out, that in off hours he is a chiropodist. To the casual observer his time would seem to be pretty well used up, but surely such an indefatigable young man is never idle, and in the dead hours of the night we are sometimes disturbed by the rumble of carts. Our sympathetic heart is concerned to know what time he finds to see his girl.

We are glad that reporter went to San Quentin. It has afforded three dailies and an Oakland journal a chance for a joke. All four jokes had the same flavor, but that didn't hurt them any. It was so much better than nothing funny at all that we laughed nearly to kill ourselves in sheer sympathy. It is thought that if this young knight of the pen had gone to Stockton instead of San Quentin, the joke would have broken out all over the State like scarlatina rash among the children. It takes so little to amuse people who rarely get a chance to crack a smile, and there really is nothing funny in tax lists now, is there?

The Call, writing of the favorable condition of the crops, says: "The Wine interest is in a prosperous condition, for the vines are looking exceedingly well, and owing to the late frosts in France the product there will be less than usual." And yet the *Call* has arrived at an opinion against license. What would it have done with our wine producing interest? Has the fact that there are said to be 3,000 members attached to various Father Matthew temperance societies anything to do with the *Call's* opinion?

There is a good story going around. Col. Blood awoke the other night in a great state of trepidation and insisted upon arousing the Woodhull to tell her that he had seen "a ghost in the shape of an ass." He did arouse her in more senses than one. "O! let me sleep," said the irate dame, "and don't be frightened at your own shadow." We can now account for his being her affinity.

We notice a request from the Almshouse for a cask of whisky. We hope to heaven they are not going to pour punch down those poor pauper's throats after stuffing them with turtle, turkey and champagne as is easily seen by the bones and bottles. We consider it cruelty to animals to whet their appetites for such things just when the law is going to shut down on them.

ART NOTES.

The first exhibition of the School of Design, on Tuesday last, demonstrated very plainly that the institution is in good hands, and that the students have proportionately profited. How very different was it from the exhibits of self-styled "colleges" and boarding schools! We missed, or rather didn't miss, the woolly landscapes, the soft, very soft heads, and the inanimate animals, the bad drawing, vicious color and impossible effects which characterize the usual efforts of aspiring but ill-directed Misses and Masters. We saw no absolutely bad drawing, and so much that was really good that it would take more space than we can spare to mention, however briefly, the efforts of individual students. Besides, we don't want to inflate these young ladies and gentlemen, or make them believe that their art education is finished. That education is never finished: it can only terminate with life itself. The veteran artist knows best how little he knows and can know. The exhibition was largely attended, and the general verdict was that Mr. Williams is the right man in the right place. Some of the crayon heads, brush studies from casts, and the still-life paintings, denoted wonderful progress for so brief a time. The next term opens August 10th, when it is now certain, from the number of applications, that the School will be very much larger. As it is, with sixty pupils, it is a self-supporting institution.

The Committee on School of Design met the Directors of the Mechanics' Institute last week and recommended that the Art Gallery at the coming Fair be managed by the Art Association. The matter remains in abeyance, but if a committee of the artists in that Society will undertake this work it is understood that their services will be gladly accepted. The managers of the Industrial Fair have, we hear, offered a part of the building to the Art Association for permanent occupation. No action has been taken for the present; the Art Association is probably hoping that some other James Lick may arise and immortalize himself for its benefit.

The Reception of the Art Association on Monday evening next promises to be a very interesting occasion. Keith's great picture, "The California Alps," will be seen for the first time. It is a painting which will bear study; its truth and beauty grows upon one. It would make a very fine engraving. Nearly all of our local artists will be represented, and many private collections rifled of their choicest gems. There will be a genuine Paul Veronese, a fine original Troyon, a splendid example of Robbe, the great Belgian painter, some water colors by the well-known English artists Richardson and Nattel, and many others. A committee is out soliciting and inspecting, and the exhibition will undoubtedly be full of good things. The walls of the gallery, etc., have been freshly tinted a dark reddish chocolate, a great improvement on their previous dry chalky color.

There are many good new pictures in the stores. Nile has a very pleasing picturesque composition, an old water mill, by Deakin. The two paintings by Wedeking, a much esteemed German artist, and which we have previously described, are on view in the same place. Miss Rockwell also exhibits there a half length "Ruth," which has some excellent painting in it. Morris & Schwab have a fresh, salty view of the Farralones, by Denny; two landscapes, by Cleveland Rockwell, and a couple of animal subjects, by Hahn. Two works by students of the School of Design deserve special mention. The first, a study in the woods, by Mrs. J. Preston Moore, is leafy, fresh, and vigorous; the second, some cherries in a cabbage leaf, painted from nature, by Miss M. P. Herrick, found a purchaser before it left the gallery, and it is a really satisfactory work.

Miss Rockwell and Harry Eytinge have combined their strength in the production of a decidedly ambitious picture. It represents a herd of cattle, etc., driven along a California mountain road. The animals are well grouped, and the landscape accessories are very creditably rendered.

Keith, the most promising of our younger painters, has a picture in the window of a Kearny street store, called "View of Tamalpais." It is an upright canvas, rather large cabinet size, and the picture gives us the sweep of a lazy stream, with cattle cooling their hoofs and enjoying the quiet and shade. There is an effect of light upon the bright, clean sand at the water's edge, so beautifully managed, that it excites the admiration of any lover of good painting. The cool, dark water is lost in the curved way around behind the overhanging foliage. The descriptive touch, defining each variety of leaf and tree, is studious and artistic. The cloud study is capital, and, as a whole, the painting is one of the best we have seen from Keith's pencil.

Pickering, who speaks with the air of a man who has discovered a fact by experience, says that "he has known ever since that St. Louis affair that the way to prevent bleeding at the nose is to keep your nose out of other people's business." That is why he is careful to know that it is quite safe before he expresses an opinion.

The following anecdote was told by an American preacher for a fact—He was praying, and in his prayer he said, "I pray that the power of the devil may be curtailed." Just then an old darky in the congregation cried out, "Yes! Amen! Bress me! Cut him tail right smack, smoove off."

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costs the United States $12,000,000 annually; the criminals, $40,000,000; the lawyers, $70,000,000; rum, $200,000,000.

THE BLIGHTED BRIDEGROOM.

" Forget thee? when to dream all night, and think of thee all day,
Makes me as happy as to hear ' the band begin to play;'
Thou'rt ever in my thoughts, my love, and now, no matter what
May happen, 'tis impossible that thou canst be forgot.

Forget thee? let the bank forget to charge eighteen per cent.—
Or M.L.A.'s forget to draw their screws from Parliament—
'Busman forget to swear at that perpetual blockade
At Jolimont, that stops the way in Wellington Parade—

Let Harrison forget his meat that went to feed the sharks—
Ladies forget their Grecian bends, and larrikins their larks—
Let auctioneers forget to dwell upon their splendid lot—
And juries act with common sense: then thou shalt be forgot.'

Thus spoke a blushing beauty, who was really awful spoons
Upon her sweetheart, whom she met on Summer afternoons;
And might, perhaps, have meant it, but, as Trollope says, you know
Australians in every case are prone to blow.

With Spooney, not long afterwards, to church she took her way,
And made a Benedict of him—her unresisting prey—
While he was quite agreeable, but discovered very soon
That far more whacks than honeydew composed his honeymoon.

'Twas night, and those the daily papers call " the happy pair "
Both occupied one chamber, as is usual everywhere
('Tis just the same convenience, that etiquette affords
To princes and princesses, as to ladies and their lords).

Towards morning from the lady's room scream echoing on scream
Aroused the inmates of the house, whose terror was supreme.
" Oh! there's a stranger in the room—help! murder! it's a man!"
She screamed again, as to her aid the startled household ran.

They dragged the bridegroom from his couch and hauled him down the stairs,
They beat and kicked him brutally, thus taken unawares;
Then never caring for his chance of catching cold or cough,
First chucked him in the gutter, next half drowned him in the trough.

The lady, when her bridegroom had been very nearly killed,
Remembered, just in time to save his blood from being spilled,
That he was no intruder, so hysterically cried,
" Oh, he's my husband—I forgot—excuse me—I'm a bride."

The household all apologized, because they couldn't guess
That they weren't sympathizing with a lady in distress,
By punishing the man they thought in error, to deter
Such evildoers, out of mere civility to her.

The husband wished their kindness had assumed another form,
After finding their attentions and civility so warm;
But was rather disappointed as to hymeneal bliss,
That he never thought would lead to such unpleasantness as this.

The bride besought forgiveness for her folly, but he thought
Henceforth he'd best avoid a wife that seemed a shingle short;
For, had he known the weakness of her intellect, he swore
He'd sooner have been married to the Bride of Lammermoor.

MORAL.

Now all brides in their handkerchiefs should tie a lover's knot
As a reminder, if the fact of marriage be forgot—
Although it's very seldom that you'll find a loving spouse,
At such an early stage, forget her newly plighted vows. —*Melbourne Punch.*

Business men should read this. Have correct weights at all times by using only Fairbanks' scales, which are not liable to get out of order. Take care that your drawers are not picked, but secure them with "Miles' Double Lock Alarm Money Drawer." Those who have examined this simple but wonderfully effective contrivance understand its great value. An agency for the sale of Fairbanks' scales and of Miles' Alarm Money Drawer has been established by Messrs. Fairbanks & Hutchinson, at 537 Market street, opposite Sansome. It is a significant fact, which the public will appreciate, that whenever new scales are put upon the market, as large numbers have been from time to time during the last thirty years, it seems to be the first and chief aim of the makers to show that they are the "same as Fairbanks'," or like them, or are improvements upon them, thus recognizing the latter as the standard for excellence, and showing the strong hold they have upon the public confidence.

A Milwaukee boy has swallowed half a dozen steel buttons, and his mother doesn't have to scream for him when he is out on the street playing with those Cluckerson boys. She just brings a magnate to the door, and he flies to it like a needle to the pole.

THE "REPUBLIQUE FRANCAISE" ON THE CZAR'S VISIT.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

Paris, May 16th.---The *Republique Francaise*, Gambetta's organ, publishes this morning a most able article on the visit of the Emperor of Russia to London. It will, I think, be interesting to your readers just now. It is curious to find one of the organs of what is the fashion to call the party of disorder, celebrating the blessings and benefits of orderly Monarchical Governments; but why M. Gambetta's organ should come to the conclusion that what the Czar may see in London shall put him on his guard against the overweening ambition of Prussia is not so plain. The *Republique* evidently thinks that out of the Czar's visit to our shores a kind of league of neutrals may arise, to enforce the maintenance of peace and check the undue excesses of German ambition. I subjoin the salient portions of this remarkable article:

"It is impossible to help remarking that the Emperor Alexander took good care to pass through Netherlands before landing in England. The Low Countries celebrate at present the silver wedding, the 25th anniversary of the accession to the throne of their sovereign, William III., of the House of Orange. The Czar arrived in the midst of the *fetes* of a happy, free, and peace loving nation, all anxious to prove to the Royal family how much she prizes the privilege of living under a sceptre which guarantees her independence and her prosperity. Holland is there rich, energetic, commercial, with her traditions of liberty, her maritime genius, her ports, and her ships. This is the great object of German ambition. All the German doctors direct their greedy ambition against her. It is a country of German origin, race, and language. Sooner or later she must become German. There can be no great Germany without openings seawards. How fortunate it is that the Emperor of Russia should have been a witness of the patriotic enthusiasm which never ceased to prevail at the *fetes* given in honor of William III. of the Netherlands. The Czar, seeing this honest and respectable people manifest so much attachment to the dynasty which personifies its national liberties, will have been able to convince himself that this valiant little nation, always impatient of a foreign yoke, formidable to invaders, will tolerate no attacks on its territory, and will know how to make its independence respected. In passing by the Czar may have heard excellent words, and it is a great thing for a people to show what it feels, what it wishes, what it is worth, and of what it is capable. In England another spectacle awaits Alexander II. The British nation prepares for the Autocrat of All the Russias a reception truly worthy of the oldest free nation in the world. The English do not do things by halves. In the hight of their monarchical loyalty they will not be stingy of their proofs of enthusiasm for the father of the young Princess whose beauty has seduced them, for the Sovereign of a vast empire, whose power is in their own eyes the only rival of that of England. The Czar, a man of grave and reflective mind, will no doubt endeavor to analyze the feelings which will excite the vast crowds which are about to press along his route. It is said that he has desired that his visit may have all the character of a simple, cordial, and affectionate reception. Perhaps he will not see displayed before him in a review of the fleet at Spithead all the formidable array of the maritime power of Great Britain; but if he goes into the city of London, if he sees with his own eyes all that trade, all that commerce, those immense docks, those fabulous warehouses, in which are accumulated all the riches of the world, the bank counters, where gold is handled like ordinary goods; it is there that he will learn of what value peace is for the prosperity of empires; and that all this activity, this incomparable talent of English business, will far outweigh in his eyes the pompous and deceptive displays of luxury which Napoleon III. took so much pleasure in showing him during his stay in France in the too famous year of the exhibition. The attention of the Emperor, however, will not be contented with a glance at the surface of things, but the very marvels which strike his eyes will bring him back to politics. The English are rich and free; they are uneasy and discontented. They vaguely, understand, especially of late, that their country no longer occupies the place in the world it once held, and one would say that they were decided to make the most earnest efforts to restore it to the rank which belongs to them. In his conversations with the representatives of the great English aristocracy, the Czar will not be long in discovering that British patriotism feels very keenly the instability of European affairs at present. England is seeking for a great statesman. She sees Europe profoundly troubled, peace in danger, war sooner or later inevitable; she feels that both her honor and her power are at stake. The military forces of the Continent frighten her. What will she do in the crisis she foresees? What part will she play? Non-intervention, such as practiced by the eminent Minister of the Manchester school, is a snare she will have no more of. Intervention? This is another extreme from which every good Englishman will shrink a long time before agreeing to it. Nevertheless, there is the danger. Cursed be the disastrous ambition which troubled the quiet enjoyed by Europe, which upset the European equilibrium. This is the true state of public opinion in England. These significative symptoms will not escape the sagacity of the Czar. As a Russian Sovereign his sentiments are singularly allied to those of the English nation. The one and the other, the all powerful Emperor and the great, free nation, are made to understand each other at present. Their interview will be cordial. Common interests draw people together. Europe will rejoice in the cheers which will salute the Czar; she will see in them a tacit treaty alliance and of protection for those threatened by ambition which knows no bounds."—*English Paper.*

A REQUEST.

Give me but thy heart, though cold,
I ask no more!
Give to others gems and gold,
But leave *me* poor!
Give to whom thou wilt thy smiles,
Cast o'er others all thy wiles,
But let thy tears flow fast and free
For *me*, with *me!*

Giv st thou but *one* look, sweet-heart!
A word—no more!
It is Music's sweetest part
When lips run o'er!
'Tis a part I fain would learn,
So, prythee, *here* thy lessons turn,
And teach me Love, e'en to the close,
With all its woes! ABLÆL.

PHYSICKING THE DOCTORS.

Butchers are notoriously chicken-hearted. Doctors who think nothing of giving pain to others, wince themselves almost before they are hurt. We have just had occasion to prove that to be true. Last week we performed an operation. It was but a mere trifle—a simple puncturing of the skin with our ever keen lancet. Our patients were med cos, yet the fellows have hallooed ever since like mad. We would be glad, for our own sakes, to tell them that it is "all over," but we cannot. A careful diagnosis proves that the disease is more deeply seated than we had at first suspected. We shall have to go deeper, even to the scarifying of the bone. We don't mean to stand any nonsense either. Having our knife in the wound, we will, by way of reminder, give it an extra twist every time the patient winces. Tenderness would be thrown away upon charlatans, whose unskillful butcheries carry needless pain and death into scores of San Franciscan households. We know, too, sadly the truth whereof we speak. A friend is the latest victim. Seized with a sudden but not necessarily serious illness, he sent for a Doctor who is in considerable practice. This man—who, it turns out, has never had a medical education—undertook to employ an instrument, the use of which he did not know, upon parts the construction of which he had never learned, causing the death of our friend as certainly as if a murderous dose of strychnia had been administered. How exasperating *now* is the information that the rascal has no diploma. The deed is done. The wrong, for which the law has provided no adequate remedy, has been perpetrated. If we could have known *before* the murder, our friend would in all human probability have been with us to-day. This is no isolated case. We know of two similar instances that have occurred within the last three months. As we said last week, we now repeat the statement, that "if one sends for a San Francisco Doctor, the chances are rather against than in favor of his getting one with a diploma, unless he makes searching investigation beforehand." Knowing these things to be true, we sound the note of warning. In our previous article, we distinctly named four practicing medical men, whose diplomas—if they have them—we would like to see. We offered to advertise them gratuitously, and ventured to predict that we should not be afforded that pleasure. Eckel, McCune and Luscomb are as silent as the grave—that is, about their diplomas. It is true that we have heard some noise about "blowing the top of some one's head off," but it was distant thunder, and therefore harmless. Of Dr. Holland, we would like to think well and speak kindly. He has paid us a visit, and assured us that he has no less than six diplomas - but he failed to show us *one!* When he does, we will hasten to remove the doubt with which the question is at present surrounded. The really educated physician will not take amiss our instituting the inquiry. On the contrary he will rejoice at it, affording, as it does, one means of separating the true from the false. The man who winces instantly betrays himself. We this week push our inquiries somewhat further. Here are four more practicing Physicians, whose diplomas—if they have them—we would like to see. Messrs. D'Oliveira, Sposati, Rappin and Pinchard may have diplomas, but if they have, they will be doing themselves a great injustice if they fail to produce them, with a view to the removal of the wide spread doubts which exist upon the subject. The *News Letter* offers them a free advertisement, but does not expect to be called upon to give it. Not the least of the evils of tolerating unblushing quackery in our midst is that it tends to lower the self-respect of the profession generally. The educated man, finding that charlatanry everywhere succeeds, is tempted to forget the dignity of his profession, until at last he stoops to imitate the wiles of the charlatan. Here is a case, if not exactly in point, is very nearly so. Messrs. Hewston & Bingham, being at the time two learned professors of the University Medical Faculty, were called upon to see a man who fell from the new Mint building. His case was hopeless, and he died in three or four days. At the inquest that was necessarily held, the attending physicians testified to that which was true, namely, that there never was the slightest chance of doing any good for the man. Yet they fussed around his death-bed, and ran up a bill of $500. And these are the men, be it remembered, whose duty as professors it is to teach their pupils that it is derogatory to the high and noble profession of a Physician to run up charges where it is apparent that no adequate services can be rendered. The facts we have published show the danger of sending for Doctors we do not know, and the necessity of watching those we do. They also point to the desirability of legislation that will weed out the charlatans, and to the desirability of all educated Physicians uniting to raise the profession to that high and unquestionable position which it ought to occupy before our citizens generally. Meanwhile we think we are doing effective service by pointing out the "tinkers, tailors and candlestick makers," who dub themselves M. D.'s. We may perhaps complete our labors by giving further details. For the present we rest upon our laurels. The dose is large enough for this time.

NOISY MEETING OF "EMMA" SHAREHOLDERS.

The third annual meeting of the shareholders of this Company was held at the Terminus Hotel, London, under the presidency of Mr. George Anderson, M. P. There was a large attendance, and the proceedings throughout were of a very turbulent character. The Chairman, in opening the meeting, said: "All through the year the directors have done their best to carry out the interests of the shareholders and to supply them with all the information in their power. They had been blamed for having given information which had afterwards turned out to be wrong, and he would not hesitate to say in some instances that had proved correct, but they had done their best to get valuable information, and they deeply regretted if on any occasion it had turned out to be of an unsatisfactory character. He moved the adoption of the report. Mr. Whitehead seconded the motion. Mr. Snell—With respect to the directors' fees, he would like to know if the directors intended to claim £1760 which had previously been voted to them? The Chairman said that this amount had not been placed to the credit of the directors; it was merely approved in last year's report. A good deal would, however, depend on the conduct of the shareholders themselves with regard to the disposal of it. (Oh, oh!) Mr. M'Dougall would like to know what arrangement the Chairman made with Mr. Parkes last Christmas. He believed it was a most scandalous one, and had therefore bought a share in the undertaking, on purpose to find out what was wrong, and if possible to sweep it away. (Cheers and laughter.) He complained of the Chairman coming to the meeting and having the effrontery to ask the shareholders to believe him. (Oh, oh!) He had in his possession a letter from Mr. Parkes which was written in 1871 to Mr. Fisher, and marked private. The directors and Mr. Attwood had admitted that it was in Mr. Parkes' own handwring, and therefore he should make it public. (Laughter.) It advised Mr. Fisher to get all the commission he could get on the sale of shares before it got warm. (Oh!) Neither the Chairman nor officers of the Company had told them anything they ought to have done, or else they are wholly incompetent. He should move as an amendment to the adoption of the report—"That this meeting is of opinion that, taking into consideration the whole of the circumstances connected with the formation of the company, and the manner in which its affairs have since been conducted, it is advisable that a complete change be made, and that the whole of the board be called upon to resign their offices at once; and that, in the event of this not being complied with, that immediate steps be taken to remove them." Mr. Snell seconded the amendment. The Chairman thought a good deal of the opposition was got up for stock jobbing purposes. (Confusion.) Mr. Hammond, M.P., thought the terms of the amendment were very severe, and embraced a sweeping condemnation of everybody. He thought it should apply only to Colonel Stanley and the Chairman, for if any two gentlemen had misled the company it was those two. (Cheers, and "Oh, oh.") After some discussion, Colonel Stanley then formally gave in his resignation. The amendment was then put to the meeting, and lost—14 hands only being held up for it. Mr. Snell demanded a poll. The Chairman, after consulting the solicitor, said he had resolved to fix the poll for next Wednesday, and adjourned the meeting to that date. He was willing to resign on the understanding that Mr. Pemberton should be appointed Chairman for the ensuing year, and that the members of the Committee of Conference should be considered acting-Directors for next year. (Cries of "oh," and cheers.) Mr. Snell, after some further conversation, withdrew his demand for a poll, and so altered the words of the amendment as to make it apply only to Messrs. Anderson and Stanley. Subsequently, Mr. Hammond, M.P., moved, and Mr. A. Barker seconded, a resolution requesting the Chairman to resign. It was put to the meeting, and negatived —26 voting for it, and 33 against. A poll was demanded. The Chairman said his only object in desiring to remain on the Board was to promote the interests of the shareholders; but as the motion had been rejected by so small a majority he would not put them to the cost and inconvenience of a poll, but would resign at once. (Loud cheers.) The report was then adopted.

Mr. C. Noel Welman writes from Norton Manor, Taunton: "I have lately found among my old family papers a statement of the English Navy as it existed nearly 150 years ago, when our population and wealth were so much less than at the present time. I send it to you, thinking some of your readers may be comforted by knowing that, on the whole, our expenditure in this branch of the service has not, even with ironclads and their boilers, increased beyond the just proportion of the past with the present age: 'List of Ships, with their Guns and Men, 1728—Seven of 100 guns, with 5,530 men; thirteen of 90 guns, 8,840 men; sixteen of 80 guns, 8,320 men; twenty-four of 40 guns, 4,560 men; six of 30 guns, 930 men; twenty-seven of 20 guns, 3,270 men; five with 34 guns in all (fireships and bombs), 180 men; twenty-seven with 210 guns in all (sloops and yachts), 1,095 men. Total, 213 ships, 10,234 guns, 62,735 men.'"

A London advertisement runs thus: "A country priest will say mass once a week for any one who will regularly send him the *Times* newspaper, second hand, on the day of its publication."

MERRY AND SAD.

[BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.]

I felt in a merry mood, one day,
So I called on a merry friend;
But to my surprise,
Her violet eyes,
That so like the skies appear,
Were dim with many a tear.

I left my friend with a sober face,
For my merry mood was over,
And on my way
Met Parson Grey,
And as I breathed a sigh,
"Here's a kindred soul," said I.

Just then the parson laughed outright,
And laughed like a little child.
"Why, the merry are sad,
And the sad are glad."
Cried I, with a little frown;
"Is the world turned upside down?"

But thus I have found it ever since,
And thus it will ever be:
That smiles and tears,
And hopes and fears,
Are mingled like sun and shower,
To ripen the fruit and flower.

An honest laugh is a wholesome thing;
It warms the heart and soul;
Though tears must flow
In this world below,
Thus blending shade and shine
In one, like the oak and vine.

A RESUME OF THE SPECIE PAYMENT QUESTION.

The whole country is agitated on the specie payment question, and the heads of the government are daily becoming more confused in their efforts to invent some plan for its resumption. Simple plans are not thought of, the magnitude of the subject seemingly preventing such thoughts possible. In our last issue of this paper, under the head of "Ideas on the Resumption of Specie Payment," the suggestion is thrown out that the new Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Bristow, in place of going into the market and buying bonds that have years to run, as has been the custom of his predecessors, and paying for them in gold at a premium, buy legal tenders instead, at the ruling rates, make a demand for them, and see what will be the result. Can any one doubt for a moment but that they would rapidly advance in value and soon be at par? We think not. Or if, as is again suggested, instead of doing that, he announces that he will redeem legal tenders at par in gold on presentation, would the people, knowing the circumstances of such announcement, devote time to gathering greenbacks together for the purpose of exchanging them for gold, or would they take it for granted that specie payment had been resumed, and go on with business as if nothing had happened, resting satisfied with the equality of money values, and firm in the belief of the government's intention to redeem its notes in gold? They would undoubtedly do the latter; for whoever heard of a community, depositors in a solvent bank conniving together for the purpose of getting up a run on it, and thereby jeopardizing the interests of each other? We never did; that would not be business. And what other relation can exist to solve this question between the government and the people but that existing between banker and depositor? None that we can see. The government's promise to pay is the promise of forty millions of people—it means gold; it never meant anything else, for we never had any other standard of value. Before the war our circulation was the issue of corporate banks, whose bills were current all over the country, at par with gold. Now, where does the difference come in between then and now? The war created legal tenders as a necessity in exchange, to represent values received in materials and supplies, and whatever doubts there may have existed in the minds of some as to the stability of the government at that time, or its ability to pay, there certainly cannot be any now, and there is no reason for its notes going begging at a discount. The issue of the government ought surely to be accorded as much confidence as the issues of ordinary banks. We of the Pacific Coast, if about to take a trip to the mountains, take the issue of our gold banks and carry them in preference to having our pockets "lumbered up" with coin. Why do we do that? Simply because it is more convenient. We don't inquire whether the gold banks have the gold on hand to meet their deposits and circulation when we take their notes—it would be too ridiculous to expect it of them or any other bank. Then why expect it of our government? Might we not as well carry greenbacks, if they are made equal in value to gold notes? They are both in a sense the promise to pay of the government; the simple difference is, that one states that it is payable in gold, while the other does not state in what it will be paid. There is a difference, but no distinction. Such was not intended. The government has made manifest its views on that subject by its earnest desire to resume specie payment, and its willingness to pay a dollar in gold for each and every dollar of its entire indebtedness, can it but solve the way. The national banks complain that they will lose if forced to resume. It is a pity they could not be made to lose were such things possible in making this change, for the "National Bank Act" has been the means of plundering the government out of millions. But how will they lose? Can anybody tell? Would it be because their notes would be fathered by government and elevated to a gold standard that they would lose, or is it that the opportunities afforded them by the panic last fall would be denied them, when they loaned the reserves re-

quired by law to be kept on hand, taking gold as collateral which they exhibited to the commissioner as their reserve? We don't know how they would lose—it was not intended that we should. The President, we see by the papers, advocates the issuing of bonds payable in gold, bearing such rate of interest as would make them negotiable at par, as the best means of settling the question, and then retiring all bills of certain denominations at fixed periods, until the whole currency is withdrawn from circulation. That is one way of adjusting the matter and would accomplish the desired end, but it would increase our debt, by necessitating the sending of millions out of the country to pay interest with, and that is something there is no necessity for. Let the government make the issue and resume at once; the people will accept its notes as the circulating medium of the country, and keep that interest here in the country where it belongs. We cannot see where the hardship will inure to the creditor or debtor interest, for we do not depreciate the value of gold, but simply raise the value of the government's promise to pay to a par value with it until such time as its notes can gradually be got together and withdrawn from circulation by the substitution of gold in their place. This the government will or should do as fast as possible. In the meantime withdraw all fractional currency from circulation, and substitute the dimes and half-dimes, quarters and halves and copper pennies, as before the war; then we are where we started from, only with this difference: that instead of having bills in circulation issued from banks in almost every town in the various States of the Union, necessitating a book of signatures known as a bank-note detector to compare them, and see if they were good or not, as we used to do, we have now the almost exclusive issue of one bank, the Government of the United States, the united promise to pay of forty millions of people. Let us resume, and try the experiment:

> "Our doubts are traitors,
> And make us lose the good
> We oft might win,
> By fearing to attempt."

ENGLAND'S MENTOR.

England is forever getting into a bad way—if we are to believe the *Bulletin*. Recently we were told that when the Duke of Edinburgh and his Russian bride entered London "the young couple were frequently hissed by the people." Soon papers came to hand which showed that the reception was remarkable for its almost excessive cordiality. The British taxpayer was rejoiced at the union for several reasons. He was glad to see the son of his good Queen settling down to that pure home life of which she is so noble an exemplar. He was delighted that the ties of consanguinity offered a reasonable prospect that a possible enemy had been turned into a friend. The fact was, the story about the "hisses" was a *Bulletin* lie, coined in the establishment to suit the spirit which pervades its criticisms of late in reference to everything English. Then we were told that the power of the British navy had been seriously overrated, and that it was an altogether rotten affair. The answer came in the shape of an authoritative official report, in which Mr. Childers, the first Lord of the Admiralty in the late Gladstone Government, says that "if to-morrow England should be at war with the three principal Naval Powers of the world she could hold her own at once in the Channel, the Mediterranean, in the China Seas, etc.; in six months she would have swept the seas of her enemy's commerce, and in twelve months not an enemy's ship could leave port without the certainty of meeting with a superior force." Mr. Childers may or may not be right, but he is certainly a better authority than the *Bulletin*. Then a half column article made merry at the idea that the terrible "precedence" question had well nigh burst up the British monarchy. The ink with which the article was printed was hardly dry when the telegraph told us the insignificant matter was amicably adjusted. Next the *Bulletin* alleged that John Bull had bartered his honor for gold in the Guatemala affair. It was assumed that £10,000 was the price, and that the transaction had been completed. Sneers and jeers were deemed applicable. Now, however our London exchanges are to hand, and it is really wonderful how simple a story suffices to put down an elaborate lie. The *Spectator* says, "The Guatemala Government have, it appears, offered Consul Magee an indemnity of £10,000 and "every possible reparation" for the insults and injuries inflicted on him by Colonel Gonzales, in ordering him two hundred lashes. We trust that our Government is demanding something more than a personal indemnity to Consul Magee. The British Nation has been insulted in the insult offered to the British flag, and it would ill become us to regard a pecuniary indemnity as in any degree adequate. The insolent author of the injuries, if not a lunatic, should be punished promptly and condignly, as well as all who might have interfered to prevent the infliction of the injury and did not. We cannot afford to sell for gold the right to insult the British flag." If the editor of the *Spectator* had been writing with a full knowledge of the *Bulletin's* article, his answer could not have been more fitting. San Francisco has many British firms and interests, and these are among the *Bulletin's* best customers. A change of patronage would perhaps lessen the number of insults. Meanwhile it is really intolerable that such false information should be disseminated for the evil purpose of creating prejudice. It is not every one who seeks English exchanges to be correctly informed.

Farmers gather what they sow, while seamstresses sew what they gather.

GROG OR NO GROG.

Women proverbially incline to the good. No one doubts that the ladies who have inaugurated and manipulated the Local Option movement have done so with the idea of giving the greatest good to the greatest number. At first blush this would seem to be just the thing, but, as there are two sides to every story, it would be wise to gaze upon the obverse picture before rushing this business to an untimely conclusion. To begin with, it would strike with rude blow at one of our most vital interests. We are a wine-producing country, and our vintage is fast taking its place among the choicest of the earth. A party of travelers in the wine interest stopping at one of our hotels may not be served with a bottle of California wine. The law would allow a five-gallon cask to be rolled to the table, but as the most inveterate wine bibber would scarcely incline to a five-gallon sample, and no one buys wine without tasting it, a series of such incidents would soon paralyze the vintner's trade. We are an agricultural country, and the farmers depend largely upon the brewers for the sale of grain. With the abolishing of beer, the poor man's draught of comfort, would disappear one avenue of a farmer's trade. It is useless to hope that the no-license law will do away with drinking to any considerable extent. The contrary has been fully proven in Maine, in Boston, in the interior towns of Pennsylvania. Men will drink, and it seems scarcely worth while to kick up all this row as to whether they shall take it in installments over a counter, or from a five-gallon demijohn at their own sideboards. The introduction of liquor into households has oftentimes been accompanied by fatal results. Every one knows how frequently women have become confirmed drunkards, the result of a physician's harmless prescription, morbid appetites are so easily cultivated. The demijohn becomes a familiar presence, invested with none of the horrors which to woman's fancy infest the saloon—a wicked place where she may not enter. A sip from the demijohn becomes commonplace, frequent. She no longer objects to the reek of her husband's whisky-tainted breath. She is unconscious of it. In Boston, where the law has been in effect for some years, a leading official gives it as his opinion that nine-tenths of the crime is the result of secret intemperance. Intemperance is not one of our crying evils. A drunken man in the street is comparatively a rarity. He is hooted and followed by a crowd of wondering children, and passers by turn to gaze at his zig-zag course with astonishment. Our saloons are for the most part peace abiding places. It is only in dens of the lower order that unseemly rows occur. It would be wise to close every one where a disturbance does occur. In fact the license law should be restricted. The merits and demerits of a candidate should be carefully looked into, but considering the thousands of dollars at stake, together with the various interests which would be affected, it would scarcely be fair to business men to come down on them altogether. We trust the Board of Supervisors will not take hasty action in this matter; that they will remember that this election will cost the city between thirty-five and forty thousand dollars, and that such an expenditure will seem rather premature when it is remembered that the question will shortly come before the Supreme Court for decision. Every one is willing for the regulation of licenses, but the abolishing of them is a serious affair, which people should take time to think of before irrevocable action.

THE DUTY OF A WOMAN TO BE A LADY.

Wildness is a thing which girls cannot afford. Delicacy is a thing which cannot be lost and found. No art can restore to the grape its bloom. Familiarity without love, without confidence, without regard, is destructive to all that makes woman exalting and ennobling.

> "The world is wide, these things are small;
> They may be nothing, but they are all."

Nothing? It is the first duty of a woman to be a lady. Good-breeding is good sense. Bad manners in woman is immorality. Awkwardness may be ineradicable. Bashfulness is constitutional. Ignorance of etiquette is the result of circumstances. All can be condoned, and do not banish man or woman from the amenities of their kind. But self-possessed, unshrinking and aggressive coarseness of demeanor may be reckoned as a state prison offense, and certainly merits that mild form of restraint called imprisonment for life. It is a shame for women to be lectured on their manners. It is a bitter shame that they need it. Women are the umpires of society. It is they to whom all mooted points should be referred. To be a lady is more than to be a prince. A lady is always in her right inalienably worthy of respect. To a lady, prince and peasant alike bow. Do not be restrained. Do not have impulses that need restraint. Do not wish to dance with the prince unsought; feel differently. Be such that you confer honor. Carry yourselves so loftily that men shall look up to you for reward, not at you in rebuke. The natural sentiment of man toward woman is reverence. He loses a large means of grace when he is obliged to account her a being to be trained into propriety. A man's ideal is not wounded when a woman fails in worldly wisdom; but if in grace, in tact, in sentiment, in delicacy, in kindness, she should be found wanting, he receives an inward hurt.—*Gail Hamilton.*

A Young Lady was playing the pianoforte with peculiar brilliancy of touch. A bystander bachelor exclaimed, "I'd give the world for those fingers!" "Perhaps you might get the whole hand by asking," said the young lady's mamma.

ROSE LEAVES.

"*Sans peser — Sans rester.*"

These are leaves of my rose,
Pink petals I treasure;
There is more than one knows
In the leaves of my rose;
O the joys, O the woes!—
They are quite beyond measure.
These are leaves of my rose,
Pink petals I treasure.

Rose kissed me to-day,
Will she kiss me to-morrow?
Let it be as it may,
Rose has kissed me to-day.
But the pleasure gives way
To a savor of sorrow;
Rose kissed me to-day,
Will she kiss me to-morrow?

In the School of Coquettes
Madame Rose is a scholar;—
O they fish with all nets
In the School of Coquettes!—
When her brooch she forgets,
'Tis to show her new collar!
In the School of Coquettes
Madame Rose is a scholar!

There's a tear in her eye,
Such a clear little jewel!
What on earth makes her cry?
There's a tear in her eye.
"Puck has killed a big fly,
And it's *horribly* cruel;"
There's a tear in her eye,
Such a clear little jewel!

Here's a present for Rose,
How bright she is looking!
More verse, I suppose;—
What a present for Rose!
"*Plats*," "*Entrées*," and "*Rots*,"
Why, it's "Gouffe on Cooking!"
Here's a present for Rose,
How blank she is looking!

I intended an Ode,
And it turned into sonnets,
It began *á la mode*,
I intended an Ode;
But Ross crossed the road
In the last of her bonnets;
I intended an Ode,
And it turned into sonnets.

—*Austin Dobson, in the London Graphic.*

THE VALLEJO GIFTS.

The Bancroft Library, growing now here in our city for over twelve years, and spreading its great roots far and wide, begins at last to attract the earnest attention of both the Mexican Government and the Spanish-blooded natives of California. The Mexican nation finds that it has lost, among the hubbub and overturning of its politics and governments, an enormous number of the most authentic and interesting of its original MS. registers, records of councils, and copies of laws and decrees, the majority of which are now to be found and consulted only in our great Bancroft Library; the last acquisition of this kind being four thick and musty tomes, *Actas de los Concilios Provinciales Mexicanos*, containing letters under the veritable hand and seal of the great Philip II. himself, as well as other documents traced by the pens of the most distinguished bishops and viceroys of New Spain. It is with strange feelings that one turns over these yellow, worm-eaten pages, records of a great past; and with the faint old-world odor of them there rise pictures of the writers: Zumarraga stands in the smoke of that great fire in the plaza of Mexico, feeding the pile with the strangely-painted accumulated Aztec records of uncounted years; and the baton of Cortes rings again upon the shield while his soldiers form at Vera Cruz to receive the ambassadors of Montezuma. From California itself, however, contributions and documents pour in, of a value not estimable in money to an historian. During Mr. H. H. Bancroft's late personal examination of the archives of the various ancient Californian Mission Archives, many hidden treasures were unearthed, and arrangements are being completed for their more complete "distruitment." General M. G. Vallejo has, during the past week, presented the Bancroft Library with all those documents, letters and papers connected with the history of California, that he has succeeded in collecting during a useful and distinguished life devoted at once to the culture of letters and the advancement of California. The Señora Bandini, of Los Angeles, has also presented the library with a valuable and inedited history of California, written by her husband, the late Don Juan Bandini. Lastly, Judge Benjamin Hayes, of San Diego, has made over to Mr. Bancroft an extensive and curious collection, which the learned Judge has been accumulating and enriching for the last twenty-five years.

Last year the amount of money spent in London public houses was no less than £146,000,000, and of this prodigious sum it is calculated that two-thirds, or £97,000,000, came from the pockets of working men. After such a statement it becomes easy, says the *Times*, to appreciate the feelings of those interested in the trade, and the view of those opposed to it. The producers and retailers of liquor have an enormous stake in the question at issue; the advocates of temperance and the promoters of national sobriety are differently, but no less anxiously concerned.

A man in Boston, recently, in his hurry to assist a fainting lady, got a bottle of mucilage instead of camphor and bathed her face with it. She was a good deal stuck up with his attention.

KINGSLEY ON THE HEALTH OF THE YOUNG.

Let me ask you, ladies, with all courtesy, but with all earnestness: Are you aware that more human beings are killed in England every year by unnecessary and preventable diseases than were killed at Waterloo or at Sadowa? Are you aware that the great majority of those victims are children? Are you aware that the diseases which carry them off are for the most part such as ought to be successfully under the control of the women who love them, pet them, educate them, and would in many cases, it need be, lay down their lives for them? Are you aware, again, of the vast amount of disease which, so both wise mothers and wise doctors assure me, is engendered in the sleeping-room from simple ignorance of the laws of ventilation, and in the school-room likewise, from simple ignorance of the laws of physiology? from ignorance of which I shall mention no other case here save one—that too often from ignorance of signs of approaching disease, a child is punished for what is called idleness, listlessness, wilfulness, sulkiness: and punished, too, in the unwisest way—by an increase of tasks and confinement to the house, thus overtasking still more a brain already overtasked, and depressing still more, by robbing it of oxygen and of exercise, a system already depressed? Are you aware, I ask again, of all this? I speak earnestly upon this point, because I speak with experience. As a single instance: a medical man, a friend of mine, passing by his own school-room, heard one of his own little girls screaming and crying, and went in. The governess, an excellent woman, but wholly ignorant of the laws of physiology, complained that the child had of late been obstinate, and would not learn; that therefore she must punish her by keeping her indoors over the unlearned lessons. The father, who knew that the child was usually a very good one, looked at her carefully for a little while; sent her out of the school room, and then said: "That child must not open a book for a month." "If I had not acted so," he said to me, "I should have had that child dead of brain-disease within the year." Now, in the face of such facts as these, is it too much to ask of mothers, sisters, aunts, nurses, governesses—all who may be occupied in the care of children, especially of girls—that they should study thrift of human health and human life, by studying somewhat the laws of life and health? There are books—I may say a whole literature of books—written by scientific doctors on these matters, which are, in my mind, far more important to the school room than half the trashy accomplishments, so called, which are expected to be known by governesses. But are they bought? Are they even to be bought from most country booksellers? Ah, for a little knowledge of the laws to the neglect of which is owing so much fearful disease, which, if it does not produce immediate death, too often leaves the constitution impaired for years to come! Ah, the waste of health and strength in the young; the waste, too, of anxiety and misery in those who love and tend them! How much of it might be saved by a little rational education in those laws of Nature, which are the will of God, about the welfare of our bodies, and which, therefore, we are as much bound to know and to obey, as we are bound to know and obey the spiritual laws whereon depends the welfare of our souls!

BISMARCK.

The Paris correspondent of the London Times tells a story, which he says reached him from a "very confidential source," of a conversation between Prince Bismarck and Victor Emanuel when the King visited Berlin last year, which, if even partially correct, throws some light on the causes of the uneasiness of the German Government on the subject of its own armaments and the attitude of France. Prince Bismarck said, in substance that he had made a great mistake in concluding peace with France as he did and when he did. He had overestimated her military resources, but he had underestimated her financial resources. He knew all about the army, but he supposed it would be sustained by a great popular uprising like that of Prussia in 1813; but nothing of the kind occurred. On the other hand, a large portion of France never felt the war or knew anything of its sufferings and hardships, and it was clear that he had no adequate idea of the vast concealed wealth of the country. Had he imagined what it was, he would have overrun the whole country down to the Mediterranean, and fixed the indemnity at $2,000,000,000. This would have struck terror into the whole population, and effectively crippled it. As it is, a large portion of the people have no realizing sense of what war means, and the country at large has not found the payment to Germany a heavy burden; so there is danger that an early opportunity may be seized of trying to wreak vengeance, and Germany is thus placed under the necessity of keeping up an enormous force, it may be, as Moltke said, for fifty years to come.

For a sick man, Gen. Butler made a very pithy little speech when he said: "You can't impeach a man for being a d——d fool." Ben, however, has no personal interest in that matter.

A sentimental individual says that he caught cold by kissing a lady's snowy brow. A vulgar barbarian inquires if the icicle that was pendant from her nose kept him from kissing her lips?

LOCAL DOTTINGS.

The "Spring rise" in stocks is said to have set in at last. California street is all excitement, and some people see great fortunes in prospect. We would be glad to see ours in the Bank.——The San Francisco ladies are spoiling for a fight. The Oakland and Brooklyn results make them eager for the fray. This will prove a difficult citadel from which to dislodge Bacchus. His votaries are numerous. We shall see. Meanwhile demijohns are going up.——Hon. John B. Felton, W. H. Patterson and General Irvine have been retained by the wholesale liquor dealers to fight the Local Option Law in the Courts.——The *Call* appears to favor the Local Option Law? The fact that the Father Mathew teetotalers are said to have 3,000 enrolled members in this city accounts for the milk in the *Call's* cocoanut.——Judge James H. Hardy died on Thursday at the comparatively early age of 42 years. A whole-souled, genial, able and upright man, there is many another whom we could have better spared.——Sweeny is no longer a policeman. He put a head on a man, and though the fellow said he approved the operation, yet Sweeny was dismissed and his place filled at once. It is said he might have fared better had he been a pet of the Chief's. He got his desserts nevertheless.——Fechter is a great success. A grand actor of the true poetical school, he gives us a treat that everybody ought to witness.——The Supreme Court is in San Francisco before we expected its advent. It is sitting in the Twelfth District Courtroom, listening to the arguments in the San Mateo County seat question. Justices Wallace, Crockett, Niles and McKinstry are the Judges present.——The sale of Sutherland's paintings realized but $1,007. The attendance was small, and the bids were exceedingly low—the highest price paid for any picture being $60, and not approaching their value.——The U. S. Mint will be closed on the 16th inst. for repairs and for the annual settlement, remaining closed until the 2d of July, when it will resume business. Fine gold deposits will, however, be received during that time.——Candidates for Stockton are showing up daily. They are mostly females. 'Tis said the women are all going Stockton or crusade mad. There is very little difference.——The biggest blow-out this season is that tax-showing at the head of the *Atta's* columns. That inflation wants vetoing.——Colonel Wood is still in his position at the Lincoln School. It is thought that it does not require a very soft-hearted man for a janitor. Besides, a hard-hearted man has got to live as well as a soft one.——The monster fair for the relief of the Louisiana sufferers will open at Platt's Hall on Monday. It ought to be a great pecuniary success. Long has it been since a more pressing case for relief engaged public attention.——The Board of Supervisors arrived at a compromise on the police pay question. It is fixed at $115 per month, being a reduction of $10 per month. Roberts begged them $5 per month in consideration of their industry in procuring names at the Vasquez show.——The number of applications for reduction on personal property assessments filed up to yesterday was 92.——George Hall, short-hand reporter of the Twelfth District Court, has been removed, and H. A. Jones appointed in his place.——Gov. Bradley, of Nevada, arrived on the train on Wednesday from the land of sage-brush.——Six of the crew of the U. S. ship *Portsmouth*, now at Vallejo, challenge any crew, organized or to be organized, on this coast, to row them a race of a mile and a half and return, for the sum of $100. The challenged crew can select any boat they choose, shells only being barred.——Judge Ogden Hoffman is off to the Paso Robles Springs.——It is stated by the *Chronicle* that since the commencement of Dr. Rice's term there have been 137 inquests, being about double the number held during the preceding two years.——The Crusaders fell through a sidewalk whilst engaged at a saloon. The *Atta* thinks it was a righteous interposition of Providence, and that it ought to serve as a warning lest a greater evil befall them. We don't see it. Such a taking off might prove a happy relief.——Doctors without diplomas are greatly exercised at the course of the *News Letter*. They will be worse before they are better. We give them another dose of physic to-day.——The clipper ship *Three Brothers* is on the dry dock at New York receiving a new suit of copper, and is attracting much attention there. Captain Cumming is ready to swear by his tarry toplights that the *Three Brothers* is the fastest sailer afloat. He says that during the voyage from Liverpool to New York she made 17 knots an hour.——Since the Central Pacific Railroad Company commenced running the Oakland ferry-boats half-hourly the travel has increased fully one third. It is said that the company contemplate, at an early day, increasing the number of boats on this route and making trips every 15 minutes.

A beautiful little girl, weighing over nine pounds, was born on the 10th of June to Alfred Paraf, the well-known French chemist, who has been sojourning in our city since about eight months. Our readers of the *Mail Bag* will recollect Mr. Alfred Paraf's biography, and by it will see that his first little daughter was born on the same day just thirty years after he was born in France. Mrs. Paraf was herself born in California twenty-three year ago. On the same day of his child's birth, Mr. Alfred Paraf sent to Washington his crowning invention, made in California. It is on artificial irrigation, and next to steam and electricity is believed to be the greatest invenion of this century.

Habit is a cable of which we weave a thread every day until at last we cannot break it. Love is a bondage whose fetters are often made fast at first sight.

OUR LOCAL SANBORN.

The ways of our Custom House have been a mystery to us for some time. How it came that so fine a field as San Francisco for putting into operation the moiety law remained unoccupied passed our comprehension. We could only account for it by the hypothesis that our local Sanborn got his moiety direct from the trader. We knew that rumors, apparently well founded, must have reached the Custom House of transactions in which a Sanborn could not fail to see his way clear to a moiety. It has been well known for instance that there was money in the Hawaii, Tahiti, and Alaska trades. Things were done that were the common talk. Yet our Sanborn made no more. In one case the sailors "blabbed," yet there was no seizure of books to search for frauds, as was so successfully done by Jayne in the case of the pious firm of Phelps, Dodge & Co., of New York. Was our Sanborn fixed? Quiet so long, a case has at last arisen in which he has not been "seen." We venture to predict that he will prove a Don Quixote, charging windmills. He has discovered something in which there is nothing. This is how the *Commercial Herald* very correctly supplies the facts: 'A few days ago our business community was startled by the announcement that suits had been instituted by the United States District Attorney against fifteen of our prominent mercantile firms for alleged frauds upon the revenue, in passing raw hides through the Custom House on invoices in which the purchasing price was marked far below the actual value of those hides in the markets of exportation. As there has been no duty on raw hides for two years past, it follows that the informer has laid complaint dating back anterior to the time when the duties were removed, and, in several instances, has gone as far back as six and seven years. The hides were sent here from various Mexican ports, and consigned to the implicated firms, who were only the consignees, and not the owners, and were in no wise responsible for the prices given in the invoices. Now, there is not, and never has been, anything like an established price set on hides in any Mexican port, but their value varies in proportion to the quantity available, the demand that may exist from time to time, and the facilities that may offer for exportation to markets of consumption. Hides that may one day be worth two dollars apiece, on the average, may not sell for more than fifty cents each at some subsequent period, and it is absurd to claim a fixed or absolute price under such conditions. Prior to the date of removing the duties, the tariff fixed a duty of ten per cent, *ad valorem*, a schedule so low, that no smuggling, or attempt to smuggle, has ever transpired under its provision, as the loss of goods by seizure would be out of all proportion to the amount of duties. The aggregate of duties which the implicated firms are charged with having defrauded the revenue, is rising $140,000, in round numbers, which would, if the allegements were well founded, give the California Sanborn, whoever he may be, the nice sum of $70,000 as the "little devil's share." We have plainly stated the facts, and leave our readers to draw their own conclusions.

SIR BARTLE FRERE ON THE FUTURE OF INDIA.

At the annual meeting of the Cambridge University Branch of the Church Missionary Society, held at Cambridge on May 9th, Sir Bartle Frere delivered an address to the members of the University present on the civil importance of India being Christianized. "He said that during the past forty years a very great change had taken place in society in India, and this was still going on rapidly, though unseen, because all were moving at once. The great question which was agitating the minds of all who took an interest in India was, what it would all end in; for unless that work which had been begun by England – unless they gave the people of India something better than their present religion, and something which should give a foundation to civil society – did his hearers suppose that the horrors of the French Revolution would give them any idea of the horrors which must take place? It was for them to say what would be the end of it. They must give them what had caused so much good in this country. Without it our Government would have been an unmitigated curse. The bond of society would have been lost, and unless we gave them the principles and religion of this country there must be such a revolution there as had never been seen in the world since the world was, because it would affect such an enormous mass of people. There were 250,000,000 souls whose interests were, he ventured to say, awaiting their fate from the action of the English Government. He therefore urged the members of the University to be more active, and suggested as a means that each college should attend to a particular district, to which it should send out men when required. Sir Bartle Frere, at the conclusion of his address, which was most attentively listened to, was loudly applauded. Other speakers were the Rev. Neryan Sheshadri a converted Brahmin from the Deccan, and the Rev. Dr. Westcott, Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Cambridge."

A paper at Elgin says that a man's social standing in that town is graded by whether he drops a ten-penny nail or a quarter into the church contribution-box.

A Chicago clergyman preached in a billiard saloon on a Sunday. He made but three points.

RIFLE PRESENTATION TO DONALD McKAY, Chief of the Warm Spring Indians.

[Respectfully Inscribed to Donald McLennan, Esq.]

All hail to the valiant by sea and by shore,
Whose deeds are our watchword, whose loss we'd deplore,
What e'er be their lineage, their country, their name,
The tried and undaunted, we echo their fame.

The Eagle, high poised on his throne in the air,
The grim Lion crouched for a spring in his lair,
Are emblems we love of the free and the bold,
The might of the present, the prowess of old.

From ocean to ocean the star'd banner wave,
O'er the flower of all lands and the Indian brave,
Columbia's grand spirit enfolds them as one,
And wreathes with proud laurels the glory they've won.

Descendants of Scotia's fam'd land of the North,
Where Ossian sang and the clansman rushed forth
Like the stag in its pride, from mountain to plain,
To vanquish the foe or return not again.

Lo! here we are met in the sun-setting west,
Whose purple-fringed beams on the mountains that rest,
And gold flush of even' that tinteth the air
Are promise and sign of the treasure hid there.

But, dearer to us than gold from the mountain,
Th' blood-rill that flows from the old Highland fountain,
That honors its source in the fierce battle fray,
And gives to the Warm Springs a Donald McKay.

Go brother! we arm thee! this rifle receive;
Its aim—and thine own—may they never deceive.
A chieftain thou art, as a chieftain prove true—
Exchange not thy band for the friends that are new.

When back to thy wilds like a bird on tired wing,
And again in the forest thy rifle shall ring,
America's child! let it ne'er be forgot
There throbs in your veins the true blood of a Scot.

Geordy Bewhunin.

UNWISE LEGISLATION.

Sound insurance companies are a blessing. Solvency in all enterprises is desirable, but in a very intense degree is it essential in regard to the insurance business, in which the thoughtful, prudent, provident man lays up a store for the sustenance of his widow and orphans after he has passed to that bourne whence no traveler ever returns. Our last Legislature, however, allowed local prejudices to be the inspiring motive for the enacting of very stupid laws against foreign insurance companies. Whoever heard of such folly as driving capital away because it happens to be owned abroad? Yet this is precisely what the Legislature evidently had in view when it passed the monstrous amendments of the Codes which now apply to foreign insurance incorporations. One provision interdicts these companies from bringing suit in any United States Court, or transferring a suit from a State Court to a United States tribunal, under pain of being prohibited from doing business in California. This is State rights doctrine with a vengeance, and we cannot comprehend what use there was for the founders of our Federal Constitution, when their acts can be trampled under foot by a certain class of animals as easily as pearls are by swine. It is better to be famous than unknown; and as we cannot claim celebrity for the wisdom of our local laws, let us have notoriety for their consummate stupidity. We should have thought that no body of sensible men could be found willing to throw such intolerable impediments in the way of a highly desirable branch of business. We all recollect how, at the time of the Chicago fire, when the majority of the local companies were bankrupted, that great London Company telegraphed to its local agent to pay all losses at once without waiting for the usual days of grace. Yet this and similar corporations are about to be driven from our State by monstrous legislation. Verily, the force of folly can no further go.

The Louisiana Relief Fund.---We are glad to know that the appeals for the relief of the Louisiana sufferers are meeting with a hearty response. No more deserving appeal has been made to the public since the Chicago fire. The Ladies' Fair is to open on Monday. Yesterday the first remittance was made as per the following telegram: "Hon. L. A. Wiltz, Mayor of New Orleans--We send you telegraphic transfer for $5,000 gold coin, being first remittance from San Francisco for the relief of sufferers by the overflow, to be distributed without regard to State line. Will remit further in a few days. Lucien Hermann, Wm. Ford, Joseph G. Eastland, Committee.

DR. STONE EXONERATED.

We published last week, [illegible] A. L. Stone [illegible] Mr. [illegible] Dr. Stone [illegible] Mr. [illegible] Dr. Stone [illegible] Mr. [illegible] Dr

DROPPINGS FROM THE SANCTUARY.

"Like holy oil which did drop down
Upon the beard of Aaron."—*Methodist Hymn.*

A slight titter ran through the First Unitarian congregation last Sunday morning when Stebbins announced for his text, "I am fearfully and wonderfully made." The preacher said that the Psalmist must have been a thoughtful, and we thought that he must have been a prophetical, observer. If David had the Rev. Dr. in his eye (or probably in both his eyes), we consider his allusion very personal, and hardly polite.

"How to Overcôme Obstacles," was the theme of the Rev. J. C. Snow last Sunday evening. Prayer was to be the first means. "The grocer should pray that he may give honest weight, the dry goods dealer that he may deal out honest measure, and if a man is so unfortunate as to go to Congress, he should pray that the Lord would help him against plundering the Nation's treasury." When a man is far gone in these several directions, we fear that all the prayers of the righteous, much less his own, won't save him worth a cent.

"The Pharisee of '74," was the subject of the Rev. H. G. De Witt, at the First Baptist Church, on Washington street, and his remarks, in as far as they attacked the showy and ornamental Christians of society, were to the point. But in putting a vague, shadowy, so-called "belief" before active Christianity, he followed the old-time nonsense, which we hoped had been exploded. The great teacher constantly insisted on "works" as evidences of "faith," and a whole column of the *News Letter's* small type would not include the passages bearing directly on that point.

The Rev. Mr. Platt discoursed last Sunday evening on the text, "My spirit shall not always strive with man." At the conclusion we thought that "shall never" might have taken the place of the words "shall not always." The Almighty has started this world, put it in working order under a certain set of natural laws, and we verily believe has no intention now of interfering. His handiwork is good; man alone deranges it by any improper exercise of his free will. Were God to rule mankind as he rules the universe, man would neither be free nor responsible. Doctor, fix it as you like, but the world still moves, and the Great Unknown smiles, though not unkindly, on all our speculations.

The Rev. Mr. Patterson wants Government to run the rum mills. He would abolish all private enterprises of this kind, and instead of the United States Government having only a hand in the affair to, say, the extent of 5 or 10 per cent., would give it all the profits. The Rev. Doctor thinks that the price of drinks would be reduced thereby; that the "Gov." would supply superior whisky on the average, and that, all things considered, it would be better for the consumers. The Government would undoubtedly have a soft thing if it could take all the profits, and would have an unlimited lot of positions to give away, for which there would not be an unlimited, but an infinite number of applicants. There would have to be a "chief barkeep" of the nation, and no end of commissioners to test the system and the rum. We should bet that bad as it is now, it would be decidedly worse then. Every position now filled by the elected of the people; every job that has ever been put up by the said elected; everything that is governmental could and would be managed better for half the price by any first class commercial firm, which would still make money. No, Patterson, talk on subjects on which you are better posted; it is perhaps to your credit that you don't know the first thing on this point. Were the Government to run a rum-mill, we should most undoubtedly seek a drug store, or some other place round the corner, and entirely independent, where we should expect to find a squarer and a better drink. Patterson, ask the soldier boys—and the Indians—their opinion of Government clothing, blankets and rations.

The Rev. Frank Jewel.---This Reverend gentleman is the pastor of the Howard street Methodist Episcopal Church. He has a large congregation, which has by no means fallen off under his pastorate. On the contrary, it has considerably increased. That is a good sign. It indicates that the preacher takes care to have something to say before he opens his mouth. This is very obviously the duty of every minister. Yet it must be owned that it is one that is not always very conscientiously performed. Many, very many, of the numerous ministerial failures of our times are caused by neglect to prepare well digested and thoughtful matter for the Sunday's ministrations. Whatever success Mr. Jewel has achieved is evidently largely owing to the fact that he *does* most studiously prepare himself. He is a man of no very great natural gifts, yet by industry he makes his homely, thoughtful but mediocre addresses quite attractive. We would like him better if he would give up the fashion of advertising sensational names to his sermons, which have no connection with or relevancy to the discourses he actually delivers. More than once we have known this to occur. The practice is certainly a species of pious fraud. On Sunday last the Reverend gentleman advertised to preach upon the subject of "Stained Windows." The announcement is more calculated to conjure up vague ideas about medieval art rather than of wicked modern devices. It turned out that the principal reason for the selection of the title of last Sunday evening's discourse was that the Reverend gentleman's disordered liver often caused him to view things as if looking through colored glass. Just that and nothing more.

THE COST OF THE TICHBORNE TRIAL.

An account "showing the amount expended upon the prosecution, and the probable amount still remaining to be paid out of the vote of Parliament for this service," gives the following tables:

EXPENDITURE.

1872-3	Counsel's fees	£1,146 16 6		
	Law stationers	673 12 4		
	Witnesses, agents, etc.	823 11 5		
			£2,644 0 3	
1873-4	Counsel's fees	£22,495 18 1		
	Witnesses, agents, etc.	8,838 19 8		
	Law stationers and printing	8,563 15 10		
	Shorthand writers	3,493 3 0		
	Jury	3,780 0 0		
			£47,171 16 10	
	Amount expended up to 11th April, 1874		£49,815 17 1	
1874-5	Estimated amount of expenditure remaining unpaid:			
	Australian and Chili witnesses	£4,000 0 0		
	Other witnesses, agents, printing, etc.	1,500 0 0		
			£5,500 0 0	
	Total probable cost of trial		£55,315 17 1	

Treasury Chambers, May 11, 1874. W. H. SMITH.

HOW JIM FISK WAS MONUMENTED.

A monument was erected to James Fisk, Jr., in the cemetery at Brattleboro, Vermont, on Saturday last. It cost $20,000, the funds being supplied by Mrs. Fisk. As the memory of Mr. Fisk is held in great reverence by that simple rural community, there was a large crowd at the ceremony of the dedication, for which the services of a Universalist minister, Mr. Harris, had been judiciously secured—ministers of other denominations not being able to speak with equal confidence as to the fate of the deceased. On each corner of the monument is a life-size female figure, representing "Navigation," the "Drama," "Railroads," and "Commerce," respectively, the Colonel having achieved distinction in all these departments of activity, as well as of some others. Mr. Harris was very cautious in his prayer, as he had need to be, and thanked God more especially for giving us "so broad ideas with regard to human character." In his address he dwelt mainly on the history and significance of funereal art. About Fisk he said simply "that he was not acquainted with our brother, though he had reason to believe that he had a great, good heart." The ceremony was altogether a curious one, and raises a question of some interest as to the precise limits of a clergyman's duty to the memory of great rascals. "What am I to say," Mr. Harris would do well to ask himself, "to any American boy who, having seen me helping, by my presence and my phrases, to throw a halo over Brother Fisk's memory, goes home and studies his life, and then comes to ask me if I really thought that he deserved a costly monument and a pious dedication?"—*The Nation.*

WHERE ARE THOSE DIPLOMAS?

We are perfectly inundated with letters of inquiry and approval respecting the very able articles that have appeared in the *News Letter* in regard to our Physicians. Those articles have brought to our knowledge an amount of charlatanry of which we had no previous conception. It is undoubtedly a most dangerous thing to send for a Doctor in San Francisco unless you know who you are sending for. In view of the facts that have come to our knowledge, we feel assured that we shall be equally serving the profession and our citizens generally when we publicly ask certain men: "Have you a diploma?" If they have, we will give them an advertisement gratis. If they cannot answer the query, the conclusion is obvious, and the duty of their patients plain. We append a list of practicing medical men, to whom we now put that question. We shall add to it from time to time.

Gentlemen, Have You a Diploma?

DR. GUSTAV HOLLAND, 413 Bush street.
DR. J. N. ECKEL, 325 Geary street.
DR. CHARLES LUSCOMB, 125 Kearny st.
DR. E. D'OLIVEIRA, 524 Pine street.
DR. J. B. PINCHARD, 15 Second street.
DR. P. J. MCEWAN, 1028 Market street.
DR. F. G. RAPPIN, 1517 Stockton street.
DR. SPOSATI, late of Stockton.

Gild a big man and little men will worship him. For further particulars apply to the *Post.*

A NEW DIAPHORETIC.

"The physician is limited to so few substances that possess undoubted diaphoretic power that we can fully sympathize," says the London *Medical Press*, "with those French gentlemen who have been supplied with a new sudorific, and, as soon as they found it to be effectual, told that the whole stock in Europe is exhausted, and it is quite uncertain how soon a further supply can be obtained." The reports of its action, however, are so favorable that we hope some of our enterprising pharmaceutists will soon obtain a supply. It is obtained from a Brazilian plant named "Jamborandi." Its Linnæan name is *Pilocarpus pinnatus*. The leaves and small branches are used. When bruised they emit an aromatic odor. They have an acrid taste. The drug is employed in infusion, a drachm or a drachm and a half in a cup of hot water. The patient should go to bed immediately after drinking this. Dr. Continho says that in ten minutes or a quarter of an hour he will break out into a profuse perspiration, which will continue for several hours. It will even be necessary to change the linen. Professor Gubler corrobates this, so also does Rabuteau. The Brazilians credit the drug with other valuable properties. It is deemed a sovereign remedy for toothache, and a tincture of it is used as an embrocation for paralized limbs. If it proves the certain diaphoretic it is declared, and appears to be, it will be the greatest addition to our *materia medica* that has for a long time been made.

In the Spring the little birds tune their sweetest notes;
In the Spring the little bull-frogs clear their little throats;
In the Spring the woods resound with many a lover's call;
In the Spring the little cats begin to caterwaul;
In the Spring the bees begin to think of making honey;
In the Spring the maids begin to think of matrimony;
In the Spring the husbands think most kindly of their spouses,
And the wives begin to think of cleaning up their houses;
In the Spring she coaxes him, by little arts of love,
To go with her on Jackson street, to buy a "Union Stove;"
To J. De La Montanya's store, two hundred and sixteen,
Whose stock of stoves and ranges are the best that ere were seen,
(As they buy the famous *Union*) and her little heart's at rest;
And they live in sweet communion, and are supremely blest.
214 to 220 Jackson, and 206 and 208 Battery street.

JOHN EDGAR THOMSON.

The railroad interest of the country sustained a severe loss last week by the death of Mr. John Edgar Thomson, who has for twenty-five years been President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, which has risen in his hands from a small affair with 246 miles of road into a corporation controlling thousands of miles, and owning a capital of $150,000,000. Moreover, during the whole of that period, the line has paid its dividends regularly, with one omission in 1857. We may add that, in spite of the magnitude of the enterprise, a stockholder is sure at the annual meeting to get a clear and intelligible account of the state of the corporate affairs, and on the management of which his opinion is likely to have so much influence. The credit of this, and in our day it is a wonderful thing, was mainly due to Mr. Thomson; and though, like all men engaged in the tremendous game of competition which the conduct of these great enterprises involves, he exposed himself often to censure, one marvels at the close of his career at the small amount of it he drew forth. His life reveals to us in great part where it is that the highest order of administrative ability in this country and in our day goes, and why it is not found in the Treasury and the Custom House, and places in a somewhat comic light the attempts that are now being made to commit the railroads of the country to the supervision of the *Bulletins*, *Unions* and *Calls* and the philosophers of the Granges. Mr. Thomson left nearly the whole of his large fortune for the benefit of the widows and orphans of railroad employees throughout the United States.

A Dying Irishman asked by his confessor if he was ready to renounce the devil and all his works, replied: "Don't ask me that; I'm going to a strange country, and I don't intend to make myself enemies."

"I'm so thirsty!" said a boy at work in a corn-field. "Well, work away,' said his industrious father. "You know the prophet says: 'Hoe, every one that thirsteth.'"

"He fell dead and expired in two minutes," says a Georgia paper of the death of a negro. [illegible]

CONDITION OF THE ODD FELLOWS' LIBRARY.

In his annual report of the affairs of the Odd Fellows' Library Association, Dr. George Hawson presents numerous interesting facts and sound suggestions. The number of books now owned by the Library is 25,141. The number added during the year, 2,225, mostly by purchase. Many of them are of great value to the permanent and literary importance of the Library. Eighty-seven have been added by donation, among which were six volumes of Roman history, by Rev. Father Cutron and Rouche, presented by Colonel Wm. Harney. These volumes, 300 years old, are rare and exceedingly valuable. One hundred and ninety-one volumes have been condemned, having passed beyond the power of being repaired or further used. The receipts of the Library from the various sources have been slightly increased over those of last year. The total amount of money received by the Treasurer has been $10,879 87, of which $7,471 has been contributed by the lodges, $436 40 from dues and fines, $1,563 74 from the annual excursion of the Order, and generously donated by the committee to the Library, for which the Trustees and Association are ever thankful. The balance on hand last year amounted to $1,321 73, while the balance on hand this year amounts to $1,950 97. In concluding the report, the President refers to the want of space for so large a number of books, and expresses the hope that at no distant day a suitable edifice will have been constructed for the use of the Order and the Library.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

The passenger arrivals by way of the sea last month numbered 3,820, including 2,060 from Japan and 750 from Panama. The departures by sea were 1,719, including 1,365 to China and Japan, and 295 to Panama. For the same month last year the sea arrivals were 1,891 and the departures were 803. The arrivals from the East by railroad exceeded by 338 those of the corresponding month of last year.

A country boy, having heard of sailors heaving up anchors, wanted to know if it was sea-sickness that made them do it.

The United States trade returns for this year are showing up well. The balance of trade is now largely in our favor. Exports for the eight months ended February 28th, 1874, were in excess of the imports to the amount of $36,353,398, whilst for the corresponding period of 1873 the reverse was the case, as the imports exceeded the exports by $8 197,197.

"White coal" is the latest Australian discovery. It consists of felted cabbage fibers, like peat, which contain interspersed between them fine grains of sand. It is easily combustible, and burns with a bright flame. The white coal covers large tracts, requiring no mining, and it is said to be already used to a large extent for fuel.

A Texas man recently declined to receive a telegraphic dispatch from a yellow fever locality lest he might catch the disease.

The barge in which the Czar sailed when visiting the Queen at Windsor, was built in 1702, to the command of Queen Anne, for Prince George, of Denmark, and had certainly been seen by Peter the Great, but very probably may have been in part constructed by him when he was working in the English dock-yard.

New Books from A. Roman & Co.—THE EXPANSE OF HEAVEN: A Series of Essays on the Wonders of the Firmament. By R. A. Proctor, B.A., author of "Other Worlds Than Ours," "Light Science for Leisure Hours," etc. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

What requires more philosophy than taking things as they come? Parting with them as they go.

A history of the life and conversion of one of the most prominent women crusaders, which is extremely interesting, contrasted with her present self-righteous assumption, is in train for the press and pamphlet circulation in case of Local Option in this city.

An attempt to close wholesale houses at 2 o'clock on Saturday has not been entirely successful, for it often happens that orders are received right up to the hour of closing that must be filled immediately.

The Alaska Commercial Company yesterday elected a Board of Trustees, as follows: John F. Miller, President; Lewis Gerstle, Vice-President; John Parrott, Louis Sloss, and Richard H. Chapell.

The French press is now supposed to exhibit the best specimen of "*ruled* paper extant.

"Let well enough alone."—Suffer a healthy sufficiency to remain in solitude.

The current value of a woman in Eastern Africa is two cows. At Niblo's it's only two calves.

The Hymn for the Centennial—Old Hundred.

Prosperity is the thing in the world we ought to trust the least.

Ministers of the Interior—The cook and the doctor.

The dressing-gown is the most lasting of [illegible] minute—it is seldom worn out.

OLD LETTERS.

Burn them wholesale! Ancient scars
Will bleed and throb if you delay.
Thrust them in between the bars,
Tied up in their packets——Stay!
I see my mother's writing, and
My father's: ay, 'tis theirs indeed,
Though lettered in a large round hand
That their little son might read.
How I prized them! New to school,
How my very soul did ache!
Grief had killed a little fool,
If the heart could really break.

Clissold's writing! "Dear old boy,
Whatever happens, I'm your friend.'
He meant it too: without alloy
Our friendship was, and feared no end.
How oft, while dropping down the stream,
Or idly stretched amongst the heather,
We shared in Youth's presumptuous dream,
And vowed to storm the world together.
O fool! to trust a boyish word;
O fool! to feel a boyish sorrow;
That Clissold, walking with a lord,
Would cut me, if we met, to-morrow.

Burn the letters! Ancient scars
Will bleed and throb if you delay.
Thrust them in between the bars,
Tied up in their packets——Stay!
That hand so delicate and small,
Traced upon paper pinky white,
Does like a happy dream recall
A time of heavenly delight.
"My life! my love! (O tender girl!)
'Twill kill me if you are not true."
And here's a brown and silky curl,
Tied with the faithful color, blue.
The honest silk has faded quite;
For would this only love of mine
Shed, if she saw me dead to-night,
A single tear for auld lang syne?

Burn them wholesale! Ancient scars
Will bleed and throb with this delay;
Thrust the letters through the bars,
Open not another——Stay!
That foreign sheet I cannot burn;
'Tis Tom's last letter; give it me!
He writes in it of his return
To those—he ne'er again should see.
Burn it; burn all. For they who traced
The lines with such keen pleasure read,
Whose love can never be replaced,
Are false, are fickle, or are dead.
Burn them wholesale! Ancient scars
Will bleed afresh with each delay.
Thrust them in between the bars;
They belong to Yesterday.

THE STORY OF WILLIAM ADAMS.

The First Anglo-Saxon in Japan.---Twelve miles from Yokohama down Mississippi bay is the town of Yokosko. It is at the head of a little land-locked harbor and has the most beautiful surroundings imaginable. The scenery of the whole bay on either side of this little inlet reminds one of the "Thousand Islands" in the St. Lawence river, only the shore line and the groups of islands rise more abrubtly and much higher out of the water, and are covered with a richly varied tropical vegetation. The islands and the main-land, all are crowned and covered with groves of evergreen trees. In the distance of the west the Wakoni range of mountains is plainly seen, and towering above all other points is Fusi-yama, the highest mountain in Japan. Yokosko is a town of the old order of things. Here the Japanese have their naval station, with capacious machine shops, foundries and docks. Across a lesser inlet is the old village of Hemimura, a fishing town, and as old, for aught that is known, as the fisheries of Japan. On a hill-side above the village is the temple of To-ko-san. It is a Buddhist temple and has the carved stone lions and dragons and shaven-bearded priests, gilt images of Buddha, and lesser deities. It is like all temples in Japan, embowered in a beautiful grove, and there is enough of the beautiful in its surroundings to incline any heart to worship the giver of such beauty. From this temple a winding path leads up to the crest of a high, rounded hill from which is spread before you a picture of intense and varied beauty—the wide sea, studded with green islands, the long, high shore-line with deep indentations of inlet and harbor, lofty mountain ranges and deep valleys. Here in the grove crowning the hill, midst fir, cypress, palm and bamboo trees is the grave of William Adams, the first Anglo-Saxon ever in Japan. He must have been a remarkable man. In the whole history of the Orient no other stranger has arrived at such position and power or exerted such an influence over a strange people.

Adams was a native of the county of Kent, England. His occupation was seagoing. He served in the English navy in the olden days of the "Virgin Queen," and held the position of master of a vessel in the wars with Spain. He must have been with the bold buccaneers who hunted Spanish treasure and merchant ships on every sea. While on shore in a little village surrounded by the green hills of Kent he had met a blue-eyed, fair-haired Saxon girl. They loved, plighted their troth, and after he had taken a voyage or two they were wedded. Between the sea and shore several years passed happily and prosperously. Two children, a boy and girl, were theirs, both the image of the mother, with the same glimmer of gold in their hair and the same blue of the Kentish skies in their eyes. But times grew bad. The wars had ruined trade. English ships lay idle in their harbors. Holland, Spain and Portugal had then the trade and commerce of the world. Adams received an offer from the Dutch East India Company to pilot a squadron of five merchant vessels to Asia. He bade farewell to England and his fair-haired wife and children and repaired to Holland, whence he set sail in 1598.

After two years of untold hardships, with only one ship left of the five and only five able-bodied seamen, in the greatest distress for want of food and water, they sighted the coast of Japan. On the 16th of April, 1600, they made a harbor in the province of Bungo, in the southern part of Niphon. The people flocked around the

ship. By signs Adams made their wants known. The sick were taken on shore and tenderly cared for. Soldiers were stationed on the ship to protect the cargo. Four or five days elapsed, when some Portuguese arrived from Nagasaki, where they had a trading station. They alone had of all European people, since the wonderful accounts of Marco Polo, found the islands of Japan. The Portuguese had come to the Orient as traders and missionaries. Between them and the Dutch there was every reason for rivalry. They were warring with each other for the trade and wealth of the Indies. One was Jesuit and the other Protestant in religion. The Portuguese, having been sent for by the prince of the province of Bungo, they represented that the Dutch were pirates in commerce and heretics in religion, and should be beheaded for either and crucified for both.

This being more responsibility than the prince wished to assume, he referred the whole matter to the tycoon, whose capital was then at Osaca, 80 miles north. The tycoon sent at once for Adams. On the way Adams ascertained the feeling of the Portuguese and what they were anxious to accomplish, and he also saw by the headless trunks and suspended bodies how frequent capital punishments were in Japan and for what slight offenses they were in use. Iyeyas was tycoon. He was the first of the Tocugawa family, which ruled after him for 250 years. Through 2500 years of written history he is considered their "Alfred the Great" by Japanese historians. When in the presence of the tycoon Adams found a mild-mannered, unpretending man, who questioned him thoroughly of England and Holland, of their commerce and trade and their wars, and especially of their object in coming to Japan.

After the interview, which lasted several hours, Adams was placed in confinement. He was kept there for 43 days and nights. With the visions of the ghastly, headless trunks and bodies suspended on crosses, having been pierced by spears, his sleep could have been neither sweet nor refreshing. But Iyeyas was too great and too shrewd a man to be used by the Portuguese Jesuits, and Adams had told so straightforward a story, and exhibited such an intimate knowledge of the history of Europe, the trade and commerce of its different nations, and of the various arts and sciences, that Iyeyas was strongly impressed with him. To the Portuguese importunities he answered that he saw nothing in the conduct of the strangers to condemn, but much to commend, and ordered the release of Adams. He sent their ships to Yeddo and told the whole crew to content themselves in Japan, as they would never be allowed to leave it. Adams was taken into the employ of the government and he taught Iyeyas mathematics and navigation, and how to build, launch and rig large ships.

Adams wrote home, each year, to his family by the annual Portuguese ship, but failed to receive any answer. He repeatedly requested of the tycoon permission to go to his family, and was as often told that he must be content here, as permission to depart could never be allowed. To induce him to stay, and interest him in the work of ship-building, teaching navigation and military tactics, he was given a large tract of country with a great number of departments, over which he had absolute authority. He was ranked among the nobility next to the princes of the empire. He was called Anjin, the Japanese name of pilot, and a part of Yeddo was, and to this day is, called Anjin-Cho, or district of Anjin.

In this way twelve years had elapsed since he had left England, and although he had written as often as conveyance presented itself, no word came of his friends or family. And so hope died in him of ever seeing the shores of his native land again, or ever looking in the eyes of those he loved. He saw nothing before him but a life in Japan. He went again to his work of teaching and ship-building, for the purpose of drowning thoughts of home and loved ones. About this time an alliance with a noble family was offered him. With all other hopes dead, he accepted it. By this marriage he had two children, a boy and a girl.

Not far from this time a Spanish ship, with an embassy from the king of Spain, arrived in Japan. Although they bore magnificent presents from Philip II. to the tycoon, they were refused audience, and permission to trade were denied them. Shortly afterward a Dutch ship came to trade, and although their cargo was small, and they had no presents, through Adams' influence they were conceded the most liberal privileges, and thus through this stranger was laid the foundation for the Dutch trade, which lasted through three centuries of Japanese exclusiveness and hate of foreigners. In 1613 or 14, an English ship arrived, under command of Capt. Saris. Adams obtained for them even more liberal terms of trade than he had for the Dutch. An English factory was built, the goods landed and all the steps taken to build up English interests. After having been here a year or more the ship was about to sail for England, and now was presented to Adams a trial such as comes to few mortals. Iyeyas, after 15 years of persistent refusals to him to go home, and as persistently held honor and promotions before him after having induced him to marry and raise a family here, suddenly and voluntarily sent him permission to go home for some great service rendered. How he must have been torn by conflicting desires and interests! On the one hand this land of the Orient, which had been his home for 15 years, its picturesque beauty, with its soft air, and its tropical vegetation, must have taken a deep hold of his heart. The people of Japan had received him, a shipwrecked sailor, and made him a lord of the land. He had been treated and loved by them, with a depth and warmth of feeling unknown in the cold climate of his native England. One of their dark-eyed daughters had given him her heart, and all the best years of her young life. Two children, with hair as black as a raven's wing, called him father, and climbed over his knees. All the fortune accumulated in long years was here, to be left behind him, and with the best years of his life and youthful vigor gone, he was to go out into the world

empty-handed. Moreover, no word of tidings had reached him of his family for 17 years. The shadow of the dark-winged angel might have covered them all within that long, weary time, or, worse still, he might find that his wife, weary with waiting and watching for his return, at last, when no tidings came, hope being dead within her, had given his place in her heart to another—whispering in other ears the sweet words which had so often been his, and that his children, his blue-eyed and fair-haired boy and girl, had learned to called a stranger by the fond name of father. Like Tennyson's Lotos Eater he could say:

> "Dear is the memory of my wedded life—
> And dear the last embraces of my wife
> And her warm tears; but all hath suffered change;
> For surely now my household hearth is cold,
> My son inherits me, my look is strange,
> And I should come like ghosts to trouble joy."

On the other hand, what if his English Mary still cherished the hope that he would come again; and what if she kept every word and look of his enshrined in her heart; and if she with *his* children *still* knelt, morning and evening, and lifted up their supplications to Him, who holds the great waves and the fierce winds in the hollow of his hand, to protect *their* wanderer and bring him home to them again? These conflicting emotions must have wrung a proud and sensitive spirit, such as that of Adams. He who had looked danger and death in the eye in many a wild storm and wilder battle strife without faltering might well have broken down and wept like a child under this trial.

But his bitter conflicts of loves, of doubts, of desires and hopes, lie buried with his ashes under this stone column, now before us, and in the oblivion of three silent unspeaking centuries of Japanese night. He decided to stay with the certainties of the land of his adoption rather than to take the chances of his native land. The ship departed, and as her sails receded from Adams' sight, he had put all that was dear to him in his youthful and better days behind him forever.

He went on with his work—perfected ship-building, drilled the tycoon's soldiers, taught the arts and sciences, educated his children, elevated and bettered the condition of his retainers and followers. He embraced the Buddist faith, built this embowered temple of To-ko-san, and twice a year he came here to worship. And here, after a third of a century of great usefulness and influence, he was buried with imperial pomp and ceremony, loved, honored, and mourned by the people of an empire. Here *his* people have come, generation after generation, to this day, to offer up prayers for his soul at a little shrine, which has this inscription in Japanese characters:

> "The brightest bliss is surely thine,
> O! thou who prayest at this shrine!"

Yeddo, Japan, November, 1873.

THE GUATEMALAN OUTRAGE.

The Secretary of State apologizes to the British Government. The following is the text of the letter addressed by the Guatemalan Secretary of State to the Representative of the British Government in that Republic, apologizing for the outrage committed on the English Consul Magee. It transpires also from official papers that Gonzales was a native of Spain, in the service of the Republic:

GUATEMALA, April 25, 1874.

To Henry Scholfield, Esq., H. B. Majesty's Charge d' Affaires in Central America:

The unjustifiable act under consideration impels me to address myself to you, in anticipation of any claims whatever, to assure you that occurrences so irregular and punishable in their nature have filled my Government with sorrow and indignation, and recognizing the gravity of what has occurred, has, since the first intimation it had of the circumstances, acted with all the energy and interest demanded by the friendly relations which have and do exist between the Government of her Britanic Majesty and that of Guatemala. You yourself are witness of the anxious and justifiable conduct of my Government, and how much it has deplored the outrage committed on the Consular Agent of Her Britannic Majesty.

My Government, sir, which desires to cultivate the most friendly relations with all foreign Powers, and especially with that of Great Britain, is in every way ready to give every satisfaction on account of this deplorable affair. More than this, it wishes to give further proof that it neither does nor can consent that any foreigner who comes to the Republic shall be injured in his person or property; but, on the contrary, that they should enjoy the hospitality of this country and have all the guarantees and securities that are to be found in the most civilized nations in the world. In this understanding you may be sure that the authors of the criminal act referred to will be punished with all the rigor of the law. My Government is ready to give to the Government of Her Britannic Majesty the fullest satisfaction, as well as make reparation for the damage done, as soon as it is in possession of all the requisite information.

In addressing myself to you on so painful a subject as the above, I have the honor of subscribing myself, with the most distinguished consideration,

Your obedient servant, MARCO SOTO.

ART NOTES.

The last soiree of the Art Association, has added one more to the many triumphs of that society. The attendance was good, and the company, as usual, of the very first-class. The Association wisely confines the admission on these occasions to members and their friends. No extra tickets are sold at all, except to members, and the result is that these gatherings are really confined to the "cultivated" only of our community. Tom, Dick, and Harry are not represented, are not wanted, and don't come. The gallery has been much improved in general appearance by the new chocolate coloring of the walls, and the pictures are set off to much better advantage. The floral decorations, owing to circumstances unnecessary to explain, were not extensive, but were sufficient, and the good taste of Mrs. M. E. Keeney in this direction was very conspicuous. Some beautiful flowers of the "night blooming" Cereus, contributed by Mrs. E. W. Burr, were about as much admired as the pictures. In fact, the flowers and evergreens made some of the paintings look very sick. The small but excellent orchestra, under Adolph Stockmeyer, gave a very pleasant selection of operatic and popular music.

As the exhibition now open to the public day and evening will not close for some weeks, we shall have the opportunity of thoroughly reviewing the gallery. The central attraction is Keith's "Californian Alps," which we have already mentioned in terms of highest praise, and in which we find new beauties every time. Keith has taken his place among the few really great landscapists of the country. This work would in England and in the East be exhibited separately; you would have to pay to look at it, and before you left the room you would have put down your name as a subscriber to the inevitably forthcoming print or chromo. It is a work which might be engraved to advantage, and then half the cultivated households in the country would, with Mr. John T. Best, its happy possessor, have a direct interest in a really grand work. The local artists are fairly but not fully represented. Hill has his strong and effective "White Mountain Notch" and other works, but is not out in full force. Denny has several grey, fresh, salty marines, but nothing ambitious. Marple has one charming evening effect, and nothing more. Brookes has one thoroughly "fishy" fish picture, and his wonderful bottle. Bloomer has nothing but that picturesque, deserted old mill. Irwin has several capital portraits; Shaw just one ditto. Several of our younger men have done more in quantity, and will in their place receive due mention. The exhibition is, however, owing to the many contributions from private galleries, unusually interesting. Some of the choicest gems from the collections of J. C. Merrill, W. M. Lent, J. T. Best, John O. Earl, S. F. Butterworth, B. P. Avery, J. H. Redington, P. Mezzara, Frank S. Spring, John R. Spring, Bishop Kip, Wm. Alvord, Tiburcio Parrott, Mrs. M. E. Keeney, and others, are on view. There is an original Troyon, a "sheep and lamb" which would adorn the finest gallery in the world, and a splendid example of Robbe, a pupil of the former, which is fully worthy of his master. "The Lady of Shalott," by Miss Lea, of Boston, is a most remarkable work, and could only have been painted by one who had studied long and earnestly in European galleries. It is perhaps wonderful that a Miss should have taken so kindly to the old masters. We shall more fully allude to this work in its proper place. After Keith's picture, the "Andromeda," by Erpekum, of Paris, a Russian painter of nude subjects, is one of the most attractive features of the exhibition. It is worthy of Titian, or Etty, and is treated in a classically chaste manner. The drawing is very near perfection. The head has a charmingly sad, dejected look, and the nose, much wider at the top than at the base, is the only criticisable point. This work is from the collection of W. M. Lent, Esq.

Running over the pictures *seriatim*, we make the following notes, meaning to deal squarely all round.

1—"Portrait in Crayon," by Scott Tidball. A masterly piece of work. Tidball is an artist, not a retoucher. 2—"Portrait," Miss E. A. Rockwell. An excellent piece of portraiture. 3—"The Mother's Yearly Pilgrimage to the Shrine of her Patron Saint," Miss E. A. Rockwell. Looks like a vagrant with two babies. She had better have stayed at home, and Miss Rockwell had better have left the subject severely alone. 4—"German City by Moonlight," Charles Prosch. Worthy of a boarding-school miss—that's about all. 5—"Lilas blanc," E. David. Forcible and true; the real flowers at the door do not put them to the blush. 6—"High Peak, N. Conway, N. H.," C. D. Shed. Weak and sick: naught of nature. 7—"Ossipee Valley, N. H.," Joseph A. Bayless. Empty and void: nothing in it. 8—"Rio Obispo, Panama," Norton Bush. We have seen it before, and frequently. 9—"Reverie," R. J. Bush. A prettily posed figure. 10—"Mauvais Café," Maurice Blum. A capital little *genre* work. 11—"The Letter," Emil Levy. Same as before. 12—"Portrait," W. Oliver Stone. We rarely criticise portraits unless they are superlatively good—or bad: this is neither. 13—"The Mountain Mill," A. Hart. Unworthy of a schoolboy. 14—"Moonlight on the Bay," W. A. Coulter. Fair effect, but nothing in it. 15—"Near Harper's Ferry, Va.," W. L. Sonntag. Needs revarnishing, but has some first-class work in it. 16, 17—"Portraits," Eller Jorgensen. Hard and unfeeling; this artist has done much better before. 18—"In the Woods," De Faux. Fresh and natural. 19—"Women at the Well," Virgil Williams. A perfect little study. 20—"Donkey and Sheep," L. Robbe. Noted before as one of the gems of the collection. 21—"The Lady of Shalott," Miss Anna M. Lea (see above). 22—"Sous bois," Cæsar de Cock. True and forcible. 23—"In the Woods," H. Laris. Effective. 24—"Connecticut River," Thomas Hill. Simply a fair example of a great artist. 25—"Fruit," Peale of Philadelphia. Capitally grouped and full of good painting. 26—"Sheep and Lamb," Troyon (see

above). 27—"The Gypsies," W. Hahn. A subject treated as only a master could treat it; the drawing, composition and color are all excellent; the contrast between the troubled vagrants and the curious peasants seated on the greensward is admirable. 28—"Portrait," E. Narjot, and 29—"Portrait," Mrs. L. Baldwin, not remarkable for anything in particular. 30—"Prairie Grouse," S. M. Brookes. The champagne bottle is simply a wonderful piece of work; no one but Brookes could have done it. 31—"Reindeer at home," G. A. Frost. Well drawn and carefully studied. 32—"Tropical Lake Scene," Norton Bush. This artist sticks to the old thing with a vengeance. 33—"A Hot Day," Arthur Lemon. Very creditable; this young man will make his mark surely. 34—"Upper Blue Lake," W. L. Marple. Excellent effect, but lacking proper finish. 35—"Portrait," B. Irwin. A very recognizable and masterly portrait of the secretary of the gas works, late City Hall Commissioner, etc., etc. 36—"St. Therése," etc., vouched for as an original Herrera, and if so, undeniably valuable. 37—"Adoration by the Kings," said to be by Raphael's master, Perugini. 38—"Loch Aur," T. M. Richardson, is a good example of the great London water colorist. 39—"Sunrise," A. Lemon. A most ambitious work fairly carried out; the drawing is excellent and faulty by turns, but the general conception is good. Mr. Lemon has an assured future, and if he goes to the circus a little more frequently will learn to draw horses better than anybody here. 40—"Wood Scene," Naftel, of London. A charming piece of gray work and excellent handling, but deficient in color. 41—"Flowers," Girardin. A charming piece of water color work. 42—"The Resurrection of a Pious Family at the Day of Judgment," Bartolozzi. A class of work happily no longer in vogue. The deceased, or rather released mother of four children is on top, still young and vigorous; the kids leave the tomb in order of youth and lightness, and the soggy old father is the last to get up. One thing is sure, that this family was not cremated, but must have been very carefully preserved. 43—"Suburbs of San Francisco: Mission Creek," Eiler Jorgensen. An unpleasantly hard and true landscape.

With these brief remarks on one complete wall of the Art Association, we must conclude for the present. Next week we shall endeavor to finish our task. Meantime we commend the gallery to the artistically inclined public as one of the most pleasant lounging places in the city. The collection of casts alone would render it worthy of a visit.

At Morris & Schwab's gallery, Hahn has a capital illustration of a Local Option praying band in a city front rum-mill. At the same place, Holdredge has a fine view of Mt. St. Helens, remarkable for its refined quality of color. Holdredge and Bloomer are busy at work preparing for the coming sale, July 1st, after which they will immediately leave for Europe, where they will study several years. A number of appreciative connoisseurs are determined to give these most promising young artists a good "send off," and they deserve it.

QUITE UNEXPECTED TRUTH AND WIT.

The Guardian is "a Catholic Journal and Review" published weekly in San Francisco by the "Catholic Publication Company," 403 Sansome street. There are some subjects upon which we would not have looked to such a quarter for much unnessary truth and wit. Yet we find both in this really very excellent publication. It has a lively correspondent, who thus writes: "The more I see of England the better I like it. The laws are impartially administered. „Justice shines all over the land like a light from Heaven. In any court here you are sure of justice. In an English law court a red Indian and the Duke of Edinburgh are on terms of equality. The Duke could not, by any indirection, hope to secure the favor of the judge. There is nothing like truth. Though I am Irish I must admit that no man in his senses would compare English justice with the trickery that is called American justice. A rich man in America may commit murder with impunity. If a lord commits murder here the title is a witness, and assists to prove that he deserves what he gets—the rope. Where there is no justice there is no liberty.

Pistol practice at the bar in California is disgraceful; it is the result of a scarcity of rope. Why not hang the murderers? When I was there the crime of killing a man was equal to the crime of killing a dog. How are things now? How is everything? I put these questions in the language I learned in San Francisco. They mean nothing at all. The pistol is a vile judge.

"It has a strange quick jar upon the ear,
That cocking of the pistol when you know
A moment more may bring the sight to bear,
Upon your person two feet off or so.

The cowards shooting distance—much too near
When you have got a coward for a foe.
Alarmed by fear, afflicted with the itch,
For murder he shoots, and shouts, 'Son of a——witch.'"

That is Byron slightly altered—This is mine:

You're dead! he's tried, and Yankee jurors say,
"Guilty of murder in the first degree;"
But Yankee judges always grant a stay
Of execution and the wretch goes free.

The judge secures his place, perhaps some pay;
He murders justice and must have his fee.
Expect no justice from the elected judge
Until you find some common sense in fudge.

Vanity, vanity, all is vanity. I know I can't write poetry and yet I must imitate a master of the art.

I have changed my opinion on several subjects. This is the result of observation during my travels over the world. I spent the first twenty-one years of my life in the bogs of Connaught, and the result of my observation there was a belief that ourselves were the most miserable people on the face of the earth. I used to read *The Dublin Evening Post*, *The Mail*, and *The Times*. I spent ten years in America, and the liberty there appears to me not so desirable as the slavery in England. The thirst for wealth, in America, is ungovernable; it compels every one to work too much. Rushing through the world in a cast-iron hurry is poor employment for a man. In England, a man is a machine in slow motion, moved and directed by plain common sense for ten hours every day. In America, man is a machine moved rapidly for eight or ten hours a day, by a directing power that seems to have no control. The rapidity of his motion during the day keeps him awake at night. Home is a beautiful word to every man in England: it has no charms for the American ear. Taking into consideration the wealth of England, the beer and the beef, the resources of America, displayed in the prairie and in the mine, and the systems that direct and govern the people of the two countries, I do declare Paddy in Ireland is a king! the happiest man in the world. I would not exchange his liberty, bounded by six acres, and his poverty, for that thing which the English and Americans call wealth. This wealth is a curse. It is not always a blessing to the educated man of feeling: it is always a curse to the uneducated, ignorant boor.

The modern newspaper is the schoolmaster, and I say God help the people who are educated by the *Chronicle* and *Call*. Peel's Coffee-house, in the Strand, is a great curiosity-shop. There you can find any newspaper that is not utterly obscure. Oh! my dear sir, could not your people manage to keep the *Chronicle* and *Call* at home? I am shocked when I hear the cockneys of Fleet street criticizing the leading articles in these representatives of California, and estimating the intelligence of my old friends in the West by such a standard as the common sense or decency of either. These decorated snobs say, "The density of ignorance may be cut with a knife where thirty thousand copies of either are sold in a day."

COOKING AND SINGLETURN.

Mumpos and Lord Byron have both given offence by their writings. The origin of the word Mumpos is a mystery to most people, but *Punch* has discovered that it is merely the Latinized form of mumps. Both the above named great men have written with unseemly levity on social, moral and religious topics. Lord Byron confined himself to the topics, but Mumpos goes out of his way to attack the Latin races and Dutch people. This is wrong, for without the Latin races there would be no fine arts and no cookery. The Anglo-Saxon race is a fine race, no doubt, as far as money-making is concerned, so is the Chinese race; but the Anglo-Saxons have no knowledge of art except what they have borrowed from their Latin neighbors. Without the French the world would long ago have been depopulated by reason of the atrocious cookery of the Anglo-Saxons. Look at the United States: there is nothing to eat in the whole country but pork and beans, that abomination of abominations, and clam chowder. Is it a wonder, then, that all Americans suffer from indigestion, and employ dentists? Were it not for the French, who have compassion on them, the race would soon die out. What can England boast of? Beef steak and roast beef. The most primitive dishes, forsooth. Why, a child might cook them. Where is the poetry, where the art of cookery among these much vaunted races? Of all the fine arts, cooking is the finest. It is the acme of high art. It ranks with, but before architecture, sculpture, music, painting and poetry. Could the finest music give pleasure after a dish of pork and beans? No, a thousand times no! Would a beautiful painting excite pleasurable emotions after eating corned beef? No, emphatically no! Without the Latin races there would be nothing to drink, and the Anglo-Saxons would die of thirst. For beer cannot be called a drink, but rather a promoter of thirst. It is true that the Rhinelanders, though Anglo-Saxons, make good wine, but, then, they are so close to France. All honor, then, to the Latin races. Now look at the Dutch, where can a better nation be found? Did they not beat the English on their native element? Are they not thoroughly good, calm, unexcitable, comfortable, cheerful and fat? Have they not perfect digestions? If *Punch* were not a cosmopolitan he would be a Dutchman. Let Mumpos take seriously to the study of French cookery and he will find that man is not all evil, but that the good far outweighs the bad; and let him repeat daily *Punch's* hymn:

"My nation all mankind shall be
And every land my home."

—*Japan Punch.*

The Old Game Again.—Gambling in stocks, the root of all evil; more nuts cracked, and the rockets gone up. A. S. Church, of Church & Clark, fruit and nut importers, and manufacturers of fire crackers, returned from New York a few days ago, only to find that his partner, Clark, had cleared out all the substance of the firm, dabbling in mining stocks. Notes of the firm are out for, say $20,000. Notice of dissolution is in the papers, and to-day Church is taking account of stock in their Front street store in order to see how he stands. We are informed their assets equal all liabilities. Too bad. We are sorry.

THE VEIL.

[BY WALTER WHITE.]

I would not if I could the veil
From off my future lift,
Or catch a glimpse of coming days
As through a cloudy rift.

Why should I banish from my life
The pleasures of surprise:
Or balk the rough vicissitudes
Which warn and make us wise?

And why count up the toils and snares
That round my path are set,
As one who tired of watchfulness
Hopes nothing—waiting yet?

Far better thro' my life to live,
With something yet to know,
And up to whatsoe'er befalls
Firm fixed in patience grow.

Then looking back along my life
Across its boon and bale,
I see reversed how Time and Will
Have for me raised the veil.

OUR JAPAN LETTER.

YOKOHAMA, May 19, 1874.

Dear News Letter:—I want to ask you a question. How is it that you have managed to live so long in California without being shot? I cannot understand it, except that editors perhaps are exempt from those social amenities so much loved by the natives. From reading your papers it appears to be the custom in your part of the world to shoot one or two fellows before breakfast by way of getting up an appetite for that meal. It seems to be considered the correct thing to do. Of course, if your cheerful law classes drinking cocktails and assassination under the same head, I have nothing to say against it. Amuse yourselves in your own way, but don't ask me to come and pay you a visit till you have civilized laws and the power to enforce those laws, which you will never have as long as you have universal suffrage and a mobocratic government. Since the Japanners have left off wearing swords assassinations have ceased, and if it were made penal to carry weapons in America the same result might be attained. If a man has no "talking irons" he can't shoot even if he felt inclined to, and will soon get out of the habit, for, after all, it is only a habit, nothing more. There is nothing in it—a little unpleasantness, perhaps, for passers-by, who are hit if the victim is missed, but intense fun to the shooter.

The Japanese expedition to Formosa has left, but General Le Gander, the originator thereof, has returned instead of joining them; why, I can't say, unless it is that he does not like

"A life on the ocean wave,
And a home on the rolling deep."

We have had no more fires lately, consequently we are all starving. I wrote to my banker, asking him for an advance of $50,000 on a most interesting work I was engaged upon, but he wrote back offering me one dollar for a copy of the work. This was cruel mockery. I have just been looking over a still more interesting work, namely, a translation into Japanese of a portion of the Bible, profusely illustrated with caricatures of mythical hobgoblins. Moses, David and Golias, and other celebrities, both male and female, too numerous to mention, drawn by Japanese artists of a facetious turn. It shows that the missionaries have a good deal of latent fun in them, and I am sure it will cause much amusement to the Japanners, but it is not likely to convert any of them. I laughed heartily at the pictures, they are so irresistibly comic. The missionaries have built a barn, into which they have put a steeple, with a flagstaff on the top, in which barn sermons are preached to the few mice who have taken up their quarters therein; several mice have been converted according to the statement of those amusing expounders of effete superstitions. For my part, I doubt very much the truth of the statements. The expounders are the only people here doing well; they are rich in land and houses and worldly goods, and live on the fat of the land, except the Reverend Gobbler, who has retired from the concern for certain reasons, and has taken to translating billets doux.

We have had races, athletic sports, a masked ball, and are going in for regattas. There being nothing to do, we amuse ourselves, and for paupers are remarkably happy. This is, I think, about all the news I can give you, so farewell beloved brother editor, and write soon to your wicked but

PIOUS JONES.

"Will you have some strawberries?" asked a lady of a guest. "Yes, madam, yes; I eat strawberries with enthusiasm." "Well, we haven't anything but cream and sugar for 'em this evening," said the matter-of fact hostess.

DROPPINGS FROM THE SANCTUARY.

"Like holy oil which did drop down
Upon the beard of Aaron."—*Methodist Hymn.*

"A Modern Newspaper" was the Rev. F. F. Jewell's theme last Sunday evening, and he bade high for popularity with said press. We are bound to say that his lecture did the press justice—more than justice. After recounting its history, he spoke of it as the leading social influence. The pulpit speaks to a few; the newspaper to thousands. It is a greater educator than school or college, and has infinitely more influence than books. To overworked reporters he paid a just tribute. The press could involve us in a foreign war to-morrow; it is omnipotent, and is the chief educational power of the age. Public sentiment is the controlling power, and the newspaper is the creator of public sentiment. "Good enough"—and far too good. Let us analyze all this talk. We admit that the best *news*-papers of the world are published in the United States, but there it stops. With half a dozen exceptions they are not noted for literary excellence or high moral standard, and nine out of ten would have more "social influence" to-morrow if society in the real sense of the word were not constantly outraged by them. There is hardly a newspaper in the country on which you can implicitly rely. Proprietors are too often bought dearly and writers somewhat cheaply, maybe; but, with honorable exceptions, they advocate just that which they are paid for in some shape or other, and the merest trifles often indicate the "color"—of gold. It *is* the educator of the country—more the pity. Bad English is the language of the press, with few exceptions. The political or social morality of the press is decidedly below par. "It is omnipotent!" Not much; the public has its own opinions, and many a campaign has been won against strong press combinations. The press may influence but can very rarely "create" public sentiment. Mr. Jewell further stated that the San Francisco press was able and respectable, enterprising and energetic, and would compare favorably with that of other cities of its size. To this we demur, as have many intelligent foreign and otherwise friendly critics. We would remind the Rev. gentleman that the only respectable papers here are noted for their dullness, and the only "live" ones for their scurrility. The "power" of the press should always be measured by its own quality and the quality of its readers. It should not rule, nor attempt to do so; its business is to inform, argue, advocate, and educate, but never attempt to forcibly control. Mr. Jewell effectually "got" the reporters last Sunday, but all his blarney won't fetch us; indeed it inclines us to the belief that the reverend gentleman is a sycophant and a humbug. No man of intelligence, possessing even the slightest acquaintance with the press of San Francisco, *could*, by any possibility, believe what he said.

It is somewhat comical to find a parson taking a text to prove points directly opposed to his own ideas. "Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return" was Dr. Scott's theme last Sunday, and he proved his intimate knowledge of chemistry by delivering a discourse directly opposed to the cremation process, which certainly brings us to dust quicker than any other. The whole discourse might have been delivered by a funeral undertaker, but was utterly unworthy of the pulpit. If the Rev. Dr. were but civilian, we should probably say, "You be cremated!" But as it is otherwise, we cheerfully permit him to dispose of his earthly tenement in any way he pleases, asking the same privilege for ourselves. "We" are a small man, and the amount of our dust will not add seriously to that which has been blinding all our eyes for the last few days. But as cremation is only a matter of time with most of us, it is waste of time to discuss the matter.

An English paper suggests that smoking be permitted in churches, in order to increase the number of attendants on the means of grace. With a box of Victorias, a "legal drink," i. e. a five-gallon keg under the seat, none but pretty girls in our neighborhood, good music and homeopathic doses of sermon, we think we could stand it. A nice, inane discourse, about nothing in particular, delivered in a monotone, would doubtless accord well with narcotic stupefaction, and get one into quite a heavenly frame of mind.

Noting the caption of an article in the *Alta*, "Another Road to Diablo," we fancied that we had struck a new way of going to the devil. We found, however, that it only referred to a new road from Haywards and were quite disappointed.

Among those exempt from jury duty are ministers of the Gospel and priests of any denomination, following *their profession*. This exemption is of course null and void, as it is pretty well understood that few of them even attempt to practice their own teachings.

A gentleman in Louisville has a dog—a pointer. The dog ran up the steps of a house and refused to come down. His master followed and found "A. Partridge" on the door-plate. This illustrates the force of instinct.

"What do these mean?" said Spicer's friend, pointing to the three golden balls in front of a shop the other day. "Indians," was the reply. "Indians!" said his friend. "Yes, Pawn-ees," retorted Spicer.

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

We fear that with our usual habit of prying out things which hide from the light, we scent a little job in the Board of Education. It is a necessity of the school room that the cherubs who there congregate must have a place to sit, as also accommodations for the successful scrawling of pot hooks and slingers. With this in view, our most sapient Board of Education issued a call for bids of furniture supplies. It is doubtless strange, but it is true, that they turn out some very tidy school furniture in San Francisco, and at very reasonable rates, but there is no salary attached to educational duties, and men must live. It is estimated that 5,000 desks and chairs will be required for the ensuing fiscal year. Enterprising Chicago, which sent us out tailors, grocers, and whisky men by the grose, was suddenly seized with apprehensions for the comfort of our cherubs, and sent us a bid for school desks and chairs. Although San Francisco bid the same on each desk and chair, Chicago got the contract. Somebody has made a little commission, and if we were called upon to regard a member of the Board of Education with a fixed gaze, our left eye would disappear within its lid, our forefinger should lie comfortably upon the side of our nose, and we would cry Oho! Chigago pays us no taxes, has no place of business here, and the San Francisco furniture is the better, yet when Mr. Shine proposed rescinding the award till the furniture was examined, the Chicago side of the house howled out a simultaneous No! O learned and secretive sages, are you not aware the public desire our own people to have the preference? Are you going to allow a stranger to take $30,000 away by his blarney? Are you going to have the wool pulled over your eyes? If so, Gentlemen of the Board of Education, allow us to hold our noses and remark with our biggest exclamation point—PHEW!

The published accounts of the State Dental Association are enough to make a self-respecting dentist's heart ache. We are sick of snobs who complacently permit themselves to be called "General," "Judge," "Col." or "Doc." without reason. Of course many honest gentlemen have to put up with this, and cannot help themselves, but this is not the rule. Now our dentists are a most worthy set of gentlemen, and ought to put a stop to this contemptible habit, as seen in the public press, of dubbing them "Doctors." We beseech the dentists of this State to put an end to this. It places them in a false position, and one unworthy of them. Just imagine the idea of treating a rotten tooth medically! It is well known that when a medical man, failing in his own profession, takes to dentistry, he is generally found to be an impostor and a make-believe. Heaven knows that looking at the uncultivated and contemptible scamps that form the majority of what is termed "The Profession" in this afflicted city, it can be no advantage to a *bona fide* dentist to be called Doctor—Doctor Fang, Doctor Hole, or Doctor Snag!

We have on one or two occasions referred to the Rev. Mr. Jewell as a gentleman possessed of much application and some common sense. We have never accused him of brilliancy that we remember, but then he really gave us no opportunity, and we confined ourselves to the common sense side of the question because it was safer. But Jewell has gone back on us, and never more will the tender flower of trust blossom in our bosom. In last Sunday's discourse he unhesitatingly delivered himself of the opinion that the reporters are of the flower of the land; that all the wit, intelligence and superiority of the Universities were compressed into these knights of the pen; that they molded the destinies of nations, and much more bosh to the same effect. Since the application of this flattery poultice, the reporters are strutting around like little bantam cocks, and the Rev. Mr. Jewell feels safe in doing whatever he intended to do without getting his name in the papers. We await developments, to find out whether it is a seduction or a boy.

We consider it unkind of the proprietors of that much noticed proscenium box during the present season to keep it so thickly lined with handsome men. They must all be handsome, for it is impossible to get the ladies on the stage to look anywhere else. We have several times gone to the length of clean linen, with the hope of obtaining an approving glance from the piquant Aimee, or the stunning Stani, but to no effect. We have fallen back in despair upon the fat chorus, but like the London manager's box in Pendennis, all hands play at that box alone. That extraordinary affinity which exists between ladies of the theatrical or lyric profession and bald-headed merchants in the wholesale line, utterly precludes a young man of Apollo appearance, but limited purse, from any share in bright glances. So mote it be. We shall go into the wholesale business before the next constellation appears. We do a little in that line now, but it is wholesale lying.

The latest suicide is another result of the pernicious habit of bathing. Fortunately, it is not universally practiced, so far as we can learn by our noses, for we can conceive the lamentable consequences should certain of our fellow citizens endeavor to shuffle off a little of the superfluous mortal coil in a bath tub. The amount left would be so little worth mentioning as to make existence a mere shuttle-cock affair. The stranger who last week laid him down to die in a bath tub, must have felt pretty thoroughly discouraged at such diminishing, but it is consoling to know that in that supreme moment he had the presence of mind to leave his card in the spittoon. No one can understand the amount of mental anguish we would have endured had not that spittoon given the name of Doherty to a grieving world. We trust this will be a lesson to the trustees of the Lick bath bequest. Give us baths in plenty, but make spittoons the chief consideration.

The enthusiastic reporter of a morning paper says that the tables at the Louisiana Fair "yelled under the weight of the good things." We have always considered that yarn about the tables groaning rather a tough one, but if it has amounted to a yell, we feel in duty bound either to take the part of the tables, or to take issue with the reporter, something which we would do with the utmost reluctance. Upon mature deliberation, we see darkly, as through a glass, another view of the case. It is probable that during the recent imbroglio the principals have been so agitated that they have forgotten to pay the reporters, who, unhappy creatures, eat by the plate, and that at sight of a square meal, the empty young man yelled with delight. If he persists that it was the table, we shall feel called upon to ascertain the address of Henry Bergh. Nothing shall suffer where we are because it has four legs.

We have met certain of our citizens lately whose countenances beamed with the same ecstatic bliss which radiates from a boy's face when he has a huge installment of lollypop, and has not yet eaten too much. The cause of all this exuberant joy is that the *Chronicle* is in trouble. These gentlemen themselves have tried in various ways to close the useful career of the live paper by going for the editor, refusing to take the paper, or appearing against them in a court of law whenever occasion afforded. But all to no avail. Their capers were altogether too respectable and too ponderous. It needed a little venom and got it, Napthaly being the administrator. Pickering, Fitch, and MacCrellish are too happy to live. Joy such as theirs is too great for earthly endurance. In the ecstasy of their bliss they actually kissed and made friends. Verily, this is the latest, though not the least, of the evils arising out of the *Chronicle's* trouble.

The telegrams give word that the American pilgrims have been well received by the Pope. If there is one old gentleman who knows better than others which side his bread is buttered on, that old party is the Pope. Americans, as a rule, do not kiss the Pope's toe with a smack of the same unction as foreigners, who are more used to unsavory messes, but the old gentleman receives no homage with such pleasure as when he presents his infallible great toe-nail for the chaste salute of an American. Truth to say, they are pulling down so many rotten old buildings in Rome that the Vatican is beginning to get shaky about his ears, and no one knows better than the Pope that foreigners are very well in their way, but it takes an American to keep an hotel. There is a chance of the transmigration of the Papal toe, hence are the pilgrims well received. We shall feel like the boys when there is a permanent circus in town.

It is pleasant to find a letter under the door. We have all expectations one way or other, and it is probable that few people open an envelope without a thought that at last the old party has put on a set of wings and left his earthly gear behind him. We break the seal with trembling hand, burning with curiosity to know whether the gear has come to us or gone to asylums, observatories, and such. It is coming to earth with a crash after one has wrought one's self up to such a pitch of high and holy thought, to learn from the contents of that envelope that Madame Modiste will have an opening next day, or that a certain brand of soap or tooth wash is superior to all other. Why will people harrow up our expectations in this wise when there are newspapers to advertise in, and when this false alarm shakes one's temper so. We ourselves are kept in a continual state of violent and explosive prayer, all for opening envelopes.

We are glad that the female pedestrian has arrived. We knew she was too big a fool for anything terrible to happen to her, but we are relieved to know that there is going to be no more blowing about that trestlework. We waited patiently and anxiously for some time to hear of her brains being distributed in choice morsels along the road, till we ascertained that she came from Kansas in search of a husband, upon which we realized that there were none to distribute. All further interest in the damsel is dissipated since we find that she won't open her mouth. This leads us to believe that she is not a female pedestrian at all, but another editor who has got the mania and is keeping all the items for his own paper. Why don't the editors of our dailies get it and get too tired to walk back? Ah, well! we are inclined to believe that we suffer for our sins on earth. Else why the dailies?

Mr. Lick is a wise and worthy man, and has, no doubt, distributed his money to good advantage. Yet we cannot help thinking as we pass the hotel, which has long been the pride of his heart, that, if a certain portion of the money had been dedicated to cleaning the corner upper windows, said to appertain to Mr. Lick's own apartments, much valuable real estate might be taken off the panes, and the appearance of the establishment materially improved. One can scarcely be surprised at the bath bequest when we consider that the philanthropist has been looking at his fellow citizens through a ton or two of dirt every day.

A correspondent wants to know whether there is any truth in the rumor that Mesdames Woodhull, Blood, and Claflin are negotiating for the purchase of the *Call*. We really can't say, the ladies in question having gone short on Dog Jack and ourselves this week, while Pickering is too busy with an obituary of Chas. De Young to honor us with his presence. We think such a sale highly probable. From the *Call's* murder stories to free love—from Pickering to Woodhull—would be an easy and natural transition.

The little Post says that "Senator Jones, of Nevada, has loomed up in Washington in gigantic proportions." That depends very much, we presume, upon the medium through which the Senator is viewed. If he would only foot *our* printers' bills, and buy *us* a new Bullock Press, we should be ready to swear that his slightest smile was sufficient to light up the whole firmament. If, however, his kindness were generally known, we should think it a poor compliment to his judgment to suppose that he would like our gross exaggeration.

Now that stocks have taken a start, and there is every evidence of a strong market, the *Call* is cooing as mildly as a sucking dove. But a little while ago "the Comstock never looked so unpromising," now "there are reported developments, etc., etc. The *Call* advised everybody to short Ophir at $9 and $10, and now it is stiff at $20, with an upward tendency, and so on down the entire list. Anybody who follows the *Call's* advice on stocks, or anything else, has a fool's reward for his pains.

Those Chicago drummers came down like wolves on the fold, their toes were all frosted, their noses all cold. Their weather-peeled bugles soon shone through the town, they gobbled the money and salted it down, then took a few orders and lit out of here, with their heads full of business and skins full of beer. In plain matter of fact, San Francisco tradesmen want to do the business of their own city and keep money moving in our midst. Gentlemen of the Board of Education don't seem to appreciate the idea.

It is the News Letter's peculiar province to discern the evidence of rising genius. We see in that newsboy an embryotic California humorist. Swift himself could have thought of no more cutting satire than offering a copy of the *Sun* for sale to a De Young. We think we could have split our sides laughing at the joke had we been Mike. But then Mike hasn't our keen sense of the ridiculous —especially in regard to his own genealogy. Somehow it isn't a bit funny to him.

"Martha" is mad in the Post again. This young person has a periodical growl on some phase of the woman question. Martha has some sense withal, and we rather like her, but evil communications have upset her. When a young woman gets mad because she is asked to make her own bed, the only thing to take the starch out of her is the wedding ring and its consequences. We would like to hear from her after the consequences.

Chief Cockrill has given orders that all frequenters of *maisons de joie* be watched, in case their testimony be sometime useful in the Police Court. The Chief may be a weak man, but he is not needlessly cruel. We are inclined to think that the Woodhull has enchanted him, and that the order originates with Vic., for it is one of her favorite dodges. There is nothing to build up one's own business like pulling some one else's down.

No Poverty of Words.—An Austin City reporter thus speaks of the belle of a masquerade ball given in that city: "The most gorgeous, stunning, high-toned, richest, firstest-classest, nicest, or any other adjective, costume in the outfit was that worn by Miss Frankie Clark. She was the stunningest, gayest, and gallusest dressed gal in the room. She appeared as a page, and both costume and action were as perfect as a big sunflower."

After a series of announcements and a flourish of trumpets, the Cobb party went to the Geysers and returned. The public will be gratified to know that they still live. They encountered no more dangerous-looking bluff on the road than the chief guest's eyebrow, and the gallant general is firmly persuaded that he can take an acre of Saucelito ground and start a Geysers himself.

"We are pained to notice," says the *Danbury News*, "that papers taking our items, and appropriating them as their own, seek to palliate the theft by publishing a column of religious miscellany. This may look well enough in the eyes of Heaven, but it don't satisfy us.

An exchange says of the air in its relation to man: "It kisses and blesses him, but will not obey him." The *Town Crier* is ready to make his affidavit that that description suits his wife exactly.

EMPEROR ALEXANDER AND THE POLISH EXILES.

The following appears in a London paper: "SIR—For ten years the Polish exiles have found shelter in your country. Will you add to this generous hospitality by opening your columns to us for a moment? The approaching visit of the Emperor Alexander, already foreshadowed by programmes of balls and festivals, seems to hold out hope that in this general atmosphere of rejoicings our hardships may be ended. All of us are weary of wandering, for exile at best is nothing but a moving prison. The true interests of Russia and Poland are now identical. We are longing to contribute our bitterly acquired experience to the service of our common Fatherland. We want to be of some use if we can—at worst we want to go home and die there. Those of my countrymen in England with whom I have been unable to correspond, may learn from this letter that a petition is in course of signature, and that their names will be received here until the date of his Majesty's arrival. Your obedient servant, STEFAN POLES. 20 Great Marlborough Street, W., May 1, 1874."

THE GREAT PHILANTHROPIST.

Beneath we publish the address, with accompanying signatures, which has been drawn up for presentation to James Lick:

SAN FRANCISCO, June 8, 1874.

JAMES LICK:—*Dear Sir*:—We, your fellow citizens, are unwilling that the recent distinguished acts which you have consummated and published should stand without our recognition and acknowledgment, or some expression of the profound interest and honorable regards which they have excited in our minds; whether we consider those acts in their origin or end, they alike command the admiration and respect of us all.

You have, on mature deliberation and conviction, conveyed the substance of a great estate, acquired through a long and successful career, in trust for the people, to be devoted to their welfare forever. You have provided for the preservation and perpetuity of the deeds of the founders of the State. You have promoted those scientific inquiries which increase man's knowledge of the material world on which he lives, and reveal its relations to the universe. You have established provision for the education of the generations that shall come after you in the arts and industries of life. You have directed that the historic incidents and suggestions of the early days of the commonwealth shall be set forth in monumental grandeur. And finally, you have laid perpetual foundations of humanity and beneficence to ameliorate and bless mankind.

It is not appropriate to us here to applaud you. We will leave that to the men who shall come after us. But we wish to assure you that we receive these acts with profound sentiments of grateful appreciation and regard.

Allow us all, sir, to unite in expressions of grateful sentiments and good wishes.

George C Johnson & Co, Einstein Bros & Co, Levi Strauss & Co, Tobin, Davidson & Co, Joseph S Paxson, Jacob Underhill & Co, Locke & Montague, Rockwell, Coye & Co, L & M Sachs & Co, Scholle Bros, D N & E Walter & Co, Redington, Hostetter & Co, Murphy, Grant & Co, A B Elfelt & Co, Neumann Bros, Colman Bros, W F Babcock, Charles C Bemis, Wm B Johnston, Tubbs & Co, Frederick L Castle, D J Staples, George D Dornin, Charles S Wood, Wm H Tillmghast, Geo Howes & Co, Wm Harney, Henry L Davis, Falkner, Bell & Co, I Friedlander, B Davidson & Co, Tallant & Co, Richard, Patrick & Co, McCann, Flood & McClure, Whittier, Fuller & Co, Linforth, Kellogg & Co, Baker & Hamilton, Sullivan, Kelly & Co, Joseph G Eastland, F. MacCrellish, William Sillem, A E Head, Jno H Redington, Archibald C Peachy, J D Fry, John McKee, Jesse Holladay, Leland Stanford, A J Ralston, Samuel F Butterworth, Charles E McLane, J F Houghton, H N Tilden, Joseph Galloway, H F Teschemacher, Chas R Story, Michael Reese, R Morton, N D Arnot, Jr, Geo H Howard, Milton S Latham, John T Wright, Amos Noyes, McNear & Bro, Hecht Bros & Co, Sachs, Strassburger & Co, P H Burnett, Conroy, O'Connor & Co, E K Howes & Co, Brittan, Holbrook & Co, Phillips, Taber & Co, Murphy Brothers, Thos H Selby & Co, Eggers & Co, F F Low, E I Weeks, B M Hartshorne, R F Waterman, O H Bogart, Pond, Reynolds & Co, Keith & Co, Parker, Watson & Co, Lohman, Coghill & Rountree, Joshua Barker, Wooster, Shattuck & Co, W W Dodge & Co, T G Cockrill & Co, Wellman, Peck & Co, Root & Bailey, Sprnance, Stanley & Co, Sronfe, Sweeney & Co, Crane & Brigham, Barrett & Sherwood, Hickox & Spear, Pope & Talbot, Sather & Co, D Callaghan, John Flanagan, Chas Clayton & Co, E A Fargo & Co, Wilmerding & Kellogg, L Dinkenspiel & Co, Eppinger & Co, Kutner & Goldstein, Godchaux Bros & Co, Roth & Videau, Louis Franconi, E E Eyre, William Alvord, J B Haggin, John H Saunders, I W Raymond, Edward J Pringle, Sidney L Johnson, Oliver Eldridge, Jas Thomas Boyd, Ogden Hoffman, R E Brewster, Joseph R A Sawyer, H Barroilhet, L Maynard, C A Murray, Josiah Belden, A W Bowman, J C Duncan, H M Newhall, H F Cutter, D O Mills, Thos Bell, Frank M Pixley, Frederic Clay, C L Taylor & Co, Welch & Co, Jacob Deeth, Henry Wetherbee, H. H. Bigelow, Hutchinson, Mann & Smith.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, BERKELEY.—Daniel C Gilman, Willard B Rising, Robert E C Stevens, A Cutzler, L L Hawkins, John LeConte, William T Welcker, George C Edwards, Martin Kellogg, Arthur H Allen, J M Phillips, P Proda, Frank Soule, Jr, E S Carr, Joseph LeConte, E K Lee, Professors and Instructors in the University of California.

SACRAMENTO.—James Anthony, Frank Miller, Paul Morrill, Wm H Dinsmore, E L Billings, A L Nichols, George W Safford, Albert Gallatin, Robert J Peters, Arch'd C McKinnon, T W Lindley, E F Oatman, F T Waterhouse, H S Crocker & Co, W P Coleman, James N Porter, J Ed Hobbie, J G Hogan, John Reel, A H Cummings, Edgar Mills, John McNeill, Sparrow Smith, Charles McCreany, Byron McCreany, D W Earl, L A Upson, J P Lowell, John Black, R H Wilcox, L Powers, Ludwig Mebius, Hammer & Kelley, J C Carroll & Co, H C Trainoy, J L Chadderdon, G S Wait, J F Harrison, Joseph J Agard, W R Waters, Newton Booth, J H Carroll, Joseph Crackbon, James Carolan, Samuel Lavenson, A C Valiant, Myron P Walker, Robert Beck, John M Mellhkin, Charles Zeitler, E D Thayer, G M Mott, L Bien, A Hamburger, John H Lewis, C J Shaw, H Merwin, J H Winn, J F Farnsworth, M T Brewer, Frank H Cummings, A C Redington, Julius Wetzar, Samuel Poorman, R C Woolworth, C H Swift, F Bachr, Ed Carlson, Drury Melone, W E Chamberlain, Jno W Pew, George Rowland, Cyrus S Coffin, R T Brown, Edward Cadwalader, Gillig, Mott & Co, Chas J Campbell, Wm M Lyon, Baker & Hamilton, George W Chesley, L Elkus.

LOCAL ISSUES---A WHINE FROM BARNEY.

Ochone to the Local,
By all that is vocal,
I'm sobered at last by the pinch of the law;
The work of thim lasses
The Trowjans surpasses—
They whistled down brakes, and now dare us to draw.

As thirsty as blazes,
My head in a craze is,
Good land of the livin', and nary a drop
Of the innocent cratur
To swaten one's natur
And lighten the heart for a fight or a hop.

Arrah now! botheration!
Call this a free nation,
Where they euchre our drinks and banish the bowl?
In Ireland, all frisky,
We're free to our whisky;
The Praste—Heaven bless him—has charge of the sowl.

But here a new Pope reigns—
The popular vote gains
A power, every virtue to make or to kill,
In ateing or drinking,
In spakeing or thinking,
Plase, Legal-Mob-Option, I'm slave to your will.

Our God 's "An Opinion,"
Whose power and dominion
Grows with the moon, and with her waxes as faint;
The holy transition
That gains recognition
Is twin to the times—a Vox Populi Saint.

Och! blarney, Miss Figgs,
I want none of your riggs;
Five gallons, you say, is allowed for a wake.
By the powers, do ye mane tho'
It's raly ordained so?—
Och glory! your foot for your hand I would shake.

A foine legislatur's
A rale educatur,
The wiser they are the less they do think;
Every spalpeen that dies,
We will praise to the skies,
His health in the grave, by gorra, we'll drink.

If they shut up the bar,
Sure our home isn't far,
For Judy's dear sake, we'll be making a dive;
The demi-john there
With our friends we will share.
The legal allowance—ye gods!—it is five. —*Geordy Bewhunin.*

A CALIFORNIAN CONTRIBUTION TO SCIENCE.

Capt. C. M. Scammon, of the U. S. Revenue Service, has just issued from the press of J. H. Carmany & Co., a grand contribution to the science of natural history, in the shape of a monograph on "The Marine Mammals of the N. W. Coast of America." The book is a handsome quarto volume of over 300 pages, very fully illustrated with some 60 careful lithographs and wood cuts. The work is divided into three parts: 1—The *Cetacea* (whales, porpoise, grampus, etc.); 2—The *Pinnipedia* (sea lions, sea otters, seals, etc.); 3—The American whale fishery. The latter section will be found most interesting to all readers, whether scientific or not, abounding, as it does, in graphic description of a most exciting pursuit. The author had, as whaler, as Chief of Marine in the Russo-American Telegraph Expedition, and in his position in the Revenue Marine, peculiar advantages for studying his subject. The work is written as a solid contribution to real science, and is the result of more than 20 years close observation. The habits and geographical distribution of the animals under review are given with considerable fullness. The subject has never been previously so completely studied, and it will not be long before Capt. Scammon's name will be followed by about all the letters of the alphabet in the shape of the insignia of learned societies of Europe and the East. We shall take occasion to allude to this work again, which is alike creditable in authorship, typography, and illustration.

A Sunday-school scholar, being asked what became of men who deceive their fellow-man, promptly exclaimed, "They go to Europe."

COURT CHAT.

The Czar at the Crystal Palace.—The *fete* at the Crystal Palace, on May 16th, was in every way a complete success. The doors were opened at one, and in an hour thousands of visitors had passed the turnstiles, and many of them at that early period, five hours at least before the royal party could arrive, hurried straightway to positions which they never left till a long seven hours had passed. His Imperial Majesty and the Grand Duke, accompanied by the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Prince Arthur, and a large suite, arrived at the garden entrance to the palace shortly after six o'clock. Here the party was received by Mr. Tom Hughes, Major Flood Page, and other officials, in a reception tent, beautifully decorated with statuary and festoons, and a rustic fountain, but doubly and trebly decorated by the splendid roses left from the recent show by their cultivator, Mr. W. Paul. The Duchess of Edinburgh uttered an exclamation of delight on entering this tent, and the Czar, in the formality of reception, did not pass without notice a display which it is very certain neither the Summer Palace nor the St. Petersburg gardens could afford. With the Princess of Wales on his arm, followed by the Grand Duke Alexis and the Grand Duchess, and our own Princess, His Majesty led the procession along the scarlet-carpeted and roped gangway up the centre of the nave. The crowds had made several false starts at cheering as the time drew near for the arrival, but now there was no mistake, for Mr. Manns waved his baton, and all the bands at once clashed out the march of the favorite Russian Praobajenski regiment, half drowned by the cheering, which began with a burst at the north nave, and grew louder, and louder, and louder, till it spread over the whole building. Despite the most explicit directions of the programme, and most energetic exertions of the stewards, crowds of happy ticket-holders mounted their chairs, but all who stood anywhere near the red ropes had an excellent view by simply waiting till their turn came and till the procession arrived off their territory. The Emperor inclined his head repeatedly, and looked around him with the interest and surprise which anyone must feel at the first sight of the biggest glass house, the biggest orchestra, and the biggest indoor crowd in the world. One gets accustomed to it, but there are few sights more stirring and beautiful in its way than the Crystal Palace on a high day, with nearly 30,000 people cheering, a dozen bands in full blast, and an Emperor, even in plain clothes, coming along the *via sacra* with princes and personages behind him. On entering the royal box, the band still playing the "Praobajenski," His Majesty took his seat in the centre of the box, the Princess of Wales to his right and the Duchess of Edinburgh to his left. On the right hand sat the three sons of Queen Victoria and the Duke of Teck; to the left the principal attendants were located. The Duke of Cambridge and the Grand Duke Alexis were a trifle to the rear of the Emperor's chair. With a fixed and half-sad expression, the Emperor sat while the whole orchestral force sang—

God save the noble Czar!
Long may he live, in power,
In happiness, in peace, to reign!
Dread of his enemies,
Faith's sure defender;
God save the Czar!

The Emperor of Russia in the city.—Nothing which has occurred during the Emperor's stay among us, says the *Mail*, can have been more agreeable to Russians, as well as to Englishmen, than the visit which His Majesty paid to the City of London on Monday. Nothing could have exceeded the warmth of the reception given to the party. Along the whole route, and especially within Temple Bar, the Czar met with a reception such as only London can give, and such as she only bestows upon those whom she delights to honor.

After an interval of anxious expectation, the Lord Mayor, preceded by his committee and trumpeters, entered, and after him came the Emperor conducting Mrs. Lusk, arrayed in the imperial colors (yellow and black). The Grand Duke Alexis followed, in his naval uniform, leading the Princess of Wales. Her Royal Highness was dressed in light and dark blue, a rose secured by a diamond clasp on the right side of her velvet bodice. The Prince of Wales led the Duchess of Edinburgh, then followed the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Cambridge, and Prince Christian; and then the members of the Russian and English suites, all in uniform—a long, numerous and brilliant array. As the Emperor and Princes and Princesses entered the Guildhall they were cheered loudly, and His Majesty repeatedly acknowledged the hearty welcome. Ascending the dais, the Emperor stood before the centre chair of State, erect and dignified, surveying the assembly. The Princes and Princesses ranged themselves on either side, and the high courtiers and officials grouped themselves further to the right and left on the lower level of the floor of the hall. The Lord Mayor and the deputation had gathered opposite, and when the trumpets and bands and cheering had ceased, the Recorder read the address of the Corporation, which was then presented by Mr. Lusk to His Imperial Majesty. All eyes were now fixed upon the Emperor, and you might have heard a pin drop in the Guildhall, for His Majesty held an open paper before him and was about to read a reply. The Emperor held the paper before him a few moments before he began to read, and then in a clear, distinct, though of course in a foreign-sounding voice, he pronounced the words, "My Lord Mayor and Citizens of London." Here His Majesty made a pause, and it was evident that the foreign language was difficult, or was it the thought that he was, as it were, formally giving his daughter to the English people that made his voice falter as he read the next words—"I feel most grateful for your hospitable and cordial reception." But every one there was feeling keenly and closely with the august reader, and by a quick and happy

instinct the audience here interposed between His Majesty and his most trying task with a prolonged burst of cheering, which gave him time to control his thoughts, or it may be to decipher the strange tongue, and when the applause ceased he read clearly to the end. The following was the reply:

My Lord Mayor and Citizens of London—I feel most grateful for your hospitable and cordial reception. On my own part, I can assure you that I have a firm reliance on your good feelings towards my beloved daughter, whose domestic happiness I have so much at heart. I trust that, with the blessing of Divine Providence, the affectionate home she finds in your country will strengthen the friendly relations now established between Russia and Great Britain, to the mutual advantage of their prosperity and peace.

Before leaving the Guildhall the Emperor is said to have expressed himself as greatly pleased, and to have stated that, much as he might have expected, the result had far exceeded his anticipations. The party returned to Buckingham Palace by the Thames Embankment.

GOVERNOR STANFORD'S HORSE "OCCIDENT."

To-day there is to be a sight at the Agricultural Park in aid of the Louisiana sufferers which few persons should miss. Governor Stanford's marvelous horse "Occident" is to take a spin around the track. What a sight that will be may be judged of from the following description of a similar occasion: A writer describes the great race against time by "Occident," at the last State Fair in Sacramento, as follows: "The trot was for a plate of $2,000, offered by the State Agricultural Society to any horse that should beat the best time ever made in the State, namely, that of 2:17¼ made by "Goldsmith Maid." "Occident" was brought out and exercised a short time, and then taken back to be cooled off for the great event of his life. At least 10,000 pair of eyes were riveted upon the noble horse when he was again brought upon the track for the final trial. His hair glistened like satin, and his preliminary spin past the judges' stand was the very poetry of motion, eliciting the admiration of every one present. Two additional timers were appointed to hold the watches, so that there should be no mistake in regard to the time made. The general impression prevailed that the horse would not do it, the chances being greatly against him. A running horse was brought out to keep him company while the trial was being made. Everything being in readiness, James Tennet, his young driver, went down the stretch for the word. After a couple of scorings, the bell was tapped and away he goes, thousands of eyes eagerly watching his every stride. California's reputation as to her capability to produce the best trotting horse in the world was now at stake, and the interest manifested was most intense. Men held their breaths as around the first quarter he flew in 36½ seconds; the half-mile was made in 1:10¼. Many felt doubtful about his ability to accomplish the feat now, but he rounded the far turn very rapidly, and swung into the home-stretch at a tearing gate. Down the long walk his pace was truly a terrific one. Fast as a locomotive, and steady as a walking-beam, he fairly shaved the air in this exhibition of his tremendous power and speed. Every eye was anxiously bent on the grand horse as he approached the outcome. Not a voice was raised until "Occident" passed under the line, like a bullet shot out of a gun. In a moment more the time—2:16¾—was hung out, and then a burst of the wildest excitement followed. Ladies on the stand clapped their hands, and waved their handkerchiefs and fans. Men shouted and cheered loud and long, and threw their hats in the air; the driver was hugged, the horse was fondled, and a general jollification was had over the glorious result, made as it was without a single skip or break. In response to loud calls Governor Stanford appeared, bowed his acknowledgments, and immediately presented back to the Society the $2,000 plate won by "Occident," to be given to any horse that should ever equal him." This is probably the last opportunity our citizens will have of seeing this wonderful horse, as he goes East in a few days to add glory and honor to California by his brilliant performances.

An Important Invention.—"There's a divinity that shapes our ends," and this divinity has been set up as a Solid Emery Wheel, with which the ends of iron tools and instruments can be shaped more easily and rapidly than a wooden skewer. Mr. Bessemer is the inventor. The emery is prepared with silicate of lime, according to one of Mr. Ransome's patents. By a machine, designed specially to make the emery wheel revolve with great rapidity, chilled and other kinds of hard cast-iron, which resist the action of files or chisels, were cut with the greatest facility, while softer cast-iron was ground away at the rate of one cubic inch per minute, or about fifty times faster than the work could be accomplished with files. So little does the wheel suffer that an examination of the refuse after considerable time of working contained 92¾ per cent of iron. The invention, like the wheel, will probably make a rapid revolution in the manufacture of metals.

A man was boasting that he had been married for twenty years and had never given his wife a cross word. Those who knew him say he didn't dare to.

SPECIAL BREVITIES.

James Grant Wilson, in his "Sketches of Illustrious Soldiers," gives an anecdote of Frederick the Great which may be new to some readers: The King once sent to an aid-de-camp, Colonel Malachowki, a small portfolio, bound like a book, and containing five hundred crowns. Meeting the officer afterwards, he asked him how he liked the new work. "Excessively, sire; I read it with such interest that I await the second volume with impatience." In due time the second volume came, inscribed, "This work is complete in two volumes."

A long discussion is going on as to the means by which Mdlle. Croizette produces such a painful real resemblance of death by poison in the *Sphinx*, and a medical correspondent of the *Le Figaro* has given as his opinion that the lady really takes a dose of brucine, and after going through the first stage of poisoning, swallows an antidote which sets her right. This, as the *Figaro* justly observes, shows that Mdlle. Croizette possesses a real love for her art.

A Daughter of the Church.—The Dowager Duchess of Leeds has, it is stated, by her will left a legacy of £5,000 to Archbishop Manning, £10,000 to an orphanage in Sussex, and some other legacies. The residue, which is considerable, is to be settled on the Marquis of Carmarthen, the youthful son and heir of the present Duke of Leeds, and his issue.

Dr. Livingstone's Grave.—The place of burial of the great traveler is now marked by the following simple inscription cut in large letters on one of the tiles of the floor:—"David Livingstone, 1873." Since the funeral the Abbey has been visited by a large number of persons anxious to see the spot where the Doctor lies, many of whom have placed Spring flowers over his grave.

M. Ledru-Rollin has stirred up the Bonapartists of the French National Assembly by pronouncing the *plebiscitum* a parody of universal suffrage. The Assembly was convulsed with excitement, and it is evident that the present cage will not hold that Happy Family a great while longer.

It is discouraging to Russian journalistic enterprise, that the correspondents of newspapers, who accompanied the Czar to Great Britain, are not allowed to publish anything regarding his movements during the journey, except what may be supplied through the *Official Gazette*.

It is calculated that if the body of each of the 260,673 persons who died in the United States in 1870 was allowed a full-sized grave, the whole would occupy about 202 acres. If they were cremated, the ashes would make excellent manure for about a thousand acres.

The Literary World says the sale of books in the last twelve months has fallen off at least one-quarter from that of any corresponding period. It attributes the decline to the increased sale and reading of our numerous popular magazines.

Edmond About says Bohemianism is a malady of youth, like the small-pox. Those who do not die of it get quit of it soon. In San Francisco they get starved out of it in a very short time.

A king of Babylon ordered cremation for his subjects, and built for that practice the first furnace; but Messrs. Shadrach, Mechach and Abednego wouldn't cremate.

Granite and Macadam are to be banished from the city of London, the Streets Committee having determined to lay down in future nothing but asphalt or wood.

The St. Louis Journal calls the *American Newspaper Reporter* "its religious exchange," although there is not an obscene medical advertisement in it.

A novel watch has been invented by a Swiss watchmaker of Aargau, the *Continental Herald* tells us. The motive power is compressed air.

From the San Francisco News Letter.

THE SATANIC PRESS.

When De Tocqueville—the most scholarly and thoughtful Frenchman that ever visited us—arrived in this country, he was more astonished at the audacity and unscrupleness of our newspapers than at any thing else he saw in New America. He came here during the Presidency of Andrew Jackson, and he states in his book that the first paper he took up in New York called the President a corruptionist and a villain, a man that had neither conscience nor moral instincts, a man that cheated at cards, and whose record showed he had been an assassin and a debauchee. And yet when Jackson died, the same newspaper called him a hero, and almost made him out a saint. Could De Tocqueville have lived to visit this country forty years later, he would find that journalism in the United States had degenerated rather than improved, in some respects at least. Slander and all uncharitableness are as freely dealt out through our newspapers to-day as they were two generations ago, with this difference, that in Jackson's time editors threw their mud at public men principally, while to-day private citizens are attacked in the newspapers with as much freedom as officials were formerly. No better illustration of this fact is needed than a brief recital of the infamous treatment Mr. Jesse D. Carr, of this State, has recently received at the hands of some of the San Francisco newspapers. Mr. Carr holds no office, and desires none. He is eminently a private citizen, and has made a fortune by strictly attending to his own business. And yet some impecunious and irresponsible Washington correspondent—under pay, probably, of a corrupt Post Office ring—is privileged to telegraph a series of the wickedest insinuations and lies relative to Mr. Carr's conduct four years ago, and, what is worse, two of the leading newspapers of this city have consented to pay for these dispatches, and to spread them broadcast before their readers. What has Mr. Carr done that entitles him to the extraordinary distinction of having telegrams concerning himself a half column in length sent off at great expense across the Continent? Simply this and nothing more. He has been a serious obstacle in the way of the cut-throats and straw-bidders that infest the Post Office Department at Washington, and to get him out of the way they bribe correspondents and purchase the influence of certain newspapers to attack him. In these dispatches, it has been sought to couple his name with a forgery committed in the letting of bids some years ago, when the facts are, Mr. Carr was in Oregon at the time the bids were let, four thousand miles from Washington, and furthermore, the *effect* of this forgery was to *defeat* the very bid Mr. Carr made for the large contract of carrying the mails from California to Oregon. In other words, the *forgery* could only injure Carr and his partners, yet he is by dark hints and vile insinuations accused of deliberately trying, in a business view, to cut his own throat. Mr. Carr has never been accused of lacking in shrewdness or "White-Oak" sense, but even if he were capable of forging anything (which, to those who know him personally, is utterly absurd), he would have shown less sagacity than one of his mules possess had he attempted this thing. And yet the Satanic press of this city has consented to couple his name with that transaction. Eternity is not long enough, nor hell hot enough, for the men who could so foully slander one of our most enterprising and best known citizens. One cannot read these newspaper attacks upon private character without being reminded of Mr. Dickens' indicrous description of some of the New York papers: "'Here's this morning's New York *Sewer*,' cried one of the newsboys. 'Here's this morning's New York *Stabber*,' cried another, while others chimed in with 'Here's the New York *Private Listener*,' 'Here's the New York *Keyhole Reporter*,' 'Here's all the New York papers,' 'Here they are,' 'Here they are.' Here's the New York *Sewer*—here's some of the twelfth thousand of to-day's *Sewer*, with best account of the markets and all the shipping news, and four whole columns of country correspondence, and a full account of the ball at Mrs. White's last night, with the *Sewer's* own particulars of the *private lives* of all the ladies that were present. Here's the *Sewer's* exposure of the Wall street clique, and the *Sewer's* exposure of the Washington gang, and the *Sewer's* exclusive account of a flagrant act of dishonesty committed by the Secretary of State when he was eight years old, now communicated at great expense by his own nurse. Here's the *Sewer*, the New York *Sewer*, with a whole column of New Yorkers to be shown up, and all their names printed. Here's the *Sewer's* article on the Judge that tried him for libel, and the *Sewer's* tribute to the intelligent jury that *didn't* convict him, and the *Sewer's* account of what they might have expected if they had. Here's the *Sewer*—the New York *Sewer*—the wide-awake *Sewer*—always on the lookout—the leading journal of the United States—now in its twelfth thousand and still a printing off." Mr. Dickens humorously says: "It is by such enlightened means that the passions of the country find a vent." If assassination of character is giving vent to national feeling, then we in San Francisco must be intensely national; for in no other city of its size are there so many "Sewers," "private listeners," and "key-hole reporters." Look at our leading newspaper men for a moment. When they are not stabbing through and through the reputations of some honored and useful citizens, they make war upon each other. Just now they are engaged in the latter pursuit. The *Alta* calls the proprietors of the *Bulletin* and *Call* and the *Chronicle* villains of the deepest dye; these papers retaliate in kind. In fact, not a single newspaper in this city is friendly with any other, and so the mud-throwing goes on. They all call each other hard names, and, in doing so, we think they nearly all tell the truth. Look at Pickering, as he goes along the street, with his head down, plotting who he can

say something mean about next. "He dare not look up," McCoppin says, "for God is there." Pickering recently remarked that there was nobody in this State he had any confidence in, or would trust. What a miserable existence such a cynic must lead. It is an old adage that "He who asserts that all men are villains proves there is one such." Look at the De Youngs—excluded from society and going around the streets shooting at their rivals. But why continue the list? The very mention of their names is too revolting for a respectable journal like the *News Letter*. What is to become of this country when such vile men as these control the press and manufacture public opinion? Oh for one hour of Horace Greeley, and men like him; men who would scorn to injure the character of private citizens causelessly, or use their journal for any infamous purpose whatever. When Jean de Brebeuf, the frontier hero, died, the savages tore open his breast and thronged to drink his blood, hoping to imbibe some of his transcendent courage. When Horace Greeley died, every editor in San Francisco should have made a pilgrimage to Chappaqua, and tried the experiment of tasting his blood, inspired by the hope that they, too, might imbibe some of his genuine manhood and honest courage. The Press is a tremendous engine for good or evil. All we need in San Francisco is a better class of men to control it.

"It is excellent to have a giant's strength;
It is infamous to use it like a giant."

In conclusion, so far as Mr. Carr's case is concerned - which we have used as a text for this article—it is gratifying to know that he has conquered the newspapers at last, and has *forced* them to admit that *he* had nothing to do with the forged paper we have alluded to. After slandering him for months, these papers were obliged at last to state that not only the Post Office department, but clouds of witnesses of the highest respectability, all affirm that not even a suspicion of complicity in this matter attaches to Jesse D. Carr. And thus a career enriched by indomitable energy, great industry, and many achievements, has been spared the stains these journalistic Ishmaelites sought to place upon it. Thus a man, who was a prominent California Legislator twenty-three years ago, and, in that capacity, originated the first funding bill for the State, whose broad and sure foundations he helped to lay in 1849; thus a man, whose career on the Pacific Coast antedates the State Constitution itself, has, in a signal manner, overthrown his enemies by the shining qualities of his long and active life.

PLEASANT SURROUNDINGS.

Pleasant surroundings go far to produce a happy life. It is false economy to get along with the cheapest and poorest home possible. Money spent in surrounding yourself with elegant and substantial comforts is money well laid out. It will repay you interest—aye! and compound interest—every day of your life. We are, after all, very much creatures of circumstances. A cheerful, well furnished home is calculated to produce ideas, and it is by ideas that men make money and govern the world. Elegant surroundings tend to soothe, gratify and elevate the mind. Not only are these effects produced upon one's self, but, in an increased degree, they are produced upon the wife and family. The good wife dearly delights in an elegant, well furnished home. Next to her husband and her children, it is her special pride. The taking care of it gives employment to her thoughts, and the admiration of it, which visitors are sure to evince, is to her a continual gratification, and—our word for it!—it is a grand thing to thus gratify the mother of your children. Then the lasting effects produced upon the minds of a growing family by the pleasant character of their surroundings—who shall tell them? What man with soul so dead who does not recall to himself every chair, lounge, and piece of furniture in that old house at home? He may go forth into the world and forget the oft repeated lessons of his boyhood, but that dear old armchair in which his mother sat when she so often took him on her knee—forget that? Never! As we write, the memory travels back, and every piece of furniture in that home seems to have an individuality that speaks to us of the loved ones, some of whom have gone to their long homes, whilst others search their fortunes in many lands. If pleasant surroundings produce such lasting memories, it follows that it is true economy to furnish our homes to the very best of our ability. We found this line of thought very irresistibly forced upon us by a pleasant hour spent the other day in the immense furniture establishment of N. P. Cole & Co., at 220 Bush street. To say that we were charmed, delighted, is to speak as we felt. Throughout that vast building, with its four stories, there were on every hand things beautifully and wonderfully made. Woods of every kind turned into every conceivable shape and use. Elegant parlor suits from $200 to $5,000, and a huge stock that exceeds in value half a million dollars. The bulk of this has been manufactured in San Francisco. 150 persons have constant employment in the city. In addition to these, there are 200 prisoners and 50 free men employed at San Quentin in making furniture for this establishment. We cannot afford space to describe all we saw and learned, but we passed a cheerful hour, indulged in pleasant reflections, and, we fear, broke the tenth commandment by coveting riches which unfortunately are not ours, in order to provide ourselves with the "pleasant surroundings" we have indicated. If ever we do get fairly started on the road to wealth, the first thing we shall do will be to pay a business visit to N. P. Cole & Co.

CARO NOME.

Hold the sea-shell to thine ear,
And the murmur of the wave
From its rosy depths mayst hear,
Like a voice from out the grave
Calling through the night to thee!

Low and soft and far away
From a silent distant shore,
Where is neither night nor day,
Nor the sound of plying oar;
For all sleep beside that sea!

Low and soft, but constant still,
For it murmurs evermore
With a steady, pulsing thrill,
Of the waves upon the shore,
And it tells nought else of thee.

Hold mine heart up to thine ear,
And the one beloved name
Singing thro' its depths mayst hear,
And the song is still the same,—
'Tis a murmur from the sea!

From the great sea of my love,
Far reaching, calm, and wide,
Where no storm nor tempests move,
Nor ebbs the constant tide,
And the waves still sing of thee!

PULPIT HUMBUG.

Holding a candle to the Devil is an odious operation that no self-respecting man should willingly engage in. Yet that homely but expressive phrase precisely illustrates what a man in this city has been doing; not in any hole or corner, or other dark place, where even Old Nick might be permitted the use of this penny rush light, but it has been unblushingly exhibited with crawling sycophancy before the gaze of the public. A minister of truth, of all men, has been that obsequious candle holder. The Reverend Frank Jewell, of the Howard street Methodist Episcopal Church, was the offender. Last Sunday evening he dragged into the sanctuary the Genius of Evil, all reeking, as it was, with the filth and slime of lying, slandering, back-biting, and malicious journalism. This Evil One he enthroned, and, lest the people should see and be disgusted with the cloven foot and devilish tail, the Reverend Gentleman perpetrated the moral fraud of covering the false God with a spotless mantle, that was fair and good to look upon, and then, with a loud voice, cried: "Hear ye, O my people! Fall down and worship the Great Jehovah of the Press which I have set up, for in all the earth there is no Power like unto Him. The Great I AM, whom Frank Jewell declareth to be 'OMNIPOTENT,' reigneth!" To us be the task of pulling aside that bright robe so that the people may discover an old acquaintance, whom they know to be only a dirty little devil after all. It was the daily gutter snipe press the fellow was talking about. Fancy that! Imagine a Reverend Divine, bound by his sacred office to tell the whole truth, as he knows it, deifying the *Bulletin*, which all men know is the very impersonation of malice, or the *Call*, which retails accounts of murders and sensational stories to pander to—rather than elevate—the lowest class of its readers; or the *Alta*, the maimed, lamed, impotent, I-would-it-I-could, whisky-muddled *Alta*, or the *Chronicle*, with its crewhile exhibitions of the skeleton in every man's cupboard. Imagine, we say, a minister of truth selecting this particular juncture as a fitting occasion on which to laud such a press. If the pulpit is still a living power, the opportunity to sound a note of alarm was an eminently proper one. No warning, however, came that was at all pertinent to the evils with which the daily press afflicts us. Nothing but disgusting, sycophantic, insincere, and notoriously undeserved laudations. We would like the Reverend Gentleman to tell us what single feature, from his point of view, there is in any one of the dailies worthy the praise of a good citizen? He quotes scripture. The devil, on a memorable occasion, is said to have done that. We are told we should "give attendance to reading." As there was no press in the days when that was written, we are at a loss to see how it could have been intended to apply to our daily press affliction. We ask why we should be called upon—from the pulpit of all places—to read these abominations? Is it because of their good English, high tone, or thoughtful utterances? Verily, never were words thrown together in more slip-shod fashion, or made to express more idle, silly, worthless opinions than those which make up an average daily San Francisco paper. What wonder is it that it should be so. Uncultured, inexperienced hoodlums, in too many cases, are picked up and made to do service as newspaper men, at a rate of pay less than that accorded to a common policeman. Of a truth, friend Jewell, these be strange creatures to make gods of. Time was when gentlemen of high culture, much experience, and eminent fitness, discharged with conscientious fidelity the gravely responsible duties attaching to the position of a newspaper writer. We despair of that time ever returning whilst we have Jewells in the pulpit, who, being silent at the evil, wink at the servility, flatter the vanity, minister to the presumption, pander to the ignorance, and, with cunning sycophancy, fawn upon the tyrannous dictatorship of a Pickering, a De Young, and a Napthaly.

A young urchin at Lincoln School, the other day, gave as a reason for his being late that a boy next door was going to have a dressing down with a bed cord, and he wanted to hear him howl.

CHINESE AMUSEMENTS.

It would be difficult to find a people with a keener sense of humor, or more devoted to pleasure than the Chinese, and in this they differ not one whit from ourselves; music, the stage, the pleasures of the table, its sensual gratification and intercommunication of ideas, and the perusal of light literature. No house is without its musical talent, and at all hours of the day and night, on passing through the streets, will be heard the twanging of the harp or guitar, the shrill notes of the flute, or the screeching falsetto of some accomplished vocalist. To the Chinaman, no doubt, those strains and sounds convey all the ecstatic thrill which a Paganini or a Sims Reeves would excite in the minds of the European. But the effect which they usually had on the writer was that of a sharp twinge of colic, and, being no musician, he can only describe the airs as akin to those of which the nursery story tells us the old cow died. A theory has, however, been started, that the chords in Chinese music are the natural chords of the human voice. It is fortunate for the European ear that it has proved itself capable of appreciating those which are artificial . . . .The Chinaman is a most constant playgoer, and he has every opportunity for indulging his passion. Each village has its stage a raised platform placed outside the big gate of the village temple—where performances in the open air are constantly taking place. These performances are usually the thanks-offering of some devout worshiper, or the result of a fine imposed upon some delinquent member of a society or guild, so that attending the theater in China is not so expensive as at home. In some of the larger cities there are regularly built theaters, with box, balcony and parterre, and it is the constant practice of the more wealthy to have private performances in their homes. The performers are strolling actors, carrying with them all their properties; they require no drop scene, wings, or other paraphernalia requisite for the most unimportant private performance in English houses; a raised platform is quite sufficient for this purpose, and ten dollars will hire the services of a first-rate company for one evening. Their *repertoire*, always a very large one, consists of historical representations of terrific single combats and battles of rival claimants to power or the throne, and farces chosen from every-day subjects, replete with humor and ridiculous situations, but hardly, from their coarseness, presentable to an English audience. A dinner-giving nation is the Chinese; dinners which would astonish even the proverbial aldermanic capacity, by the number and variety of the courses, and though stiff and formal at the first, loud and boisterous as the wine begins its work, and joke and pun are bandied about; their freedom of speech, the copiousness, and the limitation at the same time to a very small number of sounds, of their monosyllabic language, giving them a great power in double *entendre*, pun and riddle; while their literature teems with humorous stories and tales, though few will bear the telling to the more refined Englishman; and those few hardly worth it when divested of that which makes them agreeable to the Chinese mind.—*Oriental.*

SHANGHAI RIOTS.

Disaster came near overtaking the French settlement at Shanghai, on the 3d ult. A road was being made through a grave-yard against the remonstrances of the Chinese, who offered some land free of cost so that a straight road could be made. This fair offer was at first rejected, and, as a consequence, a serious riot took place. Buildings were set on fire, some French nearly killed, and Britishers injured ere their nationality was discovered. Miss McLean, of a London missionary society, received very cruel treatment. Regrets were offered by the rioters when it was discovered that these latter were not French. Some eighty men from U. S. vessels *Ashuelot* and *Yantic*, with the Shanghai volunteer corps, assisted in saving the settlement from destruction. The danger seems to be over, as a French corvette and the British admiral had arrived. A French merchant is almost unknown in China. *Vin ordinaire* shops and livery stables are the most prominent features of the French settlement at Shanghai. The crusaders should open a branch there, as some converts might be found among the Greek, French, and Portuguese Jack Tars. It seems unaccountable how the French Government can find it advantageous to keep up a large consular staff at a country where no trade is done that benefits their nation or people.

Japan.—The perpetual changes of Ministers in Japan, says the *China Mail*, will assuredly lead to some curious political development one of these days. The politics of that country are now mere personal questions, not of parties or of principles. Ruin must overtake the country if some better and more stable nucleus than the Cabinet in its present condition cannot be found to represent the legislative and executive powers of government. Any day may witness organic change, or such trouble as may demonstrate the necessity for it.

A San Francisco hoodlum donned his first silk hat and cigar for last Saturday's matinee. He got along well enough with the cigar, but he had to give up that hat, it made him sick at the stomach. Oh, my!

A BAD BUSINESS.

It is a not less ungracious than uncongenial task to touch that miserable De Young-Napthaly imbroglio. We would willingly pass it by; yet duty would not be discharged with our usual fearlessness if we altogether shirked an expression of opinion upon certain features of the case that seem to demand notice. We take leave to omit all reference to the details and content ourselves with seizing upon certain salient points. It seems to us that there is much vile, malicious, Pecksniffian pretense about the comments of the *Bulletin*, *Call* and *Alta* on this subject. If any one gets shot, those responsible for the publication of those papers will certainly deserve condign punishment as accessories to murder. They are saying day by day, covertly it may be, yet in language that is not to be misunderstood: "Napthaly, although we have for policy sake to write you down a bad egg, yet privately we have considerable respect for you; at any rate, we very much like the work you are engaged in. That fellow De Young is in our way. You are just the man to put him out of it. Either of two methods will suit us equally well. Shoot him, or else use language about her who gave him birth, such as you think he will not stand, and he will then shoot you. Even in the latter event he is a dead duck, for business purposes anyhow, and that suits us exactly." We put it to any man of common sense if that is not the only possible outcome that can be fairly and logically deduced from the mischievous utterances of the papers we have named. These interested hounders on of malignancy and murder are, in our opinion, deserving of a degree of contempt that is unmerited by either De Young or Napthaly. The latter are actuated by passions that are wicked beyond expression, yet they are passions natural to the human heart, whereas the former allow the lust of greed and gain to be their actuating motive for gloating over unmentionable slanders upon an aged lady and for utterances which incite to murder. With assassination in their hearts, it is their misfortune rather than their fault that their creature is, like themselves, lacking in physical courage to execute that which they design. If in this state of facts De Young sighs for sympathy in vain, it is because he has too often made others feel that which he now keenly suffers himself. Time and time again he has permitted the *Chronicle* to be the vehicle of unmerited attacks upon other men's sisters and mothers. If he alone were now being punished few would care to stay the hand that inflicts the blows. But it should be remembered that the innocent are being punished worse than the guilty. The ladies are not editors, and should not suffer for the sins of those who are. In blasting them in order to smirch the *Chronicle's* proprietors, Napthaly is guilty of an act which begets condemnation everywhere save in the hearts of the *Bulletin*, *Call* and *Alta* proprietors. The whole of this mad and bad business ought to have been ended long ago by the heavy hand of the law. That ought to be the master of all of us. Where there is no law there is no real liberty. That Grand Jury ought to have indicted for libel and for an attempt to murder. We have ere now censured the whole of that body. We now know that only two of its members were rightly amenable to such censure. To Edward Bosqui and Harrison Jones belongs the bad credit of causing that terribly unfortunate miscarriage of justice, and at their doors will be much of the responsibility for all the evils that are now occurring. These two men ought to be remembered. They may seek office hereafter. A republic cannot live if her citizens are not courageous or honest enough to put the law in motion against wrong-doers. These men, having failed in the most sacred duty they owed to the Commonwealth, must never be permitted to participate in honors and emoluments which are the reward of good citizenship.

GARIBALDI.

A correspondent sends an interesting letter about Garibaldi and his island home. He says: "Before Garibaldi went to Caprera a ship rarely touched there, but during the last three years a hundred and fifty steamers have put into the little harbor. Four Neapolitan steamers have been named after him, and since 1871 he has been presented with agricultural implements of the value of from 14,000 to 16,000 francs. He has also received other presents of money and jewelry worth about 1,000,000 francs, but these he has returned. He is honorary citizen of ninety towns, villages, or districts; and honorary president of 120 societies. He has twenty-one swords of honor, eleven of which have been sent from abroad; and since 1871 he has received upwards of 5,000 addresses of sympathy from various quarters. The island of Caprera brings him a net income of about 3,000 francs." Truly, the grand old patriot has not been forgotten in his seclusion.

A Sailor dropped out of the rigging of a ship of war some fifteen or twenty feet, and fell plump on the head of the first Lieutenant. "Wretch," said the officer, after he had gathered himself up, "Where the deuce did you come from?" "An' sure I came from the north of Ireland, yer honor."

The other day an old lady rushed into the garden in search of her daughter, on being told that the young lady had gone there with a "rake."

THE REVEREND FRANK WHO ISN'T A JEWEL.

In our own mild way we have said what we thought about Parson Jewell on our 8th page. A valued correspondent thus tells what he thinks about this jeweled story: "The Rev. Mr. Jewell preached a very remarkable course at the Howard-street Methodist Church, on Sunday evening, in which he glorified the ungodly and ribald daily press of San Francisco. His text was taken from the 13th chapter of Paul's Epistle to Timothy: "Give attendance to reading." The Rev. gentleman handled the text as if the Apostle's meaning had been "be diligent in reading the daily newspapers." Of course this is a gross perversion of Scripture, as the significance attached to "texts" by preachers generally is. Just think of Paul's recommending his disciples in the Lord to be diligent in reading the *Call* or *Chronicle!* Never before was such a glorification of the newspaper heard from the pulpit—and a Methodist pulpit at that. 'The first newspaper in America,' said the preacher, 'made its appearance in 1721. And yet in the brief interval that has since elapsed to what an enormous power the press has developed! In less than 200 years this new force in civilization has revolutionized society. It is to-day the leading influence among all the social forces. The voice of the pulpit would be lost, did not the press take up its accents, and spread them all over the land. The newspapers are greater educators than the public schools; more powerful levers of public opinion than the pulpit or the rostrum. They are the most universal and cosmopolitan institution we have. They are social assimilators and levelers. The rich and the poor read the same papers, and are brought into sympathy. The newspaper has become a necessary of life and the chief agent for carrying on the world's progress; it has supplanted books and all other literature, except for the few. The newspaper suffices for the many.' The Rev. gentleman then went into an enthused eulogium of the editors and reporters of the daily papers, which beautifully illustrates the childlike simplicity of his character. Evidently he knows nothing by experience of the poor devils whose praises he so touchingly intones. Just hear him: 'The young men on the editorial and reportorial staffs of our papers are chosen from the most promising ones. These young men are spending their nights and days to add to our information and pleasure. Rushing through the streets at night while we are slumbering, collecting the news and putting it in shape to lay it before us in the morning, they are our benefactors. If there is a class of persons we are under obligations to it is the reporters of the daily press. We owe them a debt of obligation that cannot be measured.' And such is Mr. Jewell's pleasing ideal of 'the reporter for the daily press.' O, Reverend sir, wait until you find his optic glued to your own key-hole, and a toothsome bit of scandal at your own expense or that of some lamb of your flock served up for the delectation of the public, and then you will change your tune.

Yours, No HUMBUG."

JOHN BRIGHT ON LOCAL OPTION.

John Bright has been a total abstainer for thirty-five years, yet he does not belong to the class who imagine law the supreme panacea for the vice of drunkenness. Indeed, he has a rather poor opinion of the practical sagacity exhibited by those who indulge this day-dream. The Society of Friends was called to indorse a repressive legislative policy on the question of intemperance. In reply to the advocates of this policy, Mr. Bright said "he found that they were always crying to Parliament for the cure of this great evil, the real cure being in the individual, and not in any possible law. The asking for this kind of legislation revealed an amount of simplicity which could not be understood by him. It was for Parliament to make such changes as, for instance, the shutting up of public-houses when decent and well-behaved people would be indoors and abed to preserve order in the streets. Thus Parliament would do all that was necessary for the public good, and for the proper administration of police regulations. If all those things were done, and if the public-houses were closed on Sundays; if the hours of sale were shortened; if licenses were taken from the grocers—the amount of drinking, which was so absolutely appalling, would be but little lessened, and it would make almost no difference to the great question." Mr. Bright has here justly stated the facts of the situation. True, there is a measure of hypocrisy in this world; but the mask it imposes cannot be constantly worn, and, after all, the outward is a pretty fair index of the inner man. Every thoughtful man and woman must know that you cannot legislate a drunken man into sobriety. Individual freedom must exist. It remains for education to teach the individual to use that freedom in a manner befitting a reasonable being. When the prevailing sentiment renders drunkenness odious and as obnoxious to public opinion as it is to sound reason, it will almost cease to exist.

A girl at the fair the other evening, who had had a quarrel with her lover, was overheard to tell a gentleman, who looked very like a new wooer, that "she wasn't on squeezing terms with that fraud any more."

HO! HIM THAT THIRSTETH.

The reaction which invariably follows a period of fanaticism has set in, and people are beginning to realize, from the depressing effects already evident, how ruinous to the business community the no-license law would be. Putting aside the consideration that the law is startlingly sudden in its enforcement, and allows not a day for the disposal of the business, should the law pass, it is wise to remember that business generally is a huge hinge system in which every one depends to a degree upon some one else. The closing of the twenty-five hundred liquor rooms in this city would throw thrice, nay, five times that number of men out of employment. It would most seriously affect the pockets of the owners of real estate and the business of house agents and collectors. It would materially lessen the revenues of the dealers in crockery ware, while the coopers and bottle makers would be left with idle hands. It would affect the vintners and their countless employees, the farmers and their hands, the brewers and all their dependent interests. Buttonhole bouquets and enthusiastic women are charming pictures when engaged in the proper place in works of charity, but in the creation of a species of panic they are scarcely to be admired, when their works will result in a desolate city with dusty panes of glass staring from vacant houses, and the sidewalks lined with men wearing that abject and wretched look which appertains to the face of the man who has nothing to do. Even at this cost, experience, in older cities, has proven that drunkenness will not be done away with. It is scarcely probable that the gentlemen who have spent the best years of their manhood in building their fortunes will stand idly by to see them shattered at one blow with an outbreak of feminine fanaticism. It remains to be seen what right they have to close the liquor rooms rather than the gun shops, where weapons, dangerous to life, are sold, or the drug stores, where poisons are dispensed, or the dry goods stores, which, with women, are the root of much evil, of envy, heart-burning, extravagance, hariotry. We quite comprehend and cordially approve the good which might be done by a restricted license law, whose provisions might do away with the aggravated evils of the liquor question, but we see no right to discriminate between the different forms of traffic, and say that one man may sell strychnine and another may not sell whisky.

THE SUPERVISORS AS BRICK TRADERS.

The late City Hall Commissioners turned over to the Supervisors upwards of a million of bricks on the ground. The quantity was but little more than guessed at, as they were piled loosely. Since the work has been resumed, the piles have been disappearing much faster than any one expected, leading to grave doubts whether there will be enough bricks to finish present contracts. Meantime, so many brick buildings are in course of erection, the supply from the usual sources is exhausted, and the price consequently enhanced, and builders are anxiously looking on every side for bricks. The big pile at the City Hall has not escaped notice. Our gentle City Fathers have been pestered and persecuted with prayers to loan or sell, and at last, persuaded by an ex-Father, agreed last Monday night to part with some of those supernumerary bricks for $14 50 per thousand, so as to prevent 300 men employed on the Palace Hotel from being deprived of work. Good Fathers! Now the bricks cost the city $15 50 per thousand delivered, and about $1 more for the labor of selecting and piling them just where they should be for use on the building. They are first quality, as the ex-Father knows well, for they were selected under his superintendence. He also knows what they cost, and what a good bargain he is making for the Palace folks—for whom he is Superintendent—out of the City Hall folks, for whom he is also Superintendent. He also gets the regular dealers on the hip. They can't put the price up on him, so long as he has the City Hall stock to draw on at several dollars per thousand less than the market price. He balances his conscience, we must suppose, under the rule of unostentatious charity, "not letting the right hand know what the left hand doeth," the right hand representing in this instance the City Hall parties. Should not the Supervisors take out a license? Other brick traders do. We understand that after a proper calculation of the bricks required to finish the existing contracts, and a more careful estimate of the quantity on the ground, there will be a deficiency of half a million bricks to complete the contracts. We may have more to say about this.

The talented young artist, Max Bachert, left New York, June 15th, for San Francisco, after a flying trip through the East to advance photography (for Bradley & Rulofson). With him he brings many valuable improvements to the art, which this enterprising gallery will have the advantage of. The trip has done our friend a world of good, and we expect some "Gems of Photography" that will add to the present excellent reputation of *the* artist.

Macbeth must have been a tobacco chewer, as his way of life had fallen "into the sear and yellow leaf."

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

My conscience! What is conscience?
Why, conscience is pure fudge.
The conscience of the thief is not
The conscience of the judge.

Men talk of conscience checking them;
But where's the virtue, when
There's as many kinds of conscience
As there are kinds of men!

—*The Battle.*

INADEQUATE AND DEAR YET NASTY WATER.

It is comfortable to feel that at last we have a Board of Supervisors who seem to realize our water needs, and are acting upon them. These gentlemen have been engaged for several weeks past in visiting the several places submitted for their consideration. We trust when they turn their attention to Spring Valley, that they will not confine themselves to the reservoirs, but will go to the fountain-head whence the supply comes. The most casual observer can see at a glance that in a country where there are no summer rains, and where dry winter seasons are apt to succeed each other, a creek is a precarious reliance for a city of the size and growth of San Francisco. Emigrants are coming in at the rate of a hundred and fifty per day, and the city is growing proportionately. A few feeble springs and half dry creeks are not sufficient for us. We need a big natural lake, accessible and inexhaustible. London, Paris, Glasgow, New York, all the great cities have made a mistake in the beginning by not supplying themselves bountifully, and have been obliged to repent and rectify the error. Let us profit by their experience. As matters stand, we have not enough water, and we pay too much for it. Our three leading hotels have been obliged to kick against the extortion. The Grand and Occidental Hotels have sunken wells, and the Lick House is about to follow suit, while all the world knows that plans for the Palace Hotel Water Works are being made out at the present reading. Spring Valley tells us that they give us water as cheaply as they can afford. It would be absurd to continue to pay it to them when we know that it can be obtained cheaper elsewhere. Let the Board of Supervisors remember the amazing growth of the city, and the fact that it is not for one year, nor five, nor ten only, that we want water, and they will soon dismiss Spring Valley from their calculations. We imagine they are upon the right track, and we hope they will not swerve from it.

THE FOUNTAIN HEAD OF JOURNALISTIC SCURRILITY.

The Chronicle and the Sun are just now targets for the ruthless assaults of the prim cohorts of the virtuous press. But, after all, those sheets are but imitators of a bad example. We think it both stupid and unjust to make those two papers scapegoats, and let their great original and prototype go unwhipped of justice. The fact is, and it is a historical fact within the knowledge of all citizens of long standing, that the San Francisco *Bulletin* was the first of the papers of San Francisco to inaugurate obscene and vituperative journalism. And now it has grown virtuous, and groans over the sins of the "disreputable press," and rolls its eyes and makes broad its phylacteries, and metaphorically holds its nose when it names the name of the *Chronicle*. The *Bulletin* set the fashion, and Fitch is really a worse and a meaner man than either of his imitators. Fitch succeeded in building up a prosperous and "influential" journal by fierce blackguardism, and by truculent attacks upon individuals in both public and private life. DeYoung thought he could achieve the same end by a similar process, and did not make proper allowance for the gradual change that has taken place in popular feeling and taste. We protest against the injustice of making scapegoats of Fitch's pupils. If an example is to be made, it is the genuine, original, old sinner that ought to be put upon the rack.

THE OVERLAND.

We congratulate the Overland on the accession it has made in the persons of its new editors, Messrs. Walt. M. Fisher and T. Arundel Harcourt, the latter not having been engaged as assistant, as some of the papers erroneously have it, but holding office as the colleague, on equal terms, of Mr. Fisher. Both these gentlemen are old friends and contributors of ours, particularly Mr. Harcourt, whose brilliant and scholarly pen has long formed one of the brightest ornaments of the *News Letter*, a journal to whose inexhaustible reserves the highest literature of California has always been indebted for its most shining lights. Friends of the *News Letter* will be aware that long before this appointment was made, we had predicted it, knowing well that it was the most fit and natural that could well take place. For two years these gentlemen have been assisting Mr. Hubert H. Bancroft on his great History of the Pacific Coast, with so much mutual satisfaction, that these old relations are still to be kept up, Mr. Bancroft's penetration and judgment in weighing the value of these two young men being only second to our own. We proudly wish them God-speed, and prophecy a bright future both for them and for the *Overland*.

Jaynesville has an educated pig called "Ben Butler." There is a chance for a libel suit—on the part of the pig.

ARE THEY UNCERTIFICATED?

We have asked to see the diplomas of those eight practicing medical men in vain. We predicted that we would. We experience no difficulty whatever in being permitted to see the diplomas of our highest physicians. But then those diplomas exist. We have received quite a number of instructive letters in regard to this matter, to which we will endeavor to do justice next week. Eckel accosted us the other day, and instead of politely inviting us to examine a diploma, began to threaten. A detective officer happened along, and he cleared out in the twinkling of an eye. As he hurried away, we thought of our murdered friend, and hurled an emphatic anathema at the system which permits ignorant boors to usurp the positions of educated physicians. Holland, with his six diplomas, has subsided. We cannot see *one*. We are sorry, for we rather like this linguistic Dutchman. Luscomb is the subject of an interesting biographical notice which he will be glad to know stands over for this week. We are in receipt of a romance which tells how a Scotch doctor died at sea and how his servant assumed possession of his name and his diploma. This will prove light literature to Dr. McEwan. The new rules of the French Society of San Francisco, altered so as to absolve its present physician from the necessity of producing his diploma, have reached us. Dr. D'Oliviera is in no manner interested in them. These and other matters will be heard of again. Meanwhile we call the attention of the eight medical men concerned to the question put to them in another column. We acknowledge with thanks the many letters we have received from physicians and others. The writers need not fear that we shall grow weary in well doing. We mean to make San Francisco a warm place for medical charlatans to live in. The issues of life and death are too serious to be left in their hands. Before we are through we will compel that University Faculty to set a better example, and in the end we believe our labors will largely contribute to the placing the noblest of the professions in that exalted position in the estimation of our citizens generally that it ought of right to occupy.

CHERRY CREEK MILL AND MINING COMPANY.

Many inquires having been made at this office in regard to the stock of the Cherry Creek Mill and Mining Company, recently placed upon the stock lists, we concluded to make such careful investigations as were due the character of the inquirers and the gentlemen composing the Board of Trustees, whose names will be found in another column. We take pleasure in advising our friends that we find the status of the company to be as follows: Out of debt; money in the Treasury; a mill erected at a cost of $55,000, which started up on ores from the Exchequer Mine, belonging to the company, on the 16th inst.; six or seven hundred tons of ore on the dump. From information received it is probable that dividends will soon be paid, all the supplies for several months being on hand and paid for. There are large reserves, and the mill is the key to the entire district, which is the most promising of any in the State of Nevada, outside of the Comstock. The Directors are all gentlemen of standing in the community, and their names should be the guarantee of a "square deal." The Superintendent, Capt. John Turner, is thoroughly competent, and bears a most excellent reputation. He is an experienced silver miner, and, as a mill man, has no superior. Altogether the outlook of this company is promising.

FOURTH OF JULY PROPOSALS.

The ge-lo-ri-ous Anniversary of our National Independence is coming round once more, and there is the usual demand for orations, poems, odes, etc., for the occasion. Every city, village, hamlet, and mining camp, wants to celebrate, with the exception of Oakland and the places where Local Option has prevailed; they, of course, will omit the annual jubilation; for what would Fourth of July be without whisky? How could the patriotic steam be got up, and the afflatus generated without the tonic cocktail, and the exhilarating punch? But, nevertheless, there will be some seventy odd celebrations in this State alone, and a corresponding number of orations and poems will be required. We are now ready to fill orders from all parts of the State for these literary commodities, at the shortest notice. Poems, $50; orations, $25; odes, $10. A large assortment always on hand. Country customers supplied. A liberal discount on wholesale transactions. Send in your orders at once.

Married.—On the 18th inst, at the residence of W. H. Taylor, Esq., Sutter street, brother-in-law of the bride, by the Reverend Doctor Lathrop, Emma Taylor to Dr. Charles Gillingham, M. R. C. S. Our friend is a capital representative of the superior colleges, of which he is a graduate: persevering in science, social in disposition, and faithful to his patients.

A Georgia paper promises to publish a "thrilling cereal." Its readers will probably make an oat of it.

OPPOSITION TO GREAT INVENTIONS.

Tradition says that John Post, one of the three inventors of printing was charged with practicing magic in the old of the devil, and was persecuted both by the Church and the people. The strongest opposition to the press has, however, been evinced in Turkey. The use of printing was prohibited there hundred years, under the most severe penalties. It was first employed and the law revoked by Sultan Achmet, in 1727, and was finally abolished in 1742, when the Janizaries were suppressed. The last book printed there was a history of Sultan Achmet's reign. A Jew by the name of Ibrahim was the first printer. He was executed, and his press and types destroyed. The Turks, however, soon found that they could not do without the press, and Ibrahim's successors were allowed to print books, but only on condition that they should not print the Koran. The Turks believed that the Koran was written in the language of heaven, and that no human hand could translate it into any other tongue without profaning it. Printing was introduced into Russia by Ivan Vasilovitz, who established a press in Moscow in 1553. The Russians, however, were very much opposed to the innovation, and the press was destroyed by the mob. Printing was introduced into Spain by a Jew, who established a press at Saragossa. Printing was introduced into Portugal by a Jew, who established a press at Lisbon. The Portuguese Inquisition, however, soon suppressed the press. Printing was introduced into Mexico by the Spaniards, and the first book printed there was published in 1544. The Inquisition soon suppressed the press. Printing was introduced into Peru by the Spaniards, and the first book printed there was published in 1584. The Inquisition soon suppressed the press. Printing was introduced into Brazil by the Portuguese, and the first book printed there was published in 1747. The Portuguese Inquisition soon suppressed the press. Printing was introduced into Chile by the Spaniards, and the first book printed there was published in 1776. The Spanish Inquisition soon suppressed the press. Printing was introduced into Peru by the Spaniards, and the first book printed there was published in 1584. The Inquisition soon suppressed the press. Printing was introduced into Brazil by the Portuguese, and the first book printed there was published in 1747. The Portuguese Inquisition soon suppressed the press. Printing was introduced into Chile by the Spaniards, and the first book printed there was published in 1776. The Spanish Inquisition soon suppressed the press.

AID FOR LOUISIANA.

It is not easy to comprehend misery and suffering when one is only the witness and guest. It is with a feeling of pleasure that we note the generosity of the Governor of Rhode Island as well as to observe on the Sacramento [illegible] the contributions and donations collected by himself, while returning from Marysville. The Orleans and the cry of a suffering and starving people, among [illegible] of disorder, and they are now reaping the richest return for good, [illegible] of war with open hands giving their time and their lives, after [illegible] Orleans. And we are happy to say that San Francisco has answered the appeal in the highest. Five thousand dollars, the result of private subscription, have already been raised, and more is ready. The city of Paris has been a brilliant success as far as receipts went and beautiful ladies and many [illegible] attendance would make it, we dare say hope to secure a respectable amount from that [illegible]. In addition, the race meeting at the Agricultural Park Course [illegible] the [illegible] of the [illegible] will be a tremendous affair. Numerous [illegible] "Sweepstakes" to be run for and numerous [illegible] "Grand Entrance," "Grand Exit," "Grand Procession of [illegible] the horses have entertained their audience, but to mention some [illegible] attractions on that occasion it will be a gala day for [illegible]. There will be a [illegible] Ball at Platt's Hall [illegible] the Bay. The committee in charge of the [illegible] and generous, so that every one will [illegible] and [illegible] will have a [illegible] to [illegible] to help the [illegible] to [illegible] a suffering [illegible] a great [illegible] the [illegible] and [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] and those [illegible] from similar visitations and to [illegible] in its greatest need.

The 4th of July Celebration this year is bound to be a grand success. Colonel Thornton's equality [illegible] is the right place. His enthusiasm is [illegible] example to all [illegible] with whom he comes in contact. The arrangements are [illegible] good progress. There is a marked absence of [illegible] and jealousies and all [illegible] as merry as a marriage bell.

LOCAL "BREVS."

Steamship "Cyphrenes."---We could not help noticing this vessel when she arrived from China some months since as being the "acme of perfection," but what a change has come over the *Cyphrenes* since she has fallen into Colonial hands. Soap and paint must be scarce in Australia. That may account for it. A good Yankee captain informed us he should like to have charge long enough to give her a scrub down.

Horace Davis, the worthy President of the Produce Exchange, returned from the East a few days since, after a two months absence in Boston, New York, etc. Mr. Davis is a son of "Honest John Davis," of Boston, and brother of Andrew McF. Davis, President of the Mercantile Library Association, and also member of the Board of Education of this city. These gentlemen are proprietors of the Golden Gate Flouring Mills, of this city.

J. W. H. Campbell, Flour and Grain Merchant, has returned this week from a three months' absence in England, France, etc., business and pleasure combined. Mr. Campbell is a bold operator upon 'Change, and, once aroused, he becomes a power on 'Change, not only as a Grain buyer and operator, but as an exporter of Wheat and Barley. His correspondence is extensive, and he is wide awake for bargains.

James Lick.---We publish elsewhere the thanks of our leading citizens to James Lick. We will, in our own way, show the esteem in which this Great Philanthropist is held. The forthcoming number of the *Mail Bag* will contain a memoir and splendid portrait of Mr. Lick, surrounded by the Trustees whom he, with so much discretion, has selected to carry out his noble designs.

The New City Hall to be Completed.---It turns out—the opinion of the City and County Attorney and the wishes of the *Bulletin* to the contrary notwithstanding—that the law as it at present stands gives ample power to continue the erection of the New City Hall to completion. We understand there will be no stoppage, but that the work will go right ahead.

The Pacific Mail Steamship Company proposes to inaugurate a special line of steamers to Panama every alternate Thursday, to commence next week by the departure of the *Pacific*. These steamers will call at San Diego and various ports in Mexico and Central America. The arrangement will be of advantage to shippers.

The Merchants' Exchange Bank has removed to the commodious building recently occupied by the London and San Francisco Bank. The Merchants' Exchange Bank is a local institution, whose efficient and popular officers have won for it an established position in the confidence of the trading community.

New Wheat.---The Golden Age Mills, Conro & Sons proprietors, paid this day $1 70 per cental for 1200 sacks of new Sonora Club Wheat. This is a high price for new crop, but a pressing order for flour to China rendered the purchase a necessity.

The Grangers' Bank, it is said, made the transfer and they will occupy the bank building lately vacated by the Merchant's Exchange Bank. Alfred F. Wallcott, of E. E. Morgan & Sons, is to be the President and Manager of the Grangers' Bank.

The Water Supply Question.---Our Engineer's report upon the insufficiency of the Spring Valley Company's source of supply is held over, to be published with further and confirmatory information in our issue of the 3d of July.

Mr. S. H. Marsh, the celebrated musical composer, pianist and harpist, arrived on Thursday night from Yokohama. Mr. Marsh proposes to take up his permanent residence in San Francisco.

Pacific Mail Steamer New York is under charter to the Japanese for the Formosa expedition. The Chinese Government has sent a small fleet of war vessels to watch the course of events.

Mr. H. C. Rothery, the British Agent for the Fisheries Question, who has been traveling in this State for the past few weeks, leaves for Washington, Sunday.

The Vancouver, from Hongkong, brought 600 Chinese, and, with the 900 per *Lord of the Isles*, we have 1,500 Chinese landed this week upon our shores.

The opening of the North Pacific Coast Railway, from Saucelito, will take place on the 16th July next.

Peruvian Steamer Rosita y Nina, with 800 coolies from Macao for Havana, put into Rio de Janeiro with, report says, only 140 beings alive.

"The Summer Time that Was," song, words by Owen Meredith, composed by Oscar Weil, is just published by M. Gray.

On dit –That Horace Davis, Esq., is soon to be united in marriage to Miss King, daughter of the late Thomas Starr King.

Birth.---To the wife of Wm. Ritchie, Esq., of Saucelito, a daughter, on the 17th instant.

Hongkong has somewhere about forty small steamers for harbor use.

NOTABILIA.

At it again!—San Francisco is a long-suffering community. She has been purged by fire, baptized by blood, cheated by sharpers, and swindled by frauds, her courts have been corrupt and justice a farce; she has been ruled by imbeciles, so that lawless men ran riot and stained her streets with blood. But if she is slow to anger, woe be to evil doers when she is aroused. These remarks have been suggested by the execrable shooting of De Young and Napthaly on Tuesday last. If the duelists would only go to Goat Island and *kill* each other, the country would be well rid of them; but when they select the neighborhood of the store of J. De La Montanya, 216 Jackson street, where crowds of people are going in and out continually, to do their shooting, we protest. Montanya is doing a great work for San Francisco, with his cheap and splendid Union Ranges, and of course does not want his customers perforated with stray bullets.

They have been tickled to death all the week. That is to say the visitors have. It is plain that our advice was taken to heart and practiced. The results were so marvelous that we give it over again. Here it is: "What is the key-note of good breeding? Be natural. It is also the secret of procuring a perfect photographic likeness. Sit at ease and look yourself, and you will certainly secure a portrait as natural as life. There is a good deal in the manner in which you are received by the artist. If he puts you on good terms with yourself from the moment you enter his studio, why then the result is never for a moment in doubt. That is what they do at Bradley & Rulofson's, 429 Montgomery street."

A literal-minded youngster was picked up by a visitor of the family, who, dandling him on his knee, said: "I wish I had this little boy; I think there's money in him." To which promptly responded the child: "I know there is, for I swallowed a cent when I was at grandma's the other day."

Our Notabilia man went to see that place the other day. He had so often written about the "pleasures of a well furnished home," and all that sort of thing, that he thought he would go and see that grand furnishing establishment for himself once more. He did, and brought away inspiration enough to enable him to write a Notabilia notice about it once a week for the rest of this century. This week he is so full that he cannot do justice to himself in this column, and so spreads himself in another. That was a real pleasant as well as instructive hour he spent at the furniture establishment of N. P. Cole & Co., at 220 Bush street.

Nesbeth, of Oregon, in speaking of Attorney-General Williams and his landaulet, said: "Put a beggar on horseback, and he will ride to the devil." The expression was declared by the speaker to be unparliamentary. Whereupon it was withdrawn, and restated in this wise: "Establish a mendicant upon the uppermost section of a charger, and he will transport himself to Apollyon." That was neat and true. It is also a fact that when you place a gentleman behind a good team he goes for the Golden Gate Park, and never fails to call at the "Villa," kept by Mr. and Mrs. Mangenberg.

"If I save ten cents a day from my drinks," ruminated old Rednose, "it will be $36.50 a year, and in fifty years it will be $1,825, and then I can marry Mary. Dear Mary!"

That argument beats the local option people. We repeat it. When the blood is chilled and the heart is cold, there is no friend who will come in and warm you and give you new views of life with the same certainty that Cutter's Whisky will. Thousands and tens of thousands know this to be true. Right here the reason comes in why local option laws will never succeed. So long as men's hearts grow sad, so long will the gentle stimulant be needed which drives dull care away. It is sold by A. P. Hotaling, 431 Jackson street.

A check punch that will prevent the fraudulent alterations of checks, drafts, letters of credit, etc., is certainly a great desideratum in the commercial world. It has been cheaply, simply and effectively supplied by means of the "National Safety Check Punch." The American Institute says that by means of figures cut out of the paper representing the exact amount drawn it effectually prevents fraud. Every mercantile house should have it. Sold by the agents, John G. Hodge & Co., 327, 329 and 331 Sansome street.

The editor of a Nashville paper is accused by his neighbors of having caught cold while sleeping in church with his pew door open.

Some pictures, which lacking life and character, leave no impression behind. Five minutes after they are removed from your sight you forget what they were like. Sometimes that impressionless appearance is the fault of the sitter; frequently it is the fault of the Photographer. But it has no existence in Houseworth's portraits. They are each and all strikingly characteristic of the person represented. No negative is allowed to pass unless it will give a faithful portrait. This is the secret of Houseworth's success, at 12 Montgomery street.

We are going to praise that place as it deserves. Yes! we are. The *Town Crier* pitches into pretty nearly everybody. Therefore pretty nearly everybody pitches into him—if they can get a chance. Our Notabilia man praises most people, and it really is astonishing how kindly people take to him. He is invited out every night in the week, and on Sundays he goes into the country. Last week he went to San Rafael and stopped at the Marin Hotel, and now he wants to tell everybody what a good time he had.

The difference between a tale-bearer and sealing-wax is, that sealing-wax burns to keep a secret and the tale-bearer burns to tell one.

This is an age which boasts of its "high tone." But we are not quite sure that it has very much to boast of in that respect. "Low tone" would more fittingly describe the pulpit, press and platform of our city during the past few weeks. Whatever be the difference of opinion on that point, there is none as to the fact that the Hallet Davis & Co.'s Piano is the "best toned" in the market. It is sold by W. G. Badger, 7 and 13 Sansome street.

Having made a rise in stocks, our Notabilia man invited his friends to a treat. He's a generous cuss when he's got money—which is not often. He and they started out for a good time, but soon pulled up at Emerson Corville & Co.'s oyster saloon, 419 Pine street. They were politely received, comfortably housed, speedily attended to, and moderately charged. It took a dozen dozen on the half shell to give them an appetite for dinner.

Those newspaper shootists can't hit anything, and it is our belief they don't want to. They differ widely from our Notabilia man—he always wants to hit his mark, and always does it, too. He goes straight for the objective point intended, and that's why he writes Notabilia. He fetches customers every time he fires a shot. That is why D. A. McDonald & Co. employ him. They make doors, sashes, window frames, blinds, etc., at 217 to 225 Spear street.

"Don't count your chickens before they are hatched." Enumerate not your adolescent pullets ere they cease to be oviform.

Another Disappointed Lover.—And no wonder. He went to see his lady love with a suit of slop clothing on. She didn't like his style, discharged him, and he discharged the contents of a pistol. Nobody hurt by the last reports, but if the youth had betook himself to Purdy & Litchfield, a good-fitting suit would have made all smooth, and he would be happy yet. Their place is corner Washington and Sansome streets.

Life's experiences are varied. They change with each individual. One man's meat is another man's poison. There is, however, one matter in which all experiences agree: A defective cooking range spoils good food, sours the wife's temper as well as your own, and maddens things generally. Wise men avoid those evils by purchasing a Richmond Portable Range from George H. Tay & Co., 614 to 618 Battery street.

Busy as the times are in the building trade, customers are promptly attended to, and their orders are executed in the highest style of workmanship at the establishment of Sanborn & Byrnes, over the Mechanics' Mill on Mission street. They build stairs, and turn and carve wood into every conceivable shape and for every possible use. Good workmanship and economy in prices are the secrets of their success.

Placards on the St. Louis street cars declare that "This car can't wait for ladies to kiss good-by."

The Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States did a graceful thing during the decoration exercises at Baltimore, yesterday, in placing a handsome cross and bouquet bearing the inscription, "A Tribute to Union Dead, from Confederate Soldiers," upon the canon guarding the lot in which the Federal dead are interred. May such deeds bury all animosities between the North and South.

An anti Local Option paper recommends a quart of brandy to cure the staggers. We have some slight recollection that brandy was the cause of the staggers. We have taken to Gerke Wine ever since. It is about strong enough for us. It cheers whilst it does not necessarily inebriate. It is a good, wholesome beverage, just adapted to this weather. Sold by Geo. Hamlin, 418 Market street.

The demand has surpassed all previous experiences, yet the supply continues. Aye! and it *will* continue. The heat may increase, the Summer may be a long one, and the thirst of our citizens may be unparalleled, yet the supply of Napa Soda will not give out. The agency is at 130 Geary street.

Two horns will last an ox a lifetime, but many a man wants that number every morning before breakfast.

Sudden changes in the weather are productive of throat diseases, coughs and colds. There is no more effectual relief to be found than in the use of "Brown's Bronchial Troches."

Muller's Brazilian Pebble Spectacles and Spring Eye Glasses are well known for their unsurpassed excellence, 135 Montgomery street.

Subscribers leaving the city for the country or traveling abroad can have the *News Letter* posted to them by leaving their address at this office.

LATEST PRICES OF IMPORT AND EXPORT STAPLES.

METALS.	PRICES.	TEAS.	PRICES.
Pig Iron, Scotch, No. 1	$38 00 @ 42 00	Japans	$ — 55 @ — 65
Bar Iron, assorted, ₱ lb.	— 3 @ — 4	Oolong	— 50 @ — 75
Metal sheathing, ₱ lb.	— 34 @ — 35	SUGARS.	
Tin Plates, I C, ₱ box	13 00 @ 14 50	China, No. 1, ₱ lb.	— 9 @ — —
Tin Plates, I X, ₱ box	12 00 @ 13 50	Sandwich Island	— 7 @ — 9½
Lead, Pig, ₱ lb.	— 6 @ — 6½	Manila	— 7 @ — 7½
Lead, Sheet, ₱ lb.	— 9 @ — 10	Crushed, American	— 10 @ — 10½
Banca Tin, ₱ lb.	— 30 @ — 32	Muscovado	— 5 @ — 9
Quicksilver	1 35 @ — —	Peruvian	— 6 @ — 7
COAL.		CANDLES.	
West Hartley, ₱ ton	13 00 @ 13 50	Sperm Wax, ₱ lb.	— 30 @ — 42
Australian	10 00 @ 10 50	Adamantine	— 12 @ — 17½
Cumberland	29 00 @ 35 00	SPIRITUOUS LIQUORS.	
Anthracite	20 00 @ 24 00	Whisky, American	1 75 @ 4 00
Bellingham Bay	8 50 @ — —	Whisky, Scotch	5 00 @ 5 50
Mount Diablo	6 50 @ 8 50	Whisky, Irish	5 00 @ 5 50
COFFEE.		Alcohol, American	2 00 @ 2 10
Guatemala, ₱ lb.	— 21 @ — 21½	Rum, Jamaica	4 50 @ 5 25
Java, Old Government	— 30 @ — 35	Brandy, French	4 00 @ 10 00
Manila	— 22 @ — —	BAGS AND BAGGING.	
Costa Rica	— 22 @ — 23	Chicken Gunnies, 200-lb.	— 15 @ — 16
RICE		Gunny Bags in bales	— 14 @ — 14½
China, No. 1, ₱ lb.	— 6½ @ — 6¾	Burlap Bags	— 13½ @ — 14¾
China, No. 2	— 6 @ — —	Hessian, 40-inch, ₱ yard	— 10 @ — 11
Hawaiian	— 7 @ — 7½	DOMESTIC STAPLES.	
WINES.		Wool, ₱ lb.	— 18 @ — 32
Champagne, ₱ doz	20 00 @ 25 00	Tallow	— 7½ @ — 7¾
Port, according to brand, ₱ gallon	2 00 @ 6 75	Hides	— 17 @ — 18
Sherry, do. do	1 75 @ 7 00	Wheat, ₱ 100 lbs	1 75 @ 1 80
OIL.		Barley	1 25 @ 1 75
Coal and Kerosene	— 25 @ — 30	Oats	1 60 @ 1 75
		Flour, ₱ 196 lbs	4 50 @ 5 50

REAL ESTATE TRANSACTIONS.

Recorded in the City and County of San Francisco, Cal.

Compiled from the Records of the Mercantile Agency of Hope, McKillop & Co., 317 California Street, San Francisco.

Monday, May 18th.

GRANTOR TO GRANTEE.	DESCRIPTION.	PRICE
H M Wheeler to Edw Hayes	W Gunnison Av, 200 s Precita Pl, 25x110	$ 400
Bay View H'd As'n to Jas Drury	Lot 8, blk 513	500
Rob't Murdoch to Geo Mearns	N Jackson, 17:2 e Lyon, n 49:6, etc	4,000
J & F H Whitney to John Mains	E Tay, 113:6 s Clay, s 24, e 62, etc	1,000
J Kafka to Jos Wores	Se Sac'to and Pierce, 120x25:5, given to correct error in former deed	120
Flint Tract H'd As'n to C A Worth	Lots 10 and 11, blk 9, Flint Tract	1
John L Young to C E Stanbridge	Lots 43 and 44, blk 342, Haley Tract	1,200
Wm P Dewey to Michael Gately	S Clipper, 160 w Church, 30x114	600
Bay View H'd As'n to Geo Keess	Lot 10, blk 514, Bay View H'd Ass'n	500
Geo Keess to Jas E Damon	Same	.....
Jas R Grannis to Wm C Ralston	N Pine, 137:6 w Leav'th, 12x137:6	3,400
W C Johnson to Thos W Jones	N Green, 50:3 e Mason, 25x97:6	5,500
S and L Soc'y to Luigi Lercari	Lot 14, blk 324, Hunter Tract	285
Abigail Wallace to S Heydenfeldt	N Cal'a, 50:5 w Kearny, 89x137:6	26,250

Tuesday, May 19th.

Pat'k J Corbett to Pat'k McManus	N Hayes, 207:9 e Laguna, 51:6x120	$ 700
Cath McIntire to Margaret Brady	E Valencia, 85 s Ridley, 75x80	5
Masonic Cem'ty As'n to W Stuart	Lot 35, Fountain Plot in the north addition to Masonic Cemetery	103
E W Burr to John F Kennedy	S Pine, 81:3 e Gough, 42x120	40
Kate A Knowlton to Same	Same	3,250
Sylvester Merrill to J S Conlter	W Noe, 30 n 17th, n 75, etc, sub to mortg	4,000
Thos W Jones to Isadora Jones	N Green, 50:3 e Mason, 25x97:6	Gift
Hugh Crockard to Nicholas Bruns	E Illinois, 50 n Merrimac, n 199:7, etc	1,600
Henry Molineux to Sam'l Davis	W Powell, 57:6 e Wash'n, 20x60	3,000
Geo L Gibson to Henry Molineux	Same	3,150
H H Ellis to Leopold Englander	Lots 7 to 10 inc; 21 and 22, and frac'l lots 11, 12, 19 and 20, blk 1024, T L	500
Henry Levy to Bernard Levy	N Hayes, 124 w Gough, 24:6x120	2,600
Wm Watson to Hugh Cassidy	W Natoma, 190 n 15th, 25x80	950
Abner Sedgley to Seth Cook	E Montg'y, 112:6 s Sutter, 25x87:6	52,000
Henry Pierce to Thos Knight	S King, 412:6 w 7th, 91:8x120	550
Same to Same	Se King, 275 sw 7th, 25x240	1
Fred Billings to Lafayette Maynard	Sw Sansome and Sac'to, 62:6x75	10,555
Henry Pierce to Thos Knight	Se King, 275 sw 7th, sw 137:6, etc	1
Wm Hollis to John Cooney	N Turk, 62 e Scott, 28x109:6	4,400
Cal Build'g and L Soc to B J Shay	Sundry lots in various portions of city	41,000
Albert Miller to Chas J Jansen	Nw Mission and 21st, n to 20th, etc	1

Wednesday, May 20th.

Johanna O'Neil to J O Griffin	Und ⅛ S Sutter, 137:6 e Polk, 27:6x120	$2,300
Herman Liebes to Chas G Ewing	N 20th, 280 e Valencia, 80x135	7,000
A H Lissak, Jr, to Maurice Dore	Nw Channel, 229:2 sw 5th, 45:10x137:6	3,000
Same to Same	Nw Channel, 183:4 sw 5th, 45:10x275	7,000
Jas Bowman to Cornelia Bowman	North Beach blk 18	Gift
U H White to City & County S F	Com 87:6 s Greenwich, and 24:8¼ e Scotland, e 2:9¾, s 25, etc	275
David Hewes to Rosa Brandt	Se Market, 175 ne 9th, 25x90	8,000
Aaron C Wendley to D D Shattuck	Com at center of Sect 13, T 2 S, R 6 W, th w 40 ch, n 80 ch, etc	2,500
N Giamboni to F de St Germain	W Stockton, 115.6 n Filbert, 22x112:6	3,250
H S and Loan Soc'y to E C Burr	N Clay, 191:3 w Montg'y, w 53:9, etc	37,500

Thursday, May 21st.

Solomon Folk to Chas Meyer	E 1st, 60 ft fr sw cor of 50 v 711, 71x20	$5,000
G Ehrmann to Gertrude Ehrmann	S Hayes, 137:6 e Buchanan, 27:6x120	Gift.
Henry Schwartz to T Funkenstein	Se O'Farrell and Stockton, 87:6x72:6	10,000
Ellen Welch to Wm Welch	Nw Huron, 120 sw Maggura, 100:8x40	500
Superior H'd As'n to L Lengteller	Lots 1 and 2, blk 128, Superior H'd	1,000
M Morgenthau to to A L Delany	N Vallejo, 64:6 e Gough, e 21:3, etc	500
G Mitchler to Jacob Berel	E Stockton, 47:6 n Greenwich, n 20:4, etc	1
Maurice Enkle to Same	Same	3,200
Hib Sav and L Soc'y to Wm Meyer	Ne 11th, 122:4 se Howard, se 23:4, etc	1,800
Conrad Mausshardt to E Nolting	S O'Farrell, 124:6 w Mason, 23x60, subject to mortgage for $2,500	2,500
Jos Hagenmeyer to Wm Wertsch	S Page, 27:6 e Octavia, 27.6x120	2,300
John O'Dowd to Cyrus Walker	Ne Franklin and Pacific av, 127:8½x40	6,000
Eber W Park to T Thomson	E Columbia, 140 s 25th, 45x100	800
Wm Hollis to John Macpherson	W Pierce, 82:6 s Eddy, 27:6x100	3,750
J Macpherson to E S Macpherson	Same	Gift
Edw F Ohm to Chas A Ritter	W Kearny, 57:6 n Vallejo, 20x60	1,000
Mary C Lynch to Mary Corcoran	Com at a pt 65 e Hyde, and 40 n Lynch, th n 20 x 53	250
Thos Donnelly to Michael Killion	W Columbus, 338 s 20th, 26x100	1,000
H S and L Soc'y to A S Peters	Ne 11th, 251:8 se Howard, 23:4x70	1,350
Same to Jos C Peters	Ne 11th, 228:4 se Howard, 23:4x75	1,350
Wm R Beal to H F W Schafer	S Pine, 110 e Buchanan, 27:6x137:6	1,450

Friday, May 22d.

Simon Steifvater to M Dore	Ne 16th and Harriet, 34:1x100	$2,500
H S and L Soc'y to Jas Hollard	Com at a pt 70 ne 11th, and 205 se Howard, 22:6x70	800
Eliza L Scott to H D Harrison	Und ⅛ nw Montg and Chestnut, w 412:6, etc; also, und ⅜ se Francisco & Montgomery, 412:6x275; also, und ½ nw Greenwich and Sansome, 91:8x68:9	52,500
P G Partridge to C L Low	S Clay, 238 e Drumm, 37x119:6	10,000
Adolphus C Whitcomb to Same	City Slip lot 66	300
Bd of T L Com'rs to M Maher	Whole of blk 715, Tide Lands	139
Flint Tract H'd As'n to M Spiro	Lot 35, blk 14	1
J P Lowell to Richard R Follis	S Eddy, 157:4½ e Van Ness, 34:4½x120	5,250
R M Wilson to Wm Hay Collie	Se Tyler and Octavia, 25x100	2,800
B F Sherwood to Cyril Williams	E Gough, 120 s Eddy, 137:6x17:6	1
Same to Same	Se Eddy and Gough, 137:6x120	17,500
Flint Tract H'd As'n to T A Lord	Lot 6, blk 12	1
Thos Magilton to Ruth M Magilton	W Mission Av, 180:8 s 17th, 23x96:9; also, W Mission Av, 240:8 s 17th, 30x96:9; also, E Mission Av, 125 s 17th, 53x105	Gift.
H S and L Soc'y to C Sullivan	Ne 11th; 170 se Howard, 45x70	1,600
Wm H Smith to City and Co S F	N Lombard, 103:2½ w Newell, w 10:9¾	236

Saturday, May 23d.

Sam'l Crim to F A Rutherford	W Howard, 217:6 s 21st, 30x122:6	$ 10
F A Rutherford to Julius A Peters	Same	5.00
Emil Loeven to Lisette Loeven	S Clay, 60 w Hyde, 20x64	Gift
John H Schroder to Flavius Peter	Ne Hayes and Webster, 20x80	1,75
Silver Terrace H'd to G Hoffmann	Lots 355 and 356, Silver Terrace H'd	881
Same to J D G Hoffman	Lots 309 and 39, same	70
Flint Tract H'd As'n to P Craig	Lot 27, blk 11, Flint Tract H'd	1
Charlotte F Moss to V E Howard	E Montgomery, 112:6 s Sutter, 25x87:6	10
Pat'k O'Reilly to Adelaide Tobin	N 20th, 60 w Florida, 40x38	...
Jos Wores to Jas Murphy	Se Sac'to and Pierce, 120x25:5	150
Jos Kafka to Jos Wores	Same	120
F de St Germain to F A Rouleau	S Union, 165.87-100 w Stockton, s 21.42-100, nw 27.88-100, etc	
Michael Bergin to Jas J Bergin	Se Green and Powell, 57:4x40	,
Michael Gately to Mary F Laporte	S Clipper, 160 w Church, 80x114	5
Solomon May to Jeanette May	S 16th, 88 w Valencia, 60x110	Gift.
Wolf Bloom to Same	Same	5,500
E Wagner to Bernardini Snikamp	Se Farrallones and Marengo, 125x125	200
Eugene Murray to Wm Barton	E Moore Pl, 77:6 n Union, 40x60	500
Jos Hafenegger to Wm J Gunn	Sw Sutter and Baker, 25x100	350
Wm Woodward to F Giacobby	Se Wash'n and Powell, e 34:4x68:9	11,000
J J Birgin to E Lasar	S Green, 137:6 e Powell, 30x22:11	800
Same to M Bergin	S Green, 57:4 e Powell, e 34:8, etc	2,000
Mrs Rosa Sutro to Otto Sutro	N Channel, 275 e 6th, 22:11x120	1
F B Austin to Thos H Cooper	Ne Laurel and Sac'to, 137:6x127:8¾	3,000
Thos H Cooper to Sophia Moore	E Laurel, 127:8½ n Sac'to, e 137:6, etc	Gift
E F Hall, Jr, to Rob't F Morrow and L Soc'y to Augusta Dunlap	S Pine, 230 w Leav'th, w 45x137:6	6,545
	W Shotwell, 197 s 17th, 48x122:6	1,555

Monday, May 25th.

Eugene Kelly to A J Plate	N Sacramento, 100 w Sansome, 16:8x56:9	....
Wm Bein to Jno B Chapman	Sw Mason and Vandewater, s 40x68:9	$2,400
Robt Kroskey to Sarah T Staniford	S Sierra 75 e Vermont, 25x100; also e of Vermont, 125 s Sierra, s 25x100; also w Kansas, 250 s Sierra, 25x100; also, s of Humboldt, 75 e Vermont, 25x100, etc	750
Augustus Laver to Elizabeth Laver	E Howard 156:11 n 20th, 45x122:6; also, City Hall lots 54 and 70	Gift
Wm Schroeder to J de la Montanya	Sw 4th, 378:1 se Mission, 34:4x160	25,000
Chas E Bowman to Jno E Goble	Sw Holyoke and Mansell, w 217, s 26, etc	1,200
H A Winter to T H Selby	S Pine, 137:6 w Leavenworth, 137:6x137:6	1
A R Baldwin to Wm H Howard	Sw Taylor and California, 137:6x137:6	25,000
Leon Mejasson to same	Same	5
Wm C Ralston to same	Same	5
Chas Callahan to Louise B M Mills	N Ellis, 87:6 Hyde, 25x87:6	4,750
Chas S Neal to Annie L Neal	N Sutter, 222:6 w Franklin, 27:6x120	Gift
Geo R Smith to J F Harris	Lot 32, Hillside Hd Association	1,400
Thos Spooner to Ann Featherston	Se Welsh, 250 sw 4th, 25x80	2,600
Chas Nauman to Fred Clay	S Jackson, 181 e Webster, 25:3x127:6	3,000
Thos Maguire to Sp Val Wat Wks	Sw Jones and Washington, 120x68:9	2,750
Eugene Celle to H S Hawxhurst	W Octavia, 100 n McAllister, 75x107:6	5,400
Paul Rousset to Chas Baum	Outside Lands blk 821	5
Jacob F Cranmer to Mary Cranmer	N Geary, 128:9 w Octavia, 25:10x120; also, s Post, 180:5 w Octavia, 25:10x120; also, s Post, 180:5 w Octavia, 25:10x120	Gift
Paul Tract Hd Ass'n to Jno A Hicks	Lot 1, 9, blk 17	1,000
Gustav Meyer to H Mangels	N Hayes, 172:1 e Laguna, 35:1x120	5
H Mangels to Gustav Meyer	N Hayes, 137:6 e Laguna, e 35:1x120	5
S J Cross to C M Smith	S Yolo, 25 W DeHaro, w 75 x 100	....
Wm Hollis to H A Hedger	E Seymour Ave, 100 n Tyler, 25x90	550
Thos S Sullivan to City and Co S F	N 24th, 195 w Valencia, n 4½ deg w, etc	75

Tuesday, May 26th.

Hib Sav & L'n Soc to A McDonald	Ne 11th, 228:4 se Howard, ne 70, n w 23:4 se 35, sw 70, se 23:4, being subd M B 7	$1,575
Bd Tide Ld Comrs to H Crockard	Lot 6, fractional lots 7, 8, blk 46	6,303
Paul Rousset to Camilo Martin	Out Lds blks 807, 904, 905, 986	5
Minnie E Anthony to G Anthony	Und ½ s Bush, 30 w Clara, 35x137:6, sub to mortgage	Gift
E J C Kewen to Thos Magee	N M st, 75 e Guerrero x 275 n M	5
Paul Rousset to J R Videau et al	Outside Lands blk 970	5
P Veasey to L H Woolley	Com 100 w Taylor and 117:6, 15x320	5
L H Sweeney to P Veasy	Com 100 w Taylor, 97:6 n Clay, 15x20	5
L H Woolley to L H Sweeny	Com 100 w Taylor, 137:6 n Clay, 20x20	5
Asher Frank to Hy Meyer	Sw Geary and Laguna, 34:4x137:9	3,550
C T H Palmer to Asher Frank	Same	1
W R Bannon to E G Dargie	E Middle st, 112:6 s California, 25x89	1,600
Bay View Hd Ass'n to Aug Weihe	Lot 9 blk 485	500
Paul Rousset to Francis Berton	Outside Lands blks 726, 729, 730, etc	5
Same to Gustave Mahe	Outside Lands blks 899, 900, 907, 903	5
Same to Joseph W Winans	Outside Lands, sundry blks	5
Flint T't Hd Ass'n to J S Brander	Lot 26 blk 9	1
Sol Kohlman to Elisha Hawes	Ne Hampton Place, 254:6 se of Folsom, se 20:6x55	4,000
Bd of Tide Ld Comrs to J Christy	Fractional lot 13 blk 427	341
Theo C Lampe to Ella Lampe	W Mission, 160 n 18th, n 25x160	Gift
J P Lonnahan to Timothy Crowley	Nw Shipley, 75 ne 9th, ne 25x75	121

Wednesday, May 27th.

Jas Christy to August Schultze	Michigan, 100 s Napa, 100x150	$1,475
City and Co S F to J Mackey	York 224 se 24th, 26x100, being M B 175	....
[illegible] A Gould to Henry Gould	Sw Main 332 s Folsom, 32x45:7	5
[illegible]urs Funded Debt to P Jones	Sw Prairie, 332 s Folsom, 31x45:7	52
Paul Rousset to Adrien Gensoul	S half of Outside Land blk 809	5
Same to Levi C Lane	Sundry blks Outside Lands	5
Levi C Lane to Jacob Cooper	Outside Lands	1,547
J W Moyle to D Wm Douthitt	Undivided half of ¾ P N blk 127, subj to mortgage, except a lot on Kansis, w Kansas, 50 s Solano, s 50x100	5
Flint T't Hd Ass'n to L Davidson	Lot 25 blk 12	1
M M Welton to Hannah Bingham	S Post e Laguna, 25:10x137:6	1
L S Welton to same	Same	[illegible]
Hannah Bingham to C H Blinn	Same	1,200
Paul Rousset to Thos Rell	Outside Land blks 892 and 1013	5
Edward Sumner to Robt L Taylor	Ne Fulton and Parker Ave, n 130, etc	....
R P Clement to same	Same	....
Bd of Tide Ld Comrs to J Ring	Ne Harrison Ave, 200 se Folsom, 25x75	7

Thursday, May 28th.

P A Morse to F C M DuButz	S Bay, 114:11 e Taylor, 91:8x120	$2,750
F C M DuBrutz to C C Pernau	S Bay, 160:5 e Taylor, 22:11x120	900
Isaac Newman to Solomon Dohen	N Turk, 112:6 e Leavenworth, 25x137:6	8,200
Wallace T James to Robt Mills	S Post, 206:3 w Laguna, 68.9x137:6	5,500
J J Lynch to Mich Toohig	Ne Grove and Octavia, 27:6x68:9	2,000
John Schussler to Elik Ullmer	S McAllister, 137.6 e Franklin, 27:6x120	3,000
Flint T t Hd As'n to H Newbauer	Lot 36 blk 14	1
Ezra H Winchester to Chas Main	Se Mason and California, 137:6x137:6	....
Chas Main to Leland Stanford	Se Mason and California, 275x137:6	....
J Aldham Kyte to Henry Hagan	Se Larkin and Vallejo, 25-v x 50-v	100
H Hagan to David Kane	S Vallejo, 43.6 e Larkin, 44x60	800
David Kane to Mary Meely	Same	Gift
Denny Hagan to P D Fitzpatrick	S Vallejo, 87:6 e Larkin, 50x60	1,250
Annie E Dowling to Ang Drucker	Ne Fulton and Broderick, 275x275	200
Henry Gilman to N C Moore	N Fell, 192:6 w Franklin, 55x120	5,000
Jacob Swecht to Michael Reese	S Broadway, 137:6 e Stockton, 81:1x137:6	12,000
Auguste Koch to Aug Thorne	Nw Natoma, 389:4 sw 23:2x80	2,600
John P Nelson to W T Coleman	W Taylor, 72:6 n Clay, 45x65	3,000
Nelson Provost to J P Nelson	Same	3,000
V P A Roncovieri to M Roncovieri	S Hinkley, 62:6 e Dupont, 35x57:6	1
M L Roncovieri to Louis Dutertre	N Broadway, 98:4 e Dupont, 5 in x 39:2	250
Aaron Bruman to J Mangels	S Oak, 112:6 w Gough, 25x125, to correct error in former deed	10
J B Dickinson to City & Co of S F	Nw Stockton and Green, n 54:4½, etc	22,402
John E Doyle to Thos B Lewis	E Yale, 150 n Henry, 120x125	1

Friday, May 29th.

Paul Rousset to Rich Tobin	Outside Land blks 974 and 1059	$ 5
Same to Gustave Touchard	O L blks 825 and 826	
Bd of Tide Ld Comrs to S Conrad	Lot 5 blk 46, Tide Lands	1,705
Fanny E Grost to Harry B Bartol	All int in estate of Abram Bartol, dec	0
H B Bartol to C J Jansen	Sundry Mission Properties	2,500
Henry Johnson to Ching Yuen	Prospect Place, 82:6 s Clay, 56x25	1,300
H Barrolhet to Edward Chevassey	O L blk 700; also, sub O L blk 644	3
H F Williams to Hib Sav & L Soc	Sundry Mission Properties	29,048
George C Huribut to Michl Neville	S Union, 137:6 e Jones, 27:6x120; also, n Lincoln, 136:6 e Jones, 10 in x 70 ft	2,000
John Burns to Ann Dwyer	E Cala Ave, 250 n Norwich, n 25x80	300
Henry Marshall to Thos James	W Jessie, 110 s 18th, 50x80	1,600
Hib Sav & Ln Soc to Cit & Co S F	Ne 11th, 170 se Howard, ne 205x35	....
Sav & Ln Soc to B E Van Staaten	S Fulton, 46 e Laguna, 32x120	2,080
Frank Livingston to M A Pine	W Folsom, 329:11 n 24th, n 25, etc	50
B J Shay to Robert Pyne et al	Same	625
J F Morrison to Peter Dempsey	W San Jose Rd, 130 s Randall st, etc	650
B F Chase to A E Knowles	Sw Precita Ave and lot 106, th s 140x40 subdiv lot 106 P V Lands	[illegible]
A E Knowles to B F Chase	Same	975
B F Chase to J W Mayer	Same	1,000
Chas A Worth to John Hasshagen	N Eddy, 200 w Larkin, n 120x25	4,500

Saturday, May 30th.

L H Meier to George Nicholas	Lot 16 blk 123, Mission View Hd	$ 300
Mark Tobin to Geo D Shadburne	Florida, 129:6 n Napa, 85x100	....
H N Marquand to Phillip Miller	N 18th, 100 w Folsom, 24x100	850
John Center to Joseph Merkt	Capp, 65 s 21st, 60x122:6	10
Joseph Merkt to Albert S Hall	Same	3,800
G C Swenson to Henry Engel	S Havene, 197:6 w Leavenworth, 17:6 x 63:6	150
Isaack Kohn to Martin Waterman	N Tyler, 137:6 w Franklin, 27:6x120	2,850
John Mains to Jennie R Hall	E Tay, 113:6 s Clay, e 62, n 22, etc	1,200
Martin Waterman to A Dohrman	N Tyler, 137:6 w Franklin, 27:6x120	....
Lawrence McNulty to J Coughlan	S Market, 225 sw 5th, sw 25x100; also, nw Stevenson, 215 sw 5th, 20x65	28,500
John A Sutter to B J Shay	50-v 143, excepting lot com s California, 137:6 e Dupont, e 20x60	10,000
Frank Kennedy to John E Kincaid	S Pacific, 197:6 w Buchanan, 30x117, sub to mortgage for $3,750	6,000
Myles D Sweeny to J A Derguot	Sw 2d, 46 nw Jessie, 23x57:6	17,500
Alex L Warner to John E Warner	Sundry lots at Bay View	1,000
Willows Land Ass'n to W H Brown	Sundry lots in M B 39	12,000
A G Stiles to Margaret Dean	N O'Farrell, 62:6 w Buchanan, 25x125; also, Buchanan n O'Farrell, 12:6x62:6	1,000
R F Morrison to Rich'd Wilson	Filbert 137:6 w Buchanan, 25x120	[illegible]
Thos Magee to Geo Morrow	Nw Fell and Webster, 45:6x82:6	2,900
John Darby to Adam Upp	S Natoma 125 sw 7th, 25x75	4,500
Silver Ter H'd Ass'n to F Dond	Lot 128, Silver Terrace H'd	315
Ed F Hall, Jr, to Adam Grant	S Pine 185 w Lear'th, 45x137:6	6,525
Wm Bolfrey to Edw Landers	Nw Bryant 175 ne 4th, 60x80	9,500

Monday, June 1st.

A D Neher to S L Magee	Lot 7 blk 26 West End Map 1	$ 350
Anton Robrecht to Aug Robrecht	Lots 166 and 168, Gift Map 1	275
Jos H Moore to Jas L Kane	Sw Van Ness Ave and Bay, 334:x137:6..	1,000
L McL Baldwin to Michael Reese	City Slip Lots 75, 77 and 78	18,000
A J V Dumont to Jeanne M Dulip	N Francisco, 160:5 e Powell, 45:10x137:6	Gift
Lyman Alexander to John Kerr	Ne 8th, 40 nw Minna, 20x65	4,250
Flint Tract Assn to S P Collins	Lots 37 and 38, blk 11	1
C H Young to Sieg Herrmann	E Stockton, 90 s Sutter, s 30, e 100, etc..	1
Sieg Hermann Henri Windel	Same	16,000
D O Mills to R F Morrow	N Sac, 143:4 e Montgomery, 40x60	30 000
P L Aubert to P J Aubert	N Fulton, 192:6 w Laguna, 120x27:6	3,000
Wm Hall Brown to Edwd Norman	E Jessie, 135 s 18th, 25x80	800
E B Drake to Hib Sav & Loan Soc	Sundry properties in south portion city.	5,400
Thos Magee to Richard Acton	N M, 200 e Guerrero, 25x114	500
Same to John McCloskey	N M, 175 e Guerrero, 25x114	500
Chas Langley to Wm F McAlester	Nw Harrison, 226:10 ne 3d, ne 48:1, etc.	8,000
H A Sonntag to Antoine Borel	W Folsom, 76 n 14th, n 182. w 143, s, etc	17,000
Francis Burton to Thos Herabin	Nw Powell and Clay, 45:10x68:9	5,000
Hannah Reck to Wm Dunphy	Se Clary, 116:7 ne 6th, 20:10x80	1
Benjamin Dore to L Dexter	Lot 137, blk 22, Mission and 20 St Hd	300
Same to Henry Epstein	Lots 15, 19 to 22 inclu blk 8; 40 blk 9	1
Same to Wm K Vanderslice	Lot 9 blk 15	1
Geo Middlemiss to E P Buckley	Und ¼ of 1 share in the ½ of the Franchise granted to Wm Dunphy et als—Butchers Tract	500
Flint Tract Hd to Chas Hopps	Lot 8 blk 16	1
Same to Samuel Hartshorn	Lots 22, 23, 32, 33, blk 14	1
Andrew J Gunnison to D W White	E Guerrero, 150:8 s 17th, 30x193:6	2,250
Franklin Martin to W S Chaffee	N Vallejo, 137:6 e Stockton, n 137:6x68:9; also, n Vallejo, 245 e Stockton, 137:6 x e 30, being subsdiv 50-v 223	75
Henry Conner to James McGuire	N Green, 48:9 w Mason, 20x69	3,300

Tuesday, June 2d.

John Nightingale to Leon Mejasson	Outside Lands blk 796	$ 5
H Barroilhet to same	One half of O L blk 741	5
A M W Baker to Maria B Bachelder	Tract of land known as the Baker Tract	1
Lorin Brann to Olive H Brann	Mission, 62:6 n Marriposa, 75x100	1
R H Lloyd to Hannora Reck	Se Clay, 72 ne 6th, ne 65:6, se 80, etc	1,650
Sophia Behrens to same	Same; also, lot in Sonora, Tuolumne	2,575
Julius George to Sophia Behrens	Same	2
C H Gottschalk to Babette Eisen	N Grove, 57:6 w Franklin, w 54, etc	9,000
Same to same	68:9 n Grove, n 103:1, w 55, s 34:4½, etc.	17,500
Thos Young to S F Gas Company	B and W lots 385, 386 and 387	33,000
Louis Vesaria to Lee Newton	87:6 n Ellis, n 50x137:6	15,000
Michael Meagher to Jos A Doon	E Dolores, 200 s 24th, 30x125	550
P Soutade to M Ryer	E Stockton, 88 n Ellis, 25x75	15,500
John Miller to A R Woodruff	Sw 4th, 80 se Mission, 25x75	25,500
Ross Avery to William Counihan	S Broad Ave, 75 e Captol, 50x125	360
Thos Magee to John Moloney	N M, 300 e Gurrero, e 25x114	500
Same to Bernhard Flaherty	N M, 325 e Guerrero, e 25x114	500
Flint Tract Hd Assn to S W Dick	Lots 4 and 5, blk 16	1
Same to Edward Vollmer	Lots 17 and 18, blk 8	1
Same to Wm A Vollmer	Lot 16 blk 8	1

Wednesday, June 3d.

Benjamin Dore to Henry L Dexter	N B street, 100 e 28th, 65x125	$ 100
Eliza S Forester to H B Forester	N Eddy, 85 e Devisadero, 85x137:6	2,000
L S Welton S Welton to R S Miller	S California, 131:3 e Webster, 25x137:6.	400
Nathan Atkinson to Ellen Colbert	Gough 150 n McAllister, 100x50	4,600
H J Holmes to Ernest Riese	Howard, 65 s 19th, s 12 inches x 122:6	100
F Ross to Edw Dexter	Lots 221 and 223, Holliday Map A	1,400
F Ross to same	Sundry Lots Holliday Map A	1
Benj S Lyner to Joseph Perkins	Jones 55 n Pine, 27x87:6, subj to mortg	3,000
Wm Hollis to Wm Jas Townshend	N Turk, 34 e Scott, 28x109:6	4,400
Thos Pollard to Wm F Pitzpatrick	S 19th, 75 w Guerrero, 50x114	2,000
Geo B Davis to John F Kessing	Se Bartlet and 25th, 65x117:6	3,000
John Nightingale to Ed Chevassus	O L blks 1007, and portion of 1008	5
Same to H Barroilhet	O L blks 835, 836	5
Same to Gustave Dussal	O L blks 1009, 1010, and por 1008	5
W F McAlester to Jno R Watson	Nw Harrison 226:10 ne 3d, ne 48:1, etc..	8,000
Hib Sav & Loan Soc to D Mahoney	Com 205 se Howard and 92:6 ne 11th, etc	500
Mary Horn to Cornelius Coakley	E White, n Vallejo 193:9 w Hide, 20x56:3	875
Abel Cudworth to John Lynch	S Vallejo, 137:6 e Dupont, 57:6x60	7,000
Flint Tract Assn to J Auradou	Lot 33 blk 5	1
Same to F Bunker	Lot 34 blk 5	1
Same to R F Bunker	Lot 35 blk 5	1

Thursday, June 4th.

H W Bradley to P C Lander	Und ¼ 100-vara 39	$3,000
John Steele to same	Se 2d and Folsom, ne 275x275	10
George Hopkins to John Roberts	E Auburn, 91:9 n Jackson, 23x50	1,500
Michael Hyde to R R Swam	Se Natoma, 120 sw 2d, 35x80	5
Samuel Crim to Erst Brendel	W York, 116 n 23d, 26x100	500
James Farrell to Mary Farrell	Sw 6th, 200 se Folsom, 18:9x120	Gift
S Holladay to Henry Casebolt	Lots 2 to 5 inclusive blk 188	200
Paul Rousset to Benj Richardson	Sundry Outside Land blocks	5
Chas B Benjamin to Geo E Lane	Lots 1540, 1547 to 1550 inclusive, G M 3	10
Bd Tide Ld Comrs to A J Donnelly	Lots 1 to 7 inc, blk 564, Tide Lands	466
Same to same	Lot 4 blk 221, same	275
Same to same	Lots 1 to 5 inclu, to 13 inclu, blk 576	911
Same to same	Block 782 same	882
Same to same	Lot 1 to 6, 8 to 13 inclu, blk 536, same	1,178
Same to same	Lots 1 to 8 and 16, blk 575, same	592
Same to same	Lot 1 to 8, 10 to 17, 19 to 22 inc, blk 579	899
Same to same	Lots 2, 6, 15, blk 571, same	245
Same to same	Lots 1 to 16 inc, blk 545, same	1,333
Samuel Hort to N P Cole	Nw Sacramento and Franklin, 127:8x160	22,000
Bd Tide Ld Comrs to A J Donnelly	Lots 6, 7, 15 and 16 blk 431, Tide Lands	842
Same to same	Block 524 same	4,644
Same to same	Lots 7, 8, 21 and 22, blk 463, same	180
Geo L Bradley to Wm Merkelbach	Sw Oak and Gough, 87:6x80	3,300
J B Bowen to James Dods	Und 2-3ds se Folsom, 225 ne 6th, 25x165	5

Friday, June 5th.

A Haas to Fleet F Strother	N Post, 137:6 w Hyde, 22:11x137:6	$7,000
D E Martin to Elizabeth Butler	N 22d, 355 w Valencia, 50x114	1,400
J B Lewis to Obediah Embody	Ne 13th, 179:11 nw Howard, nw 90, etc	1
A D Hatch to Hib Sav and L'n Soc	N Sutter, 137:6 w Hyde, 85x137:6	18,652
A Muller to same	Ne Hyde and Clay, n 137:6	19,989
Patrick Durkin to same	Se Howard and 2d, 85x57:6	31,474
C Streitberger to E A Engelburg	Nw Minna, 275 ne 4th, 25x75	5
Aaron Homes to Agnes Thompson	E Gunnison Ave, 225 s Precita Pl, 25x110	400
M Crooks to City and County S F	Com 114:6 n Jackson, 6:5½ e Kearny, etc	13,375
J A Fortune to B J Shay	Se Post and Polk, e 46:10, s 80, e 13:8 etc	9,300
B J Shay to Bernhard L Levy	Same	9,300
John H Schaertzer to C M Biter	S Waller, 156:8 e Steiner, 25x120	875
Superior Rd Ass'n to J R Ball	L 6, 7 and 8, blk 128	1,500
Patk Tiernan to Leland Stanford	Full lots 10, 11, 12 and 13, and fractional lot 9 blk 414, Mission Bay	10, 00
Marcus Levy to Leopold Saenger	Lots 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 blk 13, Fairmount	....
H M Blackburn to A J Moulder	N Bush, 206:3 w Mason, w 80x137:6	7,500
Bd Tide Ld Comrs to Bridget White	E Geneva 150 s Brannan, 25x100	10
Flint Tract Ass'n to Geo F Grant	Lot 7 blk 15	1
Same to T C Grant	Lots 50 and 77 blk 9	1
Jas Sullivan to Jerome Lincoln	Lots 421, 422, 423, Gift Map 4	300
Benj Solomon to Ellen Kelly	N Glover, 68:6 w Jones, 23x60	660
P A Morse to C C Pernau	S Bay, 114 e Taylor, 45:10x120	1,850

Saturday, June 6th.

Michael H Kelly to John Eagan	Se Tehama, 137:6 ne 4th, 25x80	$1,800
A C McDonald to Thomas Rogers	E Kearny, 95 n Broadway, 42:6x137:6	100
Jas Bell to C P R R Co	Nw King, 325 sw 3d, 225x137:6	45,000
R C Carter to Eliza C Webb	E Wetmore Place, 68:9 n Clay, 45:10x56	1
Geo B Davis to John F Kessing	Sw Bartlett and 25th, 65x117:6	3,000
C T H Palmer to John Conly	E Webster, 82:6 n Pine, n 55x81:3	1
L S Welton to same	Same	200
Geo H Sanderson to S A Sanderson	E Vermont, 125 s 24th, 100x100	5,500
Isidor Lowenberg to E Commins	Sw Turk and Van Ness, 109:9x80	10,750
H Casebolt to J E Casebolt	Ne Filbert and Laguna, 275x275	20,000
C T H Palmer to R S Miller	S California, 131:3 e Webster, 25x137:6	1
Willard Hodges to M H Turrill	Sw Buchanan and Green, 137:6x137:6	1,000
David Bagley to Saml Dinsmore	Se Bluxome, 137:6 sw 4th, 45:10x120; also, se Bluxome, 366:8 sw 4th, 92:11 x 120; also, se Louisa, 77:6 ne 4th, 20x69	12,500
Geo Chapman to C M Chapman	Sundry Outside Lands	Gift
John Nightingale to Sarah Lees	L L blks 925 to 928 inclusive	1
Francis Berton to Paul Rousset	Se Q and 43d Ave, 225x240	....
C W H Coney to Thos B Holt	Lots 3, 4, 45 and 46, blk 308, Haley T'ct	2,500
Spring Valley H Ass'n to D Strumer	Lot 66, Silver Terrace H'd	360
A W Kauffmann to Meyer Wolff	S Berry, 60 e Dupont, e 37:6x60	2,250
D M Richards to same	Und ¼, same	6,750
Augusta Dunlap to J C Duncan	W Shotwell, 197 s 17th, 48x122:6	3,150
Camilo Martin to same	Sundry lots in R R H'd No 2	1
Solomon May to Sam'l F Bufford	N Turk, 68:9 w Fillmore, 68:9x137:6	10,000
M H Whitmore to John Brickell	N Cal'a, 169 w Kearny, 56x137:6	100

Monday, June 8th.

Nathan Atkinson to Edwd Dakin..	S Fell, 165 e Buchanan, 41:3x120, subject to mortgage for $1,000	$2,950
Same to John G Libbey	S Fell, 206:3 e Buchanan, e 41:1x120, being subject to mortgage for $1,000	2,950
I S Parke et al to Thos G Taylor..	Nw Van Ness and California, 137:6x159.	30,295
Hib Sav & Loan Soc to J Holland.	Com at a pt 70 ne 11th and 205 se Howard, ne 22:6x70, being subdiv M B 7..	800
Nathan Goldstein to D Goldstein..	E Mission, 160 s 17th, s 32:6x50	1,594
Paul Rousset to Mrs C Berton	W 47th Ave, 200 s L street, 75x120	
Henry C Downing to L Hentrich..	Nw McAllister and Fillmore, 137:6x137:6	12,000
H A Cobb et al to Ann Pullen	Lots 1084 and 1086, Gift Map 2	200
Bd of Tide Land Comrs to J Small	Lot 7, blk 476, Tide Lands	865
R A Lynden to Wesley P Young..	S 50-v 1497, 91:6 e Taylor, 23x57:6; also, s 50-v 1497, 114:6 e Taylor, 23x57:6; also, lot in Santa Cruz	2,000
Wesley P Young to Annie Lynden	Same	2,000
Mas Cem Ass'n to Robert Clark..	Lots 25 and 27, Heather Path, Mas Cem.	20
Jas Buckley to Margaret Rees	Ne Hyde and Greenwich, 56:6x28	500
L E Ritter to Paul Rousset	Und 1:16 se ¼ of sec 15, tp 2 s, r 6 w	1

Tuesday, June 9th.

City and County S F to J Shroufe..	S Fulton, 88:9 w Lott, w 17:6, sw 270:9, e 184:4, ne 229:7, n 45 to commencem't	
Arthur French to John Diemer	N Jackson, 182:6 w Powell, 46:11x62:9..	5
Sarah H B Moore to same	Same	5
E V Sutter to Zavier Link	S O Farrell, 175 e Laguna, 25x120; also, lots 5 and 6, blk F, R R Hd	3,000
P B Cornwall to H C Downing	Nw McAllister and Fillmore, 137:6x137:6	5
John Morgan to Jas L Kane	Sw Van Ness Ave and Bay st, 137:6 x w to Franklin	216
Flint Tract Hd Ass'n to K Gilmore	Lot 15 blk 12	1
Same to R D Chandler	Lot 21 blk 11	1
I Lankershim to J G Jackson	Sw Franklin and Sutter, 137:6x120	8,000
Robt J Stenson to John C H Korb.	Se Shipley, 325 sw 5th, 25x75	2,500
Lenus Stewart to Henry C Wright	S Tyler, 137:6 w Devisadero, 137:6x137:6	200
Frank Livingston to City & Co S F	N Bay, 142:6 w Jones, e 5, n 119, etc	1,561
John Skinker to Emily Short	N Jackson, 206:3 w Franklin, 45:10x127.	
Emily Short to John D Fry	Same	
Milo Hoadley to Fred Nachtingall	S Sutter, 110 w Broderick, 27:6x137:6	600
Frank Kahle to Wm H Gaylord	Lots 47 and 48, blk 560, Bay Park H'd..	500
Jacob Schoenfeld to Leopold Miller	E Taylor, 55 s Broadway, 26x120	5
L Miller to Jacob Schoenfeld	E Taylor, 27:6 s Broadway, 27:6x120	5
Leopold Miller to same	E Taylor, 27:6 s Broadway, 62:6x120	730
Martha R Hitchcock to J Dupuy..	N Broadway, 117:6 e Dupont, 20x137:6.	4,000
John Daniel to Eliza Haskell	S Turk, 160:5 w Market, w 22:11, etc	28,500
J L Haskell to same	Same	Gift
Hib Sav & L'n Soc to Ellen Quinn	Sw Dolores and Cemetery Lane, 120x90.	6,062

Wednesday, June 10th.

L Barris to O Crummy	Lot 4 blk 210, Haley & O'Neil Tract	$ 650
John Barkeloo to E E Malbec	N California, 91:8 e Davis, 45:10x91:8	2
J S Brady to James McGinn	Se Devisadero and Ellis, 137:6x127:6	5,500
S L Marks to B L Brandt	Commencing at a point 3 chains fm nw cor of sec 7, tp 2 s, r 5 w, thence n 70 degrees e 7:90, s 42:9, e 5:41 chns, etc.	750
Geo A Pahn to S L Marks	Same	450
Henning Menke to Thos Brannan.	Nw Tehama, 385 ne 9th, ne 20x75	1,500
Flint Tract Ass'n to G Hoffmann.	Lot 33 blk 11	1
Same to P Percy	Lot 35 blk 11	1
Abel Guy to Mary E Clark	N Pine, 27:6 e Octavia, 56x137:6	50
Wm O Weiasich to Edward F Ohm	Sw Stewart, 120 nw Mission, 20x91:8	7,000
W J Gunn to Jas Donovan	N Post, 180:5 w Octavia, 25:10x120	700
Paul Rousset to Adolph Unger	O L blks 840 to 842 inc, 883, 932, 933	5
Elize Pfohl to Thomas Byrne	W Sherman, 125 s 19th, 55x125	800
Theo LeRoy to Alfred F Alloron..	Se Market, 150 ne 7th, ne 75x90	5
Louise Brun to Peter Jacobsen	S Francisco, 91:6 e Taylor, 46x55	1,500
P H Langdon to John H Dall	N cor Mission and Ecker, 30x73:6	100
H A Cobb to John D Fry	N Jackson, 206:3 w Franklin, 22:11x127.	1
H Tiffany to M G Morse	Nw Park and Castro, 80x114	1
U N Hinckley to Maria Ludomann	Nw Castro and 24th, 50x80	1,750
Henry Waguer to Ernest Schlott..	N Chestnut, 70 e Mason, 42x137:6	5,125
Nicholas Ely to H C Olsen	Ne Gottingen and Bacon, e 60x100	500
Cidrel Houle to Louis Marier	Lots 631, 760 to 763 inclu, Gift Map 4	400
Flint Tract Ass'n to John Best	Lot 26, blk 5	1
John Best to Isabella Best	Same	Gift
Edward L Turrell to Thos Noble..	E Kearny, 34:4 s Green, 34:4x137:6	825
Thos Noble to Amos A Irons	S Green, 81 e Kearny, e 26:6, etc	1,700
Nicholas Reynolds to B J Shay	E Church, 208 s 22d, s 52x125	1

Thursday, June 11th.

Wm L Handy to Mary A Auliffe..	N Turk, 107:6 e Jones, 30x137:6	10,000
Mas Cem Ass'n to E T McKenzie.	Lot 52, sec 27 Masonic Cemetery	18
Wm M Seaton to John Baumann..	S McAllister, 82:6 w Gough 27:6x137:6.	2,600
John Roach to Edwd P Buckley..	Se Taylor and Francisco, 45:6x55	200
Jos O'Neill to James Gleeson	Sc Shotwell and 14th, 70x110.....	1
Same to same.....	S corner 4th and Bluxome, 50x91:8	1
Same to same.....	Ne 28th Avenue, 150 se I st, 150x100....	1
Stepen S Brooks to Martin Kedon.	Lot 11 blk Q Pacific Sav and Hd Ass'n.	650
Wm S Dibble to John Dolbeer....	Ne Jones and Lombard, 100x27:6.....	3,500
Edward Murphy to Phil Soutadi..	E Stock, 102:6 s Green, s 25, etc	12,200
Andrew J Moon to W A Frederick	Se Market, 52 sw Pearl, sw 25, se 80, etc	2,750
H Harms to Thornton Thompson.	W Folsom, 90 n 26th, 40x115.....	1,600
Thatcher Magoun to J J Hucks...	Deed of confirmation of 426 D 188.....	....
Edward Whilsted to G W Blake...	Lots 9 and 10 blk 71, F R Ave Ex Hd...	500
James Ambrose to Isidore Coen..	Nw Shipley, 150 sw 5th, 75x25, subject to a mortgage for $2,600	3,300
Martin Buzzini to Mary Ellis.....	N 20th, 255 w Guerrero, 114x25.....	Gift
Geo W Russell to Stepen H Little.	E Stockton, 87:6 n Greenwich, 25x97:6..	3,700
Martha R Hitchcock to T Meherin	Ne Oregon and Battery, n 30, e 60, etc..	7,000
B J Shay to John Furness.....	Same	2,000
Flint Tract Ass'n to M A White..	Lot 9 blk 16.....	41
C H Reynolds to Marcus Krog....	S Vanderwater w Mason, 22:11x60.....	450
J Mason to City and County S F..	Commencing 146 e Taylor, 124:6 s, etc ..	1,214
G Perazzo to Catterina Perrazzo	E Pollard Place, n Vallejo, 20x58.6.....	2,000
John Nightingale to Paul Rousset	Subdivisions sundry blks Outside Lands	5
A B Brady to Frank F Taylor.....	Same	3,000
Mary O'Meara to J G Knorp.....	N Lynch, 88 e Hide, 23x60.....	600
Wm Schmidt to Jas Baumberger..	Sw Octavia and Hickory, 68:9x40.....	3,600
E F Dennison to F S Spring.....	E Mission, 210 s 17th, s 75, e 245, n etc..	....
Flint Tract Assn to R K Rogers...	Lots 12 and 13 blk 8.....	1
J Nightingale to P Ronsset.....	Part of blk 798, Outside Land.....	5
Jas Thompson to W F Whittier...	N Folsom 91:8 sw Main, sw 45:10x137:6.	5,000
Thos Johnson to John G Drube ...	Se Dupont and Greenwich, s 27:6 x e 70.	4,000

Friday, June 12th.

Ashel S Easton to Edward Taylor.	S Geary, 65 e Webster, 72:6x137:6.....	
Edward Taylor to A S Easton... .	Se Webster and Geary, 65x137:6.....	5,000
I D Farwell to John Parrott.....	S Clay, 60 w Front, 25x119:6.....	22,500
Edward Murphy to N Giamboni..	E Stockton, 100:6 s Green, s 2, e 18:9, etc	200
M Mendheim to J C McKewen....	N Pacific, 103:1½ e Buchanan, 34:4x127:8	6,800
Winfield S Jones to Aug Hemme..	W Van Ness, 46:4 s Sacramento, 20x100, subject to mortgage for $2,000	2,700
Susan Webb to Samuel Webb....	Bay and water lot 648 fronting 45:10 on East and Stewart.....	10,000
T I Robinette to Elia Chielovich..	Lot 45 blk 297, Pleasant Val Homestead	250
Denis Kearney to Thos Brown....	Pearl 225 n Ridley, 25x80.....	3,400
Henry Kraft to Paul Rousset.....	Undivided ½ ne K street and 37th Ave, n 66:1, e 240:6, s 50:1, w 240 to com..	5
J H Jennings to Sarah M Wallace	S half of lot 5 blk 106, University Hd..	250
Same to Hugh A Gorley.....	Lot 5, blk 106, University Mound Tract	500
H A Gorley to Emma Austin.....	N half of lot 5 blk 106, University Hd..	250
John Hill to F S Wensinger.....	Sw Sutter and Hyde, s 96x20.....	6,500

Saturday, June 13th.

F M Pixley to A J Bryant.....	N Mission, 325 e 6th, 50x90.....	$9,500
Catharine M Lord to Kate Laidley	Subdivision 82 and 141 of Precita Valley, lots 319 to 333 Haley's Map 1.....	Gift
Ira S Parke to Thos G Taylor.....	Nw Van Ness and California, 137:6x160.	5
Henry Cordes to Philip Heuer.....	E Jansen, 48:9 s Lombard, s 8¼ in , etc	[illegible]
Margaret Kilian to E W Burr	W corner Clinton and Brannan, 75x30..	1,000
Fredk Kilian to Martin Welch....	Same	6,000
James McCabe to Geo Sanderson.	50 acres on north side Cliff House Road, commencing about 440 yards w from the toll gate.....	1
City and County S F to C J Janson	Sw 21st and Valencia, 20x228.....	....
John Bensley to C C Pernau	S Bay, 114:7 e Taylor, 68:9x120.....	900
City & County S F to Wm Doyle..	E York, 225 s 22d, 25x100.....	....
P Harrington to C Gallagher et als.	Sundry properties in southern por city.	1
Isabel R Fraser to L Gottig.....	Sundry lots in south part city	7,700
David McCarthy to B J Shay	E Church, 130 s 21st, 208x125.....	1,730
Emil A Engelberg to M W Murphy	Nw Minna, 275 ne 4th, 25x70	2,750

Real Estate Transactions--Alameda County.

Reported by G. W. McKeand, Searcher of Records for Alameda Co. at East Oakland.

GRANTOR AND GRANTEE.	DESCRIPTION.	PRICE
W Taylor to C J Stevens	Oakland: S line 8th st 125 e from Harrison, e 50x100	$4,000
Maloon & Warner to A T Sproul	Same: N line 21st 123:3 w from Linden, w 49:2x90	5
M Curtis to D Noonan	Same: S line Lydia 100 w from West st, w 75x100	800
P C Dart to F P Belcher	Same: S l 14th 100 w fr Myrtle, 25x114:6	875
R Bayerque to M Reese	Same: 100x75 nw cor 3d and Harrison	....
The Sheriff to W Cummings	Same: E l Wood 81 s fr Chase, 54x102:6	2,800
L W Kimball to G M Kimball	Same: N line 7th st 100 w from Washington, thence w 50x100	Gift
R Dudgeon to R E Smith	Same: E line Adeline 100 n from 30th st, n 100x132	625
C Bagge to C Berlin	Same: E line Center st 104:9 n from 15th st, n 50x100	480
Same to F H Miller	Same: 54:9x113:1 se cor 17th and Center	640
F A Kimball to L W Kimball	Same: ⅗ int in tract on San Pablo Av	12,000
Evers & Rothjen to O Lamarche	Oakland: S line West 13th st 208 e from Center, thence e 52x110	1,000
Same to Same	Same: S line West 13th st 260 e from Center, thence e 29:10x110	1,460
Same to Same	Same: N line James 142:6 e from Wood, e 45x 35	3,100
H Evers to Same	Same: W l Washington 75 n from 7th st, thence n 18:9x100	1
O Lamarche to H Evers	Same: W l Washington 93:9 n from 7th st, thence n 18:9x100	1
H Evers to O Lamarche	Same: 50x75 se cor 6th and Alice	750
A M Simpson to I Lawton	Same: W line Castro 58 n from 14th st, thence n 55x75	5,000
Touchard & Bigelow to S R Bixby	Same: E l Brush 100 n fr 19th, n 33:4x80	750
W E Brown to G P Adams	Alameda: 50 e l Park x 126	375
R & A Pohlman to J H Purdy	Same: S l Jefferson Av 239:9 e from 111 acs West Tract, e 50x150	1,800
C Bartlett to L Terkelson	Same: 56x1225 ne cor R R Av and Union	402
Same to Campbell & James	Same: 150x108 sw cor B Vista & Chest't	1,000
Same to E Morton	Same: 150x108 se cor B Vista & Lafay'te	1,035
Same to M Melendres	Same: N line Railroad Av 30 w fr Chestnut, w 78x125	600
J D Farwell to A Farwell	Same: 362:3 e line High st	7,000
The Oakland Sg Co to E Minturn	Same: Various blks near Encinal Stat'n	1,080
C Bartlett to J Glennon	Some: 30x125 nw cor R R Av & Schiller	215
Same to J Kenney	Same: N line R R Ave 30 w fr Schiller, w 52x125	450
Same to E Rodenbeck	Same: 150x52 ne cor R R Av & Minturn	600
Same to A Shanessy	Same: N line Railroad Ave 56 e fr Minturn, thence e 50x125	400
Same to Knlberg & Fernstrom	Same: 108x175 ne cor Union & Pacific	1,227
C Bartlett to J M Rodemaker	Same: 125x108 se cor Pacific & Union	800
J Nelson to S Webb	Same: 1½ ac marsh on Est'ry S Leandro	100
J J Winant to E Terry	Same: Tracts marsh on same	100
G Tait to M A O'Neill	Oakland Tp: Part blk 4, S U H'd Tract	350
Same to H Little	Same: Part same	350
E E Moore to B F Wellington	Same: 4 acs San Pablo, Adeline, Linden	3,000
M P McCourtney to B Ashner	Same: 105:6x50 sw cor 45th & Teleg'ph	820
T S U H'd As'n to A L Mann	Same: Part blk 1, T S U H'd Tract	500
T M Antisell to J E Marchand	Same: 20 acres part plot 85	5,000
S Merritt to H Durant	Same: Tract adj'g University site	10
Various persons to O W F Co	Marsh l'd s of Estuary S Antonio: ⅛ int	1
C E Chipman to Same	Same	1
Simson & Crittenden to Same	Same	1
T P Madden to Same	Same: Interests	1
Theo Le Roy to Same	Water Front of Oakland: An interest	5
C Peralta to A M Peralta	Brooklyn Tp: 33 acres Fruit Vale Av & San Leandro Road	5
J Emerson to P H Stubbs	Near Mission San Jose: 32 acres	5,000
J Barley to M Aronz	Fitchburg: Lots 8, 9 and 10, in blk 9	300
J M & J G Scheffer to R Morton	Near S Leandro: 24 acs on S Leandro Ck	....
S Ladd to A Pulo	Livermore: 60x180	180
H Detzen to J N Mark	Pleasanton: Lots 1 and 5, in blk I	[illegible]
H G Ellsworth to M S J School Dis	Mission San Jose: A lot	600
B S Bivins to A C Bivins	Near Temescal: Lot 14 in White Tract	1,000
J F Kapp to Constenson et al	3 miles n from Pleasanton: 364 acres	10,000

Geo Manchester to A Eberhardt...	Oakland: 120x100 ne cor 10th and Brush	10,500
Jas Hofenegger to R J Perrin.....	Same: 2 acres near San Pablo Avenue 4 miles n from	1,000
R J Perrin to T V Barney.....	Same: 1 acre, same locality	200
P C Dart to G H Parker	Same: N line West 12th st 75 w Myrtle, w 75x114:6	3,000
E Cavanagh to J T Gardiner	Same: N line Sycamore 282 w Grove, w 50x100	1,630
O S Holland to D D Holland.....	Same: ¼ int e l Broadway 100 n 7th, th n 50x75; also, ¼ int n l 7th 75 e Broadway, th e 37:6x100; also, ¼ int 50x75 sw cor 4th and Broadway	1,000
J M Sharp to M K Thornburgh ...	Same: W line Chester 109:5 s Middle st, s 41:8x122:1	975
W L Kilborn to T G Spear.....	Same: E line Union 200 n from 28th st, thence n 200x133:3	850
J Zugenbein to J M Sharp.....	Same: W line Chester 273:1 n from Middle, thence n 50x25	1,250
C Bagge to H M Sanborn.....	Same: E line Centre at 54:9 n 16th st, th n 50x112:3	480
C A Washburn to G W Grayson ..	Same: W line Jackson st 1372 n 12th st, thence n 200x170	14,000
P H Sumner to J E Damon	Same: 26:10x90 nw cor 15th and West..	750
C Bagge to Wm E Allen	Same: N l w 15th st 105 w fr Cypress, th w 50x105:9	515
D Damon to J E Damon	Same: 103:9x40 se cor West and 15th st, and n l 14th 90 e from West st, thence e 50x103:9	5
J S Jamieson to S Knapp.....	East Oakland: 150x150 e corner Webster and Taylor	1,500
J S Friedman to A Heald.....	Same: 75x125 s cor Clay and Adam sts..	400
J D Anser to Wm Crow.....	Same: Sw line Washington 75 nw from Contra Costa, thence n 75x150	1,400
F L Taylor to H Stimpson	Same: Ne l Hepburn 127:6 se fr Broadway, thence se 100x140	800
D S Richardson to H Richardson .	Same: Lots 31 and 32, in blk C, Lynn..	150
C Bartlett to J J Staehler	Same: 108x150 ne cor Pacific and Mint'n	987
Same to same	Same- 125x82 nw cor R R Av & Union .	675
Same to E Landers.....	Same: 150x108 ne cor Lafay'te & R R Av	1,950
J Green to E Green	Same: N line Santa Clara Av 300 w from Oak, th w 150x217:8	Gift
E Trenor to W D Clark	Same: 127:4x54:2 ne cor Central Av and Pine street	750
C Bartlett to H & A Kociber.....	Same: 125x56 nw cor Railroad Ave and Lafayette st	430
P Fee to D C Thompson	Oakland T'p: ¾ acre near San Pablo Av 4 miles n city	108
P Portois to O F Schricke	Same: An int in 20 acres, same locality	1
J F Twin to J W Brumagim.....	Same: 100 feet on Mariposa Av by 135 in Brumagim Tract	....
J W Brumagim to G L Reynolds..	Same: 1 acre on Mariposa Av, same....	....
R Perrin to G P Dairy & Trans Co.	Mission San Jose: 1,600 acres near.....	176000
D M Davis to Thos Harris	160 acres 7 miles se from Livermore ...	2,000
M J Suares to F P Macile.....	15 ac's R'd from Centreville to Nile's Sta	2,250
E McLaughlin to J Corbett.....	385 acs 4 miles se fr Mission San Jose ..	4,000
B Keeney to J F & J Keeney	San Leandro: Lots on Davis st.....	Gift
E B Perrin to M Miller.....	10 acres near Mission San Jose.....	1,000
W Y Horner to L P Nichols	¼ acre at Wash'n Corners n'r M S Jose	200
C P R R R Co to Chas McLaughlin	14 deeds for various tracts in Murray Tp	....
J H Bernal to A C Cross	1 acre near Pleasanton	200
F E Rohrs to H R Burns.....	Oakland: N l 5th 50 e Filbert, th e 50x96	1,300
C Bagge to J Letter.....	Same: 104:9x30 sw cor West 17th and Cypress streets	250
S Meredith to S Franz	Same: S l 8th 100 w Jackson, w 50x100.	2,750
C Cronin to S D Cronin.....	Same: E l Brush 50 s fr 19th, s 50x75 ...	Gift
The Sheriff to O F Savings Bank..	Same: N l 4th 130 w Harrison, w 100x100	5,205
Toland Land Co to C E Pearson...	Same: S l Lincoln 140 e Willow, thence e 50x135	1,200
C E Pearson, Jr, to J W Pearson..	Same: 50x50 lying between Lincoln and Leonard, e of Willow st	950
J C Martin to S Glover.....	Same: S l Charter Ave 250 w from Telegraph, thence w 50x129:4	1,150
C A Klose to L Ormsby.....	Same: E l Harrison 544 n 14th, n 58x140	2,600
E B Mastick to W Schmidt.....	Same: 499 acres near San Pablo Ave, 4 miles n of city	3,840
E Wilkins to S F Daniels	Same: 50x125 se cor 30th and Filbert ...	1,800
J W Canicks to Babcock & Gould.	Same: N l 2d 75 e Broadway, e 75x200 to 3d st; also, S line 3d 150 e Broadway, thence e 23x100	13,000
Sam'l Merritt to T Batchelder.....	Same: W l Harrison 806 n 14th, 103x150.	7,000

John Caperton to Anne Nolan	Same: S line Railroad Av 75 e Myrtle, th e 25x110	720
M McLean to O Mowry.....	Same: S line Railroad Av 25 E Linden, thence e 50x107	10
A Borel to C H F Braum	Same: 50x25 n'r sw cor 9th & Kirkham.	125
A Borel to E Braum	Same: N l 11th 100 w Alice, w 50x100 ..	3,000
D D Holland to C McCleverty.....	Same: 1-6th int n l 7th 75 e Broadway, th e 37:6x100	5
O S Holland to C McCleverty et al	Same: ¼ int lot on Kirkham & Louise sts, near 26th ; also, 100x100 nw cor 19th and West sts	7,000
Mason & Huff to W E Grinnell....	Same: 45x90 ne cor 26th and West.....	550
H Durant to J B Byrns	Same: E l Lewis 188 s fr 5th, s 25x125 ..	5
J de Fremery to C P Barrett	Same: E line Chestnut 137:9 n 10th, th n 37:9x132	2,750
M A Hezlep to J K Smallman	East Oakland: Sw Adams 100 se Fremont, thence se 50x100	2,000
R Birnie to G W Dent	Same: An int in water front of Clinton .	25
W Carroll to J H Munson.....	Same: Ne line Madison 100 nw Pierce, thence nw 50x150	2,000
A G Abell to F Hallahan.....	Same: Nc line Washington 175 se Polk, thence se 25x150	1,000
N J Thomson to M E Bernan	Same: 200x150 w cor Fremont & Munroe	4,650
Alameda County to J Larue.....	Same: Block 22, San Antonio	....
H Hampel to M Calahan	Same: Sw line Munroe 100 se Alameda, thence se 25x140	400
J Baurell to T S Moser.....	Alameda: N line Central Ave 200 e Walnut, thence e 100x217:8	3,050
C Bartlett to J L Moulthrop.....	Same: 150x108 se cor Pacific Ave and Lafayette st	995
Same to J M Perrier	Same: 160x125 sw cor Lafayette & Pacific Ave; also, W l Lafayette st 125 s Pacific, thence s 50x108	1,560
E Mintnrn to E Cook	Same: W l Park st 50:2 s from Central Ave, thence s 100:3x170	1,150
O Paschwitz to C Bartlett.....	Same: Blocks 43 and 44, Encinal	100
C Bartlett to J Keegan	Same: N line Railroad Av 82 w Schiller, thence w 26x125	205
Same to Cecilia Mel.....	Same: S line Pacific 56 w Schiller, th w 26x125	210
Jenks & Mead to H Blanchard	Same: S l Eagle Av 320:5 e Everett, th e 45x125; also, E l Everett 343:5 s Eagle, thence s 43:2x200	1,100
James Daly to C H Haile.....	Same: Lots 4, 5 and 6, in block 52, near High st, Alameda	300
Jenks & Mead to S G Carpenter...	Same: Ne line Clement Av 230:6 e Everett Av. thence e 45x150	500
G Aughinbaugh to C Wood	Same: The Aughinbaugh 223 acre tract, with exceptions	1
Ella A Aughinbaugh to same	Same: Same, with exceptions	2,500
C Wood to Ex'rs H Fassking's Est	Same: W line Prospect st 300 s Railroad Av, thence s 300x320	55
Same to C Wilson.....	Same: N line Pacific Av, 303x1038, near Mastick Station, Alameda	116
Same to J W Clark	Same: N l Jefferson Av, 198:5x166:5; s l same, 143:11x150	30
E A Aughinbaugh to N Porter	Same: S line Railroad Av, 250x600, to Santa Clara Av	100
G L Lynde to L Stevens	Brooklyn T'p: 3 acres in Fruit Vale H T	1,200
The Sheriff to G Mahe	Same: 59 acres on Moraga Valley Road.	14,960
T M Antisell to J E Marchand	Oakland T'p: 80x100 in tract adj Univty	3,000
Same to S S Rountree	Same: 140x134:7 in same	3,000
J E Marchand to T M Antisell....	Same: 5 acres in Plot 85.....	3,500
T M Antisell to S P Morse	Same: 180x269:2 in tract adj'g Univ'ty .	1,700
A Peralta to Gaxciola & Andrade..	Oakland: A tract on San Pablo Avenue 4 miles n of city	300
T F Darby to E Cavanagh	Same: N line Laurel 367 e Telegraph Av, thence e 50x118:4	625
H Trembley to G Clarke	Same: S line Goss 180:7 e Pine, thence e 75x100:4	4,000
J Young to J B Watson.....	Same: 71 acres 4 miles n of city	6,500
S F Gilcrest to J A Bradshaw.....	Same: S l 3d st 27 e Adeline, th e 75x94	1,350
B F Stillwell to John & J Wasson.	Same: N line 10th st 100 w Washington, thence w 50x100	8,000
J A Folger to W J Wilson.....	Same: 80:7x75:4 se cor Goss and Wood.	1,775
J S Hutchinson to same.....	Same: S line Goss 80:7 e Wood, thence e 75x100:4	3,500
J Griffin to J B Fargo.....	Same: 172x186:6 sw cor Linden and 22d. and 150x140 e cor Harrison and Arroya sts, East Oakland	6,000

T B Bigelow to F Mitchell	Same: 25x100 sw cor Railroad Ave and Henry street	600
S F Gilcrest to B Kelsey	Same: 103.9x150 ne cor Castro and 14th	4,500
G W Frasher to M C Sutton	Same: W line Lewis 188 s West 5th st, thence s 50 by about 170 to Peralta st	3,500
B Kelsey to G W Mannel	Same: 70x103:9 ne cor Castro and 14th	2,800
C M Fernandez to J L Fernandez	Same: 200x70 se corner Alden and San Pablo Avenue	1
H L Davis to Chas Roberts	Same: 143x125 sw cor Webster and Orchard Avenue	8,000
E P Flint to D C Thompson	Same: 6 acres on Webster street, Lot 5, Hitchcock Tract	8,000
H Stimpson to L D Reynolds	East Oakland: N line Hepburn 127:6 e Broadway, thence e 100x140	800
Henry & Martin to Union S Bank	Oakland: Lots 61, 62 and 63, B V H'd T	760
W J Bowen to John Smith	Oakland T'p: 2 acres on San Pablo Ave 4 miles n of city	1,600
Regent St H'd As'n to G Ellis	Same: 120x602, part blk 7, R S H'd T'ct	2,900
H Evers to J H Bredehoft	Same: 90x125 (lot 20), Villa H'd Tract	310
Teachers' State U H'd to G Goepp	Same: 60x270:9 in T S U H'd Tract	300
Berkeley L & T I As'n to R Knott	Same: A lot on Strawberry C'k, Berkeley	900
R Knott to S A Penwell	Same: Same premises	900
T M Antisell to W C Merritt	Same: 120x134:7 in tract adj'g University site, Berkeley	100
Chas Wood to T W Newell	Alameda: 135 on s line Washington by 35 near Mastick Station	27
W E Brown to I M Hubbard	Same: E line Park 157:8 n from San Jose Ave, thence n 50x126:10	375
C Wood to J Heron	Same: Lot near Mastick Station	28
Same to C C Volberg	Same: 91:10x22:9 near Mastick Station	1
Same to W E Brown	Same: 20 acres on Central Av & S F Bay	500
Same to E Vischer	Same: E line McPherson 133:6 s'y from Jeffersonville, thence s 166:6x267	25
Thos A White to A Cleveland	Same: Lot 12, in blk 52, near High st	100
John Caperton to M J S Krauth	Same: Nw l Broadway 50 ne fr Lincoln Ave, thence ne 100x140:2	800
Chas Wood to W G Flynn	Same: S line Railroad Ave 182 w from Euclid, thence w 28x100	1
C Wood to Theo Lebhardt	Same: 48 on n line Jefferson Ave x 166:3 near Mastick Station	5
Same to A Low	Same: Same	
Same to W H Taylor	Same: 320 on Washington Av and s on Prospect street to the bay	164
Same to L Reichsrath	Same: 97 on Jefferson Ave by 150 near Mastick Station	9
Same to A Innes	Same: 195:6 on R R Av by 300 near same	33
J D Farwell to W Bautelle	Same: An undiv 7 acres of Marsh land bordering on Estuary San Antonio	115
C Wood to M Homburg	Same: 150 on Prospect Ave by 320 near Mastick Station	27
Same to T Meetz	Same: 238:10x300 ne cor Railroad Av and Concordia street	355
J E Carrie to H N Pettit	Oakland: S line 10th st 100 e fr Castro, thence e 50x100	3,800
A Hemme to L & F Gamba	Alameda: N line Linnet 285 w Paru, th w 104x600	8,500
C E Chipman to G Anghinbaugh	Same: W line Euclid 33:4 s from Pacific Ave, thence s 51:2x22	150
H N Pettit to M R Savage	Brooklyn T'p: 8 acs on Sousal Creek	8,500
V Canet to L Perrier	Mission San Jose: A tract on Agua Caliente Creek	250
H C Miller to G C Miller	Same: 160 acres 6 miles e from	800
C P R R Co to W B Carr	Livermore: 10,891 acres 5 miles se from	1
J Russell to G H Horn	Haywood: 100x212	650
C P R R Co to J W Dougherty	Pleasanton: 278 acres 2 miles e from	1
Same to same	Dublin, 80 acres 2 miles w from	1
B J Smith to J Martin	41 acs on R'd S Lorenzo to Roberts' L'g	6,000
M Powers to W O'Brien	160 acres 9 miles ne from Livermore	480
A Borel to Theo Leroy	San Leandro: Block 2	1
Theo Leroy to P Godchaux	Same: 150x175 sw cor Davis & Watkins	8,000
S McClure to W W Warren	Same: 8 acres	2,800
S Cannon to Henry Wood	Pleasanton: 2 acres	800
H Weymouth to A Weymouth	Livermore: 160 acres 4 miles n of	3,000
H H Ellis to A W D L Hayden	Mission San Jose: ½ interest 280 acres 4 miles se of	1,100

AND

BUREAU OF INFORMATION FOR THE PACIFIC COAST.

The Managing Committee of the above institution have the pleasure of giving notice, that after some necessary delay, the Directors are now fully prepared to receive orders for the purchase and sale of lands of the State or elsewhere, such as ranches, private land claims, or public lands of the United States.—The department is now fully supplied with maps and charts, and also with every necessary means of information relating to operations in land. Owners of ranches and real estate properties generally, desirous of disposing of the same, will find the Placard Exchange, with its facilities, an excellent medium for bringing their estates under the notice and attention of capitalists. Those, also, who desire to make purchases, **of any of the Public Domain in the State of California**, either in large or small tracts, will be sure to be accommodated. Maps and charts furnished, and all needful information imparted when required. Large landholders desiring to sell, can have their tracts subdivided into farmer, or smaller subdivisions, with maps and accurately calculated quantities of each. Also, all kinds of printing executed with punctuality and dispatch. *Charges moderate.*

Offices open from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. daily. Placard Exchange, 613 Merchant Street, San Francisco.

They have for Sale the Following Tracts or Parcels of Land, to wit:

40 Acres near Oak Grove, 1½ miles from the Railroad, between Mayfield and Mountain View.

100 Acres ½ mile south of Mayfield, lying on both sides of the San Jose Railroad. Very desirable for country residence. To be sold in tracts to suit. Contains Live Oak Trees.

320 Acres on the road from Saratoga to Pescadero, four miles from the former place.

500 Acres, three miles from the City of San Bernardino. A living stream of water passes across it.

600 Acres near the line of the proposed Railroad from Los Angeles to San Bernardino—about midway.

8,000 Acres near Anaheim, Los Angeles County, in tracts to suit purchasers. Several living Springs on it.

Also, Tracts from 80, 160, 320 and 640 acres, to suit purchasers, lying in Los Angeles, San Bernardino and San Diego Counties, on which are Springs of good water.

1,600 Acres choice Lands in Fresno County, near King's River. This is believed to be a very desirable tract, and will be sold at a bargain.

NOTE.—Sellers as well as purchasers can be accommodated at the "Bureau," where maps, and descriptions of lands for sale, can at all times be seen. Nov. 1.

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* Sundays excepted.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Alameda *	6.30	3.15	.....	9.00
Antioch, Black Diamond, etc. *	11.45	3.15	.....	12.00
Benicia and Rio Vista (by C P R R Co.'s steamers	.....	3.15	.....	9.00
Cloverdale and Coast Points *	.....	2.15	10.50	.....
Eureka *	.....	11.00	12.00	.....
Napa Route via Vallejo *	.....	3.40	12.40	.....
Northern California, Oregon and Washington Territory	6.30	.....	.....	9.00
Oakland	6.30	3.40	.....	9.00
			.....	9.00
Overland	6.30	.....	.....	9.00
Petaluma and Coast Points *	.....	3.15	.....	12.30
Sacramento via Vallejo	7.15	3.40	.....	12.40
			.....	8.40
San Rafael *	9.1	.....	9.00	.....
San Jose	7.55	4.10	9.20	6.00
Southern California Coast Route *	.....	.....	.....	6.00
Stockton via Western Pacific Railroad	6.30	3.15	3.00	9.00
Vallejo and Benicia	7.15	3.40	12.40	9.00
Visalia, Kern and Tulare County and Arizona	.....	3.40	.....	3.00
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U. S. Bonds, 5-20s 1864.....	102	102½	Oakland 10s	105	—
U. S. Bonds, 5-20s 1865.....	102	102½	Spring Valley Water Co.....	89	90
Legal Tender Notes.....	90	90½	Omnibus Railroad Company.	—	40
California State Bonds, 7s '57.	100	—	Central Railroad Company...	6 ½	—
S. F. City Bonds, 6s, 1855...	95	—	N. B. and Mission R. R. Co.	65	70
S. F. City and Co. Bonds, 6s, '58	94	—	Front St., M. and O. R. R. Co.	20	24
San Francisco City Bonds, 7s.	99	101½	Fireman's Fund Insurance Co.	95	100
Sacramento City Bonds.....	32	—	Merchant's Mutual M. Ins. Co.	—	—
Sacramento County Bonds, 6s	75	—	California Insurance Co.....	100	102
Yuba County Bonds, 8s.....	92	96	Union Insurance Co	95	97
Santa Clara Bonds, 7s.....	90	93	Pacific Bank.....	91	94
San Mateo County Bonds, 7s..	92	—	The Bank of California.....	133	135
San Francisco Gas Light Co.	76	76½	Pioneer L'd & L'n Association	100	100

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The Directors of the California Placard Exchange and Bureau of Information for the Pacific Coast, hereby announce that they are now prepared to receive Placards, consisting of Chromos, Photographs, Lithographs, Diagrams, Maps, Business Cards, etc., and Public Notices of every kind relating to all Business Matters bearing upon the Interests of the Pacific Coast. These collected in one General Repository, easy of access, properly classified and made most attractive, will fill a great public want and powerfully stimulate our common interests. In a word, the Exchange will present to the eye of the visitor an Epitome of the Pacific States and San Francisco as they are, of their productions, manufactures and wealth, bringing a knowledge of the varied and vast interests of California and the adjacent Territories to a focus. Every occupier of one or more feet of Placard space will be charged at the rate of ONE DOLLAR PER SQUARE FOOT PER MONTH, and will be entitled to receive ONE HUNDRED TICKETS FOR EACH FOOT. Thus, if 10,000 feet be engaged, there will be admission tickets given to One Million of visitors. All orders for these attractive announcements will be received at the office of the Company, 610 to 615 Merchant street, San Francisco, where every information will be readily supplied. It is expected that the Exchange will be thrown open to the public about March 2d. J. MELVILLE, Secretary.

California Placard Exchange and Information Bureau for the Pacific Coast, Nos. 607 to 615 Merchant street, San Francisco. March 6.

CALIFORNIA

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AUGUST, 1874.

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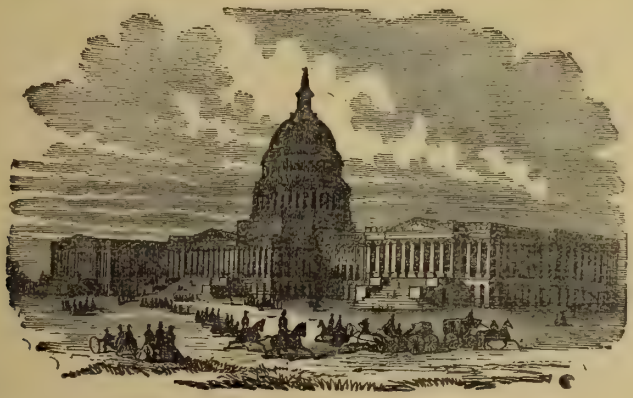
Vol. 5.] [No. 4.

THE CALIFORNIA



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JAMES LICK.

All men possessing any force of character have one pervading aim or idea, which attaches to them during life, and forms, as it were, the mainspring and ground-work of their actions. In some it takes the form of political ambition, in others the pursuit of a particular science, others again labor to attain a sort of dilettanti ease, and the rare, few, noble natures, to benefit their kind. Of this latter class was Stephen Girard, whose grand educational gift has been so ably carried out; of this latter class is the subject of our sketch, whose munificent purposes have yet to be fulfilled. For, be it understood, and we speak with the conviction of the truth of our assertion, this late act of Mr. Lick was not due to any impulse, nor did it spring from the lesser prompting of vanity; no thought of the world and its admiring wonder entered into his brain, but the gift was founded upon a deep, earnest conviction of its utility; it was the result of a life's purpose, and the execution of a plan conceived in a spirit of philanthropy, which only increased in magnitude in proportion as the means and power of the donor increased.

James Lick was born at Fredericksburg, Lebanon County, Pennsylvania, on the 25th August, 1796. His grandfather, who died at the age of 104, had emigrated from Germany, and served in the war of Independence. Mr. Lick remembers, when a boy, hearing his grandfather recount his sufferings at Valley Forge and other places, so that, as will be seen farther on, the narration of the great struggle must have produced a powerful effect on the lad. His father was born near Norristown, Pa. His mother's family, the Longs, must have settled in America at a very early date, for they have a tradition of a portion of the Long family being murdered by Indians as they were driving the cattle to the barn. Now, as many generations have elapsed since the Indians were troublesome in Pennsylvania, Mr. Lick's family, on his mother's side, must date back from very early times. He went through the usual routine of study, such as was then taught in the small towns of the interior, having entered on his busy life by working for an organ maker named Aldt, at Hanover, Pa., and in 1819 obtained employment in the establishment of Joseph Hiskey, a prominent piano manufacturer of Baltimore. He was working there one day, when he met a young man named Conrad Meyer, seeking employment. Young Lick took a fancy to the stranger, and, after giving him a good breakfast, introduced him to his employer, who gave him work. From that date a firm friendship sprang up between the two young men. Mr. Lick has made a fortune in California, and Conrad Meyer, established in Philadelphia, is one of the most eminent piano makers in the United States, having gained the first gold medal at the London International Exhibition of 1851.

We learn from a communication of Conrad Meyer's, inserted in the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, that in 1820 young Lick left Mr. Hiskey's and went

to New York to go into business on his own account. He does not appear to have succeeded very well, for want of capital, in New York, for we find him at the end of that same year writing to his old comrade, asking him to join him in an expedition to Buenos Ayres, which at that time had become independent and promised a grand future. Meyer declined, and Lick passed the next ten years in devoting himself entirely to piano making, and his energy and attention to business soon found their reward. Mr. Lick describes the Buenos Ayreans of that time as singularly handsome and refined, both male and female. They were chiefly of pure Spanish extraction, and the splendid climate and mode of life had developed their nature to a high state of physical manhood and beauty. The only visit to the pampas was made by the advice of his physician, who recommended him to go there for change of air and to drink milk, that being the only transaction in cattle Mr. Lick entered into during his sojourn.

"In 1832," says his friend Meyer again, "I was in business on my own account on Fifth street, near Prune, Philadelphia, when I was suddenly surprised one day at seeing James Lick walk in. He had just arrived from South America, and had brought with him hides and nutria skins to the amount of $40,000, which he was then disposing of. Nutria skins are obtained from a species of otter found along the River La Plata." It would appear that Mr. Lick's return to his native country gave him for the moment a desire to stay and settle there, for the same faithful friend and reporter continues: "He stated that he intended settling in Philadelphia, and to this end, he some days later rented a house on Eighth street, near Arch, with the intention of manufacturing pianos, paying four hundred dollars as rental for one year, in advance. In a few days he left for New York and Boston, and writing me from the latter city, announced that he had given up the idea of remaining permanently in Philadelphia, and requested that I should call on the house agent and make the best settlement I could with him. I did so, and receiving from him three hundred, out of the four hundred dollars, I returned the key."

Mr. Lick naturally was at that age when an ardent, enterprising temperament like his, does not willingly contemplate sitting down to mechanical drudgery, and though there is little doubt that he would have made a fortune as a Philadelphia piano maker, yet his thoughts reverted to the freedom and greater scope of action which the southern hemisphere afforded, so that, after buying some pianos from his friend Meyer and shipping them to Buenos Ayres, he went there for four or five months, and after settling all his affairs, sailed for Valparaiso, leaving funds in the hands of his correspondent for future transactions. Mr. Atherton, of our city, left about the same time, and the two arrived almost simultaneously in Chile.

Soon after Mr. Lick's arrival at Valparaiso Mr. Meyer received a draft and an order for some more pianos to be shipped to that place. This was in 1833. For the next four years Mr. Lick worked hard at his old trade in addition to other ventures. At the end of that time, having received good advices from Peru, he determined to go to Callao and thence to Lima. It was the time of the early troubles between Chile and Peru, and the former republic had threatened reprisals for some hostile acts of the latter. A blockade of the port of Callao was imminent. James Lick embarked with all his worldly goods on a Mexican brig, determined if Callao were closed to push on to Guayaquil. He got to

Callao and was safe at anchor just one day before the blockade was declared. It was well for him and us that he did so, for Guayaquil is a poor, sickly place, and he would neither have got on so well nor enjoyed good health, in addition to which the *Brilliant*, for that was the name of the brig, a most decayed specimen of antique naval architecture, almost immediately on her arrival at Guayaquil, fell to pieces in the harbor and without a moment's warning went to the bottom with all on board. The only persons saved were the captain and the cook, who had landed for fresh provisions, and a passenger named Fabbre, who accompanied them.

Mr. Lick stayed eleven years in Peru, always piano making and otherwise engaged in commerce. Let us once more hear his old friend Meyer speak of him: "Twelve or fifteen more years passed, and I heard no more of him, and had begun to believe that he was numbered with the dead, when I one day received a letter in his own hand-writing, enclosing an order for between $1,300 and $1,400 in Spanish doubloons, the same being brought to the port of New York by a Government war vessel." The fact of James Lick thus entrusting him with so much money, and forwarding it to him without any certainty of his being in existence, was the source of much pleasure to the sturdy old German as he recited the narrative to which we are giving publicity. "The money was intended as payment for an order for the inside work, or action, for twelve upright pianos, which I soon had finished and shipped to him at Lima, Peru."

During the two last years of his life in Peru, Mr. Lick's attention was seriously attracted to California, and after the deep thought which it is his nature to give to any undertaking, he determined to go there. His friend, Mr. Foster, the head of the house of Alsop & Co. of Lima, strongly urged him to stay where he was. He represented that the United States would not hold California, that the inhabitants were a set of cut throats, who would murder him for his money, in short, that he was very well where he was, and that it would be folly to go. To which James Lick replied, that he knew the character of the American Government, and that it was not of a nature to let go a country it had once laid hold of, and as for being assassinated, he thought that he could take care of himself, and therefore go he would. But now another difficulty presented itself. He had contracted for several pianos; all of a sudden his workmen left him to go to Mexico. Here was a dilemma; he was not the man to break his contract for any obstacle, however great, and so with his wonted energy, he set to work and finished them himself, but it cost him two years of hard work. However, at last the pianos were finished. Mr. Lick realized everything. His stock, which on the inventory showed a value of more than $59,000, he sacrificed for $30,000. This money was in doubloons, secured in a large iron safe which he bought in Peru, and which, on his arrival, Capt. Folsom wanted to store in the Custom House, but it was too large. He arrived in San Francisco in the ship *Lady Adams*, at the end of 1847. His first purchase was the large lot and adobe house on it, on the N. E. corner of Montgomery and Jackson streets. For this he paid $5,000, subsequently re-selling a portion of the lot to Duncan, Sherman & Co. for $30,000.

In the Spring of 1848 San Francisco barely contained a thousand inhabitants. It had just emerged from its pristine condition and primitive name of Yerba Buena, and was becoming, under American rule, a valuable

sea port. Upon the discovery of gold being bruited abroad, tens of thousands flocked into and flooded out of the new metropolis of the Pacific. The majority, irrespective of class, rushed to the mines, the sagacious minority remained in the city. Among this latter was James Lick. His shrewd innersight told him that a great city would arise on this peninsula; it would be the inlet and the outlet, not only of the commerce of California, but eventually of the whole Northern Pacific Coast. San Francisco at the end of 1848 was virtually bounded by California street on the south. Beyond that, Montgomery street struggled through the sand hills to Happy Valley; small, wooden, private dwellings were perched on the chapparal covered eminences to the west; the wharves ran up to Sansome street on the east; Telegraph Hill was dotted with tents and shanties, and passengers landed from Clark's Point to the Potrero, or rather were dumped where they or the skipper listed. Mr. Lick, with his prophetic vision, extended the lines of these streets, and covered the sand dunes with fine buildings. He foresaw the population streaming from every quarter of the globe to this focus of attraction; the ships laden with the necessaries and luxuries of life, and he took his measures accordingly. The first thing was to study the natural topography of the city, and the next, where to obtain property cheaply, in suitable locations and with secure titles. Quietly as is his wont, and carefully as is his nature, James Lick invested all the money he brought from South America. He sowed his gold broadcast over many a fifty and hundred vara lot for which most men would have thought him mad to have paid a dollar. Few knew, as indeed to this day few know, how much real estate he secured in those early days, and how much it cost him. The greater part of his purchases were made in 1848. In this year he went up to Sacramento, and bought twenty-nine fifty vara lots of General Sutter, but, finding subsequently that the General had parted with the title to all his property to other parties, he foresaw trouble and litigation, and relinquished his purchase, leaving the city of the plains, and coming back to operate in San Francisco. The only trouble in those days was from squatters and trumped-up Peter Smith titles. On one occasion, Mr. Lick hired a gang of men to protect some property of his at North Beach; he paid them $20 each per night. On their arrival they found one of those imported China houses, common in those days, on the lot, and a stranger acting the part of a peaceful possessor. They requested him to leave. He declined. They then showed him the wrong end of a revolver—everybody wore them in those days. He listened to the gentle persuasion and left. Soon after his retreat the neighborhood was disturbed by a strange noise. It was the house, which, in a most mysterious manner, was following its former occupant. Such was the history and risk attached to real estate in those days; but, as we said, James Lick planted his money in the ground, and sat down to await the harvest. For many and many a year were large, vacant lots, unimproved and apparently forsaken. They were to be found in the heart of the city, or where the widely extended limits of San Francisco had surrounded them. There they remained in the early days until it began to be whispered about that these mysterious properties belonged to James Lick, and that they had immensely increased in value since he bought them. Meanwhile he had not been idle. In 1852, he had bought a fine property near San Jose, and had erected a flour mill on it, which for solid, expensive work and finish has not been equaled by any mill in the State The wood work was of mahogany, and the machinery of the finest description. The entire cost of the construction was $200,000.

It was called: "Lick's Folly," but it turned out the finest flour in California, and Lick's brand commanded the market. Round the mill he planted, with his own hands, a splendid orchard of fruit trees, which in the early days was of itself a fortune. He never forgot his old friend Meyer, nor did his right hand forget its ancient cunning, for we have from the above mentioned source the following characteristic letter:

SAN JOSE, December 17, 1872.

MR. C. MEYER, PHILADELPHIA—*Dear Sir:* I have this day forwarded by the Central Pacific Railroad to your address one case containing 100 feet laurel wood veneer, and a *ne plus ultra* sound-board wood, and a model or pattern, showing the best way of putting on the ribs on sound-boards—that is, according to my experience in upright pianos—and a package for Joseph Long. Please send it to him by express as soon as you receive it. The box is also made of *ne plus ultra* sound-board wood, fastened with screws to save all the wood.

I think you will find the *ne plus ultra* the most extraordinary wood for sound-boards you ever did use. I can, however, only speak confidently of the soft kind. I got a few pieces of it from a Captain of a vessel from Peru; it was very soft, and I could only use it for a few octaves in the base. It did make the most powerful and also the sweetest tone I ever did hear, without exception, in all my long experience in pianos. Make your sound-board in the base very thin, not over one-eigth of an inch thick, and do not cut in your ribs Joseph Hiskey fashion. You want all the elasticity and vibration you can get in your sounding-board, and do not make your bridge too high, else you will check the elasticity of your sound-board. You have a collection of wood of all degrees of hardness, so that you can tune your sound-board, with a little care, octave by octave, from one end to the other. Use the softest wood in the base. I am certain you have a good thing if you can keep it to yourself. Make me a piano for my parlor of the Lick House. Do not make it all of laurel wood, but judiciously and skillfully distribute it in panels and borders. My dining-room doors are made in that style. The effect is beautiful. The doors are thirteen feet by five."

Our readers are familiar with the splendid hotel called the Lick House, the most comfortable family hotel in San Francisco. The dining room is famous for its finish and proportions, the floor being composed of many thousand pieces of inlaid wood, and polished like a table. The hotel covers nearly an entire block on the most valuable portion of Montgomery street. The hotel would have covered the whole block had Mr. Lick not previously sold the corner of Montgomery and Post streets to the Freemasons. When Mr. Alexander G. Abell approached him, offering to purchase the property, Mr. Lick replied that it was not for sale, but Mr. Abell so frankly answered that they had been all over the town, and that they could not find any lot to suit them other than this, that Mr. Lick gave way. If there had been any attempt at other than straight-forward speaking, Mr. Abell would never have secured that site for the Masonic Temple.

If James Lick, however, was reluctant to sell, he was lavish in his gifts. The land on which the hall of the Pioneer Society now stands was donated by him. A larger and more valuable property on Market street was lately added to his prior munificent gift to the same society. A lot of equal extent and value similarly situated was given by him at the same time to the California Academy of Sciences, coupled, however, in both instances with a proviso that suitable buildings be erected, to be confined strictly to the several intents and purposes of each society.

The crowning point, however, of James Lick's superlative bounty is the cession of his immense property to seven Trustees for the benefit of

the State of California and for other noble purposes. We give the deed in full as it speaks for itself, and every word of which deserves to be perpetuated forever:

THIS INDENTURE,

Made the sixteenth day of July, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-four, by and *Between* JAMES LICK, party of the first part, THOMAS H. SELBY, D. O. MILLS, HENRY M. NEWHALL, WILLIAM ALVORD, GEORGE H. HOWARD, JAMES OTIS, AND JOHN O. EARL, parties of the second part, and the "CALIFORNIA ACADEMY OF SCIENCES," and the "SOCIETY OF CALIFORNIA PIONEERS," both of the latter being bodies politic and corporate, under the laws of the State of California, parties of the third part, *Witnesseth:*

Whereas, the party of the first part heretofore made a certain deed of conveyance intending to convey all of his property, real, personal, and mixed, to the said parties of the second part, in trust for certain uses and purposes; which deed bears date the second day of June, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-four, and was duly recorded in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, in said State of California, on the third day of June, in the year last aforesaid, in Book seven hundred and thirty-nine (739) of Deeds, on pages two hundred and eighty-two (282) and following: to which deed and record express reference is here made.

And Whereas, certain mistakes and errors were made in engrossing said deed, by reason of which the same does not express in some particulars the meaning and intent of the party of the first part, and which mistakes and errors should be speedily corrected; and said parties of the third part (to whose benefit alone of all the beneficiaries in said deed said mistakes and errors redound) consent to such corrections.

And Whereas, it is desirable that the parties of the second part should be fully invested with the entire title to said property in trust for the uses and purposes hereinafter declared, and not merely with a power in trust.

Now Therefore, the party of the first part, in consideration of the premises, and the covenants and agreements herein contained on the part and behalf of the parties of the second and third parts respectively, to be kept and performed, and also the sum of one dollar to him in hand paid by said parties of the second part (the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged), hath granted, bargained, sold, conveyed, and confirmed, and by these presents doth grant, bargain, sell, convey, and confirm unto the said parties of the second part and their successors and assigns forever, all and singular the lands, tenements, hereditaments, and property following, that is to say:

First. Commencing at the southwest corner of Montgomery and Sutter streets; running thence westerly on the southerly line of Sutter street three hundred and fifteen (315) feet; thence at right angles southerly and parallel with Kearny street one hundred and twenty-two (122) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles easterly and parallel with Sutter street forty (40) feet; thence at right angles southerly and parallel with Kearny street one hundred and fifty-two (152) feet and six (6) inches, to the northerly line of Post street; thence at right angles easterly along the said northerly line of Post street one hundred and fifteen (115) feet; thence at right angles northerly and parallel with Montgomery street seventy-five (75) feet; thence at right angles easterly and parallel with Post street one hundred and sixty (160) feet, to the westerly line of Montgomery street; and thence at right angles northerly along the westerly line of Montgomery street two hundred (200) feet, to the point of beginning; being lots numbered respectively five hundred and fifty-seven (557) and five hundred and fifty-eight (558) and parts of lots numbered respectively five hundred and fifty-nine (559), five hundred and seventy-seven (577), and five hundred and seventy-eight (578) on the Official Map of said City of San Francisco.

Second. Commencing at a point on the southeasterly line of Market street,

distant one hundred and ninety-five (195) feet southwesterly from the southwesterly line of Fourth street; running thence southeasterly and parallel with Fourth street one hundred and ninety-five (195) feet; thence at right angles northeasterly and parallel with Market street one hundred and ninety-five (195) feet to the southwesterly line of Fourth street; thence at right angles northwesterly along the southwesterly line of Fourth street one hundred and ninety-five (195) feet, to the southeasterly line of Market street; and thence at right angles southwesterly along he southeasterly line of Market street one hundred and ninety-five (195) feet, to the point of beginning; being a portion of One Hundred (100) Vara Lot numbered one hundred and twenty-six (126), as laid down on the Official Map of the City of San Francisco.

Third. Commencing at a point on the northerly line of Jackson street, distant one hundred and thirty-seven and one-half (137½) feet from the westerly line of Montgomery street; running thence westerly along the said northerly line of Jackson street sixty-nine (69) feet and eleven and three-eighths (11⅜) inches to the northeasterly line of Montgomery Avenue; thence northwesterly along said northeasterly line of Montgomery Avenue one hundred and six (106) feet and eleven (11) inches; thence northerly and parallel with Montgomery street fifty-five (55) feet and four and one-eighth (4⅛) inches; thence at right angles easterly and parallel with Jackson street one hundred and thirty-seven and one-half (137½) feet; and thence at right angles southerly one hundred and thirty-seven and one-half (137½) feet, to the point of beginning; being part of Fifty (50) Vara Lot numbered seventeen (17) on the Official Map of said City of San Francisco.

Fourth. Lot on the southerly line of Pacific street, distant two hundred and thirty-six and one-half (236½) feet easterly from the easterly line of Kearny street; thence running easterly along said southerly line of Pacific streets thirty-eight and one-half (38½) feet; thence at right angles southerly, and parallel with Kearny street, one hundred and thirty-seven and one-half (137½) feet; thence at right angles westerly, and parallel with Pacific street, one hundred and thirty-seven and one-half (137½) feet; thence at right angles northerly, and parallel with Kearny street, sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches; thence at right angles easterly, and parallel with Pacific street, ninety-nine (99) feet: thence at right angles northerly, and parallel with Kearny street, sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches, to the southerly line of Pacific street, and point of beginning. Being a portion of the Fifty (50) Vara Lot numbered sixteen (16) on the Official Map of said City of San Francisco.

Fifth. Lot commencing at the northeast corner of Union and Taylor streets; running thence northerly along the easterly line of Taylor street, eighty-two (82) feet and nine (9) inches; thence at right angles easterly, and parallel with Union street, fifty-one (51) feet and nine (9) inches; thence at right angles southerly, and parallel with Taylor street, eighty-two (82) feet and nine (9) inches to the northerly line of Union street; thence at right angles westerly, along the northerly line of Union street, fifty-one (51) feet and nine (9) inches, to the point of beginning, being a portion of Fifty Vara Lot number four hundred and two (402), on said Official Map.

Sixth. Lot commencing at the southwest corner of Taylor and Filbert streets; running thence westerly along the southerly line of Filbert street seventy-seven and one-half (77½) feet; thence at right angles southerly, and parallel with Taylor street, eighty-two (82) feet and nine (9) inches; thence at right angles easterly, and parallel with Filbert street, seventy-seven and one-half (77½) feet to the westerly line of Taylor street; thence at right angles northerly, along the westerly line of Taylor street, eighty-two (82) feet and (9) nine inches, to the point of beginning; being portion of the Fifty (50) Vara Lot number four hundred and thirty-six (436) on the Official Map of said City and County.

Seventh. Lot on the south line of Greenwich street, commencing at a point distant one hundred and thirty-seven and one-half (137½) feet westerly from the southwest corner of Sansome and Greenwich streets; running thence westerly along said southerly line of Greenwich street, sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches; thence at right angles southerly, and parallel with Sansome street, one

hundred and thirty-seven and one-half (137½) feet; thence at right angles easterly, and parallel with Greenwich street, sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches; thence at right angles northerly, and parallel with Sansome street, one hundred and thirty-seven and one-half (137½) feet to the southerly line of Greenwich street, and the point of beginning; being part of the Fifty (50) Vara Lot numbered one thousand four hundred and seventy-one (1471) on the Official Map of said City of San Francisco.

Eighth. Lot commencing at the northeast corner of Stockton and Filbert streets; running thence northerly along the easterly line of Stockton street, fifty-five (55) feet; thence at right angles easterly, and parallel with Filbert street, eighty-seven and one-half (87½) feet; thence at right angles southerly, and parallel with Stockton street, fifty-five (55) feet; thence at right angles westerly, along the northerly line of Filbert street, eighty-seven and one-half (87½) feet, to the point of beginning; being a portion of Fifty (50) Vara Lot numbered four hundred and fifty-seven (457) on the Official Map of said City of San Francisco.

Ninth. Lot on the westerly line of Dupont street, commencing at a point distant forty-six (46) feet northerly from the northwest corner of Dupont and Filbert streets; running thence northerly along said westerly line of Dupont street, ninety-one and one-half (91½) feet; thence at right angles westerly, and parallel with Filbert street, seventy-seven (77) feet; thence at right angles southerly, and parallel with Dupont street, ninety-one and one-half (91½) feet; thence at right angles easterly, and parallel with Filbert street, seventy-seven (77) feet, to the westerly line of Dupont street, and the point of beginning; being portion of Fifty (50) Vara Lot numbered four hundred and fifty-nine (459) on the Official Map of said City and County of San Francisco.

Tenth. Lot on the westerly line of Dupont street, commencing at a point distant forty-six (46) feet southerly from the southwest corner of Dupont and Filbert streets; running thence southerly along the westerly line of Dupont street twenty and one-half (20½) feet; thence at right angles westerly, and parallel with Filbert street, seventy-three (73) feet and nine (9) inches; thence at right angles northerly, and parallel with Dupont street, twenty and one-half (20½) feet; thence at right angles easterly, and parallel with Filbert street, seventy-three (73) feet and nine (9) inches to the westerly line of Dupont street, and the point of beginning; being part of Fifty (50) Vara Lot numbered four hundred and twenty-four (424) on the Official Map of said City and County of San Francisco.

Eleventh. Those certain Water Lots in the City and County of San Francisco, and numbered respectively on the Official Map thereof as follows, viz: numbers forty-one (41), forty-six (46), one hundred and thirty (130), one hundred and thirty-one (131), one hundred and thirty-two (132), one hundred and thirty-three (133), one hundred and thirty-four (134), one hundred and thirty-five (135), three hundred and thirty-one (331), three hundred and thirty-two (332), four hundred and twenty-seven (427), four hundred and twenty-eight (428), four hundred and twenty-nine (429), and four hundred and thirty (430).

Twelfth. Those certain Fifty (50) Vara Lots in the City and County of San Francisco, and respectively numbered on the Official Map of said City as follows, viz: numbers one hundred and fifty-three (153), one hundred and fifty-four (154), four hundred (400), four hundred and one (401), four hundred and thirty-seven (437), four hundred and thirty-eight (438), four hundred and thirty-nine (439), four hundred and eighty-seven (487), four hundred and eighty-eight (488), four hundred and eighty-nine (489), five hundred and twenty-three (523), five hundred and twenty-four (524), five hundred and twenty-five (525), five hundred and thirty (530), six hundred and twenty (620), six hundred and ninety-three (693), seven hundred (700), seven hundred and five (705), fourteen hundred and fifty-eight (1458), fourteen hundred and sixty-four (1464), and fourteen hundred and seventy-nine (1479).

Thirteenth. That certain tract of land in Santa Clara County, State of California, situated on the east side of Guadalupe Creek so called, running parallel with the road, and bounded on the west by said Creek, and on the south by land of

Charles Waite, and containing four hundred and forty (440) acres more or less; also, that certain lot of land on First street, in the City of San Jose, County of Santa Clara, State of California, adjoining the premises, now or late, of Mr. Bean the Banker, fronting about one hundred (100) Varas on First street, and containing eleven (11) acres; also, those certain two (2) Fifty Vara Lots situated on First street, in said City of San Jose, County and State aforesaid, adjoining the school of Mr. Yates, and now leased by him from the party of the first part; also, that certain tract of land situated near the said City of San Jose, County of Santa Clara, State aforesaid, bounded on the west by the Santa Clara Road, on the south by lands of one Montague, on the east by lands of Phiefeter, and on the north by the Lane, containing one hundred and fifty (150) acres, more or less.

Fourteenth. That certain tract of land situate in Santa Clara County, State of California, lying on the westerly side of the road leading from San Jose, in a southerly direction, to the New Almaden Quicksilver Mine, so called, in said Santa Clara County, State aforesaid, and being the homestead or home of the party of the first part.

Fifteenth. Isla de Santa Catalina, granted, July fourth, eighteen hundred and forty-six (1846), by Pio Pico, Governor, etc., and confirmed by the District Court of the United States, southern district of California, March first, eighteen hundred and fifty-eight (1858), in Los Angeles County, State of California.

Sixteenth. That certain tract of land situate in Los Angeles County, State of California, and known as the Rancho de los Felis, containing one and one-half (1½) square leagues, more or less, and patented by the United States to Maria Ignacio Berdugo, by patent dated April eighteenth, eighteen hundred and seventy-one (1871).

Seventeenth. All those certain tracts of land, situate on the borders of Lake Tahoe, so called, in the County of Placer, State of California, and conveyed to the party of the first part by Henry M. Yerrington, Duane L. Bliss, and James A. Rigley, by deed or deeds, dated on or about November fifth, A. D. eighteen hundred and seventy-three (1873).

Eighteenth. That certain lot of land in Virginia City, Storey County, State of Nevada, fronting sixty (60) feet on F and G streets, respectively, with a uniform depth of one hundred (100) feet, and being a portion of lot number four (4), in block number one hundred and forty-eight (148) as laid down on the Official Map of said City, and adjoining the lot of land now or late of the Trustees of the First Baptist Church of said Virginia City.

And, for greater certainty and more accurate description, reference is made to the deeds and instruments of transfer, now in possession of the parties of the second part, and to the land records of the City and County of San Francisco, and of the Counties of Santa Clara, Los Angeles and Santa Barbara, State of California, and the County of Storey, State of Nevada, where are recorded the conveyances to the party of the first part: and LASTLY, all and singular, all the pro personal and mixed, and all choses in action, now or at the date of said deed of the second day of June, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-four (1874), belonging to the party of the first part, or which he shall hereafter acquire, and in which he had at the date last aforesaid, or now has, or hereafter shall acquire, any interest: IN TRUST, however, for the uses and purposes hereinafter mentioned.

To Have and to Hold the same unto the said parties of the second part, the survivor and survivors of them, and their successors and assigns, in trust, for the following purposes, viz.:

First. To enter into possession, have, receive and recover the said property, and the rents and profits thereof (except as herein excepted), and to let and lease (until sale), and to sell, convey and dispose of the same, and convert the same into money (except as herein excepted) as rapidly as judicious management will per-

mit, and out of the proceeds to make the payments hereinbelow directed; a majority of said Trustees shall determine when, on what terms, and for what price, and on what credit the same shall be disposed of. And a majority of said Trustees may likewise execute, acknowledge and deliver all deeds, transfers, conveyances, assignments and other instruments necessary and proper for the purposes aforesaid, and in all other matters in the execution of the trusts herein declared.

Second. Out of the proceeds of the sale and disposition of the property hereby conveyed and transferred, and intended to be, to expend the sum of seven hundred thousand dollars ($700,000 00) for the purpose of constructing and putting up on the land heretofore deeded to the party of the first part hereto, on or about the fifth day of November, eighteen hundred and seventy-three (1873), by Henry M. Yerrington, Duane L. Bliss, and James A. Rigley, the said lands being situated on the borders of Lake Tahoe, County of Placer, State of California, a powerful telescope, superior to and more powerful than any telescope ever yet made, with all the machinery appertaining thereto and appropriately connected therewith, or that is necessary and convenient to the most powerful telescope now in use, or suited to one more powerful than any yet constructed, and also a suitable observatory connected therewith. Provided, however, if the site above designated shall not, after investigation, be deemed by said Trustees, or a majority of them, to be a proper and suitable one on which to erect and maintain such telescope, then such Trustees, or a majority of them, shall elect a site on which to erect such telescope; but the same must be located within the State of California.

The parties of the second part hereto, and their successors, shall retain forever the title to said site for said telescope; and if by any provision of law the said Trustees, parties of the second part, and their successors, cannot hold the title to said site, and the appurtenances to be put thereon, then they shall convey the same to the State of California; and if, after the construction said telescope, there shall remain of said seven hundred thousand dollars ($700,000) any surplus, then said parties of the second part, and their successors, shall (as the majority of them shall direct) invest the same in Bonds of the United States, State of California, or City and County of San Francisco, bearing interest, and devote the income thereof to the maintenance of said telescope, and the observatory connected therewith, and make the same useful in promoting science.

Said parties of the second part shall provide said sum of seven hundred thousand dollars ($700,000) and apply the same to the erection of said telescope and observatory, and the adornment and improvement of the grounds selected for a site, as rapidly as judicious management will permit; and said parties of the second part are prohibited from mortgaging such site, or the appurtenances to be connected therewith.

Third.—To pay to the Trustees of the PROTESTANT ORPHAN ASYLUM, of San Francisco, for the use of said Asylum, the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars ($25,000) in gold coin.

Fourth.—To pay to the City of San Jose, California, through the legally constituted authorities or officers thereof, for the purpose of building and supporting an Orphan Asylum in or near the vicinity of said City (but not more than five miles from the Court House in said City) free to all orphans, without regard to creed or religion of parents, twenty-five thousand dollars ($25,000) in like coin.

Fifth.—To pay to the Trustees of the LADIES' PROTECTION AND RELIEF SOCIETY, of San Francisco, for the use of said Society, the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars ($25,000) in like coin.

Sixth.—To pay to the MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, of San Francisco, (erroneously called in said deed of the second day of June, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-four, the "Mechanics' Library Association"), the sum of ten thousand dollars ($10,000) in like coin, to be applied to the purchase of scientific and mechanical works for said Institution.

Seventh. To pay to the Trustees of the SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS, of San Francisco, for the use of said Society, the sum of

ten thousand dollars ($10,000) in like coin, accompanied with a hope on the part of the party of the first part that the Trustees of said Society may organize such a system as will result in establishing a similar Society in every important city and town in California, to the end that the rising generation may not witness, or be impressed with, such scenes of cruelty and brutality as constantly occur in this State.

Eighth. In further trust, that out of the proceeds of said property hereby conveyed and made over, said parties of the second part shall expend five thousand dollars ($5,000 00) in the erection of a Granite Monument to the memory of the mother of the party of the first part, viz.: SARAH LICK, who died and was buried at Fredericksburg, Lebanon County, Pennsylvania, in eighteen hundred and twelve at the age of forty years; and the further sum of five thousand dollars ($5,000 00) in the erection of a Granite Monument to the memory of the father of the party of the first part, who died at the same place, in eighteen hundred and thirty-one, at the age of sixty-six years; and the further sum of five thousand dollars ($5,000 00) in the erection of a Granite Monument to the memory of the grandfather of the party of the first part, viz.: WILLIAM LICK, whose name was written in the German language, "Lük," and who died near Norristown, Pennsylvania, at the age of one hundred and four years, to commemorate the services rendered by him in the American struggle for Independence, and the hardships he suffered at Valley Forge and other places during that struggle; all of said monuments to be erected at Fredericksburg, aforesaid; and the further sum of five thousand dollars ($5,000 00) in the erection of a Granite Monument to the memory of the sister of the party of the first part, named CATHERINE, to be placed at her burial place in Pennsylvania.

Ninth. And in further trust, out of the proceeds of said property, to expend one hundred thousand dollars ($100,000 00) to found an Institution, to be called the "OLD LADY'S HOME," to be located in San Francisco, as a retreat for women who are unable to support themselves, and who have no resources of their own; the right of admission thereto to be prescribed by A. B. FORBES, J. B. ROBERTS, IRA P. RANKIN, ROBERT MCELROY, and HENRY M. NEWHALL, and the survivors of them, who shall receive the title to the lands on which the same shall be erected, and who shall hold the same until the same can be conveyed to a corporation, authorized to maintain such an institution; said sum of one hundred thousand dollars ($100,000 00) to be expended under the direction of said Forbes, Roberts, Rankin, McElroy, and Newhall, and the survivors of them, and the site for the Institution to be selected and acquired by them as speedily as possible.

Tenth. And in further trust, to expend the sum of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars ($150,000 00), under the direction of H. M. NEWHALL, IRA P. RANKIN, DR. J. D. B. STILLMAN, JOHN O. EARL, and WILLIAM C. RALSTON, and the survivors of them, in the erection and maintaining in the City of San Francisco, of free baths, the site or sites therefor to be acquired and held by the persons last named and the survivors of them, in trust, to forever maintain such baths for the free use of the public, under proper and reasonable regulations; said baths to be erected as soon as practicable to raise the money, after the money has been provided to erect said telescope.

Eleventh. And in further trust out of the proceeds of said property to expend one hundred and fifty thousand dollars ($150,000 00) in the erection of a Bronze Monument, to be placed in the Golden Gate Park, to the memory of FRANCIS SCOTT KEY, author of the song, "The Star Spangled Banner."

Twelfth. And in further trust to erect, under the supervision of WILLIAM C. RALSTON, JOHN O. EARL, DR. J. D. B. STILLMAN, H. M. NEWHALL, and IRA P. RANKIN, and the survivors of them, at the State Capital, and in the State Capital grounds of California, at such place as shall be selected by the Governor, Attorney General, and Chief Justice of the highest court of said State, a group of Bronze Statuary, well worth two hundred and fifty thousand dollars ($250,000 00), which shall represent, by appropriate designs and figures, the history of California; first,

from the early settlement of the Missions to the acquisition of California by the United States: second, from such acquisition by the United States to the time when Agriculture became the leading interest of the State; third, from the last named period to the first day of January, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-four (1874); also, illustrating the progress of the State of California in education, mechanical arts, mining, manufacturing, and mercantile pursuits, agriculture, and the general growth and prosperity of said State, up to the first day of January, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-four (1874.) The parties of the second part shall advertise for a period of one year, a reward of five thousand dollars for the best design of said group, and of twenty-five hundred dollars for the second best design for said group, to be paid out of said sum of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars ($250,000).

Thirteenth. And in further trust, to found and endow, at a cost of three hundred thousand dollars ($300,000 00), an institution to be called THE CALIFORNIA SCHOOL OF MECHANICAL ARTS, the object and purpose of which shall be to educate males and females in the practical arts of life, such as workers in wood, iron, stone, of any of the metals, and in whatever industry intelligent mechanical skill now is or can hereafter be applied; such institution to be open to all youths born in California. The institution shall be founded and endowed under the direction of said DR. J. D. B. STILLMAN, HORACE DAVIS, A. S. HALLIDIE, JOHN OSCAR ELDRIDGE (erroneously called Joseph Eldridge in said deed of June second, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-four), JOHN O. EARL, WILLIAM C. RALSTON, and HON. LORENZO SAWYER, and the survivors of them who are required to acquire the site therefor and to form a corporation, the only corporators being themselves to own, control, and manage the said institution; the members of said corporation never to exceed seven, and vacancies in the membership to be filled from time to time by the survivors.

Fourteenth. And in further trust, that said parties of the second part shall pay to JOHN H. LICK, of Fredericksburg, Lebanon County, Pennsylvania, three thousand dollars, ($3,000 00) gold coin; to HENRY LICK, of the same place, the half brother of the party of the first part, five thousand dollars ($5,000 00) in like gold coin; to SAMUEL LICK, half brother of the party of the first part, a like sum in like gold coin; to SARAH, wife of Rev. Mr. Helper, of Annville, Lebanon County, Pennsylvania, sister of the party of the first part, or her heirs, five thousand dollars ($5,000 00) in like gold coin; to SARAH, niece of the party of the first part, and daughter of Catherine, his sister, of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, two thousand dollars ($2,000 00) in like gold coin; to SARAH, daughter of John Lick, and niece of the party of the first part, two thousand dollars ($2,000 00) in like gold coin; to JAMES WILLIAM LICK, of Santa Clara County, California, nephew of the party of the first part, twot housand dollars ($2,000 00) in like gold coin; to THOMAS E. FRASER, of San Jose, California, two thousand dollars ($2,000 00) in like gold coin.

Fifteenth. In further trust, that said parties of the second part will, before making any of the payments herein referred to (except the payments to be made to the party of the first part), pay off and discharge all incumbrances upon said property hereby conveyed, and each part thereof, or reserve and hold sufficient of the avails of the property hereby granted for that purpose, and pay the same when demanded.

Sixteenth. And the said party of the first part reserves to himself, for the term of his natural life, the use and exclusive management of said Homestead Property, at San Jose, Santa Clara County, and the furniture, books, tools, and implements thereat, and the rents, issues, and profits thereof; but on the decease of the party of the first part, said parties of the second part shall deliver and make over to the parties of the third part, share and share alike, all that remains of said personal property at said homestead. And the said personal property in the business office of the party of the first part shall be delivered by the parties of the second part to said parties of the third part, share and share alike, whenever said Trustees, par-

ties of the second part have no longer any use for the same, for the purposes of their trust.

Seventeenth. And in further trust, that the said parties of the second part shall, during the life time of the party of the first part, pay to the party of the first part, out of the income of said property hereby conveyed, or of the proceeds thereof, such sums of money as he may from day to day, or week to week, demand of them, not however exceeding the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars ($25,000 00) in any one year.

Eighteenth. And in further trust, after discharging the trusts, and making the payments hereinbefore mentioned, in the order hereinbefore set forth (except as herein otherwise directed), to make over and transfer the residue of the proceeds of the property hereby transferred and conveyed, and intended to be, in equal proportions to the "CALIFORNIA ACADEMY OF SCIENCES," and the "SOCIETY OF CALIFORNIA PIONEERS," to be expended by them respectively in the erection of the buildings mentioned in the deeds of the party of the first part to said Societies respectively, dated October third, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-three, and in the purchase after the erection of such buildings, of a suitable library, natural specimens, chemical and philosophical apparatus, rare and curious things useful in the advancement of science, and generally in the carrying out of the objects for which said Societies were respectively established.

Nineteenth. And the parties of the second part in consideration of the premises, do hereby covenant and agree to and with the party of the first part, that they will execute the foregoing trusts, and make the payments above directed, out of the proceeds of the said property, according to the true intent and meaning of these presents.

Twentieth. And the parties of the third part, in consideration of the premises, and the sum of one dollar to them paid by said parties of the second part, do hereby respectively release and discharge the parties of the second part from the performance of any of the duties imposed upon them by said deed, dated June second, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-four, which are inconsistent with these presents; and do hereby covenant and agree to claim, take and receive, only such part and share of said property, and the proceeds thereof, as they are entitled to under these presents, and not otherwise; and the said parties of the third part, do further covenant and agree, that the said words, "residue of the proceeds of the property," as used in Section Eighteenth of these presents, shall at all times be construed and understood to mean only the net balance and remainder, after the other payments herein directed to be made, and the expenses of the execution of this trust.

Twenty-first. All vacancies occurring among said Trustees, parties of the second part, by death or otherwise, shall be filled by a majority of the remaining Trustees; and all vacancies at any time occurring during the continuance of this Trust, shall be filled by a majority of the then acting Trustees—in filling such vacancies, selections shall be made of well-known citizens and residents of the State of California.

In Witness Whereof, the parties of the first and second parts have hereunto set their respective hands and seals, and the parties of the third part have caused these presents to be signed on their behalf, by their respective officers, and their corporate seals to be hereunto affixed, the day and year first above written.

We have thus imperfectly sketched the life of this remarkable man. Our task was not an easy one, for with that modesty which usually accompanies noble natures, Mr. Lick is especially averse to speak of himself and his busy life of active usefulness. Nor do we think that we

should wait until the grave has closed over our public benefactor to render a just tribute to his worth. We rather think with one of the most gifted of modern writers, who says: "He who has once stood beside the grave to look back upon the companionship which has been forever closed, feeling how impotent *there* are the wild love, or the keen sorrow to give one instant's pleasure to the pulseless heart, or atone in the lowest measure to the departed spirit, for the hour of unkindness will scarcely for the future incur that debt to the heart which can only be discharged to the dust. Again and again men have seen their noblest descend into the grave, and have thought it enough to garland the tombstone when they had not crowned the brow, and to pay the honor to the ashes which they had denied to the spirit."

[Our biography of James Lick is authentic, having been received direct from his lips, through the influence of our mutual friend, D. J. Staples.]

A few words respecting the seven men selected—and, in our opinion, wisely selected—by Mr. Lick for the execution of the trusts under his conveyance. Thomas H. Selby was born in New York, and in early life was a clerk, together with Cyrus Field, in the house of A. T. Stewart. He then went into business on his own account; was not successful, and came out to California, where he honorably retrieved the fortunes of the Eastern house, and remained here to build up his own. In 1851 he was almost unanimously elected Alderman of his ward. In 1869 he was elected Mayor of our city, and we all know how usefully and faithfully he performed the duties of his office. His varied works for reduction of ores, his shot tower, and his well ordered establishment at Fair Oaks, are well known to all our readers. Mr. Selby has been President of the Merchants' Exchange, and stands high in the esteem of the community. Of D. O. Mills we need hardly say more than that his immense business capacity and the manner he has conducted the affairs of the largest banking corporation on this coast, eminently entitle him to the position of trust Mr. Lick has imposed, whilst his knowledge and love of art qualify him to act in promoting the artistic portions of the bequest. H. M. Newhall has been before the public since 1849. Sound, practical sense and great firmness of character are his characteristics. A man of large views, and courageous in enterprise, his judgment will be valuable in the execution of Mr. Lick's plans. Another powerful yet refined mind is to be found in William Alvord, also whilom our Mayor. Mr. Alvord's connection with large manufacturing and mechanical works, which have been founded mainly by his instrumentation, knowledge and activity, prove him to be worthy of the trust in a business point of view, whilst the gentle æsthetic character of the man is portrayed in his presidency of the San Francisco Art Association, in addition to his liberal patronage of literature and art itself. The firm of Mellus & Howard belongs to the traditionary period of California's history. When Wm. D. M. Howard died, he left his brother, George H. Howard, in charge of his valuable estates for the benefit of his wife and infant heirs. How well that trust has been performed is known to all of us, and the sterling integrity and kindness of disposition of Mr. Howard have made him loved and respected by all who know him, whilst his extensive foreign travel and natural good taste most aptly fit him to decide on questions of art or decorative building. Our present Mayor, James Otis, needs but few words. Whether as Supervisor, merchant, or in his present position as

Chief Magistrate, he has ever proved himself to be the same quiet, unostentatious, steady, persevering man of business. Upright in his actions, most kind and affectionate in his domestic relations, a silent yet constant worker for the good of the city, he is a worthy companion of the beforementioned gentlemen. Lastly, we have John O. Earl. Mr. Earl was born in Newark, New Jersey. He received a thorough business education in New York, and arrived here in 1849, remaining engaged in mercantile pursuits until 1859. For the four first years and the four most brilliant years of its existence, Mr. Earl was President of the Gould & Curry mine, and since that time he has chiefly devoted his attention to the mining interests of the Pacific Coast. He has also been connected with many important local and banking corporations. From the very outset he has taken an active interest in the Bank of California, and many other flourishing companies have profited by his advice and judicious management. In no country in the world more than California is that characterized as luck which in reality is sagacity, and it is that latter quality which peculiarly shines in Mr. Earl, thereby rendering him especially useful at the Council Board, or to manage the affairs of an important trust. We have thus sketched the outlines or salient points of James Lick's trustees, neither to flatter nor to extenuate, nor for the purpose of exhibiting them to our own citizens, to whom they are all so well known, but it was in order that the world without, who admire the great gift, should be fully convinced that the objects of the donor will be faithfully carried out, and his various purposes thoroughly and artistically executed.

Whilst reviewing the career of and narrating the benefits derived from James Lick, we cannot avoid being struck with the connection that exists between him and another benefactor to the State of California and the Pacific Coast in general. We mean Leland Stanford. The man who was mainly instrumental in building the Central Pacific Railroad, increased the population of our State by hundreds of thousands and its wealth by millions. Every hundred emigrants brought over the line to California is so much capital and labor employed to develop its resources. Thus have these two men, James Lick and Leland Stanford, unwittingly gone together hand in hand as co-workers in the great problem of progress. The increase of population due to the latter has made a millionaire of the former; the practical operator has covered the sand-hills of the speculator with magnificent buildings, and he in his turn bestows his wealth for the enlightenment, the recreation, the health and the adornment of the country which the great iron road has so successfully helped to people. The population of San Francisco, which in 1860 was a little over 59,000, is to-day more than 200,000, and, as we learn from the railway returns, the balance of population is ever in favor of our city—that is to say, there is every month an excess of arrivals over departures. The amount of deposit in our savings banks shows a gain exceeding five millions for the past year over that preceding it. In 1860 the assessed value of property in San Francisco was about $36,000,000; last year it surpassed $212,000,000, and it is out of this balance that money comes into the hands of men like James Lick, to be by him rendered back for the benefit of the people who built the colossal fortune. Therefore we say that the worker, the man of practical utility, such as Leland Stanford, deserves the thanks of the com-

munity equally with the generous philanthropist who encourages science, erects public baths and raises monuments to deceased worthies, for without the active co-operation of the one, the liberality of the other would be more limited, and its benefit consequently more restricted in its scope.

Photographed by BRADLEY & RULOFSON,
No. 429 Montgomery Street

Leland Stanford

LELAND STANFORD.

WHETHER it be true or not that the world knows little of its greatest men, certain it is that California knew little of her foremost men till recently. He who, in the quickly coming future, was to be her all-accomplished and most statesmanlike Governor; he who was to lead in building the Pacific Railroad for her, and he whose good fortune it was and is to drive the locomotive through all her great valleys, and thereby fill them with settlements, towns, cities, an industrious people and a new civilization, was a quiet, unobtrusive merchant in Sacramento, as late as the year 1860, scarcely known at all except to his neighbors, his customers and a few business correspondents. Leland Stanford never held an office until he was elected Governor. He would not take a renomination, giving this as his reason: "Because I had rather be President of the Central Pacific Railroad than to be President of the United States." He evidently felt that if he succeeded in the stupendous work of uniting the confines of our broad public with a bridge of iron, his name would cut so deep a score in history that any political office he might fill would be forgotten dust by the side of it. And did he not, in his laudable ambition, form a proper estimate of true fame? He who has succeeded in doing some great thing productive of good to a whole country, will live in the memory of the people when Presidents and Governors are remembered no more. Other men may improve upon what he has originated or accomplished, but they can never eclipse his fair renown. Ships larger and far superior to that which first crossed the Atlantic, have since been built, and have been commanded by learned navigators, but in all the world there has been but one Columbus. Other canals of greater capacity than the Erie, as it was first constructed, have since been dug in the United States, but there has never been but one De Witt Clinton. No Pacific Railroad of the future, however grand, will take anything from the glory and honor of the first, and there never will be but one Leland Stanford. His was the energy that never wearied, his the patience never exhausted, and his the faith that could never be shaken in the final triumph of the mighty work he had said in his heart should be done. Difficulties that would have crushed every hope in the breasts of most men, he encountered, and put aside as only a giant could. Opposition in Wall street, and violent opposition from prominent men of his own State, pursued his company from the very beginning of the Pacific Railroad enterprise. At times it rolled mountain high in its endeavors to combat and ruin its young railroad President, but he rose superior to it all. His strength of will and that power of imagination which enables him to see far and correctly into the future, added to a mind of almost unlimited resources, carried him successfully through the most trying financial and engineering problems that, without doubt, any railroad builder was ever required to solve. How

often the Central Pacific, in its earliest days, tottered on the verge of bankruptcy, or how often it seemed as if every precipice and mountain spur in its pathway had found a tongue to say to its invading army of graders and tracklayers, "Thus far shalt thou come, but no farther," only those who are near to Mr. Stanford and in his confidence can ever know. But the road has been built in spite of all these obstacles, and it stands to-day a far more eloquent eulogy to the genius and rare qualities of the MAN who did so much to make it a success, than any mere words can bestow. And it will remain forever eloquent as the years of American history roll on.

Leland Stanford was born about eight miles from the City of Albany, State of New York, March 9, 1824. He is the fourth of seven brothers, all of whom are still living save one. His ancestors came over from England more than fifty years before the Revolution of 1776, and settled in the Mohawk Valley. They were farmers, of good repute, thrifty and industrious. Five generations of them have lived to till the soil of the Empire State. Josiah Stanford, the father of Leland, was a man of marked public spirit and energy. Besides cultivating his farm, he took contracts for building roads and bridges in all parts of his native county. He was among the first advocates of the Erie Canal, and watched its progress and completion with the keenest interest. He saw with prophetic eye that it was but the beginning of that vast system of internal improvements that was to make his State so famous. In 1828 the locomotive burst upon the world like a miracle. More than all the agencies of previous times combined, it came charged with a power to revolutionize commerce and to immeasurably improve man's social and physical condition. The great news of the success of George Stephenson's locomotive engine, "The Rocket," on the Manchester and Liverpool road, had crossed the Atlantic but a few months before a charter was obtained in 1829 from the Legislature of the State of New York for a railroad between Albany and Schenectady. Josiah Stanford was among the foremost in the new enterprise. He took large contracts for grading, and pushed forward the work with the greatest vigor, and from that day to this the Stanfords have more or less been engaged in the honorable business of railroad building. One of them commenced work on the first iron road built in the United States, and one, the subject of this sketch, and a son of that pioneer, forty years later drove with his own strong hand the last spike of the great Pacific Railroad. The Albany and Schenectady Railroad, fifteen miles in length, now forms one of the links in the overland road, which measures three thousand three hundred miles between the Atlantic and the Pacific. What the father commenced, his son gloriously completed two score of years afterward. Grand coincidence! Precious heirloom, of which even a ROYAL family might be proud, is this. Till he was twenty years of age, young Leland's time was divided between the healthful occupations of a farm life and his studies. At school he is well remembered as a large, handsome boy, genial, affectionate and popular. His happy temperament and sweet disposition made him a special favorite with his young associates. As a scholar, he did not strive to achieve a brilliant reputation. He had little ambition to dazzle or shine. Conjugations, translations and the mere rules of the books he studied, were bitter and distasteful to his practical mind. He could remember things, but was apt to forget the words that encased them. He stored his mind richly with facts, but not with forms. From the time he was old enough to reason and reflect, he accepted nobody's conclusions

till he had investigated for himself. Such has been his habit through life. This independence of thought, added to original views which, in the fullness of his manhood, he has formed on nearly every social, financial and political question of the day, has made him pre-eminently a thought-producing and not a thought-repeating man. He was never known to make a quotation in anything he has ever written, yet he is well read in the writings of our best modern authors. Books that treat on the philosophy of history, social statics and political economy, as developed during the last two centuries, he prefers. The works of De Tocqueville, John Stuart Mill, Herbert Spencer and Buckle, he delights to read, though he does not hesitate to reject as so much sophistry some of the theories and arguments advanced by these writers. It is to be regretted that a man self-nurtured on the most advanced ideas of the age, and at the same time possessed of such a discriminating and conservative breadth of mind, has not written more than he has for publication. But early in life he adopted this as his motto: "It's not what a man says so much as what he does that makes him of use to the world." He has been a *doer*, and though for years his heart and brain have been filled with one great absorbing purpose, yet there have always been side tracks to his mind on which his thoughts have run in the intervals of sterner duties. Topics which are in no way kindred to the work he has devoted the balance of his life to perform, he has analyzed and examined into whenever a leisure hour would permit, and many there are who have been astonished at the knowledge he possesses on subjects which an active business man is supposed to know but little about. In the way of lighter reading, he prefers and has read all the writings of Oliver Goldsmith, Walter Scott and Washington Irving. In his schoolboy days he never was fascinated by the dead languages. Indigestible and repulsive to him were all the technical rules and exceptions about the nominative and accusative case and Latin versification, and he fully agrees with the German wit, Heine, who said, "How fortunate the Romans were that they had not to learn the Latin grammar, because if they had done so they never would have had time to conquer the world." Greek mythology, and even mediæval history, to a mind like young Stanford's, were dry and mouldy crusts compared to the rich and bountiful repasts to be found in the physical sciences, and in that new world, beautiful and altogether lovely as it is, that chemistry and geology and astronomy open up to us. Mathematics and the sciences were the life blood of his studies and speculations while at school. Not that he delighted in the abstract formulas of Euclid, or of the differential and integral calculus, or in the mysteries of Trigonometry, but rather did he enjoy the sifting of evidence and the weighing of probabilities, and of seeking principles and facts, and then working out the conclusions. These habits and peculiarities of the schoolboy are dwelt upon somewhat at length here, because they are characteristic, and have become part of the man.

As a lawyer, as a merchant, as a Governor, and as a railroad President, Mr. Stanford has exhibited the same modes of thought, the same nice calculations, the same adherence to the real and practical things of the world, to the exclusion of all that is ancient, the same absorbing interest in the present and future, while not thinking or caring particularly for the dead past, that were his chief distinctions when a pupil at Cazanovia, N. Y. But like many another great man, his education really began after it was supposed to have been closed. It was when he commenced to educate him-

self that he saw more clearly than ever before, how many hundred thousand things there are worth knowing in this world which are not found in school books? He devoured newspapers; listened to every lecture and speech made in the neighborhood of his home, and conversed ardently with every person that could enlighten him. His thirst for knowledge was boundless; every fact that came in his way was seized and digested. His memory strengthened under its new and increased burden, while contact with the world hardened and made sinewy every fibre of his intellect, and he rapidly grew to be a young man marked for his versatility and the excellence of his information. In 1846, he entered the law office of Wheaton, Doolittle & Hadley, eminent attorneys in the city of Albany. After three years of patient and hard study, he was admitted to practice law in the Supreme Court of the State of New York. Soon after this, he took Horace Greeley's advice, "Young man, go West," and set out to find a new home on the frontier. He settled in Port Washington in the northern part of the State of Wisconsin, and for four years he was engaged in the practice of his profession at that place. Though moderately successful as a lawyer, it is not impossible that he had mistaken his calling. His brain was too much occupied with outside matters for a profession that always demands constancy and the closest attention as essential conditions of success. Besides hair-splitting technicalities were distasteful to him. Nature never made him for a special pleader. But he studied deeply and broadly the philosophy of jurisprudence, the spirit more than the letter of the statute, which studies would have made him a good legislator, and an excellent judge of what the law ought to be. In his practice, the doctrine of *stare decisis* was often in his way. New conditions, and a public policy that is constantly becoming more liberal and expanded, he always contended should have more weight in assisting to interpret the law than mere former decisions, however numerous or musty they might be. But unfortunately for lawyer Stanford neither the bar nor the bench of the times were as progressive as he, and he felt fettered. Yet such was his perseverance that, in all probability, he would have continued through life in legal chains had not a conflagration in the Spring of 1852 swept out of existence all his worldly possessions, including his law library. Though momentarily disheartened at his loss, it was undoubtedly the most fortunate event of his life up to that time, for it was the cause of his coming to California, and of his abandoning the legal profession. It is said that had not want, discomfort and distress warrants been busy at Stratford-on-Avon, Shakspeare himself would probably have continued killing calves and combing wool till his death, and the world and posterity been no wiser for his having lived in it, and that had the Ethel boarding-school turned out well, we had never heard of Dr. Samuel Johnson. Had not the fire at Port Washington have destroyed Leland Stanford's library and other property, the Pacific Railroad might not have been in existence yet, or even commenced. He arrived in California, July 12, 1852, and at once became associated in business with his brothers, three of whom had preceded him to the Pacific Coast, and had already established a mercantile house in Sacramento and stores in several of the larger mining camps that were scattered over the State.

The subject of this sketch was first stationed at Michigan Bluffs, at that time a central business point in the great mining county of Placer. Here he carried on an extensive trade, and, though merchandizing was an occupation he had no previous experience in, he still prospered exceedingly

well at it. Scrupulously honest and honorable in all his dealings, he speedily won the patronage of a good and increasing class of customers. His bland and affable manners, uncommon intelligence, and fine conversational powers drew around him a host of warm friends. A kind neighbor and a good citizen, no man ever left that mountain country more regretted than was Mr. Stanford when, in 1856, he removed to Sacramento to engage in mercantile pursuits on a larger scale. The house of which he was a partner soon took rank amongst the largest and most substantial in California. Here he improved his business qualifications very rapidly. Having become an importer, he watched the movements of trade in nearly all the markets of the world. He sifted statistics, and weighed and measured the laws of supply and demand. He looked into tariffs, and all legislation, State and National, of a financial character, and calculated the effects of it upon business. He made commerce a science which he studied with all the ardor of an enthusiast. He extracted philosophy and financial wisdom from every fluctuation in prices, and in short became a first-class merchant. The knowledge he acquired in trade was of inestimable value in his later and more public life and occupations. It was in his store and while carrying on large transactions that he developed those powers of generalization, that executive ability and organizing talent for which he has since become so distinguished and, it may be said, unrivaled. But he was something more than a successful merchant. He was a philanthropist, and a bold, outspoken lover of freedom. Like Governor Andrew of Massachusetts, he could truly say that he never despised a man because he was poor, or because he was ignorant, or because he was black. As a very large proportion of the population of California originally came from the Southern States, an anti-slavery man before the war was almost as much ostracized in this young State as he would have been in South Carolina. But though it often cost him pleasant social relations and loss of patronage, he never hesitated to avow his principles nor to express his sympathy for the slave. He contributed largely of his means to bring into existence the Republican party of California and for the support of that organization through its five years of continued and overwhelming defeats. Twice he was nominated, against his wishes, for office, once in '57 and again in '59; but the Republican ticket in neither of those years was scarcely heard of nor mentioned, the political contest being almost entirely between the two wings of the Democratic party. In 1860, he was chosen a delegate to the Chicago convention. He there made the acquaintance of Abraham Lincoln, an acquaintance that ripened into an intimate friendship, which remained warm and unbroken till the President's martyred death. Being in Washington at the time of Mr. Lincoln's first inauguration, he remained there several weeks by special request of the President. During those perilous times when the very air was filled with revolution, trouble was anticipated in California also, for it was known that preparations were being made to take her out of the Union. Mr. Lincoln was a wise and shrewd judge of men, and he readily saw that Mr. Stanford, above all other men he had met, was the true representative man of the Pacific Coast. The President, Secretary Seward and other members of the Cabinet took him into their confidence, and followed his advice relative to nearly all the federal appointments, *for* and as to what measures would preserve peace and loyalty *in* California. A most conscientious and capable adviser he proved to be. The policy he suggested when adopted by the Government produced the most satisfactory results, and the appointees made at his request proved themselves, without exception, excellent officers, and

abundantly qualified for their several positions. The laws of the United States were in no place better enforced than in California during the war. Learning while in Washington that a movement was on foot to nominate him for Governor of his adopted State, he immediately wrote a letter, declining the use of his name for that or any other political position. But his friends at home did not publish the letter as he requested them to do, and he was disappointed to find, on his return from the Capital, that his nomination to the first office in California was a foregone conclusion. Seeing that he was fairly in for it, and that there was no escape, he entered upon the contest with all the zeal and strength there was in him. Possessed of perfect physical health, and an iron constitution, he was capable of traveling for days and nights together without scarcely rest or sleep. He visited personally about every important polling place in the State. Everywhere he went the people saw in him a man of great force of character and superior cultivation, and by the influence of mind over mind, that "sign and signet of the Almighty to command," which he so largely possesses, thousands and tens of thousands were brought to believe in him and his cause. Seldom has there been a greater political revolution than that which he led in the Golden State, in the Summer and Fall of 1861, and on the waves of which he was elected Governor, receiving 56,300 votes, while his highest competitor obtained but about 33,000. At the last preceding State election to this the Republicans did not carry one county nor did they poll 9,000 votes in all California. Two years, later with Stanford as their standard-bearer, they increased their vote six hundred per cent.

There was great rejoicing over his election. It was welcomed as the beginning of a new infinitely better era. At last a man had been elevated to the Governorship who was not a trading politician nor a time-serving demagogue, but a man who dared to do anything and everything it was right to do; an honest, loyal man who could no more tolerate corruption, or allow disobedience to the laws, than he could tell a lie, or be a traitor to his country. Such men make the world wholesome. Place one of them in command of a State and its political atmosphere at once becomes purified. Fresh and bracing as the mountain breezes is the air he breathes over the commonwealth and among his people. The example of such a man must quicken the pulse of every ambitious youth, and add a tonic to his blood. It shows what honors and good fortune may be won by any young man who has the perseverence and pluck to earn them. No man's poor who's young. Worth more than all her gold mines was such a Governor to California during the earlier and darker years of the late civil war. Treason, bold and defiant before his election, dissolved or sank out of sight as soon as he had taken the oath of office. Against this strong man it dare not raise its head. Yet Governor Stanford was ever tolerant of the opinions of others. He favored the largest liberty of thought and action when it did not plainly conflict with the Constitution he was sworn to support. He deplored the war as much as any one, and longed religiously for the reign of law and tranquility throughout the whole country.

"Amid the church bells' sweet vibrations
He heard the voice of Christ say—peace."

But he loved the Union more than peace, and believed that no sacrifice was too great to preserve it.

Almost the first topic discussed in his inaugural address was that

which, next to his country, lay nearest to his heart—the Pacific Railroad. He calls it "the great desideratum of California, the world, and the age;" and in another place he remarks, "No more could the commercial world dispense with the use of this road, when once its relations have been regulated and accommodated to it, than could the West dispense with the great lakes and Erie Canal, nor the Southwest with the Mississippi River." His messages to the Legislature are pressed full of information on every point of interest which touches the welfare of the State. Nowhere are there to be found public documents containing less emptiness or surface writing. His State papers abound in weighty sentences and practical ideas. They are clear, methodical and exhaustive essays on a vast number of topics relative to the wants, industries, institutions, and conditions of a young and growing territory. For instance, in one of his addresses he writes learnedly and well on the following subjects: State finances and taxation; federal relations; geological survey; agriculture; harbor defences; reform schools; codification of the laws; Chinese labor; education and the common school system; forest and timber lands; swamp and overflowed lands; Indian affairs; State militia; public buildings; insane asylums, and charitable institutions. The fact of a man who had never held office before he became Governor possessing knowledge and statistics sufficient to clearly state the whole truth, and be considered good authority on all the above named subjects, is the best evidence of the close observer and deep thinker he has been from boyhood.

Up to the year 1862, a large amount of land in the most fertile regions of California was held by persons whose only title to it was that of possession. By brute force the rightful owners of those lands were kept from occupying them, and the "squatters" had frequently seized and imprisoned with impunity sheriffs and other officers of the law who sought to eject them. Stanford was the first Governor who put down by the long and heavy arm of the State the "squatter riots," and thereby protected the lawful owners in their property. During the administration of Governor Stanford, the State debt of California was reduced more than one-half. A State Normal School was organized which has since become a great power in the cause of education. Economy, retrenchment and reform were severely practical in all the public offices, and the State rejoiced in the blessings of prosperity, peace and happiness.

At the close of his term the Legislature bestowed upon Governor Stanford the unusual compliment of a concurrent resolution, passed by a unanimous vote of all parties, in which the Senate and Assembly returned him "the thanks of the people of California for the able, upright, and faithful manner in which he discharged the duties of Governor of the State for the past two years." Said the leading newspaper of San Francisco, as he was taking off the robes of his high office, "Now let Gov. Stanford build us a Pacific Railroad; if he do that speedily and well, the glory of the Governorship will be as tainted, rusty brass compared with his fame." Said the Chicago *Tribune*, "Build the Pacific Railroad in twelve years, and no fifty years of our history will compare to it;" and yet it was built in less than six years.

Governor Stanford's name is so thoroughly interwoven in every part of this great work of the age, his genius and energy are so conspicuous in every step of its progress, that to write a history of this iron highway

of the nation without making him the central figure, would be like the play of Hamlet with the immortal Prince left out. He it was who shoveled the first earth that commenced it, and he it was who drove the last spike that completed it.

The space allowed for this biographical sketch will permit of but a few glances at the work done by the Central Pacific Railroad Company under the Presidency of Leland Stanford. The company was organized in Sacramento, July 1, 1861. One year from that date Congress passed an Act granting to the corporation a loan of bonds averaging $35,000 per mile, principal and interest to be repaid at the expiration of thirty years. In addition to this, alternate sections of unoccupied land on either side of the road were donated to the company absolutely. None of this subsidy could be obtained till fifty miles were completed and furnished with rolling stock. As all the iron and most of the other material had to be transported from the Atlantic States along two oceans and across a foreign country on its way to California, but little work was done till the fall of 1863, and it was not till July 1, 1864, that the first 31 miles were completed. From this date commences the mighty struggles and trials of the company. The next hundred miles lay across a chain of mountains, the most difficult to pierce, grade, and subdue of any in the world. Imagine a series of lofty cones rising one above another, till in a distance of 70 miles an elevation is reached of 7,042 feet above the starting point, and that the proposition was to build a railroad up and across those mountain peaks and down the other side into the valley, 3,000 feet below, and some idea can be formed of the magnitude of almost the first work commenced by the Pacific Railroad Company.

Many engineers examined the proposed road, and declared it impossible to construct, and Governor Stanford himself once having climbed to the top of one of the snow-capped Sierras, exclaimed, with a sigh, "Is it possible a railroad can be built here?" But his depression was only momentary, for his penetrating eye quickly saw that those lofty piles of clay and granite when cut up could be made available in filling the chasms and precipices that yawned between. Besides, his was a faith that could, as it literally did, "remove mountains," and he never allowed himself to doubt afterward. And so armed, with shovel and pick, powder and steel, did his army of workingmen go forth to battle with the everlasting hills that towered to the clouds above them. Greater than the army with which Cæsar,

"The foremost man in all the world"

achieved his most brilliant victories, was that which for four long years incessantly by night and by day laid siege to the Sierras, until they were bound in irons. During this time sides of whole mountains were torn off, and many a granite hill of vast proportions blown to ten thousand pieces. On the brinks of precipices down which they could sometimes look 1,600 feet, were the railroad builders frequently required to toil, and at other times amid avalanches of snow and ice, which had thundered down with awful velocity into their pathways from crags that seemed hung in the skies above them. But by the steady and well directed storm of sweat and steam, hammer and drill, and amid the boom of blasts that rocked the ground like an earthquake, the mountains were finally battered down, and on the 28th day of August, 1867, the locomotive ascended to the summit, a point higher than the top of Mount Washington, the

loftiest peak in New England. On that day congratulatory dispatches were received from many of the leading public men of the nation. One signed by Governor Bross and others of Illinois, is as follows:

"CHICAGO, August 28th.—To Hon. Leland Stanford: Our congratulations on the completion of the Summit Tunnel. The Locomotive crossing the Sierra Nevada Mountains marks one of the noblest triumphs of energy and enterprise ever known to history. All honor to you and to California."

The cost of constructing this one hundred miles of railroad was not less than $20,000,000. The Government subsidy for the same distance only amounted to about one-third of that sum, and of course the balance had to be procured elsewhere. Often the financial difficulties of the company seemed insurmountable, and but for the honesty and remarkable ability which characterized the managers of the road, it would have been swamped before it crossed the foothills. Capitalists who knew them saw that it would do to loan money to such men as Governor Stanford and his four or five associates, viz: Messrs. Crocker, Hopkins, Huntington and Miller, and upon their individual credit alone millions of dollars were advanced to prosecute the great work. Having unbounded confidence in their integrity, the State of California, through its Legislature, donated them, without asking for conditions or security, $1,500,000, and several of the counties of the State subscribed in the aggregate about as much more. Afterwards the company's bonds were placed upon the great money markets of Europe and the Atlantic States, but the large money lenders of the East considered it a hazardous undertaking, and for a long time refused their much needed aid. This refusal was in many instances caused by the enemies of the Pacific Railroad, who were banded together as closely as conspirators ever were, and strange it is—but true it is—there were many in California who tried to neutralize every effort put forth by the company. Proprietors of stage lines, toll-roads and express companies, who were making fortunes out of the freight and passenger travel across the mountains to and from the silver regions of Nevada, knowing that all of their immense profits would disappear if the Pacific Railroad was built, pursued and made war upon Governor Stanford and his company with sleepless vigilance. He felt their hostile influence in Washington when he was trying to get the original bill passed. They annoyed his company with vexatious, law-suits and injunctions at every step of its progress. Some of these men were millionaires, and therefore had no difficulty in raising large sums of money for supporting agents in Wall street and in Europe, whose business it was to destroy, if possible, the company's credit abroad. But these trying embarrassments only seemed to bring out the masterly abilities of the great railroad President. His enemies were checkmated in every move they made. He upset and demoralized every clique and corporation that dared oppose him, and finally established a credit for his railroad in the money centers of the world second to no other company in the United States. The financial troubles of the Central Pacific at last having been cleared away, its progress across and beyond the mountains was extremely rapid. 530 miles were built in 293 days; ten miles of it in a single day—a feat unprecedented—showing the thorough discipline of the men who did it, and the perfect organization of the company which controlled them. On the 10th day of May, 1869, on Promontory Mountain, at a spot overlooking Salt Lake, the last rail was laid and the last spike driven that finished the

Pacific Railroad. A telegraph wire was attached to the handle of the silver hammer used by Governor Stanford on that occasion, and as he struck the concluding blow which completed the great work, the event was instantly flashed to all parts of the United States. It was a day of national praise and jubilee. Celebrations, ringing of bells, the roar of cannon, and vast processions all over the country, showed how joyfully the people welcomed the glad news. The hero of that day is well described by a newspaper editor who was present at the laying of the last Pacific Rail, as follows:

"Leland Stanford is a splendid specimen of American brain and muscle. He is large and imposing in stature, and weighs about 230 lbs; has a massive, deep head, prominent jaws, round, close shut mouth, superlative grey eyes, forehead of Olympian hight, dark skin furrowed with the evidence of responsibility and many cares. On every feature is written firmness, energy and intelligence. He looks like a man who has done a good deal, but who still felt he had a good deal more to do. He has a pleasant, musical voice, and is an agreeable conversationalist. Can talk well on almost any subject that is suggested, and is withal, I am told, something of a philosopher, though by no means a dreamer, as is evident by his wonderful achievements and success in life. From what I have seen of him during the past few days, I take him to be emphatically what the Germans call "a many sided man," that is, one who is capable of winning laurels in almost any practical work or calling that should happen to engage his talents and attention. A born leader of men he undoubtedly is, having that indescribable something about him that creates followers and admirers wherever he may go."

Gov. Stanford's annual report to the stockholders of the Central Pacific for the year ending July 1st, 1873, was worthy the illustrious man who prepared it, and eminently worthy the careful attention of the press and the study of all thinking people. Every page of this model report fairly sparkles with facts and statistics the most suggestive, financiering the most remarkable, and with evidences of executive ability of the highest order. Nowhere else are there recorded any such exhibit of assets and resources acquired and developed in so short a time. Search the whole history of railroad building through, and we shall find nothing to equal in scope and arrangement, in brilliancy of plan and execution, in rapid progress and towering success, as that which marks the graphic statements and ingenious array of details that so richly fill this last of President Stanford's reports. It is also a document crowded with far-sighted thoughts and unanswerable arguments briefly but concisely stated.

From its commencement the Central Pacific has been so honorably conducted, and managed on such thorough business-like principles, that it has always paid one hundred cents on the dollar with exact promptness. No widow's tears or orphan's cries have ever washed the bonds of this great corporation, for not a dollar of interest—not a single one of its coupons due has ever been deferred payment for a single moment. But few railroad companies in this or any other country can say as much. Considering that over one hundred million dollars of Central Pacific securities are held in the United States and all through Europe, the above fact is of much significance and highly important.

Not less creditable is the statement that "the Central Pacific Company has never yet caused the death of a single individual by neglect, or by

faultiness of material in the construction of the road—though it has already transported many million souls over its main and branch lines. Since the last spike was driven in 1869, there has never been a moment nor an instant that trains have not been in motion *somewhere* on the Central Pacific tract, and often fifty trains are under full headway at the same time, though of course they are moving at different points. The able man who in all these years has watched over the unfolding grandeur and growing usefulness of the great enterprise his brain did so much to fashion, has given its last and best touches in this remarkable report.

The Central Road is the only feeder to sixty thousand miles of Eastern Railroads. It unites the Bay of Manhattan with the Bay of San Francisco by one iron highway 3,300 miles in length, and runs through 48 degrees of longitude, and traverses more than one-eighth the circumference of the globe. The earnings of the company for the year ending July 1, 1874, were $13,851,489 24, a sum larger than the whole revenue of the Government of the United States fifty years ago, and much larger than it was under the administration of Thomas Jefferson. The American people quarrelled a long time over the then large sum of $3,000,000, with which we made the Louisiana purchase, and out of which has been carved six great States. The Central Pacific now earns an equal sum in less than ninety days. On the last day of the Fifteenth Century Queen Elizabeth signed the charter of the East India Company. That great corporation was in existence 255 years. Macauley, Allison, Froude, and all the celebrated English historians have devoted many chapters to the great success and enormous revenue of this mammoth company. But in ten years the Central Pacific of California acquired a richer property than did the East India Company during its whole career of 255 years.

This railroad, of which Leland Stanford is President, has come into possession of lands containing a larger area than three of the New England States, and much larger than many of the principalities and kindoms of the Old Word. Such an extent of territory—such an amount of revenue was never added to the dominions of Rome by the most successful Pro-Consul who carried evidences of the same "under arches of triumph down the sacred way and through the crowded Forum to the threshold of Taperion Jove." The fame of those who subdued Antioch and Turanius grow dim when compared to the splendor of the exploits which these young California railroad builders, led by Standford, achieved at the head of an army of workingmen but equal in numbers to a Roman legion. Not by the spoils of bloody war—not by confiscation or by plunpering have they won this great property. But their's is a victory of peaceful industry, and of the high achievements of applied science. Their's is a victory that has made no man poorer but tens of thousands richer—a victory over which there can be no tears nor sorrow, but the more noble and glorious for all that.

At the age of 26 Leland Stanford was married to Miss Jane Lathrop, daughter of Dyer Lathrop, Esq., for many years a prominent merchant of Albany, New York. Mrs. Stanford is an estimable lady, queenly in person and endowed with an exalted sense of the duties of her high social position. Possessed of many domestic virtues, there is a daily beauty in her life and character which belongs only to those true women who are the nobility of their sex. Mr. and Mrs. Stanford have but one child—a fine boy six years old—the pride and hope of his fond parents.

In his large agricultural nature, Mr. Stanford is especially fond of farming and farm life. Had not circumstances pulled him into the channel of the law, and afterwards to merchandising, and later still into politics and railroad building, he would undoubtedly have made an extensive and perhaps famous farmer. He will discuss for hours—while riding through the agricultural regions—on the nature, growth and rotation of crops; the time for plowing, and for seeding; the different varieties of soil, how it should be dressed or cultivated, etc., etc. One of the ablest and most exhaustive addresses ever given before the State Agricultural Society of California was delivered by him in 1863. Starr King was present on the platform on that occasion, and paid Mr. Stanford the compliment of saying that "it was the most thoughtful and instructive agricultural address he ever listened to."

It is said of Daniel Webster, that one of his chief delights was in great cattle and good horses, and that it was his habit, while at Mansfield, to rise early in the morning and go through his principal barn, with his hands full of ears of corn, with which he would feed his favorite animals. His farm hands used to say that the beasts all knew him from any one else. He towered above other men even in his stable. This love of animals is a marked characteristic of many great men. Leland Stanford, as is well known, is the owner of a famous stable, in which are to be found such celebrated horses as "Occident," "Mayfly," "Gov. Low," "Prussian Maid," and "Aurora." Not for the profit they bring him—for he never bet a dollar in his life—but for the delightful recreation they afford him does Mr. Stanford keep such stock. When "Occident" won the $2,000 plate offered by the State Agricultural Society to any horse that could equal the fastest time ever made in America, Mr. Stanford generously gave it back to the Society, to be again presented to any horse that should ever equal "Occident."

When Webster was on his last bed of sickness, he had a few pairs of his finest oxen driven up to the window, that he might look once more into their great, gentle eyes, and feel their steaming, honest breath, as it was wafted through his window, filling that room of pain with an aroma that to the dying statesman was sweeter than the perfume of flowers. In the words of his chosen biographer: "Webster had some of his friends around him when his loved oxen were driven up to his window. He sat there talking with Mr. Curtis and Mr. Thomas, and looking at the same time at his creatures, and enjoyed it. It was his last enjoyment. It was about a week before he died." And so near to his beloved horses, and surrounded by friends, we doubt not the great Railroad President would desire to pass his last days on earth. He is never more happy than when walking around among his colts, watching their growing beauty, and the gradual unfolding of their good points. The hypocrisy, cunning and trickery that mark the faces of too many of the politicians he is *forced* to encounter or conciliate, he does not find in the open, honest faces of his noble animals, and the contrast must be refreshing indeed.

Among the many shining virtues that distinguish the subject of this sketch, is that of charity—the greatest of all. He gave $10,000 to the suffering people of Chicago immediately after he learned of their great fire. He has donated $25,000 towards the establishment of an Odd Fellows College, and his smaller and unostentatious gifts to libraries, benovolent institutions, and for the relief of private suffering are really too numerous to

mention. The large number of young men he has helped to a start in life, by giving them or getting them good positions, if their names were printed —they would fill many pages. He is a warm admirer of deserving young men, and many of his chief assistants and councellors are men young in years. To members of the press he has ever been a generous friend indeed. He fully recognizes the immense influence the American newspaper sheds upon this country, and he has been heard to remark that: "Not the richest banker on California street, nor the ablest member of the bar wield as much power as even an ordinary newspaper reporter." He is a large reader of newspapers, and derives from them, perhaps, his keenest enjoyment. Though no man in the nation has been more unjustly criticised or abused by certain journals than has Governor Stanford, yet in his magnanimous, forgiving nature, he bears no malice toward any editor living or dead. In his lofty mind there is no place to "harbor up a wrong" permanently. In this age, newspaper attacks upon a man are generally in proportion to his ability and influence. It is the price of greatness.

Since the completion of the Central Pacific, its President has not been idle. He has helped to establish woolen mills, sugar manufactories, and his name is at the head of the most prosperous insurance company in the State. The vast railroad organization which obeys his gentlest touch, as the keys of a piano obey every pulsation of the master's hand, has been so thoroughly systematized that not all of his time is now required in its management. He is largely interested in the Southern Pacific Railway, and has assisted in advancing it very materially. His company has purchased the California and Oregon road, which is being rapidly pushed into the mountains that separate the two great States. It has also purchased the Western Road, running between Sacramento and San Francisco, and it is building branch lines through nearly all the great valleys of California.

Under the administration of Governor Stanford, the Central Pacific Railway has grown, as before mentioned, in the period of ten years to be one of the largest and most powerful corporations in the world. Its capital stock is ONE HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS. In its schedule of assetts are to be found ferries, shipyards and steamboat lines. Its fleet of boats more than equals in tonnage and capacity the celebrated Spanish Armada. Its long, smoking trains crossing and re-crossing the Continent are loaded with the fatness of our lands. Its ramifications to the West and South extend to China, Japan, India, Australia, and South America; and to the North and East as far as civilization. In fact, the Central Pacific is fast revolutionizing the carrying trade of the globe.

Victor Hugo says that at Waterloo the world changed front. It changed front again—or rather the world's commerce did—when on Promontory Mountain the last rail was laid, and its Wellington was Leland Stanford.

LELAND STANFORD'S SPEECH

TO THE

Men who Work in the Rail Shops at Sacramento.

As a specimen of Governor Stanford's rare qualities, of his statesmanship, his comprehensive and quick intellect, and of his powers of analysis and fine reasoning, we re-publish the following *extempore* speech delivered by him in the railroad shops at Sacramento, last September, a few days after the State elections. He was only given a few hours notice that such a meeting was to be held, and spoke off-hand, without a scrap of paper or memorandum of any kind to assist his memory. It is published here as taken down by the short-hand reporters. Governor Stanford trusted to the inspiration of the moment for his ideas as well as for the words in which he clothed them, and we believe that every unprejudiced man who reads this great speech will agree with us, that for genuine eloquence and masterly grasp of the subjects he was elucidating, this speech has never been surpassed in California. Among other things it contains the most complete history of the trials and difficulties of building the Pacific Railroad ever given, and it is at the same time the ablest and most crushing reply to Governor Booth's famous Platt's Hall speech that has been made by anybody. The scene of its delivery was grand and impressive. Over a thousand hard-handed artisans, mechanics and workingmen stood in mass before him, while around and in front of these honest sons of toil beautiful ladies clustered, forming at once a workshop and a flower garden beneath that roof. It was in the middle of one of Sacramento's hottest days. As Governor Stanford's towering form, dressed in white, appeared before them, he was rapturously applauded. From the first words he uttered the enthusiasm seemed to increase, till, towards the close, it was wholly uncontrollable, and the very earth seemed to shake with deafening cheers, as the speaker's clarion voice rang out his bold and defiant sentiments. The strong Saxon that leaped from the lips of this Man of Iron fell upon that assembly like trees in a hurricane, crushing through every obstacle. As was said of Martin Luther, "his words were half cannon-balls." Never can this speech or the scene be forgotten by any man or woman who was present at its delivery:

SPEECH OF GOVERNOR STANFORD.

FRIENDS:—I use that word not formally, but as addressed to a people who are engaged in a common enterprise with myself; men who are, and who have been engaged in constructing railroads, and in operating them. By your labor, mine added, we are developing the resources of a great State. By this co-operation of labor and effort, by this community of industry and interest, we are filling this land with plenty, and building for ourselves and those to come after us a land of free and happy homes. Around this work all the good humanities may cluster. The spread of intelligence, the advancement of civilization, the onward march of progress, these are being wrought out by those who, like us, labor side by side in all the practical undertakings of life. Such is the work, my friends, in which we are engaged, in which every man connected with the railroad is engaged. We ought to be bound together by a common sympathy, as we are bound by a common interest, and therefore I feel to have a right to address you as my friends. I can say truly of every man, however humble the station filled by him in this work, that I feel an interest in him—with all my heart I take an interest in his welfare.

Fellow Craftsmen and Citizens of Sacramento: On yesterday I returned from San Francisco, and meeting Mr. Hopkins, he told me that in consequence of the reduction of the force at the shops there was some dissatisfaction among the workmen, and a general misapprehension of the cause, and that we had been invited to meet the men in these shops at this hour to-day. We consented to come, and we propose giving you a little talk. But I find that there are a good many others than the workmen present, citizens of Sacramento. I shall, therefore, pursue a somewhat different course in the talk that I shall give you from what I otherwise would. At the outset let me say that

THE REDUCTION OF THE FORCES

In the shops is not in consequence of any resentment of the officers of the company for any political action, or because of the manner in which any one in this

city may have voted at the recent election. We used our influence in favor of a particular ticket. We recognized at the same time that every man of you and every citizen had a right—and that he ought to exercise that right—of voting as he thought best. [Applause.] The reduction of the forces in the shops, so far as I know, has been according to the necessities of the company, and not because of the manner in which any man may have voted. Let me say here that I believe that generally the men in the employ of the railroad company voted the same way that I voted myself [applause]; that many of them gave up their own party predilections in order to vote and to sustain, in a measure, the railroad company, or at least not to indorse its enemies. [Applause.]

WHY THE ROAD WAS BUILT.

In 1860 a few men—some half a dozen in number—citizens of Sacramento, met together to consider the building of a railroad over the mountains. In Nevada the silver mines had been discovered, and there was a great business there. In the consideration of that subject it was thought at least that it was possible to make the construction of a road to Nevada the nucleus, or, if I may say so, the embryo, of a Pacific Railroad. There was much deliberation and a very great deal of discussion upon the subject. It was

AN IMMENSE UNDERTAKING,

And how to do it was not clear, if it was practicable at all. But the result was the organization of a railroad company to build a road from Sacramento to the State line of California and Nevada. That organization having been effected, some stock taken, it was determined to prepare a bill and go to Washington and ask Congress if they would not aid to build the Pacific Railroad. That was done. The result was that the Pacific Railroad bill passed. After it was passed we appealed to the citizens of the State of California to take stock. We thought we had a good thing, but very few did take stock outside of this city. In Sacramento the people came up and responded generously, nobly. But there was a good reason

WHY PEOPLE DID NOT TAKE STOCK.

I sometimes have to laugh at my simplicity and that of my associates. When we were about to open the books for subscriptions to stock we said: "We will open them for a week in Sacramento, to give our own people a chance before we open them for San Francisco." We did so. We went down to San Francisco and opened our books there. We expected a rush—that the stock would be gobbled up by the people of San Francisco. But they did not come that day, and they did not come the next day; and at last we began to see what was the matter. To make a long story short, the substance of the objections was this: Money in that market was worth from two and a half to three per cent. a month, and they could not afford to take stock in an enterprise which, even if successful, promised no returns thereon for from eight to ten years, and most men did not believe that it could ever be successful. And this was a good reason why they did not take stock. Then, after that, Mr. Hopkins, Mr. Huntington, Charles Crocker, T. D. Judah, Mr. Bailey and myself met time after time to consider what to do, and I remember very well one time Mr. Hopkins remarking that our individual fortunes would be involved. Mr. Huntington said: "Yes, but if we build one mile and have not money enough to go on, we will not build the second; but we will always be able to pay our debts. We can afford to let our individual fortunes, whatever they may be, go; but we will not fail and owe anybody. [Applause.]

MR. SARGENT

Was a member of Congress. He was the most active man in Congress, in the passage of the Pacific Railroad bill. He did more for it probably than any other man in Washington. [Applause.] He deserves more credit for its passage than any other man in the United States that ever was in Congress. He sent word to us that we must do something;

RAISING MONEY.

That we must satisfy the people that we were in earnest. The result of it was that, while our means were small, we employed such as we had, and with that and our credit we built thirty-one miles of railroad. Then our means were exhausted. We appealed, therefore, to the people of the State and to the counties of Sacramento, San Francisco, and Placer. Placer subscribed to our stock $250,000; Sacramento subscribed $300,000, and San Francisco voted to take $600,000. After giving us much trouble, San Francisco compromised and gave us $400,000 of her bonds. The General Government gave us—no, not gave, gentlemen, *loaned* to us—nothing else—loaned to us in their bonds $27,855,680. We had the right to issue our own bonds to the same amount. The bonds of the Government were about par in currency. Our bonds—that is, our promises to pay—were for an equal amount. At one time, and while we were struggling up the mountain, cur-

rency was worth about 40 cents on the dollar in gold, but it appreciated in value afterwards, and we realized about 60 cents in gold on our Government bonds; less, however, for our own, so that we received in the aggregate for the construction of this Pacific Railroad about $30,000,000 in gold on Government bonds and our first mortgage bonds. We had a little more than that, however, viz: $1,500,000 of our own bonds that the State promised to pay the interest on. We sold these bonds for about $1,000,000, the State paying the interest and we to pay the principal. We had from San Francisco, Sacramento and Placer, 950 bonds, on which we realized about $650,000 in gold, and then we had $1,500,000 of our own promises to pay like your own notes that you give from one to another, on which we realized about another $1,000,000, so that we had $32,650,000 to build the railroad from San Francisco to Ogden. That is what we have had, gentlemen, about $16,000,000 derived from Government bonds, and the balance upon our own promises to pay, and country aid, for which we gave stock, to build the Pacific Railroad 870 miles from San Francisco. Of the land grant I make no mention, as it was not available for construction. Now, gentlemen, we are held up as

DANGEROUS MEN,

Men who have done the public great wrong. They say that Hopkins, Huntington, the two Crockers and Stanford have made at least $10,000,000 apiece out of the Government and out of the people: $50,000,000 we must have made according to some, out of thirty odd millions that we had to build the road 870 miles with [laughter and applause], and over that mountain. Most of you know what kind of a job it was. Why, gentlemen, no railroad man, no man considered capable of judging, believed it was possible to build a railroad over those Sierra Nevada mountains at all, and it is a wonder to me to-day that we were able to do it with our means. When we passed over these mountains we had used up all that we had, and our bonds were sold 100 miles in advance, and our credit was used as far as we could use it, and we were barely able to get to Ogden upon such means as we possessed. Why, gentlemen, look at the stories we have heard. I saw in the San Francisco *Bulletin* a statement credited to poor Sam Brannan, wherein he charges us with making $250,000,000, and the *Bulletin* indirectly indorsed it. And yet I have shown you what we had, in gold coin, to build the road with and make these profits. Then what are the

BENEFITS FROM THIS ROAD?

Mind you, this late political canvass was made a railroad issue by a certain class of the people of California. They held us up as dangerous. They made some people believe it, and that is the way to account for the vote in certain counties. They parade constantly that the State has to pay on that million and a half of our bonds $105,000. Well, now, has the State been a loser by that? Why, our taxes for the past year have been about $350,000, that is on all the roads with which I am connected, and on the Central Pacific road about $250,000, so that there is a very handsome balance to the people of California over and above what they have paid out for the Central Pacific Railroad. But it is objected that we are a great monopoly. That we were not content with building the Central Pacific Railroad, but that we have built other railroads. Well, gentlemen, it is true that we have built other railroads, and we have built them well, too, and they are well equipped, as all you gentlemen know. Has harm come from our building other railroads? Who has been injured? I say here that

THE CHEAPEST RAILROADING,

The cheapest transportation, everything considered, is right here in California, by this overgrown and dangerous monopoly that they talk about. [Applause.] Look at the San Joaquin Valley. See what a country we have run into. It was not worth anything, except for pasturing cattle, before we pushed the railroad up there. There are hardly so many people in that valley that we cannot pull them all out with one engine; yet we do business at moderate rates. Look up the Sacramento Valley. See the trains that run up that road—one engine, one baggage car, sometimes one passenger car, sometimes two, and we feel very glad when we have three, once a day. Freight moves from San Francisco to Sacramento for an average of $2.50 per ton, 140 miles, including a ferry. Look at the limited amount of business done on that road. Now I defy any person to point me to a railroad that moves freight the same distance at that rate, or at so low a tariff. The rates of transportation all over this State are low, except a few miles up here in the counties of Placer and Nevada. And I tell you, gentlemen, that we never moved a ton of freight over that portion of the road that paid us costs. We never lifted it up that 7,000 feet and made expenses out of it. And these people are constantly complaining; and the papers take hold of it and say that they are abused. Why, it costs them about the same for freight by wagons from Colfax to Nevada or Grass Valley, a distance of sixteen or seventeen miles, that they pay by rail from San Francisco to Colfax, 200 miles, and lifted up over a 3,000-foot grade besides, in passing over the Livermore hills by rail. That is the comparison between ox-teams and railroads on that portion of the road where we charge our highest rates. One engine moves out of Sacramento hauling forty or fifty cars, as the case may

be; but when it reaches Rocklin it takes five or six engines, and as many trains, to carry the same freight over the mountain. You all know the cost of maintaining and operating such a road; and seven times the amount paid for the transportation of freight over this portion of the road would not pay us as well as for carrying freight over other portions of the road at present rates.

Here let me give you a few facts in relation to the abuse which a class of papers say the farmers suffer from the railroad. For the seven months of 1872, commencing on the 1st of June and ending December 31st, the amount of grain moved on the Central Pacific was 111,316½ tons, for which we received $357,963. It moved for one ton equal to 11,221,442 miles, at an average cost of 3 19-100 cents per mile, but, as the cars went empty for the grain, the actual distance run to move the grain was 22,442,884, at an average of about 1 60-100 cents per mile. How much we must have oppressed the farmers I leave for others to say. According to the *Commercial Herald* the farmers paid last year for sacks holding 118 pounds, 17¾ cents apiece, or, on the amount of grain we moved, $334,891 20, or within $23,072 79 of the amount paid for transportation by rail.

GOVERNOR BOOTH

Lately made a speech in San Francisco. I read that speech with considerable care to see what were the points which he wished to make. One thing that I discovered was that he wanted to be United States Senator [laughter]; and another conclusion was that that was to be the remedy for all the evils that he had been portraying. What were those evils? Why, that there was a Pacific Railroad here—and he called it a great monopoly. That there were three men particularly dangerous at the head of it. Mark Hopkins is one of them—you all know him—C. P. Huntington, and the other, I suppose, alluded to was myself. And he got up there and talked to two hundred thousand people and more throughout the State, and what did he say? "God in heaven! you are two hundred thousand and they are three—and you are to be ruled by them!" Now if two hundred thousand people are going to be ruled to their detriment by three men—I won't say what I think of them. But I tell you, gentlemen, that it is the greatest insult that can be offered to the people of California, when you say that the merchants, and farmers, and mechanics, and lawyers, and doctors, and ministers, and laboring men, and all of the people of California, are going to be led by three men, or by a corporation, if you like that term better; that these five or six hundred thousand men of California are going to be led to their injury by three men, you insult the people of the State by the thought. Ah, I can lead followers so long as I lead them where their interests go, but suppose I attempt to lead them to their prejudice, what do I amount to? Old Napoleon at the head of his army, and backed up by them was almost invincible, but if he attempted to lead them where they thought he ought not to go, and prejudicial to their welfare, he amounted to nothing. Talk of danger to the American people, say to intelligent men, who understand their interests, that they are to be led to their prejudice by a corporation, controlled by this anaconda of the railroad, as His Excellency denominated us. Why, it is utterly absurd. Did you ever read the history of France? You remember when Louis Phillippe was backed up by 700,000 soldiers, by all the money interests of France, by the aristocracy and the mercantile interests with policemen on every corner, but one day the people thought he was not governing them for their best interests, and he concluded there was safety only in flight, and he left France in a hurry—didn't wait a day on the order of his going. But come home to our own country. You recollect when Andrew Johnson was President. Don't you remember that such men as Seward, Chase, Doolittle, and other men, who for a long time had been leaders of the people, and who had their confidence, supported Johnson in trying to get up a new party? Why, they all did not amount to anything aginst the judgment of the people. Last Fall, some eminent men, supported by the ablest newspapers of the party, thought they would build up another party. Sumner was in it; Greeley was in it; but what could they accomplish? Why, all of these men, each of whom had been like Moses to the black men, could not lead them at all. Sumner had no influence with the colored people. Why? Because he was going in a direction that they did not think it was their interests to follow, and they would not go with him. But let Sumner go in the direction that the colored people liked, and they would have gone with him. Now that is what leadership amounts to in California; and so it is all over the world where the people understand themselves. They want leaders to give expression and crystalize their desires, and so far they have leaders and no farther. If the speech of Governor Booth had not been delivered by a Governor; if he (Gov. Booth) had not occupied the position he did, his speech would have been considered the mere

RAVING OF A MADMAN.

When he impeached the integrity and capacity of the American people, he insulted their intelligence, he insulted their integrity and he insulted their capacity. [Applause.] Yet in that speech, when he said, with great dramatic effect, "God in heaven, ye are two hundred thousand and they are three," they actually cheered him. Well, he thought the railroad a dangerous thing, and its managers a positive evil to California. Now let us consider that for a moment. If that is so, it would be better that time should roll back and place affairs as they were in 1860 in

this State. Contrast the condition of things then with the present, and see whether the railroad is a positive injury to the State. If you think that the wheels had better roll back and put things as they were then, why, then, you agree with him. If you do not think so, then you do *not* agree with him. Let us consider that 40,000 people who annually travel between here and New York save $100 apiece; that is $4,000,000; and it does not cost them within $100 as much as it did before the road was built. Freight and fares between New York and San Francisco, by steamers, in consequence of the railroad, have been reduced to about one-half what they were formerly. And even here on the Sacramento river, when there is no opposition, and when it is controlled, they say (it is not so, in fact), by this monster monopoly, you send your freight for less than half what it cost you before the steamers came into the hands of the railroad company; and you travel as passengers upon the river for less than half. Is the injury from that source then? But what is the gain? A great many millions of dollars. This Pacific Railroad has been the breaker-down of monopolies. Why, don't you remember how a few merchants were constantly controlling things in San Francisco. Candles would be worth fifteen cents to-day, and to-morrow would be worth twenty cents; sugar to-day might be worth twenty cents, and to-morrow be up to thirty cents; all the various commodities would go up and down, like a thermometer, because they could be controlled, and the people of the interior paid these gentlemen in San Francisco exhorbitant rates. The Pacific Railroad has broken down all that. If there is an attempt made now to put up a corner on beef, or molasses, or sugar, or any other commodity, the article cornered is quickly brought from the East and can be had for a fair price. That is what the railroad has done for one thing. It has completely upset the Western Union Telegraph. [Applause.] The time was when they charged you what they pleased for your messages. Now they take them for less than half, and are very glad to get them. Why, a few

NEWSPAPERS HAD A MONOPOLY FORMERLY.

Three of the principal papers combined and made a contract with this Western Union Telegraph Company, by which any other paper taking the news would be required to pay as much as these three did conjointly. Of course no other paper could start while these three had this advantage, and so, you see, our neighbor here of the Sacramento *Union*, after we had broken down this Western Union monopoly, came down from a four-bit paper to a two-bit paper and that is what is the matter in that quarter. [Laughter and applause.] Well, San Francisco gave us four hundred bonds, which we sold for seventy-one or seventy-two cents on the dollar, after a good deal of litigation, in which there were three mandamuses from the Supreme Court requiring them to comply with the law; and we have heard a deal about the great things they have done for the Pacific Railroad. Now, there used to be

AN ICE MONOPOLY

Down there. They charged five cents per pound, and when they delivered what they called five pounds, a good many thought they did not deliver over three. The breaking up of this monopoly, by the railroad bringing ice from the Sierras, has saved the people of San Francisco about three times the amount we realized from those bonds. Placer county gave us her bonds, and we sold them for about sixty-eight cents on the dollar. They afterwards sold their stock at par, in gold, and they receive from the railroad company besides over $20,000 a year in taxes. Sacramento, liberal, as she always has been to us (sometimes there is a little squall, but it blows over; we had one the other day, but that is all I think there was of it), Sacramento gave us $200,000 in bonds, which were sold at seventy cents. Her stock brought about the same amount. I think she would have got more for it if certain men who are now persistent Taxpayers had not gone to the Board of Supervisors and urged them to sell out at fifty cents, and when the Board were offered seventy cents they thought they had a good thing and they grabbed at it. Sacramento got back its money. Placer county received from the railroad annually a great deal more than the interest on her bonds, and besides she had the $250,000 in her treasury to meet it. In Sacramento they got back their money in the value of their bonds, and whether they have had any other benefits from the company I will leave you to judge. Now, there are other

COMPLAINTS AGAINST THE RAILROAD,

And you will pardon me if I enumerate some of them and give answers to them. There is a charge that we discriminate in freight and passengers for and against individuals and against towns. That is—well I won't say it is false, but it is a great error that some of these gentlemen who find fault with the Central Pacific Railroad have fallen into. We have never discriminated against an individual or against a town. We have discriminated to get freight upon our road—to get passengers. We have discriminated in favor of Sacramento and San Francisco on overland freights, that is, we will carry freights from San Francisco to New York or from New York to San Francisco for less than we will carry midway. We will carry passengers from Sacramento to San Francisco for nearly the same as from Stockton to San

Francisco, because there is competition and we cannot get any more. There is competition between San Francisco and New York, and we must take freight at the very low prices that we do or else we cannot get it. Now we carry a great deal at prices below the cost of transportation. For instance, the cost of transportation on our road we figure up after paying every expense is in the neighborhood of three cents per ton per mile, but whether it is or not, we will take that as an illustration. Now we are carrying freight at from one cent per ton per mile to a cent and a half and two cents, or below what it costs. In fact we refuse no freight that will pay the additional cost we are at consequent to its movement, if it can pay no more. Now if we did all our business at these low rates and had all we could do, we could not live. Why do we do it? It is because if we move a ton of freight from Sacramento to Ogden, and we get above the cost of its movement twenty-five cents, we would have two bits toward paying our general expenses, if we are not running up to the capacity of our road. The same as a man with a warehouse. He fills up three quarters of it at fair rates. The other quarter is likely to be unoccupied. If he could fill it at $100 a month he would do it, but rather than have it unoccupied he would fill it up with some freight that could not afford to pay the full rate, whereby he would get $50. Newspapers, when they cannot get advertisements at full rates enough to fill up their space, will take some advertisements that will fill out at very low rates. The lawyer, finding his time is not all occupied with rich clients, and in cases where he may well take a liberal fee, takes a case offered to him which, perhaps, gives him a great deal of trouble and for which he gets little pay. Why? Because he has the time to spare, and it is so much gain; yet if he was doing all his business at this low rate he could not pay his board bill. But this is common to all business. The merchant does not sell all his merchandise for the same per cent. of profit.

Does Governor Booth sell at the same per cent. of profit his sugar, pork, beans, bacon, lard, candles, soap, spice, coffee, whisky, brandy and other articles? So with the mechanic, the manufacturer, the farmer and others. The market price governs. A farmer takes 2½ cents for his grain as justly and as cheerfully as 1½, the cost of producing being the same.

Another complaint is made that we charge the people of the State of Nevada high rates. Well, gentlemen, there is about 600 miles of road from the State line over to Ogden. When we were about to build our railroad we went over to that country, and we saw that there was scarcely anybody there, and I remember very well Mr. Huntington said if it was possible for a ship to sail from San Francisco, by way of Cape Horn, to Nevada, we could not afford to build a railroad there. But he says they cannot do it, and therefore we can always have a non-competing line of transportation. The population is small in that State, and probably always will be. We do charge greater rates there than we do here, where there is a greater population, but we do not charge more than the work is worth. We carry freight from New York through to San Francisco and back to the State of Nevada. I fear this is getting tiresome to you. [Cries of "Go on, go on."] Why? Because there is competition by water from New York to San Francisco. Ordinarily freight averages $20 from New York to Chicago. Now they carry freight passing from San Francisco to New York, and from New York to San Francisco, for $30 a ton; that is, through freight. Why do they and we do that? It is because we feel that it is necessary to take these low rates, or else not have the business at all. So we take it. The people of San Francisco have the benefit of it. But when it comes to points east of Sacramento the rates are higher, and the man in Nevada must pay the same price for transporting freight from New York to Nevada, over a line from New York to Chicago, that the man in Chicago or Omaha pays. So his freight comes through and he is paying no more than is charged from New York to Omaha; and so we discriminate, not *against* Nevada, but in favor of San Francisco. Therefore San Francisco is able to control the business of Nevada and furnish her with supplies. If this were not so, the merchant in San Francisco could not afford to pay the freight to Nevada, and the people there would not buy from San Francisco, nor from Booth & Co. here in Sacramento, but they would buy in New York at the same price that these gentlemen pay in New York, and this trade would be lost to California.

Then there is a complaint that we do not give stop-over tickets. Now I will venture to say that with our rate of $3 50 from Stockton to San Francisco no one will say but it is low enough. But a man can ride from Sacramento to San Francisco for $4; and certain gentlemen, very much interested in the affairs of the railroad, and very much interested in the affairs of the people, say that we ought to issue lay-over tickets. A man wants to go to San Francisco; he goes to Stockton and sells his ticket; or if a man comes from San Francisco, he comes as far as Stockton and then sells his ticket. That is the reason we do not issue lay-over tickets. It is not because we do not want to please the people who ride with us, but it is to protect ourselves. We give to every man who rides with us a fair consideration for his money. I do not mean to say that the people of Stockton would do this thing generally, but there are those who travel who would, and that is what we try to guard against.

Now, I will take occasion to mention something that has just come to my mind. There is a complaint that we keep here at Sacramento some $300,000 of money that belongs to the merchants of San Francisco. I will explain and answer that, I think, to your satisfaction. A merchant in New York wishes to ship goods to San Francisco; instead of going to the depot he goes to some freight office on Broadway, and there he finds the agent of the Pennsylvania Central or the New York Central, or the Erie. They all have published rates. But the agent of the

New York Central Railroad, or the others, as the case may be, says "I will take less than our regular rates if you will send to San Francisco by our line." Well, the merchant makes the trade, the railroad receives the goods, and the freight agent makes out the bill of lading or way bill, not knowing of the reduction of rates made by the Broadway agent with the shipper. The bill of lading goes in with the goods, and when they arrive at Chicago the Chicago and Northwestern or Rock Island Road pays the price called for on the way-bill. At Omaha the Union Pacific pays in the same way. At Ogden we take the freight and pay according to the bills, and when we get to San Francisco we demand pay according to the bills. The merchant says that he had cut-rates. We say we have paid out our money to the railroads east of us according to the way bills, and we collect accordingly. Then we have to trace it back and find what company cut the rate, and then we pay over the money here and collect of the other railroads when we make our settlement. We have *never had over eight thousand dollars* of unadjusted claims of this character at any one time.

Governor Booth objects to the consolidation of railroads. Now, let me illustrate a little. When a company has a hundred miles of railroad the extension of twenty-five miles is considerable, and it is found that the extension will only command one-fifth of the business necessary to its maintenance as an independent road. Yet it may be built, because, when its business passes over the one hundred miles already constructed, the other four-fifths is supplied.

Then Mr. Booth says the issue is made up between the people and the railroads. He says there is such an issue, but he does not suggest any remedy. But I think I could, at least in so far as corporations are concerned. All you have to do is to repeal the law providing for corporations. This would accomplish the result for the future, if it would not for corporations already in existence. Mr. Casserly in his open letter refers to that. Now, I will venture to say that neither of the gentlemen understand the question at all. They do not even know what elements should go into the calculation of the questions of freights and fares; don't know what different railroad companies may charge; don't know the character of their business; don't know their grades and curves, and many other things that are necessary that they should know in order to form a proper tariff. Now we have organized our railroad companies under the laws of the State of California. The State had fixed an arbitrary rate for freight and an arbitrary one for passengers. It was too large, much more than railroads want to charge for a greater part of their business. For instance, it allows 15 cents per ton per mile on freight. The average charge that we demanded for freight on all our roads was 3 66-100 cents. I think 15 cents per ton per mile for some distances is not sufficient. A freight that may be very satisfactory for a distance of 100 miles would not pay at all to move 50 miles. Take 15 cents per ton per mile for five miles it would be 75 cents per ton. That would not pay much on some kinds of freight moved. We pay 25 cents per ton for loading and 25 for unloading. Suppose it were a buggy that wants to be removed from any station to another: it would not weigh more than four or five hundred pounds; take 15 cents per ton per mile; this would occupy the whole car, would have to switch out, and hitch on, get it to the station and switch it out again; you would only get a few dimes for it; though 15 cents per ton per mile is not sufficient in all cases, it is a great deal more than is necessary for a large portion of the business that is done, but it is an arbitrary rate.

The railroad companies, however, accepted it. The railroads have been constructed under that law and operated under it, and no railroad but one has ever yet been able to make a dividend. Some of them have been built ten or twelve years in this State. I think a man engaged in the railroad business is as much entitled to a fair return on his investments as any other. More than that, the State has said that that investment is of such a highly beneficial character that we will exercise in its behalf the right of eminent domain. If the railroad wants to go right straight through the store of Mr. Booth it can do so, condemning his property and paying him for it; therefore the State has stamped the character of the investment, and said it is of the highest beneficial character, so much so that it will exercise the right of eminent domain in its favor; then, if that is the case, is it not a legitimate investment? and is not a man who invests in railroads as much entitled to a fair return on his money invested as the man who has a corner lot and is waiting for his neighbors to build up the city and never spends a cent upon it himself. [Appause.] I think so. I think the people will say so. But some people say the State ought to confiscate the railroads, and it seems that just now there is a very general inclination to confiscate them in part; and now if the State shall reduce the rates of freight and fare so as to affect the receipts of the railroads of this State by greatly decreasing them, that is a partial confiscation. The State has reserved the right to alter, amend or repeal these corporation laws, but so it has reserved the right to take any man's real estate, whenever the wants of the State require it, though they take no man's property, through this right of eminent domain, but they must pay for it, and they ought to treat a man who has invested money in railroads as they would treat a man who has invested in a corner lot, and if the State takes from him his property they should pay for it, that's all. [Applause.] There is at this day a spirit abroad known as communism. Some people think it is to prevail. I don't believe it. There is considerable incination in human nature, I know, to "go in for a divide" [laughter]; but the fact of it is, that every honest man that labors, every boy in the country that has been properly brought up, expecting to earn an honest livelihood and save something for the future, is a capitalist in intention, and the moment he has saved fifty dollars he is a capitalist in fact, and is wanting to preserve and increase it.

Why, when the mob visited Rothschild, the leader went to him and said: "We have come here and propose to divide." "Well," says he, "how much am I worth?" The leader of the mob said about so much. "Yes," he answered; "how many people are there in the State?" So many. "That gives you about five francs. Here is your five francs; take it and go!" [Laughter.] The fact is, the American people as a class are intelligent, industrious, and all intend to be well off some day or other [applause], and they are willing to have the field widened up, and they no not propose to cut any man off. If a man labors and accumulates and does well by the time he is twenty-five years old, they don't stop him right there; and when he goes on accumulating, develops his business until he is thirty, they do not stop him there; but he carries it on, and don't stop at forty, or even at fifty. I don't believe they will give him orders not to go beyond, and say he shall not do no any more business. The fact is, there is no man very much richer than his neighbor, because all that John Jacob Astor had, or his son William, or Stewart, or other great capitalists—that which they have to themselves—is what they consume; the balance is everybody's to use. Still, he is a foreman in controlling his portion of it in his business. That gentleman is a foreman in the shops here and direct so many men, and the capital used under him, that is, what it amounts to. The savings banks in San Francisco and Sacramento are a good thing. They do not keep their money; they loan it out not only for the good of the depositor, but of the borrower. So Michael Reese accumulates and saves, wastes but little for himself, but it is a great convenience when people want money to go to him to borrow. But men may waste, though beyond that, one man consumes and appropriates to himself very little more than his neighbor. The great question is not where the capital is, not who controls it, but how is it controlled? What matters it so the public have the benefit of it? Now, Mr. Casserly said another thing in his open letter. All these men that want to be Senators are terribly alarmed just now about the condition of the people; they are wonderful protectors of them, and they are looking around for issues and for somebody to abuse; to find somebody that they must protect the people from, and they looked around and could only find this railroad. This railroad was injuring the people, and so they are all rushing in to get between the people and the railroad, and they are going to defend the people, so he said. He wrote in substance that the railroad had this aid from the Government, and was not paying its debts, and that the railroad was going to swindle the Government, and then in the next breath he thinks the railroad is making a great profit, and says it has the ability to pay its debts, to pay the Government its interest and still have a fair profit for its owners. Now you will see in the papers here one day the railroad is bankrupt. Another day the Government is to be cheated out of its loan. Another day still it has abundant assets, and abundant ability to pay its debts, its operating expenses and the interest to the Government. They harp first on one string, and then on another. The fact is, the railroad is able to pay its debts [applause], it is able to pay the Government its interest whenever that interest is due to the Government, and it proposes to do it. [Great applause.]

It has its own opinions as to when that interest will become due. The Government can sue the railroad at any time; the railroad cannot sue the Government without permission. If we swindle anybody let them show it. Annual meetings have been held by the stockholders of the company, and the actions of the Directors have been unanimously indorsed, and so they have been at every previous annual meeting. The stockholders are not complaining. Who then should complain? The Courts are, as I said before, open to the Government. If we have wronged the Government, if we have not lived up to the contract we entered into with the Government in 1863, let the Government show it. We have no fears. We have lived up to the contract, in its very letter and spirit—even more than that—and the Government has saved more money through us already than the railroad company has ever realized from Government bonds. The railroad company expects to pay, when the Government calls upon it to pay, any interest according to the contract, but not before. [Applause.] Another charge comes to my mind; speaking of the Courts reminds me of it. There have been insinuations, direct or indirect, that the railroad company has bribed Judges of this State; that it is corrupting juries. Now, when did anybody ever hear of any decision by any Court, in favor of the railroad company, that was corrupt? So far as I know, there never has been such a charge. [Applause.]

But there has been this general intimation of corruption of Judges, so we cannot meet it. Let them specify a Judge who has not acted uprightly. The fact of it is it was hardly necessary for a Justice of our Supreme Court to come down and say that he was no friend of the railroad and intimate that he was an enemy. But it takes a great deal of charity when any one reads the decisions of that Judge to think that his personal feelings toward railroads are not expressed in his decisions. Now, you know, gentlemen, the intelligent people of this State know, that on an average the railroad has not a fair show before a jury; that the benefits of the doubt are always thrown in favor of the party contesting with the railroad. This fact is notorious. They speak of corrupting some jury and of corrupting public men; they have been tampered with, it is asserted. I defy them to show it. [Applause.] There never has been any such thing done by us; there never will be under the present management of this railroad. [Great applause.] I have lived here some time. I am now nearly 50 years old; Mr. Hopkins is older; Mr. Huntington is older. We have lived to this time as honest men; have always intended to live as honest men to the end, and the future will justify us. [Great applause.]

If I did not know that we were right I should often feel very badly about the

abuse that is heaped upon us daily; but I feel and know that the future will be our justification. Let any man that we have wronged come forward; let him go to the Courts and assert his wrongs there, and he will have a fair hearing so far as we are concerned; but I think they are not to be found.

The stockholders met, as before stated, the other day; all the stock of the Central Pacific Railroad Company, excepting $44,000, was there represented. They indorsed the action of the Directors from the beginning to the present time. [Applause.] Who, then, has been wronged? We have lived up to the contract with the Government; we built our road six years sooner than we were obliged to, and the Government ought to be more than satisfied. The stockholders are satisfied. Now who has been wronged?

Gentlemen, I have talked more and longer than I anticipated when I commenced. I have run over the various subjects as they came to my mind while speaking; and I have tried to discuss fairly and candidly those railroad topics that are the most prominent and that the people take the most heed of.

Let me, however, say one word more. If I thought that the people of this State were in such danger from monopolies, or from this railroad, as Governor Booth portrays, I feel confident I am patriot enough to do anything that I could to avoid this danger. I would be willing—I think so—feel so—I think I am justified in saying I know so, and I say it with emphasis—I would be willing to give up every cent that I have in the railroad to the people of this State, if they were in the danger from it as described by Governor Booth. But I tell you, gentlemen, this hue and cry is a humbug. Do you know when we were struggling up that mountain with nine-tenths of the railroad before us unbuilt, this same Sacramento *Union* was crying out to the people to elect members to the Legislature who would cut down our freights and tares, and when, too, it was not known that we could operate the railroad more than seven months out of the twelve, which we could not have done had we not built those thirty-five miles of snow-sheds? It is now said—I have seen it in the papers—that no man is to be trusted unless he is an enemy to the railroad—not moderate men, that would be honorable and fair, and just such as you would be willing to have legislate for any property of yours, but it must be a known enemy of the railroad as a candidate for office, or else he is not to be trusted.

They propose to act on our interest, on our property, and determine its status and its rights, and they say a man should be considered as suitable, not if he would be of advantage to the State, but only as he is an enemy to the railroad. They would not select a fair man, yet abuse us for being in politics to protect ourselves. They say the railroad must go ont of politics. Well, the railroad itself never was in politics. I have taken an active interest in public affairs for many years, and I propose to do so whenever it pleases me, and whenever I think it is my duty. If I thought a more dangerous man than Governor Booth were likely to be elected to the Senate, should I not have the right to work for Governor Booth for that place? Or if I thonght there was a better man than the Governor for the office of Senator, should I not advocate that man? Is it not my duty? Of course it is. It is my right, and I shall exercise it whenever I choose. A newspaper man sends out his views on political questions through ten or twenty thousand copies and to one hundred thousand people, giving his ideas on every question, and then complains because Stanford, who happens to be employing, in one way or another, several hundred men, has the privilege of expressing his views, or of trying to influence a few men to think as he does. Governor Booth echoes the same cry, and yet by virtue of his position he is able to control thousands of people in this State, where I, in my position, can influence but hundreds. When did this man become so mighty? What great things has he ever done here or elsewhere in this State? What has he built up? He has lived among you for twenty years and you never *felt* him until he was made a figure-head by and for the Sacramento *Union*. [Enthusiastic applause.] What is he in favor of? Has he advocated any general scheme for the irrigation of our great valleys? I never heard of it. I know that he is opposed to individual efforts to make fertile and rich the barren lands of California. When there was a bill providing more liberally for the establishment of common schools he opposed it. He threatened to veto the whole appropriation bill last session because it contained an appropriation for the State University. He is opposed to railroads. He seems to me like one of those destructive individuals who is opposed to everything that is progressive, and it is very easy to find fault. I can come over here any day and look around among the shops and find fault with the best mechanic, when I can build nothing that I find here myself. It is a very easy thing, I say, to find fault; to say people should do this, and that, and that some other way would be a great deal better. The thing is to do it. [Applause.] Now I want an affirmative man for any place. I want a man who proposes to do something; not a man who finds fault all the time with anybody and everybody. But one who proposes to bring about results himself. I want a man who creates and builds up. This is the kind of a man I am ready to sustain all the time. But I am eternally opposed to these destructives, do-nothings and fault-finders. I have now paid my respects to Governor Booth, and as I see reporters here, I suppose they will take it down. He paid his respects to me on a another occasion.

I repeat it has been charged upon the company that it engages in politics; that is, that the individual managers of it do. Well, who does not? Isn't it the right of any citizen to engage in political matters? Isn't it your right, and our right, and every man's right to exercise just such influence as you are able to carry out and enforce your political ideas? More than that, isn't it your duty to do it? Gentlemen, you owe it to your fellow citizens. That is my case. I claim the right to engage in

politics, if I desire, and I claim the right to use all legitimate influences that I may have to enforce my ideas, to carry out those measures which I think will best subserve the interests of the people. That is just what the editors of these papers do. I do not know that they have any more rights than any one else. Such rights are equal to every one; they are inseparable from free citizenship, and belong to you and me. But I confess that of late years I have not wished to take any active part in politics. But when you are struck at, if you are a man, you will try to defend yourself. These men are constantly putting up men for office, not because they are good men, but because they avow their intention to do a damage to the railroad, to cripple its resources, and we defend ourselves. No further than this, except that I and every other member of the Board will, when occasion requires it, if we please, stand up for the best men, and, like all true men, support our friends. Who is there would not do it? They constantly put up men, as I said before, for office who propose to make war upon the railroad interests; unfair men; men who won't listen to argument; men who, while they claim to be honest, dare not stand up in the Legislature for their own convictions, but go as this or that newspaper whip is cracked over them. These men I am opposed to. I am willing to take any fair man and let him go and let the interests of the railroad take their chances with him; but when they pack a jury I object, and I want a change of venue. [Applause.] There is a great deal to be said in reference to this railroad and its relations to the interests of the State and Government. When once you touch that subject it is almost inexhaustible, and I hardly know whether I ought to touch it, because I cannot do justice to it in the time that would be allotted to me to-day, or that I ought to take; but I will say this, because I have no doubt you are interested in it, and I know that every one of you are interested in the good fame of the company to which your interests attach you. It is natural that you should be. It is on this question of Government aid. The entire amount that we received from the Government, when reduced to gold coin, as all that we received was, was not sufficient to carry this road over the mountains. The balance of the money came from other sources. It came from the credit of the company, its bonds, its earnings, and as it went on, and the Government had ample security. We claim to be able to pay to the Government every penny that it is entitled to. We challenge any one to show wherein we have violated any law. We have given to the Government ample security. The roads that we have built, the main feeders,

HAVE BEEN CONSOLIDATED

Into the road, and instead of the Government having 740 miles of road as security, by the various consolidations it has now about 1,600 miles. Does this look as though we thought of turning over this road—of giving it up—or that we do not intend to pay the debts of the concern? You gentlemen who know what these roads are, and the country they have opened up, and their future prospects, I am sure will not think so.

And I desire to say right here, that the expenditures of the railroad company are and will be in proportion to its ability—doing justice by itself and every one else. It desires to enlarge these shops, and when, if we shall have an opportunity as we sought, we shall probably do as we then intended to have done, build a large passenger depot upon these grounds—a common one. We sought the opportunity to open Second street into a broad avenue, and to build a bridge by which that little narrow place on the levee might be relieved, and those who travel there might have something better and less dangerous than that. It is probable—we are hopeful, at any rate—that the experiment we have made in the construction of engines will justify us hereafter in

BUILDING ALL THAT IS NEEDED

To supply the wants of the road. Though it is possible that we might obtain them from the East cheaper than we could construct them here, we are willing to make some sacrifice in order that we might be able to extend home industry. We think that we shall, in a short time, fill in enough here to erect a rolling mill. In fact the various improvements and extensions in this connection will probably require at least double the number of men now engaged in the shops. But we could hardly do this if we are to be crippled very sadly. But I have no apprehensions of that. I know that there is a disposition abroad in the State to harass and annoy the progress of our work. It is the outgrowth chiefly of ignorance and misrepresentation. It is fostered by demagogues, who use it as a hobby to ride into power. I know that there are conspirators who are banded together and declare that they will break down the company. But they cannot do it. [Applause.] We will follow the even tenor of our way, dealing justly with men, pursuing a legitimate business, and will trust to the fairness, intelligence and justice of the honest public. We are putting forth every energy to build up this country and develop the resources of this State. In this work we will succeed, for whoever stands in the path of true progress will be crushed as a pebble that gets on the rail before the engine. I say this because I have faith in the right, because I have faith in the intelligence of the people of this State; that they will stand by us in the end; that at last they will know who are their friends; and they will see that no harm comes to those who stand by them. [Deafening applause.] Now, my friends, I have said about all the occasion affords. There is is a great deal more in this connection that I could say with

a great deal of satisfaction to myself, at least, but the hour admonishes me that I must close. I am glad to have met you here on this occasion. I am glad you wanted to see me, and I regret that my duties occupy my time so that I cannot often come over to see these shops. I would like to know you better than I do. I would like to know you individually. As a class, I know you now. I would like to go through the shops and see the machinery move, for to me its busy whirl is always interesting. But I am particularly gratified that you asked me to come, and I come with a great deal of pleasure. I thank you for your attention.

When the Governor resumed his seat, the echo of his last words were caught up by the vast audience, and the loudest cheering ever heard in Sacramento prevailed throughout the great shops for several minutes. Nothing would satisfy his hearers till he had again come forward in response to their calls. He did so, bowed his acknowledgments, and thanked them in a single sentence for the high honor they were paying him. And then thunders of applause went up again for the man they love—as no other man is loved in this State. Other men may have larger crowds following them, but no other man has so many devoted, personal friends as Leland Stanford.

What the Locomotive has Done for California.

BY

EDWARD CURTIS.

The centuries of the past divide themselves into eras made illustrious by special things. In the sepulcher of history we find recorded the bloody deeds and military conquests, that marked the days of chivalry. The classic ages—the ages of oratory, poetry and song—of art and science, follow each other, or repeat themselves. This is the age of iron. The true chivalryman of to-day is the red-shirted engineer. The railroad builder is the modern revolutionist. He is constantly making a new geography, and changing or reversing the currents of the commerce and population of the world. When the Duke of Wellington saw the first locomotive of the first English railway roll out of her depot at Manchester, he exclaimed: "There goes the aristocracy of England." And he was right. For since that eventful day the locomotive has so enriched the men who manufacture and trade and control the commerce of England, and at the same time so often broken through the barriers that long divided them from the hereditary families and born rulers, that to-day a majority of the seats in Parliament are held by men who commenced life without rank or title. It has been but a few years since the first locomotive engine in this State rolled out of Sacramento; and at the sight of it the remark might have truthfully been made: "There goes old California; a new and better condition of things has commenced." These reflections are suggested from reading the exhaustive testimony of Leland Stanford before the Senate Committee on Corporations, a few evenings ago. Among other striking remarks, he made the following:

THE STATE BENEFITED.

"Why, there is not a locomotive which runs a mile in this State of California but has brought a blessing—a blessing substantial and real, upon some portion of the State. The influence of every mile an engine travels is for the good and prosperity of the State and the people. Only the other day I was looking at the first engine we ever had, here in the freight yard. She is in good order still, and doing hard work every day. Why, the benefits that locomotive has conferred upon the people of this State are incalculable, moving, as it has, nearly every passenger

car, and almost every ton of freight which has entered this State, or gone from it, in her work of making up trains and expediting their forwarding. Talk about gains and benefits; such benefits rise above everything these men who are misrepresenting us can say or do."

ADVANTAGE IN OPENING MINES.

The President of the Central Pacific might have gone further and said, with perfect truth, that the people of the whole United States have been benefited by this pioneer engine, for this, if for no other reason. It has assisted to transport millions worth of machinery and supplies to the mines, and also assisted to bring back a great many millions of gold and silver. This bullion has so materially influenced our foreign exchanges, and at the same time so enhanced the purchasing power of the national paper currency, as to thereby indirectly benefit every man, woman and child in the United States. But for the increased products of the Nevada mines, largely caused by railroad facilities, the Eastern States would probably have been to-day, nearly as far removed from specie payments as they were ten years ago, when gold commanded over one hundred per cent. premium instead of twelve per cent. premium as now.

It is a fact that more than 200 mines have been developed and worked in Nevada, Utah, Idaho and Montana, that would have remained untouched and unproductive, had not the Pacific Railroad been built. Whole mining districts that have since acquired a world-wide fame, have been opened up by the locomotive. Further than this, it is very doubtful if the great Comstock lode would have produced anything like what it actually has during the past few years, if no railroad had been built over the Sierras. More than $15,000,000 was paid for hauling freight by wagons to Virginia City from this side of the mountains in 1862. Since the railroad was completed, a larger amount of freight was transported by it to the same destination for $1,250,000, it costing about thirteen times as much by teams as by the railroad. This saving of nearly $14,000,000 per annum to mine owners, and to workmen and artisans of Virginia City, has undoubtedly given them the means to explore and excavate, through long years of disappointment and failure, some of the mines that have at last yielded such enormous returns.

TRANSPORTING THE METALS.

Indeed, had the high price of supplies and material, and as a consequence the high price of labor, remained as they were before the railroad came to cheapen them, it is more than probable that the great mines of Crown Point and Belcher would have been finally abandoned during the years when they had nothing to give but assessments. The same increase of facilities and cheapening of supplies has rendered vast amounts of low grade ores available for milling that were worthless before. Take away these, together with the dividend-paying mines on the Comstock, and the yield of that famous lode would not be one-fourth what it is without them. And the State of Nevada, instead of giving us now $35,000,000 a year, would probably have sent less than $10,000,000. The loss of $25,000,000 in silver per annum, during the past few years, to California (where these mines are mostly owned) and to the nation at large, would have been almost incalculable. Not so much on account of the intrinsic value of the dollars as for the effect the loss of so much hard money would have on all kinds of property, and in the disturbing of business affairs. When, in the early part of this century, the great mines of South America suddenly gave out, the whole commercial world was thrown into a panic. Its increasing business had become so accustomed to absorbing the regular amounts these mines supplied, that their stoppage caused the greatest paralysis of trade, the utmost stringency in the money markets, and the failure of many banking and mercantile firms, both in Europe and America. And it is thought by reading and intelligent men that the giving out of the Comstock mines and a sudden falling off in the yield of those in California and Pacific Territories, any time during the past ten years, would have caused a hurricane in the commercial world unequaled in scope and extent by all the panics that ever preceded it.

Previous to 1848 the annual product of all the gold and silver mines in the world did not exceed $20,000,000. The Pacific States and Territories alone last year yielded $75,000,000.

A large annual amount of gold and silver from this coast is now a necessity. The equilibrium of business, increased values and the growing commerce of the world requires it. A serious falling off would carry ruin and bankruptcy into every business circle. How far the building of the railroads has prevented this, and thereby benefited everybody, the above facts show.

But, in a narrower sense, what a change this pioneer locomotive, of which Gov. Stanford speaks, and those that have been brought or built here since, have wrought in this State. These engines have become, in fact, the lungs of California. They daily and hourly draw in and send out the life blood of this commonwealth. They throb in every business artery of the State.

THEY HAVE CREATED MORE WEALTH,

developed more country and multiplied our privileges more than every other agency combined. For several years before the commencement of the Pacific Railroad California had been almost at a standstill. Her assessed wealth had increased (see Controler's Report) less than $50,000,000 in six years. Her entire average of wheat fields was in 1863 but 263,268 acres—less than it was in 1859, when 270,000 acres were sown. Her population of able-bodied men was decreasing on account of the partial failure of her gold mines, and the better prospects for mining in the adjacent Territories. There were 25,000 *less* votes cast in this State in 1863 than there were in 1861. There was but little money in the banks. Business was dull, and the State was certainly not advancing in prosperity. And when we consider the number of dry years that have occurred in our history since then, and when we consider the stoppage of the war in 1865, whereby our gold lost so much of its premium that it made business with the Atlantic States far less profitable than it was during the rebellion, and when also we consider that immigration to this State had been slowly but constantly diminishing for several years prior to 1863—when all these things are considered, who can doubt that the California of 1873 would have been at least but little ahead of the California of 1863, in point of wealth and population, if some new factor had not entered into her prosperity, some new and immense works projected within her domains, some revolution that should stop the decay and break the dead-lock that was so apparent in the business of California at that time! That revolution came. In 1863 the building of the Central Pacific was commenced, and a change for the better in the prosperity of California began, and it has been going on ever since, as the following statistics conclusively show: In 1863, the total agricultural product of California was in round numbers $15,000,000; in 1873 it was valued at $75,000,000—an advance of 500 per cent. In 1863 the number of bushels of wheat produced was 4,147,649; in 1873, according to the Surveyor-General's report, 26,086,664 bushels were grown.

THE BENEFIT TO AGRICULTURE.

In 1860 the agricultural product of California averaged $350 to each inhabitant; in 1870, the year after the railroad was finished, it averaged $1,250 to each inhabitant. In 1862 the total assessed value of property in this State amounted to $160,369,071 81; in 1872 it footed up $637,232,823 31. Taking off one-third from the figures of 1872 on account of the recent rules governing assessors, and there still remains an increase of over $250,000,000 to the property-holders of the State during the ten years the Pacific Railroad and its branches were being built. The history of the whole world shows nothing to equal this. Especially is it so when we take into consideration the fact that our population between 1860 and 1870 had increased but 180,000, or only 46¼ per cent. What else could have caused the astonishing increase in the wealth of California during these years but the building of a system of railroads of which the Central Pacific is the back-bone! We have seen that before the railroad era commenced here, wheat growing was confined to

a fringe of country adjoining the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, and a few little spots along the ocean and around the bay of San Francisco. The locomotive has since widened this area, and made available millions of acres, for not alone wheat, but all kinds of diversified agriculture.

INCREASE OF DEPOSITS IN THE SAVINGS BANKS.

In 1863 there were but $8,000,000 deposited in all our savings banks. After ten years of railroading in California the deposits have increased to $47,000,000. And the statistics furnished by the State Board of Equalization show the further wonderful fact that in 1873 the amount of money owned and loaned out by the many small and few large capitalists in this State amount to $98,113,058—a sum greater than the entire assessed property of the State in 1856—a sum equal to about one-fourth the entire greenback currency of this nation. That California is the richest region of country in the world by several hundred per cent., in proportion to her population, there can be no doubt. Let us briefly see how much of this unparalleled prosperity is due to the pioneer locomotive, of which Governor Stanford so affectionately speaks, and to the railroad system generally. More than $60,000,000 has been drawn from abroad into California to build these roads. It has been mostly expended here and remains here; and outside of the vast benefits the railroad itself has conferred, this money itself is a gigantic power which has been added to the permanent wealth of the State. The railroad company no longer owns it, but the people of California do.

MONEY RETURNED IN WAGES.

Besides this, the operating expenses of the Central Pacific (which are entirely outside of its construction expenses) have amounted to over $20,000,000 during the past nine years. This has mostly been paid out in wages to men who live here, and for supplies furnished by our merchants, manufacturers and farmers. And thus another large addition has been made by the railroad to our circulating capital. Seventy-five thousand Eastern visitors have come here since the overland railroad was completed to see our Yosemite and other wonders, and who never would have come had they been compelled to endure the hardships, loss of time and inconveniences of an ocean voyage to get here. It is a low estimate to say that these tourists expend an average of $300 each in this State. But at this figure these Eastern visitors have added over $22,000,000 to the finances of our people. More than this, at least 50,000 Californians have visited the Eastern States during the past four years. Had there been no transcontinental railroad, according to former steamer rates they would have been charged $300 each way, and the time consumed in making the journey to and from, forty-eight days. Now, a ticket to New York by rail is but $140 in greenbacks, the time seven days. The saving of thirty-four days in time, at $2 per day, together with the amount saved in fares, amounts in the aggregate to another $20,000,000 retained in this State by reason of a Pacific Railroad. The saving in freight charges, both to consumers and producers, has not been less than $25,000.000 since the railroad was first opened, from what they would have been by former modes of transportation.

FORTY NEW VILLAGES HAVE SPRUNG UP ALONG THE LINES OF THESE ROADS,

the direct creation of the locomotive. Five hundred million feet of lumber has been cut and transported from the Sierras alone, during the past seven years, that would have remained untouched but for the railroad. The whole wealth of the State of Nevada has been brought to our doors by the same agency, and a good proportion of that of Utah and Montana also. Real estate in San Francisco alone, during the building of the Pacific Railroad, advanced $50,000,000 in value in anticipation of the benefits it would confer when completed; while the opening of branch lines and the completion of the trunk road has advanced the price of agricultural and timber lands, in some instances, from $2 50 to $75 an acre, and upon nearly all lands situated within a few miles of these roads the increase in value

has been from 300 to 500 per cent. Putting the above facts together, and we see at a glance that the locomotive has been the main cause of the almost miraculous prosperity of the State during the past ten years—the cause, in fact, of our now being

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILLION DOLLARS

richer, as a State, than we were in 1862. And yet, in the face of such facts and figures as these, it was seriously proposed by the Freeman bill to break down or cripple the very agency that has produced such grand results, and which has made California one of the foremost States in the Union. Could madness further go? Governor Stanford tells us that in the making up of freight trains in the Sacramento yard, Engine No. 1 has moved nearly every pound of freight that has ever passed over the Central Pacific. The enormous work done by this one locomotive can scarcely be imagined. Take only last year's business, and we find by the Freight Agent's report, that 1,142,730,000 pounds were transported over the Central Pacific, or 571,365 tons. Giving ten tons to the car, we have 57,136 cars. As these cars each measure about 40 feet, the total length of freight trains hauled by this one locomotive in a single year would, if standing together on a single track, reach a distance of 413 miles, a train as long as the State of New York. And what is more astonishing still, about all the commerce these cars and this engine have been, and still are, transporting, has been created, so to speak, by the railroad.

THE ANNUAL TONNAGE OF THE SACRAMENTO AND SAN JOAQUIN RIVERS TAKEN TOGETHER,

and the tonnage that passes through the Golden Gate, *is larger now than it was before the Central Pacific was built*, just as more business was done over the Erie canal and Hudson river after the completion of railroads alongside of them. So our California system of railroads, while taking to themselves and building up a vast trade and commerce of their own, they have, at the same time, diminished in no way the aggregate of the freight transported by other channels. It was said of the Erie Railroad that in five years after its completion it was transporting more local produce than was ever grown in the country through which it passed before that road was built. And this will be said with equal truth of every one of our California railroads—that in five years after they were completed, the local freight annually shipped over them is more than double all that was produced or required for the country through which they run any year before the road was built. That this extensive interior commerce, built up entirely by our railroads, and which enriches or benefits in one way or another every industrious and honest inhabitant in the State, will continue to increase in the future as in the past, no one can doubt who examines the statistics of the older States that commenced building railways twenty or thirty years ago. The wealth, population and prosperity of these States has advanced in exact ratio to the increase of their railroad facilities.

As to the charge of "monopoly," "monopoly," I antagonize that worn-out battle-cry with the statement that the Central Pacific has destroyed more monopolies ten to one than it has created, if it has created any at all. It has broken up the beef and meat monopoly, so long fastened upon San Francisco, by bringing here untold thousands of cattle from the plains of Nevada and Texas. It has destroyed the lumber monopoly, by opening up the measureless timber lands of the Sierras. It has crushed the coal monopoly, by bringing here vast quantities from the Rocky Mountains, which can be transported 900 miles by railroad, and sold at lower rates than those formerly exacted by the Bellingham Bay, Mt. Diablo or Australian Coal Companies. It has shattered, and in some instances utterly smashed the great land rings that have so long held away from the settlers much of the best soil in California, by offering at low prices, and with easy payments, small or large tracts of good land in nearly all parts of the State, to actual settlers. Unlike the land grabbing speculators who get all they can and hold all they get, it is for the direct interest of a railroad owning land along its track, to dispose of it as soon as possible, or even to give it away to settlers. For when it becomes improved and cultivated, the business of the railroad running near it is increased more than the

original value of the land. Therefore no railroad sagaciously conducted can be a great land monopolist, it being in every manner to its interest to divide and sell its lands at the earliest possible moment. How utterly foolish and nonsensical, then, is all this talk against railroad monopolies. Have I not shown that vast advantages, progress and wealth, have been promoted by the construction of the overland railway? Even now, when it is but in its infancy of usefulness, they are simply unmeasured and immeasurable.

Who more than the railway directors are interested in low taxation, good government, peace and order in society. Who more than they are interested in economy and reform, and in having wholesome and wise legislation for every species of property and every class of individuals in our State.

In conclusion, let us in San Francisco remember that he who toils in the sands and under burning suns, as he prepares the way for the locomotive, toils for us. He who hews down the mountain sides and runs the iron lines across precipices and over rivers, works for us. Every additional mile of railroad built in California, I care not where, adds something to the wealth and business of San Francisco. It was said of old that all roads led to Rome. All roads built in California must eventually lead to San Francisco. There may be a half a dozen railroad centers in the interior, but they will become but feeders to the great center of all—this metropolis. California was once the Robinson Crusoe of American States, standing here by the blue waves of the Pacific, separate and alone. To-day she is in full fellowship in the family of States. The Overland Railway has made her ONE with her sisters east of the mountains—one in a common patriotism—one in a common interest—one as all the States are one—in the Union.

But our work is not half done. In a stretch of 700 miles along the coast there is but one navigable river penetrating the interior from the ocean, making railroads more of a necessity to this State than to any other. Out of 40,000,000 acres of tillable land within our borders, less than 3,000,000 have ever been cultivated, and out of the 100,000,000 acres in the whole State, less than 5,000,000 are inclosed. When the locomotive shall have penetrated into every fertile valley of her rich domain, California will have become not only the Empire State of the Pacific, but the Imperial Empire State of the Union. Her geographical location—from a commercial point of view—and her natural resources, make this her manifest destiny, unless the agency pre-eminent above all others that is to make her so is annihilated by the enactment of such a law as the Freeman bill.

California was once described as "a giant without bones." But in spite of all the obstructions narrow-minded politicians may throw in her way, I do believe our State will yet have plenty of bones—*and they shall be bones of iron.*

Anti-Railroad Monopoiy Mania.

[From the San Francisco News Letter.]

Strange manias have occurred in every age of the world. The preaching of Peter the Hermit induced hundreds of thousands to sacrifice their lives in the endeavor to rescue from the infidel the vacant tomb of a risen Saviour. At one time the belief in witchcraft found advocates among men of great intellect and culture. The preaching of a sect called *New Lights*, in Kentucky, many years ago, produced the mania called the "climbing, barking, dancing, and squirming exercises." Thousands of old, sedate, and otherwise sensible men, climbed trees and barked like squirrels; and a like number of women danced until so exhausted that they laid for days in an unconscious state. The people of France have had the John Law mania, and those of England the "South Sea bubble" mania. The tulip mania at one time raged throughout Europe, and so did the Shanghai chicken mania. When it was discovered that a few old dukes and duchesses of England held stock in the United States Bank, in Andrew Jackson's time, there was great excitement, and the successful battle-cry of a great political party was, "The liberties of the American people are at the mercy of British gold." This, and other foolish manias, have had their day, and are only remembered in wonder that they ever existed. The "Anti-Masonic" mania assumed a political shape, and was used to foist men into office. For three or four years we have had an "Anti-Railroad Monopoly" mania, which, like the Anti-Masonic, has been used for political purposes also. Whenever such occasions occur, there will always be found scores of little demagogues, standing booted and spurred, with rooster feathers in their caps, ready to mount any hobby-horse they think may be made to carry them into office. The little Governor of this State is one of these demagogues, but his spurs have been very effectively cut by the Hon. Leland Stanford, whose speech we publish. A few more such thrusts as this and anti-railroad fanactics will be heard of no more. The "Anti-Railroad Monopoly" mania has about had its day in California anyhow, and it has been a short one. There is a good deal of white-oak sense among the people after all. The "sober second thought" always takes place, and then comes the reaction. Railroads will continue to be made and managed, as any other legitimate business is managed, by those whose interests it is that it shall be done to the most advantage. People are beginning to see and understand that there can be no monopoly in a business in which any one may engage if he desires to do so. What is to prevent any one as rightfully investing his money in railroading as in wagoning, or blacksmithing, or merchandising? To talk about "monopoly," in a business open to all, is the most miserable of all twaddle, and the people now see it.

Mills' Seminary.

EDITOR MAIL BAG:—There would be a deficiency in the good things of your plethoric *Mail Bag*, if you should fail to communicate a word to your readers about that leading educational institution of our coast, MILLS' SEMINARY. It is a *mill* of a superior kind, and has for many years been grinding out its beautiful products—graduating large classes of thoroughly educated and cultured ladies, fitted to fill any station in life, and now adorning many elegant homes of the State, both in town and country.

The location of the Seminary—three miles from Brooklyn, in a valley of the foothills—is picturesque in the extreme; just far enough away to be quiet, and yet easy of access. A background of hills, a border of majestic oaks, a wealth of laurel and willows, form a fitting framework for the large and elegant buildings, with their surroundings of flower gardens, fountains, extensive lawns and walks decorated with statuary. The interior is convenient, roomy, and furnished in a neat and tasteful manner, and the parlors and halls adorned with cabinets, fine paintings, and other works of art. The number of pupils under instruction the past year is above two hundred, representing every part of this coast and the Hawaiian Islands.

It is really the female "University of California," and a worthy rival of that grand institution, and at the same time a necessary counterpart to it in furnishing the well-matched forces that are together to draw the car of progress and advance all the high interests of society. Few institutions in the older States surpass it in the elegance of its buildings, the number and ability of its instructors, and the extent and thoroughness of its course of study. It compares favorably in these things with Cornell, Vassar and Mt. Holyoke, and has compelled the unqualified admiration of visitors coming to our State from these older institutions.

As past success and usefulness is a full guarantee for the future, and is the highest reward of its proprietor and managers, what their experience has not taught them about the proper discipline and instruction of young ladies must, we think, be sought in vain. That they should be impelled by every motive to sustain and advance the standard of scholarship and character in the institution, you may well suppose.

Its prospects were never brighter. The new session has just opened with a full complement of pupils. Important additions have been made to its corps of teachers, with a view of increasing the facilities for pursuing the natural sciences and the higher departments of music, and its patrons may be assured that no pains will be spared in advancing the highest physical, intellectual, and moral training of those committed to its care. Visitors are welcomed at any time, and shown through the institution with the greatest pleasure. There is no short excursion that pays better.

T. H. R.

CALIFORNIA MAIL BAG.

LIFE AND DEATH.

We stood on the brink of a river,
And that river's name was Life,
And on its dark waters floated
Grim vessels of war and strife.

We stood on the brink of the river,
And my darling whispered to me:
"Hark to the wail of the river
As it hastens on to the sea!"

We walk'd by the side of that river,
And I laugh'd at the water's moan,
For my darling was beside me,
And in *his* heart *my home*.

The river grew wider and stronger
As it flow'd with its ceaseless moan,
And my love cross'd over the water
And left me—forlorn—alone.

I will follow that river sadly
Through the chain of weary years
Till I gain the far-off ocean
With bitter, blinding tears.

For I know that when the river
Is hush'd on the sea's blue tide,
I shall see my lost love waiting
For me by the ocean's side.

And so I hasten onwards,
With feeble, failing breath,
Longing to meet the ocean,
For the ocean's name is Death!

ETHEL DE GRENIER DE FONBLANQUE.

"THE RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD."

Here is a paragraph that is going the rounds of the English press: "A Hereford correspondent says, it now transpires that Mr. J. P. Jones, a Senator of the United States Congress, representing the State of California, whose name has recently been going the round of the newspapers as that of the richest man in the world, in the enjoyment of an annual income of £1,200,000, is a native of Herefordshire, in the county town of which his cousin, Mr. Pritchard, now carries on the business of a tailor. The following are the leading incidents in the career of this unprecedentedly successful man: The Hon. Mr. Jones was born at Nanty-Gloster, near Hay, where his father was a small farmer. Mr. Jones, senior, lost nearly all his money in a mining speculation, which turned out badly, and in 1839 he emigrated to Ohio, U. S. A., intending to settle. They were, in fact, among the founders of the city of Cleveland, now numbering 200,000 inhabitants. In 1841, two of the sons—J. P. Jones and Henry Jones—went into the Californian gold fields, and the first-named would appear to have done well at the diggings, for shortly afterwards he opened a banking establishment at San Francisco, and became a dealer in gold. He carried this on for several years, amassing considerable wealth, but on the outbreak of the American civil war, he suddenly manifested great oratorical ability, and he successfully used the whole force of his eloquence to prevent the secession of the State of California to the south. Being by this time a known and admired orator, and recognized as a staunch Conservative, he was speedily elected to the Senate to represent that State. At this period his banking transactions were still increasing in importance, and he was one of the most prominent members of the San Francisco Exchange. Being a man of immense enterprise, his next move was to open silver mines in Nevada territory, and he was the sole promoter of the Savage Mining Company, whose mines, under his management, became most lucrative investments. Last year a new seam of silver was discovered in this property, and the Hon. J. P. Jones sent men over to this country, to Swansea, to obtain machinery for the more effectual working of it. They returned with the necessary appliances, which when set to work doubled the yield of the mine, and it became probably the most productive in the world, the monthly share of the profits accruing to this great millionaire being computed at £50,000. This is the plain, unvarnished tale of the extraordinary successful life of a young man, who, by dint of energy and the exercise of his good common sence—his education having been but poor—has become the richest man in the world, and an influential member of the American Congress. Herefordshire should be proud of her countryman."

The Brooklyn Argus is of opinion that a kind word "will always go further than a flat-iron or a potato-masher."

MARSHAL BLUCHER.

Varnhagen is one of Germany's best prose writers, and as a military biographer he is unsurpassed. His "Life of Blucher" is in every way admirable. Blucher is picturesquely presented in all his strength and in all his weakness. If, in our attempts to estimate Blucher, we start with any theories of ideal perfection, we greatly blunder. A true son of Nature, Blucher poured forth his energy so abundantly that it became energy in others. His vigor was instinctive vigor, guided by a sort of rough and homely sense. Popularity he never sought; and yet he became the most popular of modern heroes, because he had so much in common with the people. It is pleasant in Varnhagen's pages to see Blucher sweeping along at the head of his battalions, and making his own daring and enthusiasm electrical; and it is no less pleasant to behold him in the incidents and associations of his ordinary life. Diplomacy and diplomatists he detested, and he could never be made a good courtier. What he liked best was familiar good-fellowship, let his companions belong to what class they might. The soldiers called him "Father Blucher," and this showed their reverence for him; but if they had called him "Brother Blucher," this would no less express their genuine feeling. It was because they felt that he was one of themselves—a comrade—that they rushed so recklessly to battle. Military critics could find no difficulty in proving that he was not a great military genius, or, perhaps, a military genius at all. He himself once, in the circle of his officers, lamented with indicrous pathos, toward the close of his Napoleon campaigne, that he had devoted so little of his time to self-cultivation. His spontaneous audacity and spontaneous sagacity bewildered and baffled the consummate tactics even of a Napoleon. Well did he deserve the name of Marshal Forwards; for, even his retreats were mere preparations for bolder, more crushing springs.

Before the outbreak of the war which ended so disastrously for Prussia with the battle of Jena, Blucher could not conceal his discontentment and indignation at the weak and vacillating conduct of Prussia. He growled at the ministers, but expressed his passionate devotedness to the noble Queen for whom he yearned to draw his sword. At this particular period, the more he stormed the more he smoked; and his pipe was his only means of consolation.

After the first entrance of the allies into Paris, Blucher amused himself in sight-seeing, in making visits, and especially in frequenting the coffee-houses in the Palais Royal, where gambling was going on—of which, as is well known, he was passionately fond. During the whole campaign he abstained from dice and cards; but he now abandoned himself to his old habits. He played for large sums, and there was a report that he had lost twenty thousand napoleons: but he really left Paris seventeen hundred napoleons richer than he had entered it. Varnhagen contradicts a report that at this period Blucher drank wine and punch to excess, and says that weak tea, coffee, or hot beer was his favorite and customary drink. Nevertheless, Blucher loved champagne well; and once, when the fighting was going on in Flanders, and when at the table with his officers, he raised a glass of champagne to his lips, and cried, half-pathetically, "Is it not a pity to make war on a nation that possesses such a splendid drink? We might expect Frenchmen to be the very best men in the world; but, O God! O God!" One hot day, when Blucher was amusing himself in Very's coffee-house in Paris, he took off his coat. This unceremonious proceeding shocked the French, but it delighted the English so much that they burst into loud applause. In the coffee-houses, or wherever he might be, Blucher was seldom seen in Paris without his pipe.

One of the most entertaining parts of Varnhagen's book is the account of Blucher's visit to England. To use the magniloquent language of that Hebrew oracle, the *Daily Telegraph*, he was welcomed with "ovation on ovation." The demonstration was rather too overwhelming, and Blucher did not find it easy to escape from them. Even in the morning, when he had just got up and was sitting on his bed in a morning gown and smoking his long pipe, he could not escape from the gaze of his ardent adorers, male and female. They haunted, they hunted him, as if he had no right to the slightest privacy.

At Berlin, as at London, he was "welcomed with ovation on ovation." But at Berlin, as at London, he manifested his usual simplicity. In the most unpretending fashion, he walked about in a plain blue coat, on which he wore the orders of the Black Eagle and the Iron Cross. Smoking his pipe, he mixed familiarly with every group, took part in every incident, spoke to citizens and soldiers, and, if an opportunity offered to play at cards or dice, he did not refuse it.

During the battle of Ligny, when the tempest of shot was fiercest and hottest, Blucher calmly smoked his pipe, which he had lighted at the match of the nearest artilleryman. This battle, in which Blucher was defeated, and which was fought three days before the battle of Waterloo, could not, even by its disastrous result, make him forego his well-loved pipe.

When, on the final overthrow of Napoleon, the allied armies drew near to Paris, and their commanders entered into negotiations with the French Provisional Government, Blucher's patience got exhausted, as it was very apt to do. At St. Cloud, commissioners sent by that Government waited on him—viz., Baron Bignon, Secretary for Foreign Affairs; General Guilleminot, Head of the Army Staff, and Count Bondy, Prefect of the Department of the Seine. Blucher resolved to treat these commissioners with supreme harshness and haughtiness; to trample on everything in which they might conceive that they had a real or apparent advantage; to make them feel that they stood as vanquished before their conqueror. First of all, he kept them waiting a long time in the antechamber: when they were thoroughly tired they were admitted, and found Blucher sitting smoking his pipe. He sent forth puff after puff, with as much indifference as if they had not been

there. Then, as he did not speak or understand French, he ordered them, through an interpreter, to make their statements, and told the interpreter to give him in all brevity the substance thereof. When on various points there was a difference of opinion among them, and when, among other things, they disputed about the retreat of the French army beyond the Loire, Blucher, annoyed at what was to him an unintelligible babblement, rose in fury, rushed with burning pipe among the commissioners, and commanded them to be quiet. In short, sharp words, he said that hostilities must immediately be resumed if his demands were not complied with. The commissioners were therefore compelled to agree to the withdrawal of the French army beyond the Loire. When, furthermore, the commissioners requested that, as in the previous year, the allied troops should not be quartered on the citizens of Paris, Blucher said: "The French found for years very agreeable lodging at Berlin; and no Prussian who has accompanied me hither will go home without being able to say that the Parisians very hospitably entertained him." When the commissioners were making further objections and remonstrances, he declared vehemently that enough had been said, and with his pipe (which was anything but a calumet) still in his hand, he forced them to be silent. He refused to throw his shield, as they desired, over the museum; regarding which he protested that France could not be so leniently dealt with as the previous year, but must restore the treasures of art which she had stolen from other lands. The interview, so painful and humiliating to the commissioners, having come to an end, Blucher ordered General Von Muffling to carry out the arrangements forthwith.

Blucher spent the four closing years of his life partly on his estates and partly at Berlin. It was not easy for a man who had led a life so agitated to rest. As it was he who had saved the Prussian monarchy, and as the King had generously rewarded and was not disposed to forget Blucher's signal services, all in high position had to treat the old field-marshal with respect. But, as he did not love courtiers, diplomatists, statesmen, they did not love *him*; and they loved all the less that, from his irrepressible outspokenness, he was always blaming their duplicity and trickery. The large sums and large estates bestowed on him by the gratitude of the King and people benefited him little; for, through his passion for gambling, he recklessly squandered his wealth. Nothing, however, that he did or said lessened his popularity, or diminished that heartiness and homeliness of manner which won him the more the hearts of men, the lower their station. Who could help liking that grand old Marshal Forwards, who, when his pipe went out as he marched along the street, lighted it again at the *cutty* of the first soldier or workman he met?

As described by Varnhagen, Blucher was tall, and very strongly and symmetrically built. Not so much old age as frequent attacks of severe illness had made him stoop. Spite, however, of the stooping shoulders, he held his head erect in all its majesty. An expansive and noble brow matched well the excellent shape of the rest of the head; the hair at last was very gray and very thin. The habitual expression of his bright blue eyes was sweetness; but when he was excited they sent forth the lightning which heralded the thunder. His cheeks had a ruddy glow; his nose was of the most vigorous aquiline type; huge moustachios, heavily drooping, shaped and partly concealed a finely-formed mouth; his chin, likewise well formed, displayed firmness and decision. The whole outward man was the symbol and the expression of an energetic, fearless, and impetuous character. His language was unpolished: it was half between that of good society and that of the people. In later years, he spoke with a lisp, from losing his teeth. Like his eyes, his voice was very sweet and pleasing in ordinary circumstances, but wrath made it terrible. He had considerable facility of speech, said many witty and memorable things, and, at public banquets and on other public occasions, showed that he was a real orator as he was a real soldier.—*Cope's Tobacco Plant.*

ON THE ROAD TO QUACKERY.

All persons interested in the young men who are students of the medical department of the University of California, ought to see to it that the professors are not quacks, but that their diplomas and education will bear examination. What a reflection it will be to those young men hereafter if they find their diplomas signed by a Professor of diseases of women and children, and clinical obstetrics, who is not a regular graduate of any medical college using a language he can speak; or by a Professor of clinical medicine capable of writing that "he is 'entitaled' to credit, and ought to be 'hansomly' paid for the 'concise manor' of his reports of his 'diagnosses,'" as he did not wish to be 'volumines.'" Fancy its being certified by a professor that he has imparted a knowledge of which there is no sufficient evidence that he ever was himself possessed. If that is not quackery perpetuating quackery what is it? It will be a sad thing for these young men hereafter if their diplomas should be esteemed so many evidences of quackery. We recommend this subject to the consideration of the students and their friends. The following are the matriculants for the present year: Messrs. Biggs, Bittenbender, Blake, Benedict, Callahan, Chaigneau, Connoliy, Cosbie, Delmont, Dawson, Davidson, Hicks, McDermott, Miller, McLean, Nottage, Malech, Den, Mason, Simon, Shellhous, G. McDonald, D. McDonald, Le Conte, O'Neil, Zangerle, Pope, Allen, Tenoco, Heinlman, Miner, Williams, Swett, Brotherton, Leffingwell, Espina, Hatch, Morphey, Hehneuer, Ricter, Smith, Knowlton, Martin, Johnston.

To remove stains from character---get rich.

HER LAST WISHES.

Then the night wore on and we knew the worst,
That the end of it all was nigh:
Three doctors they had from the very first—
And what could one do but die?

"O, William!" she cried, "strew no blossoms of spring,
For the new 'aparatus' might rust;
But say that a handful of shavings you'll bring,
And linger to see me combust.

"O, promise me, love, by the fire-hole you'll watch,
And when mourners and stokers convene,
You will see that they light me some solemn, slow match,
And warn them against kerosene.

"It would cheer me to know ere these rude breezes waft
My essence far to the pole,
That one whom I love will look to the draught,
And have a fond eye on the coal.

"Then promise me, love"—and her voice fainter grew,
"While this body of mine calcifies,
You will stand just as near as you can to the flue,
And gaze while my gases arise.

"For Thompson—Sir Henry—has found out a way
(Of his 'process' you've surely heard tell)
And you burn like a parlor match gently away,
Nor even offend by a smell.

"So none of the dainty need sniff in disdain
When my carbon floats up to the sky;
And I am sure, love, that you will never complain,
Though an ash should blow into your eye.

"Now promise me, love"—and she murmured low—
"When the calcification is o'er,
You will sit by my grave in the twilight glow—
I mean by my furnace door.

"Yes, promise me, love, while the seasons revolve
On their noiseless axles, the years,
You will visit the kiln where you saw me 'resolve,'
And bleach my pale ashes with tears."

A FINE SENTIMENT FINELY EXPRESSED.

Among the sentiments expressed by Mr. Froude in his work, *The English in Ireland*, we find the following on "Liberty," which it would be well for many to take seriously to heart; for on almost no subject is there more vague or incorrect opinion:

"There is no word in human language which so charms the ear as liberty. There is no word which so little pains have been taken to define, or which is used to express ideas more opposite. There is a liberty which is the liberty of a child or a savage, the liberty of animals, the vagrant liberty, which obeys no restraint, for it is conscious of no obligation. There is a liberty which arises from the subjugation of self and the control of circumstances, which consists in knowledge of what ought to be done, and a power to do it obtained by patient labor and discipline. The artisan or the artist learns in an apprenticeship under the guidance of others to conquer the difficulties of his profession. When the conquest is complete he is free. He has liberty—he commands his tools, he commands his own faculties. He has become a master. It is with life as a whole, as with the occupations into which life is divided. Those only are free *men* who have had patience to learn the conditions of a useful and honorable existence, who have overcome their own ignorance and their own selfishness, who have become masters of themselves. The first liberty is the liberty of anarchy, which to a *man* should be a supreme object of detestation. The second liberty is the liberty of law, which has made the name the symbol of honor, and has made the thing the supreme object of desire. But the enthusiasm for true liberty has in these modern times been transferred to its opposite. With a singular inversion of cause and effect, men have seen in liberty not the exercise and the reward of virtues which have been acquired under restraint, but some natural fountain, a draught from which is to operate as a spell for the regeneration of our nature. Freedom as they picture it to themselves is like air and light, a condition in which the seeds of excellence are alone able to germinate. Who is free? asked the ancient sage, and he answered his own question. The wise man who is master of himself. Who is free? asks the modern liberal politician, and he answers, the man who has a voice in making the laws which he is expected to obey. Does the freedom of a painter consist in his having himself consented to the laws of perspective, and light and shade? That nation is the most free where the laws, by whomsoever framed, correspond most nearly to the will of the Maker of the Universe, by whom, and not by human suffrage, the code of rules is laid down for our obedience. That nation is most a slave which has ceased to believe that such divinely appointed laws exist, and will only be bound by the Acts which it places on its statute-book."

ART NOTES.

Resuming our notes on the pictures in the Art Association Exhibition, we begin at No. 44—"Portrait, Judge Robinson," T. Jensen, a wonderful little piece of miniature oil painting, hung too high for anybody but a giant, as is also No. 63—"Korac Baby," G. A. Frost, a capitally painted funny little picture of a Siberian Indian papoose, perfectly smothered in fur clothing. 45-6-7 hardly call for remark one way or another. 48—"Donkey," V. Williams (the catalogue is alone responsible for this incongruous conjunction), is a capital little study. 49—"The Hermit at Prayer," E. Heijn, a painting on copper, is a finished example of a school of art which we trust will soon be defunct, possessing, as it does, precious little of nature, whatever else may be said for it. 50—"Sunset, San Francisco," and 54—"Taking the Pilot at Sundown," W. A. Coulter, are fair in effect and bad in the drawing of the vessels, etc. 51—"Morning," and 59—"Evening," A. J. Von Prooyen, are pleasant little compositions. 52—"Washerwoman," Virgil Williams, has been praised by us before. 53—"Light and Shadow," E. Fanfani, is a half-dead piece of artificiality; the wooden manuikin in the studio is quite as alive as any of the figures. At 55 we pause, as we have paused before. Erpikum's "Andromeda" has been often mentioned in these columns, but too much can hardly be said for the beauty of the drawing, the wonderful flesh tints, and the lovely, painful expression of the face. This picture of the nude maiden chained to the rock is so chastely conceived that the carpers can find no fault. We understand that Mr. W. M. Lent, who purchased this splendid work in Paris, has presented it to the Louisiana Relief Fund, with the proviso that it must not be raffled for a less sum than $2,500. The picture is worth twice the money. One would not suppose that 56—"River San Juan," Norton Bush, and 62—"Straits of Carquinez," were by the same artist. The first is but a repetition of scores of works from the same hand, with poor composition and vicious coloring, only redeemed by some more satisfactory qualities of atmosphere and effect. The latter is a perfect little gem of a study, full of artistic feeling and quiet evening effect. 57—"Seal-Fishing in the Ochotsk," G. A. Frost, is a forcible and true picture of an interesting scene. 58—"Coasting Schooner Tacking Out," W. A. Coulter, is fresh and vigorous, with some good color in it. 60—"Suisun Bay," W. F. Herrick, is a nice grey little study. 61—"Repentance" is hardly worthy of Oscar Kunath, but 75—"He does not Return," a picture by the same hand, is full of poetry and sentiment. A mother and daughter are sadly watching from the open window the return of troops from the war, knowing that their loved one will ne'er come back. 64—"California Robin," S. M. Brookes, is "put in" as only a master can. 65—"Relay in the Woods," Engler, is a charming little hunting scene. 66—"Beach Near Sorrento," Charles Prosch, is a pretty little piece of commonplace painting. 67—"The Lost Dog," Simond, is a caricature of a wretched starveling cur, and 68 is not a very studious "Study." 69—"Bliss," Wm. Hahn, is that capital picture of an old sow whose head is being tickled by a peasant woman, the subject of which was suggested by one of the Graphic Club sketches. 70—"Wreck on the Coast," W. A. Coulter, is nothing if not a "pot-boiler," and 71, by G. A. Frost, is a careful study of the suspension bridge over one of the great cañons of the Frazer River. 72—"The Forbidden Suitor," R. J. Bush, is a prettily conceived little *genre* work, while 79—"Perseus and Andromeda," by the same hand, is very well composed, and painted in a crisp touchy manner. 73 and 74—Portraits by B. Irwin of S. M. Brookes, the artist, and Dr. Bush are lifelike and very recognizable. To 76, "California Trout," S. M. Brookes, we apply the epithets of "fishy" and "scaly," which are only complimentary titles as at present used. They were painted at the Acclimatization Society's ponds, Pt. St. Pedro, and look as though they had just been hooked. 77—"The Holy Family" is attributed to Paul Veronese: if so, then has some less worthy brother of the brush been fooling over it, and painted it all out. It looks more, however, like a copy. 78—"Shepherd Boy," and 81—"Sentinel Rock," by V. Williams, are hardly worthy of this artist's reputation. 80—"The Sentinel," and 87—"The Violet Girl," by A. Serres, are both charmingly treated. 82—"Heavy Weather," G. J. Denny, is a masterly piece of grey painting, with real motion in the waves. 83—"Fruit and Flowers," a well composed and generally creditable work, by Mrs. L. E. Keith.

Here we must for the present desist. Next week we shall be able to finish the list. The exhibition is varied and attractive. We may remark that the Pioche collection is still on view, but will have to be removed after the present exhibition. The collection of casts owned by the society is as attractive as the pictures. In this connection we may remark that the Association has sent to France for a number of casts of animals, cattle, sheep, horses, etc., for the use of the students in the School of Design. Those who know, say that the series is now more complete than that owned by the National Academy, New York.

The country that the rakish old lady of the Alta is a native of can be recognized best by glancing over a *flux de bouche* that appears in its columns. Here is an item: Cure for *ennui*:—R—Sps. vin Otard, zi; Saccharine whitum mashum, q. s.; Aqua congealibus, q. s.; Mintum so meum, 6 sprigs; Shakum Likethunderum, q. r.; Strawum elongatus, 1. Suckum threwum!

A Brockport, Pa., parson, who, with Paul, believes that it is better to marry than burn, offers twenty cords of wood for a wife.

WONDERFUL GOLD AND DIAMOND FINDS IN AFRICA.

A correspondent of the London Times writes in a strain that reminds one of early days in California. He says: "It is so difficult for the large majority of English people to believe anything good of Africa that they may scarcely yet be prepared to give credence to the reports which are likely to reach home relative to the newly-discovered gold fields, about which it will be my task to keep you *au courant*. Rest assured, however, that the importance of the subject will immediately be recognized in Australia, New Zealand, and California, whence we shall have a large immigration, and the cream will be taken off by those first-comers, as it was in California twenty-four years ago, because we in England could not believe in the wonderful tales of gold finds until that letter of September, 1848, to which I have already referred, settled the question. Indeed I might take a more recent instance—the diamond fields which have really proved such a success that they represent a trade in three years of upwards of £5,000,000, not only of diamonds, of course, but of mercantile operations as well. And yet, even at this moment, it is within my personal knowledge that many kind-hearted friends and relatives write out to persons on the diamond fields in a strain leading one to think that they look upon diamond-diggers as little better than rash adventurers. I shall, however, have to allude to this topic again.

Before this letter can reach England you will have published some accounts of the finds of gold, so that I shall not now go much into detail. The latest news is that 13¼ lbs were found in one hour in a single claim, the largest nugget weighing 4lbs. This gold was brought down to Kimberley diamond fields on Christmas Day, and excited much admiration. I know, as facts, of the following finds: In one week a party dug out 15oz., next week 34oz.; another 100oz. in four weeks, and so on. The present number of diggers is 500, but fully 800 are now also on their road from Kimberley. I have private letters from 'Pilgrim's Rest'—the latest rush—also of a highly satisfactory character.

Leaving the gold fields to take care of themselves, I will try and remove a few errors which still prevail at home regarding the diamond fields. The Colesberg Kopje diamond mine is really at this moment one of the wonders of the world: it contains, I maintain, the largest number of workers in a small space that has been seen in any modern work, and I cannot call to mind any enterprise, excepting the Egyptian Pyramids, where it can have been necessary for such a swarm of human beings to be so closely herded together. The actual present value of the mine is estimated at £1,000,000; three months ago it was valued at £2,000,000, but claims have fallen 60 per cent. It is proposed to spend £60,000 immediately in rendering the mine safe by removing the outside dangerous reef. Some of the claims are 130 feet deep, and the whole mine, resembling a vast basin, is being emptied by means of the wire-rope tramway system, which has cost an enormous sum in erecting. This can easily be imagined when it is known that every pound weight of wire, every pound weight of deal wood and timber, has cost from 4d. to 6d. for transport alone. Great numbers of the original claim-holders in the Colesberg Kopje mine have small fortunes. I know of at least ten among my own personal friends who will average £8,000 each, all made, it may be said, in two years, out of nothing. As facts are worth any amount of mere statements, I will tell you as plainly as possible what effect the news of the gold fields has produced at the diamond fields. It will show what is thought here of them, and will serve to confirm all I have stated. Persons in England can have no idea of the *furore*. Wagons are being brought out, strengthened, and painted; oxen are being bought, and £12 per head paid, in place of £7 10s. three months ago. Wagons worth £100 a year ago are now bringing £150 to £170. Household goods are sacrificed at any cost. Ladies, children, and men, all have the gold fever, and look forward with the greatest pleasure to a journey of thirty days through a country almost uninhabited. Diamond claims are almost unsalable—the newspapers teem with advertisements relative to sales of goods belonging to parties who are off to the gold fields. The passenger cart—fare £18 10s.—is fully engaged for many weeks to come. In fact, there is a regular rush, for people say, naturally, if diamonds have resuscitated South Africa, what may not be expected of gold! Among other notions is the very prevalent one that the Chinese will flow in, and Captain Galton's idea that they should be allowed to people Africa may yet come true."

QUACKERY.

The power of faith in the curative ability of self-asserting practitioners, who produce glowing certificates of wondrous cures, is a remarkable phenomenon in our social history. A humorous writer in the *Australasian* hits the subject off in this fashion: "Why, my dear sir, should you trouble yourself to matriculate, or to study medicine? You can do much better without the labor, or the waste of time. Call yourself a herbalist or a mesmerist, and pretend to despise the faculty. Assume the air of one of whom regularly qualified practitioners are enviously jealous. Say that you can eradicate cancer with barley-water, and arrest mortification with marsh mallows. Everybody won't believe you, but many will. You will generally have the first chance. If you fail, the real doctor will be called in when the case is past remedy, and you can throw the onus of failure on him. Remember Carlyle's estimate of a nation, and be assured that to know is often less profitable than to pretend to know."

A bit of orange peel set a good Iowa deacon flat on his back while passing the contribution-box. Orange peel is very popular there now.

COURT CHAT.

The Czar Kissing his Daughter.---The *Mail* says: "The Emperor, who had been standing on the bridge, or the starboard paddle-box, threw off the roquelaure in which His Majesty's person had been enveloped, and displayed the magnificent uniform of a Russian general, over which was the dark blue ribbon of the Garter. The people, who packed the promenade on the top of the pier, cheered loudly as soon as they recognized the Czar, who graciously acknowledged the reception until he came in sight of his daughter, who stood at the landing-place, leaning on the arm of the Prince of Wales. The tenderness of the father was too much for the majesty of the Czar. The Emperor was deeply moved at once again beholding his only daughter, who had been for so many years always by his side. He kissed his hand to her; he looked and looked again, while the deep love which he bestows on the Duchess of Edinburgh was stamped upon every line of his manly face. Nor was the daughter less delighted to see her father. Her impatience and that of the Prince of Wales, who wore the broad Ribbon of St. Andrew over his general's uniform, could not abide the delays of bringing the vessel alongside at the appointed gangway, and the Prince with the Duchess making a start on their own account went rapidly to a higher stage of the landing-place, which was within a foot of the level of the bridge, where in a moment the daughter was once more in her father's arms. The Czar kissed the Duchess again and again, as a parent kisses a pet child whom he has not seen for some years. There was no nonsense or ceremony about the matter. It was all as natural, as straightforward, as unostentatious, and yet as devoted as though the meeting had taken place in the verandah of the Summer Palace near Odessa, or in one of the charming rooms that have been fitted up for the occupation of His Majesty at Windsor. When at length the greeting between father and daughter was finished, the Czar shook hands with the Prince of Wales, and there was a kindly interchange of salutations between the whole of the English and Russian party.

It seems that visits between the Courts of England and Russia are likely to be frequent. The Queen of England visits St. Petersburg in September, and the Czar informed the Mayor of Portsmouth that he expected to visit England again within a few months.

Prince Arthur.---The *Gazette* of May 26th contains the following notification:—"Whitehall, May 23, 1874.—The Queen has been pleased to direct letters patent to be passed under the Great Seal of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, to bear date the 24th inst., granting unto Her Majesty's third son, His Royal Highness Prince Arthur William Patrick Albert, K.G., K.T., K.P., and the male heirs of his body lawfully begotten, the dignities of the Earl of Sussex and the Duke of Connaught and of Strathearn." In reference to this an Irish paper says: "It was a wise and generous idea which we Irish would gladly hope emanated from her Most Gracious Majesty herself; for whereas Oliver Cromwell's fearful anathema of "To hell or Connaught!" still rings in the ears of the people of that province, so the advent of this blameless young Prince, who has already left a most favorable impression on any Irish who met him during his short stay on our shores, and who, if he came next as Prince *resident* of Ireland, would inaugurate a new era."

The Court at Balmoral.---The weather was fine on the day of the arrival of the Court at Balmoral, and Her Majesty drove out in the evening to Belnacroft to visit Mr. Farquharson, one of the keepers on the Abergeldie estate, who has been in weak health for some time. On Saturday the Queen, Princess Beatrice, and the Marchioness of Ely drove to Micras, where they called on Mr. and Mrs. John Brown, the parents of Her Majesty's attendant. The weather on Sunday was very wet, with cold wind. The Rev. Mr. Campbell, the newly-appointed minister of the parish of Crathie, preached at Balmoral Castle in the morning. Her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice, with the ladies and gentlemen of the Court, were present at the service.

More Royal Marriages.---"The Emperor of Russia," says the *Débats*, "has just added a new family tie to those which already unite him to the Sovereign Houses in Germany. His father was son-in-law of Frederick William III., of Prussia; he himself married the daughter of Louis II., Grand Duke of Hesse, and it is at Berlin that has just been announced the betrothal of his second son with a Princess of Mecklenburg. The Grand Duke Vladimir was born on April 22, 1847; he is aid-de-camp general to his father, and chief of several Russian regiments, as well as the Prussian Hussars of Thuringia. His intended is the Duchess Mary of Mecklenburg, born on May 14, 1854, daughter of Prince Frederick Francis II., Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, Prince and Count of Schwerin, by his first marriage with a daughter of the late Henry LXIII., Prince of Reuss-Schleiz-Kœstritz.

The Khedive of Egypt is collecting the treasures of Arabic literature scattered throughout his dominions in a library at Cairo, and has already enriched this foundation by thirty most valuable copies of the Koran, chiefly taken from the local mosques. One of these copies, that of the learned Gaafar, is the oldest known. It dates from A. D. 720, and is written on the skin of gazelles, in Cufic characters, and in colors, black, red, and blue.

"**We have taken revenge.**" says the *Court Journal*, "for the shabby Alabama arbitration. The Mexican Government has claimed damages from the Government at Washington for depredations committed by Indians upon Mexican subjects. The affair was submitted to the arbitration of Sir Edward Thornton, who in a very long document rejects the claim, and saves the American Government £6,000,000, or nearly twice as much as we had to pay under the Geneva award."

LEARNING TO ROW.

Down at the river, learning to row,
Coquettish Lizzie, true-hearted Joe,
Boat like an egg-shell, dainty in size,
One that Titania's self might prize,
As happy they as the day was long,
Their lives as sweet as an old love-song,
In each breast throbbed a loving heart,
Only the length of the boat apart.

Gay little girl, so arch and fair,
Winning hearts with piquant air;
Winning hearts to be thrown away,
Life is to her a gala day.
When poor Joe talks of a quiet life
Away from the city's noise and strife,
She sings to herself, "The world is wide,
When I wed I'll be a rich man's bride."

So pretty Lizzie's willful way
Sent her true lover's heart astray.
But when the days grew cold and drear,
In the sad winter of the year,
She would often softly say,
"O for what I threw away
When I gaily learned to row
On the river, long ago."

Joe did his work, biding his time,
His nature strong and pure and fine,
Till freakish Lizzie, wiser grown,
And longing now to share his home,
Came coyly saying, "Dear old Joe,
Once more teach me how to row."
Now in one boat their courses tend
Down Time's river to the end.

—ANNIE A. PRESTON.

From the San Francisco News Letter.

GEMS FROM THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

[FROM OUR PIOUS HONOLULU CORRESPONDENT.]

—— HONOLULU, June 11, 1874.

Dear Old News Letter:—Having finished our missionary labors in this field, we are off to convert the heathen in the islands of the distant southern seas. From the depths of our heart we can feel that our work has been a noble success, but was it not the work of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ? You know he is a big gun among the heathens, and we are all making money through his immense popularity. Revs. Brothers Damon, Poague, Parris, Parker and other noble souls have made coin enough to live at ease. The missionary brig, the *Morning Star*, has just arrived from a cruise in the far south seas, and brings about $70,000 of cocoanut oil, mats, beautiful coral, cordage, and thousands of things I cannot mention. Bro. E. O. Hall has the consignment, and in the name of Jesus is going to auction off the entire cargo. The southern heathens are very generous in the cause of Christ, and I devoutly hope they will merit eternal salvation, though between ourselves some of them ought to have a little taste of eternal d——nation.

In my labors here I have been ably seconded by the Rev. John S. Smithies, Rev. John Thomas Waterhouse, elders Johnson & McColgan (leading merchant tailors) Rev. Ned Adams, the eloquent auctioneer, and many others whose rewards can only be written in heaven. I must not forget to say that I received invaluable aid from the Rev. Walter Murray Gibson, the brilliant but pious editor of the *Nuhou*, the Rev. Henry M. Whitney, the witty but unctuous editor of the *Gazette*, and Rev. Harry Sheldon, the meek and holy man of the *Advertiser*. These brethren stand high among the uncircumcised, but, like all first-class editors, will occasionally run away after the world, the flesh and the devil.

When your missionary correspondent arrived here, some nine months ago, he found Honolulu a den of thieves, a paradise cursed by as heartless and soulless a herd of white hypocrites as ever brutalized the gentle savages of the tropics. But, through the spirit of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ he went for the sinners bald-headed, and the money-changers and the whore-mongers fled to the leper settlement on Molakai—or rather they ought to be there. Now virtue is on the increase and the spread of true morality is surging over every heart.

I shall write you from the Society Islands, whither I depart to-morrow. It is a nice little trip of 2,500 miles (on a cattle vessel). You will send our beloved brethren who still remain here a large file of your valuable religious journal, and especially to Rev. Father Damon, the grand old Puritan. The Kanakas love the *News Letter* hugely, and fully appreciate its sturdy blows against sin and sinners wherever found coiled up in their iniquity. ADONIS.

The Real Estate Associates, of which Wm. Hollis is President, is certainly doing much to promote the best interests of the city. They are now engaged erecting several blocks of houses in various parts of this city and Oakland, and are for sale on the monthly installment plan. The block of five houses now about completed on the corner of California and Laguna streets, each ten rooms, is said to be the best block yet erected by them. Two of these houses have been sold within a week for $5,500 each, lots 27½x107½ feet. The corner house was built on contract. There are, therefore, two houses in the block yet unsold, and they are complete with every modern improvement; bay windows in the rear, with a fine land and water view that can never be obstructed.

A man in the Philadelphia Insane Asylum imagines himself a woman. He dresses himself in female attire and parts his hair in the middle. During the day he associates with the females and does sewing and embroidery of the finest kind. He has been reserved for the Centennial.

UTAH—WHAT NEXT?

Some days since we heard with dismay that an attempt was being made at Salt Lake City to substitute Military for Civil Law, and to place all our rights at the mercy and good pleasure of a soldier. Looking at Mexico and her *pronunciamentos*, we could not but regard this move as radically wrong, one that every American ought to oppose. Whilst we were calculating which side it would pay us best to advocate, news of the most horrible kind has reached us: Salt Lake City has, like the city of the plain, been swallowed up, has gone down bodily; at least, we glean as much from two numbers of the Utah *Mining Gazette* (that of the 6th of May and of the 13th instant), wherein we find certain "Weather Reports" authenticated by the official signature of no less a personage than "*S. W. Beall, Observer, Signal Service, U. S. A.*," wherein it is stated that at 7 A M., on the 31st of May, the Barometer stood at "30.02," and at 7 A.M., on the 10th of June, it managed to get up "30.15," steadily day by day holding its own during the whole period. May God, in his great mercy, spare us from the fate that has overtaken Salt Lake City! We are perhaps nearly as infamous as the Mormons, and are fully as much addicted to polygamous practices, but then we avoid matrimonial complications, practice infanticide, and wisely avoid all responsibility. These facts must tell in our favor with the Lord. The astounding facts given to mankind by that most valuable and reliable journal, the Utah *Mining Gazette*, and authenticated by a full-fledged "Observer" belonging to the "U. S. A.," were of a character to knock any ordinary newspaper man into a cocked hat, and we must acknowledge that we did entertain doubts until the carefully prepared report in the second number reached us. This is the most astounding event recorded in Profane History. When we were last in Salt Lake City, it was generally believed that it was elevated "above the level of the sea" some 4,221 feet, and consequently barometers in one day evinced a disposition to stand, when at their highest, somewhere in the neighborhood of 25.30. The fact is established by the talented Editor and the observing Beall (with two l's), that on the 10th of June the Barometer at Salt Lake City stood at "30.15," and we are therefore compelled to acknowledge, recognize and proclaim that this unhappy city has dropped down to the level of the sea—has got "very low down," indeed. There can be no doubt whatever on the subject. We know that the Utah *Mining Gazette* is, as regards facts—particularly mining facts—without a rival in this or any other world. Whenever we are in trouble, we naturally fly to the clergy for comfort, aid and counsel; we may live without religion, but we cannot die without it, and we rejoice with exceeding great joy to say that we feel a heap better. We learn that this terrible catastrophe has been foreshadowed in the Holy Scriptures, and is a visitation of the Almighty and a token of his disapprobation of Poly-gamy. What was right with the religious characters of antiquity, it seems is not right for those of the present day, and Brigham Young has consequently come to grief. Of a truth we have always felt—having had some little experience—that forty young and lusty wives must press very heavily on the capacity of any ordinary man, but did not expect that the pressure would knock the bottom out of Utah. Will the observant Beall's, of the "U. S. A.," please to report progress, and kindly inform us whether he is related to the other military gentleman who is about doing away with law such as civilians respect.

PROGRESS OF THE AERONAUTICAL SOCIETY.

The science of æronatation is not dead, nor does it even slumber. The great problem is being earnestly and patiently worked out. We learn from a late report of a meeting in London that in France there is a model of an ærial machine which weighs three ounces, is thirty-two inches in length, and which flies fifty feet. It appears that the society does not look favorably on the American machine, which is to be exhibited in England. It is intended to fly, but has not yet accomplished the feat. It is made of thin sheet iron, weighs three tons, and requires an engine of fifteen horse power. The society has been making experiments on the resistance offered by the air to bodies passing through it at different velocities and at various angles. Mr. Brown exhibited working models of his æroplane, which floated across the hall as before, and it was announced that the "light engine" is in course of construction. The London *Graphic*, referring to the meeting, says: "Something is gained when we know clearly what we may try for and what we may not. The æronaut, apparently, has to choose between wings and baloon cars. Unhappily, the power to guide a flying car has yet to be found. The strong atmospheric currents sweep the balloon resistlessly before them, and no force has ever availed to tack across them, as ships against a head wind at sea. Probably some contrivance for providing man with wings will prove the key to the riddle. We must not expect too much at first; few men can swim many hundred yards. If we could once fly ever so little, the victory over other æronautic difficulties would only be a work of time." So much for the transatlantic countries. Meanwhile we, on the shores of the Pacific, have not been idle, and it may be that we shall yet be the first to solve the mighty problem. The dawn of a bright day in æronautics is at hand, and we may venture to assert that ere long we shall be able to present our readers with proof that the silent thought and working brain have at length arrived at practical results, and that, as formerly, we shall be in the van of improvement in ærial navigation.

OPPOSITION TO GREAT INVENTIONS.

Tradition says, that John Fost, one of the three inventors of printing, was charged with multiplying books by the aid of the devil, and was prosecuted both by the priests and the people. The strongest opposition to the press has, however, been presented in Turkey. The art of printing had existed three hundred years before a printing press was established in Constantinople. From 1726 to 1740 that press issued only twenty-three volumes. It was then stopped, and did not resume its issues until after an interval of more than forty years. About 1780, a press was established at Scutari, and between 1780 and 1807 issued forty volumes. Again its operations were suspended, and were not resumed until 1820, since which time it has worked more industriously than heretofore, although fettered with the paternal oversight of the Turkish government. The ribbon-loom is an invention of the sixteenth century; and, on the plea that it deprived many workmen of bread, was prohibited in Holland, in Germany, in the dominions of the Church, and in other countries of Europe. At Hamburg, the council ordered a loom to be publicly burned. The stocking-loom shared the fate of the ribbon-loom. In England, the patronage of Queen Elizabeth was requested for the invention, and it is said that the inventor was impeded rather than assisted in his undertaking. In France the opposition to the stocking-loom was of the most cruel kind. A Frenchman, who had adopted the invention, manufactured by the loom a pair of silk stockings for Louis XIV. They were presented to the French monarch. The parties, however, who supplied hosiery to the court, caused several loops of the stockings to be cut and thus brought the stocking-loom into disrepute at headquarters. Table-forks appear so necessary a part of the furniture of the dinner-table, that one can scarcely believe that the tables of the sixteenth century were destitute of them. They were not, however, introduced until the commencement of the seventeenth century, and then were ridiculed as superfluous and effeminate, while the person who introduced them to England was called Furcifer. They were invented in Italy, and brought thence to England; napkins being used in this country by the polite, and fingers by the multitude. The saw-mill was brought into England from Holland in 1663; but its introduction so displeased the English that the enterprise was abandoned. A second attempt was then made at Limehouse, and the mill was erected, but soon after its erection it was pulled down by a mob. Pottery is glazed by throwing common salt into the oven at a certain stage of the baking. This mode of baking was introduced into this country in 1690, by two brothers, who came to Staffordshire from Nuremburg. Their success and their secrecy so enraged their neighbors that persecution arose against them, and became so strong that they were compelled to give up their works. The pendulum was invented by Galileo; but so late as the end of the seventeenth century, when Hooke brought it forward as a standard of measure, it was ridiculed, and passed by the nickname of "Swing-Swang."—*Our Own Fireside.*

PIOUS FRAUDS.

There is confusion and dismay in the victorious ranks of the Oakland Anti-License cohorts. The defeated general of the For-License forces, with the true pluck of the Anglo-Saxon race, refuses to believe that he is beaten, and it seems likely that he will soon convince the enemy that the battle has yet to be won. By the law, it is necessary that at least one-fourth of the legal voters of a city should petition the Supervisors to order an election before that body can put the question of "License" or "No License" to the vote. The petition in Oakland had 1,051 signatures attached to it, and the total number of names on the Register being about 3,500, an election was ordered and held, with what results our readers already know. General Hanifin, however, has now had time to make a careful examination of the signatures affixed to the petition, and he finds that only 515 of the names appear on the Register. It is bad enough to find five hundred people unqualified to vote signing a petition gotten up for the purpose of taking away their neighbors' means of subsistence, but it is far worse to find that some eighteen persons were so wicked as to sign twice, while others, carrying their crafty bigotry to the superlative degree, signed three times. While giving vent to our honest indignation at the commission of the iniquitous trick which, General Hanifin believes, has been put upon the Supervisors, we must express the hope that he has not been misled by the signatures of well-meaning but misguided members of the Smith family. That John Smith's name appears a great many times on the petition is highly probable, but that may be charitably attributed to short-sightedness, wrong-headedness and general stupidity, rather than to willful, reckless dishonesty. The people who have sought to perpetrate an act of injustice in the name of the Law, are, no doubt, of the class of shallow casuists who can silence conscience by saying that the act was a pious fraud, committed for a good end. A pious fraud, in truth, to take the bread from the mouths of thousands of men, women and children, in order to keep liquor from the mouths of a few weak men who sometimes drink more than is good for them. A similar pious fraud on the part of some young women who recently signed a "religious" petition three times, first at their homes for the whole of the family, secondly at Sunday School as scholars, and thirdly at a public meeting, drew from a clergyman the remark that it was a pity religious people were so unscrupulous. The motto of the Temperance Party seems to be, "Win; honestly if you can, but win by all means." Believing that if they use only legitimate means in putting a bad and unjust law into force, they will create evils far greater, morally and socially, than that which they seek to cure, we protest against their attempting to effect their purpose by "pious frauds."

[From the San Francisco News Letter.]

A LETTER FROM MOSCOW.

The Ancient Capital of Muscovy.---Local Time, May 10th, 1874; Our Time, May 22d, 1874.

Dear News Letter:---As we are again on the move, I thought some little ideas of our Russian experience might interest your readers in San Francisco, for on the 11th May we left Berlin for St. Petersburg, a railway trip of eleven hundred miles, which we did in 44 hours, the 400 miles—from the latter city to Moscow—in 15 hours! Of the grandeur of both these cities, I have had no previous similar experience, although the rural districts looked desolate and miserable. About Petersburg there is a great modern, cosmopolitan magnificence. Its wonderful Galleries of Art, its Palaces, its public offices, its diamonds, its war trophies, and its streets (three miles in length) perfectly bewilder us. Perhaps one of the most remarkable men the world ever saw was "Peter the Great," who built the city which bears his name. As Voltaire says, he was "a savage who taught his people civilization," accomplishing for Russia that which it had taken centuries to effect in other countries. At the age of 17 he became sole Czar, always working or traveling, and enduring bodily fatigue and privation (we are told) to an extent almost incredible. But the murder of his son is an indelible stain on his character. But if Petersburg is cosmopolitan, Moscow is real, genuine, Russian. Its first appearance is Oriental (such as, I think, Constantinople might look); its population, 400,000; its "Greek" churches, about 400, the outward forms of religion, at least, having taken a most extraordinary hold of all classes of the people. I believe Moscow to be the most irregularly built city in the world. None of the streets are straight. Public edifices, churches, palaces, houses, big and little, all are jumbled together, yet it has all the charms of a new city, with the pleasing and picturesque negligence of an old one. A mighty river winds like a serpent through this lovely city, being one of the tributaries to the still mightier Volga. But the glory of this wonderful place is the renowned "Kremlin," a fortified group of five churches, 3 palaces, several citadels, and I know not how many public edifices, forming a triangle of about two miles in extent, reminding me very much of the "Tower of London." Now, as I have exhausted all my descriptive adjectives, and having no desire to worry you, the end of the page affords me an opportunity to stop.

Yours, etc., F.

ECONOMY IN GAS.

Gas economy, remarks the *Hour*, has long been a subject of intense interest, and multiform have been the remedies proposed to give every household what Charles Matthews so aptly calls "a touch of joy," but which is now literally "a touch of financial sorrow." Our champagne absorbing miners have taught us a most unpleasantly expensive lesson; but, like all other animals that assimilate themselves to circumstances, man has at last triumphed over darkening troubles, as illustrated, or rather illuminated, by the wonderful, and, therefore, simple contrivance of Mr. Seegers, who, with "happier thoughts" than Mr. Burnand's clever fooleries, has "smartly," as our brethren over the pond would say, hit upon an admirable expedient to give us a blaze of light, and it will sound deliciously gratifying to our readers to learn—at a very light cost. Mirabile dictu; it is true! By artfully subsidizing the vapor naturally elicited from light petroleum oil, by a singularly clever little apparatus that, without any risk—but rather with utter impossibility of an accident, so admirable is the invention perfected—our gas is made to give treble light, and its cost reduced to the most acceptable extent of 180 per cent. All hail to Mr. Ludolph Seegers, who has sensibly patented his invention in all countries in Europe and America, and no doubt some two thousand years hence posterity will erect a monument in Trafalgar square to his memory, made luminous at night with his own inexpensive invention. He also shows the greatness of his perceptive powers by sensibly selling his invention to a corporation of gentlemen whose names alone credentialize the undertaking as one of unquestionable genuineness, and who, as will be seen in the prospectus issued, practically explain the subject. Professor Gardner is now, illustratively with Mr. Seegers' apparatus, lecturing on the invention at the Polytechnic Institution, and several of our contemporaries eulogize highly its cleverness and worth. A contemporary observes—"Placed near to the gasmeter, the apparatus allows every consumer to have his gas at about 2s. the cubic 1,000 feet. We understand that apparatuses are ordered for the Polytechnic, the New Club, Edinburgh, the German Gymnasium, King's Cross, and various other places where the consumption of gas is large. We advise all gas consumers to lose no time in hearing Professor Gardner's lecture upon this wonderful invention."

A New Bedford paper tells a story about a shop-keeper, who advised a lady customer to buy two mohair switches instead of one, as the article was becoming scarce. He said that the man whom he hired to hunt moes had only caught two within a fortnight.

A Vermont debating club is now struggling with the question, "Which eats the most chickens—ministers or owls?"

AT THE ART GALLERY.

[ONE PROSY POEM.]

Yes, dear, I admit they're beautiful,
And nice they'd looked upon our walls;
P'raps, I dare say, 'twould be dutiful
To you; but whew! the price appalls;
O, no, I don't judge them by the size;
Remember how I valu'd you
Dot; 'twas the deep fountain of your eyes
Revealing lights forever new.

Yet business is—well as you may—busi-
And its soul is in a barg'in; [ness;
To pay largely when you might give less
Is discomforture and chagrin.
All find their level in a market;
Intrinsic worth is not the rule.
Buyers and sellers are a hard set—
Giving much cry but little wool.

Hush, Fred, hush, the market is not here,
But treasures to be woed and won.
Judge not, now, by that which doth ap-
Forgetting that which left undone [pear,
Still haunts the brain; a cunning vision
Which oftimes for its portrait sits;
Then loveller grows, as in derision,
Flaming the ardent artist's wits.

That ideal Flirt is of the soul,
Th' child and measure of its life.
Perfection her high, unbounded goal,
With all below a hopeful strife;
With patient toil and eager watching,
As sea boy for a glimpse of land,
Or lover, side-long glances snatching,
Of favors he would fain command.

So Art, whose mission is creation,
Waits, Nature's humble mendicant;
Receiving doles of inspiration—
Her soul's impulsive, life-long pant.
Each pencil'd thought a gleam reflected
To the individual mind
Of beauty, that by Art arrested,
Remains a treasure to mankind.

Fred, the compliment you pay mine eyes,
Revealing lights forever new,
Is where Art's potential secret lies
When she unto herself is true;
But, hidden depths are for the lover,
The pure in heart alone can see;
Nor sordid minds can e'er discover
The gems of immortality.

Goods and chattels are for consumption.
By mind and will in course are made.
Value—the cost of reproduction,
Apart from policies of Trade.
But true Art knows no repetition;
Advance, its life, or it can die.
Th' original grasps the vision,
And nothing can its place supply.

—GEORDY BEWHUNIN.

A HIGH AUTHORITY UPON CALIFORNIA WINES.

At the London International Exhibition, now open, there is a large collection of wines from all parts of the world. California wines take a high place. *Bell's Weekly Messenger*, of the 23d May last, just to hand, reports as follows: "The Californian Wines, to which we referred last week, are a remarkable production. We have heard much of the prolific and luscious character of ordinary fruits produced on the hill sides and in the valleys of this Western State, which is fanned by the warm air of the Pacific Ocean. But, till recently—indeed, until this International Exhibition of wines more particularly—we have had no indication of the capacity for growing wine-yielding grapes which belong to the soil and climate of California. Messrs. H. Starr & Co., of 22 Moorgate street, have, however, a stand upon which they show four kinds of wine that cannot fail to grow in favor with the British public. These are the production of one estate, and manufactured and bottled by the owner, so that nothing in the form of mixing or adulterating may take place to injure the character of this produce. The wines shown in the Albert Hall vaults are of the vintage of 1868. Two of them are dry and two are sweet. No. 1, which is reckoned to be the first in quality, is named Gerke, after the owner of the estate from which it came. This Gerke is certainly a clean, delicate, and fine-flavored wine. The other, Muscat, is made from the Muscat of Alexandria grape, and, while its quality is fine, its flavor is peculiar, and many persons would not like it at first, but we doubt if there are but few who would not quickly acquire as great a taste for the musky aroma it yields, as persons generally have for the same flavor in the grape after which it is named. The sweet wines are named Bosqujo and Angelica, the former after the vineyard. These wines are as rich and clean in the mouth as such luscious beverages can be. Their quality and flavor are superior, and we shall be surprised if we do not hear that they have become great favorites as dessert wines. The estate on which these wines are grown is situate on the foot-hills in the county of Tehama. Mr. Henry Gerke, the proprietor, has taken every trouble to produce these wines, so that they may acquire an established reputation. So far as we may judge from the samples and cases which are shown at Kensington, we may confidently say that he has not only deserved success but achieved it. The grapes produced on this estate are expected, from experiments which have been made with them, to yield first-class qualities of sparkling wines, and but little, if anything, inferior to the champagnes and hocks of France. As we import double as much 'champagne' and 'hock' into this country as the vineyards of Europe produce, we shall be glad to welcome a supply from Californian grapes, for to know that it is made from grape juice is better than to feel assured that much that is offered must be nothing more nor less than productions from the juices of rhubarb and beet-root."

DROPPINGS FROM THE SANCTUARY.

"Like holy oil which did drop down
Upon the beard of Aaron."—*Methodist Hymn.*

The Rev. G. R. Sproul, of Edinburgh, preached a remarkable sermon at the Howard-street Church, on "The Sin Against the Holy Ghost," or, as it is popularly called, "The Unpardonable Sin." He said, "This is not only a Christian dispensation, but it is more distinctively a dispensation of the Spirit. Behold, a mystery! Christ taught that blasphemy against himself might be forgiven, but that 'whoso speaks a word against the Holy Ghost shall never be forgiven.' What is the meaning of this awful declaration? Christ came visibly, 'in the form of a servant.' He came before the people in appearance a man. If they, seeing one like themselves, doubted his mission, and refused to accept him; if they denounced him as an impostor, they might do all this in honest ignorance. But the Holy Spirit does not come in human form, does not appeal to man through his senses. It appeals to him through his interior consciousness, by touching his feelings, and inspiring good thoughts and noble resolves. It comes in the morning, the twilight, and at midnight with its suggestions and solicitations. It gently touches the secret springs of action, awakening thrills of pity and love, of contrition and remorse. A man might in that day, as he may in this, deny Christ through ignorance, or prejudice, or lack of spiritual insight. But he cannot honestly deny the power he *feels* within, inciting him to good, and warning him against evil, a power working in his own consciousness. In denying this power, he wilfully denies his own consciousness, and makes a free, deliberate choice of evil instead of good, shutting himself up from purifying influences. He, by a free act of will, chooses his portion, and says, 'Evil, be thou my good,' thus cutting himself off from God, and becoming a 'son of perdition.' The sin against the Holy Ghost thus appears to be, a sin that does not result from yielding to temptation, or from any single act of wickedness, but is a deliberate, intelligent, and persistent rejection of those inward solicitations to a better life, which every one feels."

At Central Hall, Dr. John Henry Payne lectured on "The Evils which Religion has Inflicted on Mankind." He commenced by remarking that the universality of religion had been urged as an evidence in its favor. All tribes and races of men had some form of religion or superstition, therefore there was a religious element in man, as a part of his native constitution, therefore it was a good thing. It might as well be argued that because drunkenness, or the excessive use of alcoholic drinks existed among all races and tribes, therefore intoxication was a good thing. "The fact is," said the lecturer, "superstition is universal, because ignorance and weakness are universal. As science advances and knowledge grows superstitions will disappear. All religions are superstitions. No men or women are capable of getting very strongly interested in religion, but those who are morbid in some way. Sound and healthy natures never experience those enthusiasms and perturbations. It is when men are sick, feeble in mind and body, that they become most liable to these morbid attacks. There is a meaning under the surface of the old distitch:

'When the devil got sick, the devil a monk would be,
When the devil got well, devil a monk was he.'

No great, sound, strong, wholesome nature could be very religious. Homer, Aristotle, Cæsar, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Goethe, Cervantes, Rabelais, Bonaparte, Huxley, Herbert, Spencer, Washington, Grant, the proprietor of the *News Letter*—such men as these might have some decorous regard for religion, might conform to it for a purpose, might even have some tinge of superstition about them; but you couldn't conceive of them as going into religious ecstasies, or occupying their minds or their time much about 'the state of their souls,' or as bothering themselves about 'working out their salvation with fear and trembling.' Ignatius Loyola, Savonarola, and all the great ecclesiastics and revivalists from Chrysostom to Dr. Payson, and Dr. Hamilton of Oakland, were either dyspeptics, or men of a morbid, nervous constitution. Some of them had considerable intellectual force, but none belonged to the higher and serener order of intellect. No great poet, no great general, no great philosopher, thinker or discoverer, had ever been very religious. Most of them had been Deists, or Atheists. Intensely religious people, however estimable, were poor, feeble, emotional creatures. Religion had cursed the world by making men unhealthy, by drawing away man's attention from things he can profitably investigate, to things of which he can know nothing with certainty. It had retarded the progress of science, and improvement, and kept the human mind miserably fettered.

Dr. Cunningham's remarks on "The Young Man who had No Stability," were for the most part to the point, and his allusions to "a rolling stone" were, we believe, neither directed against a rival pulpit nor our late Postmaster. Much of his advice was sound, many of his strictures true. But he missed one very essential point, viz: the influence and place of woman in this matter. This San Francisco of ours is full of aimless and unsettled young men, who are so very much per force of circumstances. Woman's society—that is the society of reputable women—is found to be a too expensive luxury. The extravagant demands and expectations of a large proportion of our young ladies make men fight very shy of them, and they fly to dissipations, the exact cost of which they know. Marriage is a luxury for the rich, and men of education struggling in a profession or working for a salary look upon it as an impossibility for them. Good women with ideas of the way of living, tempered according to circumstances, can do more to make "stable" men than all the sermons in the world.

We most willingly depart, because we feel obliged to depart, from our usual strictures on the pulpit, in the case of the Rev. Dr. Wylie, of Napa, who "exchanged" last Sunday with Dr. Scott. His subject was "Hoodlums;" the naughty, naughty boys who mocked the Prophet Elijah, were taken as representatives of our young scamps and street Arabs. His remarks on the influence of home, respect for labor, for woman, and for all things sacred in social relations and in religion, were to the point. He considered the loss of regard for the latter as at the root of our social, commercial and political corruption. The curse of the age is contempt for that which custom, experience and truest wisdom have pronounced sacred. He did not so strongly insist on action, and, of necessity, legislation on the subject of employment for our hoodlums as we should have wished, but on the whole it was a practical, sensible lecture. We shall be glad to hear Dr. Wylie again.

The advocates of license have evidently more to fear from Mrs. Van Cott than from half the organizations in the city. She is not merely an effective speaker, but her magnetism is such that coin is drawn from the most unwilling pockets, to be devoted to the promotion of her pet causes. Why, the whole bevy of fair ladies at the Louisiana Fair, with all their coaxing blandishments hardly raised more than did Mrs. Van Cott in one day, to pay off a church debt, and now that she is in the front rank of the temperance legion, there is no fear but that the sinews of war will be forthcoming. Her opinion of saloon keepers is not flattering: she classes them as "hellhounds," "bloodhounds," "murderers," etc., etc., and is most terribly and viciously in earnest.

Several missionaries and their wives, unmindful of Sydney Smith's warning, left last Sunday by the *Cyphrenes* for Micronesia, wherever that may be. As there is no telegraphic communication, the natives are unaware of the treat before them. Still, epicures of all nations like to order their dinners from the raw material, *a la rotisserie*, and gloat over, in thought, the coming treat. As they feelingly observe, they "love white man—and eat him too;" and the moth must love the flame, or why this rushing to self immolation, when there are so many little and big heathens at home to convert?

Van De Mark having proved himself not much of a man—small potatoes as it were—the "vacant chair" of the First Universalist Church is to be filled by a lady, Miss Chapin. She will have to be a pretty hard case to fully compensate for the loss of Van—and his boy. But we hope she won't try to.

St. Patrick's Church now glories in a fine chime of bells, presented by Peter Donahue, Esq. Each bell bears the name of some prominent saint on the calendar, Saint Donahue being, however, by some unaccountable mistake overlooked on the list. It took the Archbishop and half a score of Fathers, last Sunday afternoon, to suitably prepare them and ring them in for the service of the church. This church, under the zealous care of Father Grey, is determined to outshine all competitors. A magnificent organ for it, with every modern improvement, is being built in Germany, and is expected here in the Fall.

A NOTEWORTHY ART SALE.

California is rapidly developing a school of painters. We can justly claim Hill and Keith; the influence of our grand scenery has helped to make Bierstadt, Munger and others who have sought their inspiration in this State. We have a number of younger artists who are developing with surprising rapidity. Messrs. Holdredge & Bloomer have now on view a collection of nearly seventy oil pictures, studies and sketches which might well put many older artists to the blush. Of their enterprise and industry there can be no doubt. The series includes views in California, Oregon, the Eastern States, and elsewhere, the material for which they have been gathering for several years. We cannot attempt to note more than a few of these works, which range from very large canvases to small cabinet works. Among the most noticeable by Holdredge are "The Karsosoak Mountains, Coast Range," "Santa Rosa Valley," "Morning on the Van Duisen, Humboldt Co.," "Beach near the Heads," "The Yolo Bolo Mountains, Coast Range," and the "Spring Morning"—all works remarkable for fine color and feeling, and excellent composition. His "Moonlight, South Fork of Eel River" is a splendid piece of effect. Bloomer has a great variety of subjects, among which we may note the "Source of the Sacramento," "Clear Lake," "Castle Rocks," "Castle Lake," and "San Gregorio Beach," all treated in a masterly manner and with considerable knowledge of effect and composition. Several of his smaller works are equally noticeable, and the series as a whole is most worthy of inspection. These artists intend proceeding to Europe immediately for purposes of study; and from what we know of their perseverance and talent, we feel certain that anything purchased in this sale will be a good investment. They are ambitious, studious and hard-working, and their success is assured. The collection is on view at H. M. Newhall & Co's rooms, from this morning to next Wednesday, the day of sale.

The multiplicity of lawn-mowers that are advertised gives rise to the suspicion that the manufacturers, like horse-car conductors, always think there is room for one mower.

[From the San Francisco News Letter of June 27th.]

MIND AND MATTER.

The exact connection which exists between mind and matter is one of the discoveries which science has yet to reveal to us. But students are at work upon the problem. We don't expect the quacks among the medical faculty of our State University to attend to what is going on upon a scientific subject; but the readers of the *News Letter*, with the discrimination and high culture which distinguishes them, will be glad to learn that a very important physiological fact has been demonstrated by Professor Ferrier, of King's College, London, and in a paper read at a meeting of the Royal Society, he has described the experiments by which his demonstration was established—"that there is a localization of function in special regions of the brain." A former experimentalist had shown that certain forms of epilepsy were occasioned by irritation or discharging lesions of the substance known to anatomists as the "gray matter" in a certain part of the brain; and Dr. Ferrier not only confirms that theory, but has carried his investigation into a wider range of phenomena. The animals experimented on included jackals, dogs, cats, monkeys, birds, and frogs, toads and fishes. They were rendered partially insensible by means of an anæsthetic, the surface of the brain was then laid bare, and certain parts were touched or irritated by the conductor of a current o electricity; and in some instances a portion of the brain was cut away. Generally speaking, it was found that movements of the limbs are excited when certain parts of the side of the brain are touched; and it is remarkable in some instances that, on touching a second place not more than an eighth of an inch from the first, an entirely different movement is produced. One touch, for example, may move the hind leg; the other excites a muscle far away from the hind leg, and these results are so invariable that Dr. Ferrier can tell beforehand what will be the effect of irritating any given spot. And that which is true of one animal appears to be true of all the animals experimented upon. From this we learn that the brain can be mapped out in certain definite areas, to each of which a different function could be assigned. Thus it is ascertained that the muscles of the face are excited by irritation of the forepart of the brain; movements of the head and eyes are also produced, and the phenomena are so marked that Dr. Ferrier is led to believe the convolution known as the "angular gyrus" to be the cerebral expansion of the optic nerve, and therefore the seat of visual perception. In like manner he regards a neighboring convolution, irritation of which excites movements of the ear, "as the cerebral termination of the auditory nerve." He also localizes the sense of smell, and can indicate generally the locality "connected with sensations of taste and touch."

Such, briefly sketched, are the leading points in Dr. Ferrier's paper. Of course the great question remains: In what way does irritation of the surface of the brain produce the effects described? To answer this question satisfactorily will require a long course of research and observation. Meanwhile we may content ourselves with the suggestion that a scientific phrenology is possible. Not the fallacious phrenology of a former generation, but a science based on anatomical investigation.

Readers of the *News Letter* who desire further information on this interesting subject will find it in the *Proceedings of the Royal Society*, of London.

BEECHER.

That humanity is frail we all know. That that specimen of it, which bears the name of Henry Ward Beecher, is as frail as it is endeavored to make us believe remains yet to be proved. It will very likely turn out that Tilton has all this while been looking at things through yellow glasses. True men everywhere, whilst desiring that the truth may prevail, will wait for the end before they believe that the truth is such that it will hurt Beecher. We agree with a contemporary who says "there can be no question that his influence has been for good." He has ever been found on the side of justice, truth, humanity, and progress. So far as a man can be judged by his public career and by his oral and written utterances, Henry Ward Beecher is a man exceptional not only for his ability, but also for true nobility of character. He seemed a thoroughly manly man, free from the morbid traits which are often found in men devoted to the work of theological and religious teaching; a sagacious man, who had studied human nature quite as carefully as the creeds and books of divinity; a kindly man, overflowing with gentle sympathies, with a loving eye for all that is beautiful in nature and for all that is pure and sweet in human life.

The California Savings and Loan Society announce a semi-annual dividend at the rate of 9.60 per cent. on term deposits and 8 per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, payable July 6th. This bank commenced business less than a year ago, and is the first to declare a dividend for the current term. It is expected that some of the Savings Banks of the city will pay smaller dividends in July than for any previous term, owing to the inability to loan out the reserves as fully as in previous years, and to the low rates of interest which they have been compelled to accept in consequence of the large supply of unemployed capital. There have been several loans as low as 8 per cent., and some at 6@7 per cent.

A DOLLAR OR TWO.

With cautious steps we tread our way through
This intricate world as other folks do,
May we still on our journey be able to view
The benevolent face of a dollar or two;
No friend is so true as a dollar or two,
Through country or town as you pass up and down,
No passport so good as a dollar or two.

Would you read yourself out of the bachelor crew,
And the hand of a female divinity sue,
You must always be ready the handsome to do,
Although it may cost you a dollar or two;
For Love's arrows are tipped with a dollar or two,
And the best aid you can meet in advancing your suit,
Is the eloquent clink of a dollar or two.

Would you wish your existence with faith to imbue,
And enroll in the ranks of a sanctified few,
To enjoy a good name and a well cushioned pew,
You must freely come down with a dollar or two;
You may sin at times,
But the worst of all crimes,
Is to find yourself short of a dollar or two.

THE DRINK MUDDLE.

Verily, the Genius of Muddle has got hold of this Local Option question. The women are praying the whisky men out of their business. Some persons are condemning whilst others are applauding their efforts. One set of Christian ministers are quoting Scripture to show that Christ manufactured, and that the Bible commends an intoxicating beverage. Other equally good Christian ministers are quoting Christ and the Bible to prove precisely the contrary. Physicians are writing on both sides of the question. Professors of medical colleges are writing to the Eastern newspapers that grog is good -good medicine, good drink, and good food, or, at least, a good substitute for victuals. Family doctors of great learning and large experience assure their patrons that alcohol, employed in moderation, is useful. Other family doctors, of equal reputation and standing, declare that all use is abuse. Was there ever another muddle like unto the alcoholic? Alcohol is a mystery of mysteries. Its place in nature seems to be like the peace of God—past all finding out. The problems of pabnium, spontaneous generation, pre-historic man, or cremation versus inhumation, are as nothing compared with it. Though its nature is simple enough—carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen—its properties puzzle doctors of divinity, doctors of medicine, and doctors of every other name and vocation. Authors on toxicology declare alcohol to be "a caustic and irritant poison." Authors on materia medica affirm it to be a "supporter of vitality." Authors on pathology name a score of specific diseases which it produces. Authors on physiology make it out to be everything or nothing, according to their standpoint of observation, as the rural schoolmaster was willing to teach that the earth was round or flat, just as the parents pleased. The people drink alcohol and become paupers, sots, maniacs, murderers. People drink it, and while they gibber and chatter declare they "could not live without it." Temperance orators declare, long and loud, that it produces more vice, crime, and social desolation, than all other causes combined. Yet doctors, lawyers, divines, moral reformers, and the most intellectual of men continue to drink it. These same temperance orators get sick and the temperance doctors prescribe alcohol to restore them to health. Statisticians tell us that alcohol is the chief agent in filling our prisons and penitentiaries, and the newspapers report murders every day in the year because of it, yet medical men in the United States administer a hundred thousand doses, and non-professional persons take a million drinks daily. Arithmeticians calculate that money enough is expended for intoxicating drinks to pay our national debt in ten years. Is there no way of getting at the truth of the uses and abuses of alcohol? Is this forever to remain the only problem that cannot be handled logically and scientifically, and pursued to a settled conclusion? Can not our learned men find some reliable basis on which the subject can be rationally investigated and its truthfulness demonstrated? Cannot the principles of physiology, the laws of vitality, or the suggestions of comn on sense be applied to alcohol as to all other things under the sun? Surely this demon of muddle can be exorcised in some way. There *is* truth somewhere. Even if it be determined that alcohol, as a beverage, is altogether vile and injurious, have we the right to prevent free citizens from drinking it? It certainly seems that the cure is to be found in the individual and not in the law. You cannot legislate the drunkard into sobriety. Render drunkenness as obnoxious to public opinion as it is to common sense and it will end. That which in these days is stamped indelibly with the seal of public condemnation cannot long exist among the respectable classes of society. But whilst the use of alcohol is honestly countenanced by the highest and best, it is useless to talk about legislating it out of existence.

You can't convince a Vermont woman that there won't be a death in the family if she dreams of seeing a hen walking a picket fence.

MAKING QUACKS.

True physicians are rejoicing, whilst the Quacks are quacking around like mad. We are going to be true to our word. We shall, before we get through, make San Francisco a warm place for quacks to practice their wiles in. Whilst, however, amputating the tail, we shall also take care to lop off the head. The advertising crowd are comparatively innocuous. Bearing the ear marks they do, they are known of all men. It is your polished charlatan, who comes to you in regular guise, who is really dangerous. He pushes himself forward until he is made a Professor in the medical department of your State University, and so the opportunity is accorded him of reproducing his kind. Quackery is permitted to perpetuate quackery. Merit, being modest, needs to be sought out, whilst quackery, being bold, pushes itself to the front, and thus even captures the fountain of future medical knowledge. Surely, it is the business of some one to seek out the right men for the right places in connection with our University. In the medical profession, above all others, a little learning is dangerous. A physician, to be worthy of the name, as we have said once before, should drink deep of the Pierian spring, or touch not the dangerous thing. Knowledge and honor should be his. He is admitted to the holy of holies. He is taken to the inner sanctum of our confidence, and intrusted with our honor and our lives. The issues of life and death are oftentimes in his hands. At this moment there are forty-four young students in the medical department of our State University, who will presently be sent out into the world, entrusted with these sacred functions. Does any man in his senses believe that they are receiving that very special training which will make them really capable physicians? If it be admitted, as it certainly must, that we have started a medical school too soon, it ought at least to be insisted, now that it is started, that it shall be made as effective as possible. We shall show hereafter how and why the worst rather than the best materials have, in many instances, been selected, and how, if we go on as we are now doing, a San Francisco made doctor will be a laughing stock and a reproach. If we can stop the terribly rapid production of quacks now going on we shall then only have to deal with those who already exist, which would be a comparatively easy matter. The students, their relatives, the University Regents, the medical profession, and last, but not least, the people at large are greatly interested in the discussion of this question. We shall endeavor, from time to time, to discuss it without prejudice, and at the same time without fear, favor, or affection. With that promise, we rest from our labors until our next issue. This week we will say nothing about Luscomb's biography, or of that romance interesting to McEwan, of the body servant, who buried his master and assumed his name and diploma. How Holland, at a mature age, learned to dress wounds as a hospital steward also stands over. We won't this week so much as remind Eckel of our murdered friend. We even refrain from asking Deane, Professor, etc., how in the name of all that is truthful it comes that his only diploma is a Dutch one, seeing that he cannot speak a dozen words of German. Yes! The wicked cease from troubling, and for another week those weary doctors are at rest. *Requescat in pace.*

A BLASPHEMOUS PRAYER.

Through some strange oversight on our part, we, a week or two since, dug out of obscurity a party by the name of Jewell, a minister, so called, who earns his bread by bellowing the name of God at a crowd of sinners, who consider that the most acceptable way of disseminating the gospel. We humbly beg the public's pardon for having introduced this object to their notice. We considered him a weak, inoffensive piece of putty, whom it would be a charity to burrow out of the crowd. When he gave the reporters their blarney pill, we recognized his aim. It has since come to our ears that the creature made a prayer a week or two since by which we know him to be a howling bigot. To the Christ who said, "for the greatest of these is Charity," he prayed, "if it could be found convenient in heaven to send a scourge to visit the city of San Francisco, that its force might be spent on the rum-sellers, their children, and their children's children." "Alas, for the rarity of Christian charity under the sun." If there is a dark, black hole, where that beautiful virtue should sit enshrined, surely this man's bosom is its abiding place. Unhappily, in this day and generation the Lord has seen fit to inflict us with a scourge which falls not upon the liquor dealers alone, as the pious parson prayed, the which scourge is a set of ministers who are either unprincipled and fanatical bigots or sneaking fornicators, and so leavened has the lump become that the worst of layman almost afraid to put his trust in the best of parsons. Selah!

The capital invested in the textile trades of Great Britain and Ireland exceeds the enormous sum of £140,000,000. Those trades furnish one-half of the entire exports of this country, and exceed £120,000,000 per annum of this amount. The cotton trade alone contributes over £84,000,000, and the home consumption of cotton goods is £20,000,000 per annum, so that more than four-fifths of the cotton trade is an export trade.

A Southern journal issues the following notice: "Many people ask for papers at this office who would scorn to beg for five cents; yet that is the price charged for a copy. We hope they will see the point."

PROVINCIAL INDUSTRIES, ETC.

Santa Clara County is advancing rapidly in wealth and population, if the local papers are to be accepted as authority. The number of inhabitants is 30,000, and the assessed property shows an average of $1,000 to each man, woman and child in the county.

Santa Barbara has a new paper, of about the size of a postage stamp. But great streams from little fountains flow. Witness the *News Letter*.

The Fresno *Expositor* laments that the various irrigation companies that tap King's River for their water supply are involved in a complicated network of lawsuits, greatly to the detriment of the county. Col. Barnes should be sent for.

The Yreka *Union* gives an encouraging account of the mines in that neighborhood, and says the season is better than for several years past.

The mines in Sierra County seem to be doing very well. The *Messenger* of June 20th says: "The Bald Mountain Company took out a 39-ounce piece one day last week. This claim has yielded since it was opened about $350,000, and has been in working order less than two years. It is pretty hard to beat."

According to the Los Angeles papers, that county sent to San Francisco 4,544,140 oranges and 490,280 lemons during the six months ending June 1st.

The soap root is getting to be an important California product. The *Republican* of Placerville, El Dorado County, says that L. Landecker of that town has a contract to supply 20,000 pounds of the root this season, and has set a large force of Chinamen at work digging it.

The Santa Barbara *Index* reports active operations in the Peru placer and quartz mines.

The Salt Lake *Herald* says that the mines in Bingham District, Utah, will yield between four and six millions this season.

Says the Prescott (Arizona) *Miner*: "Fires have been raging south and southwest of here, and millions of acres of excellent grass-land have been burned over."

According to the Bakersfield *Courier*, Kern County will soon be thoroughly irrigated. One canal alone, now nearly finished, will reclaim 80,000 acres of land.

The *Oregonian* of Portland, and other Oregon papers, inform us that the Grangers of Jackson County have gone extensively into the butchering business; that P. Fehely, of Jacksonville, has commenced burning a kiln of 160,000 bricks, and is erecting another of 300,000; that new and very rich diggings have been found on Bridge Creek, Josephine County, and that there is a general rush for that locality.

The Monterey *Herald* says that Mr. Waters of that county has been experimenting on the growth of coffee on his farm in Carmello Valley. He declares himself satisfied that in the southern counties, in localities sheltered from the sea breeze, the coffee tree can be made to flourish and yield a profitable crop.

The San Mateo *Gazette* says: "We learn that Michael Reese gave in some million and a quarter of taxable property in this county, but that he claims liabilities to the amount of a million and a half."

The Livermore *Enterprise* thinks that Alameda County is destined to have some very important coal mines. It says: "Upwards of 20,000 feet of lumber was shipped from here to the Livermore coal mine last week, for the purpose of erecting houses and casing the shaft; that the mine never looked better, and that work will be prosecuted immediately."

The Sutter *Banner* says of the crops in that county: "Much of the late sown grain which it was thought would not pay for the cutting, will yield from 12 to 15 bushels to the acre, and some which was not expected to go over this amount will go 18 to 20 bushels to the acre. The average crop will be fully 25 bushels to the acre. Much of our grain will make 40 bushels."

The Alameda *Advocate* declares that there is no occasion for able-bodied men to starve just now, as the demand for harvest hands is very brisk. The wages are from $2 to $2 50, and in some places steady men obtain $60 a month. The scarcity of laborers is causing the employment of Chinamen in some districts. The harvest will not be over until late in August.

We gather from a number of estimates in the papers of the wine-growing counties, that California will this year produce some 12,000,000 gallons of wine and 2,000,000 pounds of raisins. Over 40,000 acres of land are now devoted to vines, and the quantity is steadily increasing.

The Virginia (Nevada) *Enterprise* represents that city to be in a condition of great prosperity. Business is brisk, the neighboring mines are doing well, and numerous buildings are going up.

The Seattle (Washington Territory) *Dispatch* is savagely indignant because a Chinaman, one Chen Cheong, recently applied in the town of Seattle for naturalization papers. What was the result of his application does not appear.

We observe in the Chronicle of the week a saucy paragraph, referring to Pickering's little unpleasantness with Blair in St. Louis. It would be sham modesty to refer to this as "cheek." It includes the whole jaw-bone, nay, the entire anatomy.

LOCAL OPTIONISTS.

O gaunt and grisly ones! O ye who rave
With age-cracked voices in the Bummer's ear!
Is there no woman-work—no mission save
To rob the gentle Dutchman of his beer?
Ye would reclaim the drunkard! Verily
The root of drinking is not hard to find;
Ye blame, because it's warped, the full-grown tree,
Yet as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.

Go forth, ye loveless ones, when night is dark,
Into the streets; go near the vacant lot
Where children congregate; if there's a spark
Of motherhood left in ye, fast and hot
Your blood must rise to hear the oaths that come
From boyish lips that scarce have left the breast;
There will ye see the undeveloped 'Bum;'
There will ye hear the lewd, precocious jest.

Ye are the mothers of the hoodlum host;
Ye are the drunkard-makers; gather in
Your little ones, and leave the Barbary Coast
To drown itself, if so it will, in gin.
Tend to your children, give your homes more care;
And as for Local Option—let it go;
Give to your own blood what ye have to spare,
For charity begins at home, you know.

FRENCH OPERA BOUFFE.

The season is nearly ended, and richly have Aimee and her troupe deserved their success. Never have we had French comic opera so well played in San Francisco, and our enjoyment of the performance is as great at the end of the term as it was in the beginning. Nor, notwithstanding the arduous task of playing eight and even nine times in one week, did the performers show signs of weariness. Indeed, as if to make us the more to regret their departure, never were they all so bright and charming as in *Orphee* last Thursday. Aimee never sang better or looked to greater advantage. The famous Bacchic song was applauded to the echo and encored, as was the very difficult and trying buzz duo with Jupiter, and the curtain was raised for a repetition of the glorious chorus by the whole company. The dresses were so fresh, and the music and action so animated, that we may pronounce it the crowning night of the season. Pity it could not be played again. One compliment we must pay the company, and that is, the perfect harmony of action that prevails among them. There is not the slightest confusion, all works as smoothly as clockwork; Aimee never obtrudes her superiority, nor do any of the other actors seek to make points at the expense of the unity of the piece. In conclusion, we beg to thank M'lle. Aimee for the agreeable treat she has afforded us. It was a costly risk that she incurred, and we hope and believe that she has been sufficiently rewarded for her venture to induce her to visit us once more.

The Greatest Benefactor.---Under the grateful shade of a spreading vine, sat the venerable sage of Yerba Buena, taking sweet council with his friend, the wise man of Milpitas. "What," said the Sage, "shall be done to the man who contributes most to the happiness of his fellow man?" "He shall be placed next in honor to thyself," said the wise man. And men came from all parts of the earth to see if, peradventure, they might be esteemed worthy of that honor. And the Carpenter said: "I build him houses, wherein he may abide in peace." Said the Cabinet-maker: "I fill his house with all manner of useful furniture." Said the Artist: "I adorn his walls with pictures, on which the eye delighteth to look." Said the Farmer: "I raise him food, so that he is filled with all manner of good things." Lastly came a modest man—Montanya by name—and he said: "I furnish those splendid Union Stoves and Ranges, whereby his house is warmed and made comfortable, and his food cooked and made palatable." Then said the sage: "My son, these all do well, but what were all their efforts without thee. Inasmuch, therefore, as thou doest more for the happiness of mankind than they, so shalt thou be raised in honor above them. Be it known, therefore, to all men, that J. De la Montanya, 216 Jackson street, is their greatest benefactor."

A Suggestion about Local Option.---Compromise seems to be the spirit of modern legislation. There are moderate men who think that the crusaders and those who wish to enjoy the right to drink when and what they please should compromise on the Local Option question. It is the low Barbary Coast dens that supply liquor to drunken men that are the nuisances. Let the license fee be greatly increased, and give power to refuse a license to improper characters, and a better state of things would exist.

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

We look forward to the procession on this Fourth of July with feelings of expectancy such as we have not indulged in since our first box of crackers came home the night before our first active celebration. The blocks of milk cans, butcher's grease, buttons, and enthusiastic colored citizens are to be diversified by a select number of the "Antique and Horribles." We do not know who the Antique and Horribles are, but the name is suggestive of the first blush of manhood, the sprouting period, so to speak, when the hobbledehoy's sport is of a peculiarly aggressive kind. The Antique and Horribles will incline to baggy green muslin trowsers, white stripes, painted on in skeleton fashion, and hideous masks, under whose protective cover they will indulge in sundry impertinences affected by the sly youth who finds his face hidden. The "Horrible" part of their name is probably singularly suggestive of their performances, but the Antique, we fear, has been tacked on with the idea that it was rather a nice word than otherwise: a little vague as to meaning, but rather the more effective for that. How little the heroes of '76 thought, as they sat around a rickety little table and signed their names to their declaration of spunk, that the time would come in the far future when the stars and stripes should wave over the sandy shores of the far Pacific, and the glorious day would be celebrated by the "Antique and Horribles." This is the advantage of having a little posterity.

Babies are presumably necessary evils. At all events, people will have them, and we are helpless in the matter. Truth to say, we raise no protest. If people like to have a dirty, damp, sour little creature around the house, with its stomach in a state of perpetual revolt and its bib in a state of perpetual smear, we cordially commend their enjoyment of such ecstatic bliss. But we beg leave to raise our voice with a prolonged howl against their presence in theaters, churches, and other places of amusement. The effect is incongruous when Hamlet is darkly contemplating suicide, Perichole warbling the plaintive lay of the letter, or McCullough rising to awful grandeur in the anathema of *Richelieu*, to be disturbed by the squall of a brat suffering with colic or a misplaced pin. How often has attention been distracted from the creation of a master-mind as the first whimper of the youngster made itself heard, the screech in which it indulged when delivered to the father with a pounce (fathers always bear the burdens at such times), and the prolonged howl which echoed through the corridors as it vanished to the outer air. There is no use in addressing the mothers. They will inflict these yelling Lilliputian monsters upon a much-enduring public, but we beg leave to remark to the managers in the mildest and most dignified manner possible: "Hi! yi! yi! put 'em out!"

We beg leave to present Mr. Roberts' resolution to the world as a sample of obscene literature. Our goodly Supervisors are not babes in the wisdom of the world's ways, but they were utterly unprepared for an elaboration of details upon a subject generally tabooed. Who would think, to look at this sage and pious gentleman leading a Sabbath-school class, that he was so intimately acquainted with the intricacies of the emotions, desires, propensities, etc., of which he speaks. We used once, in the simplicity of our hearts, to believe that ministers, priests, and Sabbath-school teachers spent their days in exhortations, and their nights in prayer. Now, however, when we want to know about any particular wickedness, and how much of it is going on, we go to these worthies and inquire, and it is but justice to say that they are always well posted. Still we have been in a measure deceived. We thought they found these things out by looking on, but, in the present instance, we feel constrained to believe that Mr. Roberts, with his calm and sanctified exterior, is a smouldering volcano, else why his intimate acquaintance with vagaries that people don't talk about?

Our atmosphere is permeated with Quicksilver. Our neighbor's child had a tooth last week, and instead of following that achievement with the "mamma" usually murmured on such occasions, it plaintively whispered "quicksilver." Our dearest friend is losing his fortune in the quicksilver mines; our dearest foe is making his. Our tailor presented his bill last week, and followed our ghast look with the information that he would take it half in quicksilver. The wife of our bosom seizes the pen from our grasp, casts it into the waste basket with the look of a Medea, and cries "Quicksilver!" There are nine houses in our block vacant, the former occupants of which have gone to the quicksilver mines. An enthusiastic subscriber offered us shares in a quicksilver mine for one year's *News Letter*, and we blandly murmered "assessments," and took alloyed coin instead. We ourselves, in a fit of absence of mind, put a vial of quicksilver—a sample—in the plate last Sunday. In short, we have become of such a mercurial temperament that our hair curls all over our head and we shed trouble like rain. We recommend an attack of it to hypochondriacs.

The financial schemes of another honest policeman have been nipped in the bud, and the career of a future politician has received an untimely check. As we have said before, the average policeman refuses the easy beats of Van Ness Avenue and Sutter street, but rushes heroically into the dangers of Barbary Coast and Chinatown. If he is to be pulled up short, however, every time an extra fifteen or twenty dollar piece drops his way, the policeman will soon fail to see why the Barbary Coast occupies any place in the scheme of creation, and will seriously discourage Chinese immigration. What are Chinamen for anyhow, except to keep honest policemen in perquisites.

We have been agitating ourselves needlessly about the prospects of the Gas Company. The Supervisors have granted them a five years' contract for gas at $3 50 per 1,000 feet, and the look-out is very tidy. The tender care and concern of the Supervisors for the Gas Company are really admirable in their way. It is more than probable that after the contemplated fall in coal, etc., that the price of gas would have fallen too, but the Supervisors have heroically stopped the breach with a five years' contract. One cannot too warmly praise the Supervisors, who plod their mournful and unsatisfactory way upon the paltry sum of $100 per month, yet carefully and tenderly cherish the interests of these rich corporations. It is hard on the citizens, but we can rejoice in the abundance of two or three out of two hundred thousand. We would like to be a Supervisor for the glory of it, but as we could not afford so much glory for so little money, we respectfully decline. We are not much on gas monopoly anyhow.

An applauding public waits with intense and breathless expectation to see on which side the dailies will fall when they shall have accomplished their present extraordinary balancing feet. The *Alta* is an honorable exception, but the sensationals, with an idea that this is a good time to make a moral dash, leer at the sharp-visaged crusaders one way, but keep their weather eye on the Supreme Court fund collected among the liquor dealers. Choose sides, boys. You'll never make a rounder by sitting swaying on the fence. Remember, however, that the Crusaders' stock in trade is gas, sanctified gas may be, but gas. Remember, too, that the passage of the Local Option law will cause a fearful falling away of the editorial paunch and a pallor of the editorial nose. Barleycorn is the Promethean fire which lights up editorials. There is very little mother's wit in the most of them. We must e'en content ourselves with alcoholic spirit rather than none.

The enterprising patient of a prominent nose doctor, having failed to get her name in the papers any other way, has herself advertised it among the list of catarrhal secretions, nasal discharges, and other choice and toothsome matter. The lady informs us, with touching simplicity, that the nose man has worked on her disordered ear with such effect that she can now hear an audible sound! Prodigious skill, to be sure, but we are too old a bird to be caught with chaff. In this age of progress and scientific achievement, we will never tamely submit our auricular organ to the manipulations of the healer till he will guarantee to make us hear an inaudible sound—the chink of Pickering's taxes, for example, a laugh from Haggin, the truth from Fitch, a *bon mot* from the President of the Y. M. C. A., a grunt of satisfaction from Whitney, or any other strange or unnatural sound.

It is sad to contemplate how little originality is appreciated in this practical world. Any one is apt to blow his brains out with a pistol, or hang himself with a cord. Dirks, bowie knives, cleavers and penknives have all been called into requisition. We can even call to mind a well authenticated cheese knife story. But the youth who last week endeavored to butt his life out on a putty knife is entitled to the distinction of being the originator of a new idea. We can not find words to express our indignation against the man who interfered with the manifest destiny of the said putty knife. No talent should be allowed to rust, no object diverted from its obvious use. This unfortunate young man's sole resource now is a pie knife, and alas! he hasn't so much pie as he has putty to work on.

The ghost question in Oakland is forever and satisfactorily settled. A trio of scientific gentlemen have met and exchanged Latin and syllables with the most profuse liberality. A curious and expectant public have hung trembling upon their verdict for many weeks. People have been studying their dictionaries with schoolday zeal to be ready for the many-jointed explanation. It has come. Never again shall we be disturbed by ghosts, but that we shall know where they don't come from. LeConte & Co. gravely announce that the manifestations are the result of no spiritual or occult agency. It has taken weeks of labor, mystery, and scientific jargon to find out where they don't come from. May we respectfully inquire of the Investigating Committee, "Where the deuce they do come from?"

The Town Crier thus sums up the Bible view of local option:

Though He, whose power was divine,
Once turned water into wine,
No "Total Abstinence" supporter
Can show where He turned wine to water.

Pickering has the nightmare, that is, he has two, both black. It is strange why people will pursue this unfortunate gentleman with a loud proclamation of uncomfortable facts. It is time to let up on him. It is many years since any one has heard any one else say anything good of him, and we think it high time to take his part. We have seen worse men than Pickering in the County Jail, and more hang-dog looking ones in the slums, and we consider it really unkind that his unassessed black horses should be perpetually flung in his face by a prying press. If their color is the objection, we beg leave to offer the suggestion that he can take them up to the Police Commission office and have them whitewashed in a twinkling.

Mr. Beanston, the gentlemanly young Secretary of the Board of Education, has, the dailies tell us, gone into the interior on a bug hunting expedition. If he could have delicately transfixed about nine of the Board of Education before he left he would have had a fine collection of animals with the smallest souls proportionate to their bodies that the most ardent entomologist could desire. They might be classified as ants, leeches, and ticks.

Mr. Buislay is about to celebrate the glorious Fourth by an ascent in an illuminated balloon. We would consider it a neat and appropriate compliment to a long enduring public if this gentlemen would take occasion to go up in one of his own rockets and fall to return. Our feelings have been harrowed and plowed so many times by the daring of the family that a fatal accident would be nothing more than a just and suitable return for these repeated processes. A little misery is a comfortable thing once in a way, but practice has made us numb in the Buislay crowd, and for a full and complete enjoyment of the apprehension which seizes our soul when a balloon goes up, a change of the object of sympathy will be necessary.

A distressing calm pervades the city during the past week, greatly to the disgust of small boys who have persistently been trying to make a raise by trying to leave the calves of their legs in the way of bullets and hundred-dollar notes. It is useless, however. De Young has sworn to keep the peace, and sooner than break his word he'll do it. People are not made of the sort of stuff in these days to fritter away fifteen thousand dollars upon building up the family reputation. We have known individuals to lose their own for much less. Small boys are recommended to put themselves in the way of suicides. We have a thicker crop of them this week than of family vindicators.

Some San Francisco Local Optionists, on a visit to San Jose the other day, became inordinately thirsty and stopped for milk at a house by the roadside. They emptied every basin that was offered, and still wanted more. The woman of the house at length brought an enormous bowl of milk, and set it down on the table, saying, "One would think, gentlemen, you had never been weaned." Fact!

We observe in the Alta of late, a crispness among the brevities, and a liveliness and friskiness among the editorial notes new to old dame. We are glad to see the old lady getting so spruce, but we are haunted with an idea that they bear about them such an air as a camel would have in dancing the Virginia essence, or an elephant in practicing the pirouettes of the can-can.

A sign on Sansome street reads: "Potatoes for sail hole sale and retail." One on a city market reads: "Hickre nuts for sail." An intelligent old bore, who invades our sanctum occasionally to get the news in advance, read the above in manuscript, and said he did not see any joke in it, except that the fellow had spelt "nuts" with one t.

We notice an advertisement which says "red hair for sale cheap; country orders solicited." It is a fact that blondes are going out of fashion, but it is rather hard to work the old stock off on to the country girls. Country girls are notoriously good-tempered, but who ever knew a red-haired girl with a good temper!

"Be careful how you drink, or you'll wash the color from your cheeks!" said a gentleman at a fashionable party, as he handed a glass of water to a lady. "There is no danger of you ever taking water enough to remove the color from your face," was the good-natured retort. She rather had him there.

A Professor who stated that one cannot taste in the dark, as nature intends us to see our food, was nearly floored by a pupil who asked, "How about a blind man's dinner?" But he recovered himself by answering: "Nature, sir, has provided him with eye-teeth."

A lady the other day put to us this question: "What's the use asking Doctors for diplomas who havn't got any?" Well, it wouldn't be much use, only it tickles 'em—to death.

An Example to the Dailies, especially the Bulletin."—The dailies, more we believe from thoughtlessness than desire for lucre, publish disgusting quack advertisements. Of all the sinners in this direction the *Bulletin* is the greatest. The Napa *Reporter* takes high ground upon this subject and says very truly that "There is a certain class of medical quacks in San Francisco who live by crime, and on the effects of others' crimes. And, strange to say, there are few papers in the State, even those of a religious character, that do not permit the advertisements of these charlatans to go into their columns. Thus, for the sake of a few dollars, the proprietors will permit their papers to be made the instrumentalities through which these villains commune with the people. We have refused these advertisements from every advertising agent in the city, and have consequently refused hundreds of dollars by not inserting the same. But, we believe the people have seen and appreciated this, and we fear not but that we shall get every dollar of it back with interest in new subscriptions and in work. But whether we do or not, we shall continue as we commenced, to permit nothing of an improper nature to go into our columns."

In a country town in Illinois lately, at a panorama of the Bible, a little eight-year-older sat wrapped in admiration at the scene until the picture o Jacob and Rebecca at the well appeared, when he looked up and said: "Pa, do you see that picture? I'll just bet five dollars they're Grangers."

From the San Francisco News Letter of June 27th.

OPTIONISM.

What it Proposes to Destroy!

We are in for a fight, and that being so, it is at least desirable that we should know what we are fighting for. The "Crusaders" want to utterly destroy at once, and without compensation, immense interests that have grown up under the sanction of the laws. The sanctity of private property is to be invaded, and the personal freedom of the citizen set at nought. Before determining in this fashion to destroy, let us know what the interests are that these people would lay ruthless hands upon. The *Alta* has published very carefully prepared statements, from which we quote important facts about

THE INTERESTS INVOLVED.

Whisky is supposed to have saved the human family from being washed away by the big flood of early days. Seriously, a French writer attributes Noah's escape to his love of wine. Here is what he says:

"To have drowned an old chap, Noah owes his escape
Such a friend to 'the tap,' To his love for the grape,
The flood would have felt compunction; And his ark was an empty puncheon."

Why it is that many of those who owe their existence to the friend of "the tap" should denounce the agency by which they are here, perhaps some modern philosopher can explain. The philosophic five-gallon demijohn is now the subject of consideration, and to this matter a reporter of the *Alta* has directed his attention. He finds it to be the eruption of an unsound passion, by which millions of property will be obliterated, the result of years of industry swept away, thousands of men thrown out of employment, and the prosperity of the City and State retarded a quarter of a century. It is true that the sale of liquors is accompanied by evil, but Homer says that Jove deals out from two urns which stand beside him, good and bad gifts to man together. We cannot separate the evil from the good absolutely. When the good preponderates, the evil should be lessened as much as possible; but the good should not be destroyed to make the evil worse. Experience teaches that prohibition begets resistance, and makes men seek involuntarily that which is prohibited. The indulgence in drink where it is prohibited is in excess of where freedom reigns.

The result of the investigation made into the liquor trade, although lengthy, will be read with interest. It is the fair, candid, impartial result of a week's close inquiry and observation. It will convince the people of this city of the utter absurdity of Optionism, and demonstrate that experimental innovations should not be attempted at the expense of other people's property, and the direct means of support of over 11,000 of our citizens.

BREWERIES.

The brewing business was the first industry at which Optionism is directed that we inquired into. And before proceeding further, it may not be improper to state here that when the writer called upon the first brewer, his idea of the extent of this industry was of that general and unpretending character which woman-suasion very often changes to "No License." But when half a dozen breweries had been visited, and the extent of the business had come to be realized, woman-suasion, or any other electioneering artifice, could not induce him to cast a ballot in favor of wiping out (brewery) property of the aggregate value of $2,500,000, throw 704 men out of employment, and bring hunger to themselves and those who are dependent upon them for support. As the investigation progressed, the business spread out in all its magnitude, and we are satisfied that the result will convince all unprejudiced minds of the utter folly of any law calculated to interfere with or lessen it. It is increasing here at a pace equal to the enterprise of those engaged in it, and in some branches an Eastern trade is springing up of which our people reap the entire benefit. The farmers are benefited to an extent of which they have no idea. But we can assure them that if the San Francisco market for barley alone was cut off by Optionism or any other *ism*, they would find the value of their crops depreciate to an extent which would make their lands of very little value. We propose to show this, by giving the quantity of barley consumed, the cost of the same, and the number of acres of land required to raise it. We think the result of our inquiries into this and the other branches of trade at which Local Option is directed will convince all—the rich and poor alike—that the prosperity of the City and State demands that they should reject this sample piece of Dolly Varden legislation. It is aimed at the entire community, and at every interest, from banking to truck-driving. We know of no industry that this city could not better afford to see annihilated or curtailed than that of the liquor business. Its ramifications extend to every branch of trade, because of the immense amount of capital invested, and the correspondingly large number to whom it gives lucrative and constant employment. But facts and figures are superior to general reasoning, and more convincing as an argument, and we will therefore proceed to the consideration of the brewing business.

According to Langley's Directory, there are forty-three breweries in the city; but there are only forty actually in operation, and in some cases two are owned by

the same proprietors. The leading establishments were all visited, after which, one of each class, that is, one representing a number doing the same business, was called upon.

The most diligent inquiry was made of brewers and others, for the purpose of ascertaining the market value of the brewery property in the city. As a rule, we found the brewers reticent, and they rather underrated its value. But from their estimates and those of others, competent to judge, it is safe to say that it is not less than $2,500,000. The property of two breweries alone is estimated at $750,000, which is considered moderate. Considering that there are forty-two, or forty doing a thriving business, the gross value of $2,500,000 will not be too high. This does not include the stock on hand, which is always fluctuating, but stationary property.

As will be shown further on, the stock of some breweries is not in the city, large quantities of barley which they have purchased being stored in the interior.

THE BREWERY BUSINESS.

It is not necessary to give the business done by each brewery in detail; we shall do so only in two cases for the purpose of showing how large it is, and as a proof of the correctness of the summary or general result which we append.

The amount given under the classification of "other expenses," indicates what has been paid for outside labor, so to speak, such as to machinists, blacksmiths, carpenters, etc.

PHILADELPHIA BREWERY.

Men employed	42
Average wages per month	$70
Horses employed	32
Cost per day	$32
Wagons used	9
Paid Internal Revenue	$36,000
Paid City license	$100
Paid United States license	$100
Paid insurance	$800
Other expenses	$12,000
Donations and charities	$3,600
Barley consumed, sacks	40,000
Cost of same	$68,000
Hops consumed, pounds	75,000
Cost of same	$25,000

The water necessary to supply this brewery would cost the proprietor about $800 per month, if purchased from the Spring Valley Water Works. But it is supplied from a well on the premises, and this item of expense is spared. Exclusive of water, the total cost of working the brewery for a year is $224,960, of which sum $47,280 is paid to the workmen, and $93,000 goes directly to the farmer for the purchase of farm produce. It would appear like an unjust proceeding to crush even this one institution by legislation or any other means.

EMPIRE BREWERY.

The figures obtained at this brewery are as follows:

Men employed	47
Average wages per month	$75
Horses	23
Support of same, per day	$23
Wagons 9, trucks 3	12
Paid Internal Revenue, per annum	$21,000
City license	$100
United States license	$100
Insurance	$1,000
Other expenses	$39,000
Donations and charities	$3,600
Barley used, centals	68,000
Cost of same	$124,259
Hops consumed, value	$21,300
Water, per annum	$2,676

More than one-half of the water used at this brewery is taken from a well on the premises, which makes a saving on that item of expense alone of about $3,000 per annum.

It will be seen that the total running expenses aggregate $296,060 per year, of which $81,300 is paid for labor, and $145,559 to farmers for barley, etc. The ramifications of this brewery extend to all the towns of note in the State, because agents are employed there who are supplied in some cases with horses and wagons, and also on account of the fact that grain is stowed in many interior towns, awaiting orders for shipment to the city.

OTHER BREWERIES—704 MEN EMPLOYED.

The men employed and wages paid by the remaining 38 breweries may be averaged as follows: Six employ 12 men each, seven employ 9 men each, and twenty-five employ 4 men each. Total, 235 men.

Not having visited every brewery in the city, we were cautious to keep the estimate as low as possible; and we are assured by prominent brewers that our figures

are low. The average salary paid those men is $70 per month, or a total per year of $197,400. Adding the amount under the head of expenses, which indicates what has been paid for outside labor, and including the Empire and Philadelphia breweries, we have a total annual expenditure for labor alone of $550,980. The number of men directly connected with the breweries is 324, while the number not so directly connected, but find outside employment from them, would be 380, averaging the salary of each at $70 per month. This will give a total number of men employed by 40 breweries as 704.

In many cases brewers were not able to give the exact amount paid for outside work; and we are assured, and feel satisfied ourselves, that the estimated amount paid for outside labor is under the actual expenditure.

It will be seen that two breweries give about $7,000 per annum for benevolent purposes. We have inquired at other breweries on this subject, and from the information obtained $30,000 is not a high figure at which to estimate the amount given away annually by the forty breweries. It is proverbial that when aid is required for a Fair, Picnic or other purpose of a benevolent character, brewers and liquor dealers are always called upon, and often by the very persons who are now prominent in the anti-License movement. They have always responded liberally. They measure not their generosity by dimes and dollars, but give in quantity, never refusing. The managers of the Fair at Platt's Hall, in aid of the Louisiana sufferers, will not hesitate to acknowledge the readiness with which men engaged in the liquor business responded to their appeal for aid in their noble work. This alone should merit for them a just appreciation by a community noted for its liberality.

The total number of horses employed in the brewery business is 197; the support of each per day is estimated at $1, or a total per annum of $71,905. The number of wagons employed is about 107. The cost of street work would be reduced by driving this many horses and wagons off our public thoroughfares, if desirable to economize in that way.

LICENSES AND OTHER EXPENSES.

City Licenses, about	$1,000 00
United States Licenses, about	4,200 00
Internal Revenue	174,317 00
Insurance, about	6,000 00
Water	42,580 00
Total	$228,097 00

BARLEY AND HOPS.

Barley	$427,911 80
Hops	96,750 00
Total	$524,961 80

SUMMARY, OR GENERAL RESULT.

The following general result of the investigation into this branch of business will give briefly an idea of its extent:

Capital invested	$2,500,000 00
Men employed	704
Horses employed	197
Wagons employed	107
Barley consumed, pounds	28,260,987
Wages of workmen, annually	$550,980 00
Charities, annually	30,000 00
Maintenance of horses	71,905 00
City, United States and Internal Revenue license	179.517 00
Insurance and Water	48,580 00
Paid for Barley	427,911 80
Paid for Hops	96,750 00
Total	$1,405,643 80

The practical business man needs no proof of the fact that the capital invested in a business can be turned over four or five times a year, and if that business is manufacturing, giving employment to the full extent of the capital invested. To the man who has no idea of mercantile or manufacturing pursuits, the figures given above will illustrate how this is done. We have taken only such figures as show the benefit of the business to the workman, the farmer, the mechanic, and the city and State in the matter of revenue. But they show that for those vital purposes, forty breweries spend annually, or contribute may be better, the enormous sum of $1,405,693 80. The wisdom of closing up those breweries is apparent; but as we propose to show, they are only an unimportant item of the great industry aimed at.

MALT HOUSES.

Malting is so closely connected with the business of brewing that one cannot exist without the other. Their interests are identical, and should one fail the other must as certainly become a subject for adjudication in a court of bankruptcy. There are five malt houses in the city which do a thriving business and give employment to a large number of men. One employs 14 men and malts 300 tons of barley per month; the second employs 10 men and malts 250 tons; the third em-

ploys 5 men and malts 150 tons; the fourth employs 5 men and malts 120 tons; and the fifth employs 4 men and malts 100 tons per month.

Total No. of men employed	38
Tons barley consumed per year	11,040
Cost of same	$331,200
Wages of men, per year	$31,320

It will be seen that these unpretending malt houses benefit the farmer annually to the amount of $331,200, and give employment to thirty-eight men, at an annual outlay of $31,320. This year the superior quality of the malt made in this city attracted the attention of eastern brewers, and up to the present time at least 1,500 tons have been shipped to Chicago, Philadelphia and New York.

Matters looked hopefully to this new trade, and expected that before October as much more would find its way to those cities. They have met with flattering encouragement from their new customers, and orders are now in hand for more of their manufacture. It is rather unfortunate that just as the result of industry is about to be rewarded, the fluctuating wisdom of the State should vibrate in opposition.

We have shown that the breweries consume about 28,260,787 pounds of barley per year, and that the malters consume 22,080,000. This will make a total consumption by both of 50,340,787 pounds. Farmers will do well to note that fact before voting away the market for its sale.

Dealers in brewers' materials are also directly interested in the fate of the brewers. They must stand or fall together. There are three houses in this city who deal exclusively in brewers' materials. The capital invested is $500,000, and should the brewers be compelled to abandon their business, the dealers in materials would be driven out of their business at an immense loss. It would be unfortunate for them, and it would be a loss to the city that their capital should be driven away.

The bottling business is another branch of the brewing business which recently started up with a bright prospect, but which Dolly Vardenism seeks to start down. It gives employment to at least 100 men and 10 horses. Should the Local Option law become all that the fancy of some has painted it, the bottling business would be crushed out of existence, because a bottle is considered too small a nip for our modern statesman, unless that bottle contained the ample drink of five gallons and no less.

GRAIN DISTILLERIES.

Under this head we approach the investigation of an industry of importance to the Union, the State, and the city; the farmer, the laborer, the mechanic, and the coal dealer. Like any other business in which a large amount of capital is invested, its branches scatter away into the farming, mining, mechanical, mercantile, and laboring industries. It contributes largely to the revenue of the country, State, and city, and thus prevents a direct tax on other property, while it gives employment to a large number of men. The facts relating to it are easily obtained, and can be briefly given. Langley's Directory gives the number of distilleries at 12, but there are only 7 in the State in partial or continuous operation.

ASTOUNDING FIGURES.

The figures which explain this business are briefly as follows:

Capital invested	$1,300,000
Men employed (mostly men with families)	300
Federal, state, city and county taxes and licenses, annually	$1,048,760
No. of pounds of wheat and barley used annually	29,800,000
Value of same	$580,000
No. of tons of coal used annually	12,000
Value of same	$102,000
Amount paid boiler-makers, machinists, hardware merchants, teamsters, etc., etc., annually	$100,000
Horses employed	60

In addition to the above, 2,000 cows are fed by one distillery.

The amount paid boiler-makers and other mechanics, $100,000, would give constant employment to 100 men at $1,000 a year, making the total number of men employed, 400.

TOTAL BARLEY AND WHEAT CONSUMED.

Having disposed of breweries, malt houses and distilleries, and given the amount of grain consumed by each, we can now give the whole amount consumed, its cost, and the number of acres of land required to raise it, at twenty bushels to the acre. The quantity is given in pounds:

Breweries	28,260,787
Malt houses	22,080,000
Distilleries	29,800,000
Total	80,140,787
Cost of same	$1,339,111 80
Number of acres of land required to grow the grain consumed by breweries, malt houses and distilleries	83,479

RECEIPTS AND EXPORTS OF BARLEY.

The receipts and exports of barley to and from this city for the year ending July 1st, 1873, and for six months ending January 1st, 1874, as published in the *Alta's* annual commercial report, corroborate the figures given above.

For the year ending July 1st, 1873, the receipts were 981,028 centals; exports, 226,927 centals; remained in the city, 754,101 centals, or 75,410,100 pounds.

For the six months ending January 1st, 1874, the receipts were 730,314 centals; exports, 199,225; remained in the city, 531,089 centals, or 53,108,900 pounds

It will be seen that the receipts for six months show an increase over the previous year, owing mainly to the increased demand for barley in this city. This argument applies to the farmer. If every pound of farm produce could be sold for consumption in this city the farmer's income would be doubled. It applies with equal force to every citizen of San Francisco, because the increased consumption denotes an increase in our industries, an increase in capital and in the general prosperity. Our city is too young to throw these advantages away.

1,242 MEN EMPLOYED—$1,117,800 PAID FOR LABOR

We will close our review of the business interests noticed by giving the number of men employed by each:

Breweries	704
Malt Houses	38
Bottling	100
Distilleries	400
Total	1,242

The wages paid machinists and others would increase the average monthly salary of each man to about $75, which would make the amount paid per year by those four industries, for labor, $1,117,800.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR MERCHANTS.

Under this head we take up the most important department of the liquor trade; important, because upon it mainly depends the entire business in the city and throughout the State. Without the wholesale, the retail trade could not exist, because the great majority of retailers in the city and country towns do business on credit, and are in this way supported, and we may say maintained, by the wholesalers. The whole liquor business rests on them, and without them it would diminish to a very limited extent. The interests of this class of dealers, involved in the questions of license or no license, are immense. In many cases the entire capital invested appears on their books as open accounts due them in the city, all portions of the State, and even in the neighboring States and Territories. If Local Option should prevail, and that the law should prove as effective as its originators and supporters intend, inevitable ruin would follow the wholesale trade, and those engaged in it, or at least many of them would be driven into bankruptcy. The experience of every wholesale house is that the liquor business is full of risk, its profit and loss account greater than in any other branch of trade. In the interior, and even in the city, many engage in it who have been unfortunate in other pursuits; some are reckless, others are unscrupulous, and on the whole the business is hazardous. It is true that the great majority are not of these classes. In this city more especially, with very few exceptions, bars, and bars and groceries, are opened and conducted with the single purpose of making livelihoods for those who engage in the business, and they are as industrious, liberal and honest in their dealings as any other class of business men. If they fail, the fact can almost always be traced to adversity, brought about by circumstances which overtake men engaged in other branches of trade. But should the law step in and close up their business, failure for which they could not be held responsible would inevitably follow. The same would occur in any branch of trade; and as in the case of liquors, the wholesalers as well as the retailers would suffer in common. The rules of political economy will hold, in the case of liquors, with the same force as they will in the case of hardware, dry goods and medicines.

The effect of the local option mania is already seriously felt in this city, not alone in the liquor trade, but in every department of industry. There is a general feeling of insecurity floating in the commercial and industrial atmospheres. Trade is stagnant. Retailers will purchase only what they cannot do without and what they can readily sell. Grocers, not knowing what time may bring about, are cautious. They are collecting in their outstanding accounts and giving less credit. Poor families who were freely credited, and found it a very great convenience, are now compelled to purchase for cash or go without. Wholesalers are, of course, looking to their safety and the retailers feel it. Remittances from the country have almost ceased, and orders cannot be obtained. They are not much desired just now while this great uncertainty prevails on the question of "prodigious moisture." In the liquor business it may be said trade has almost ceased, and the general decline is felt in every department of industry, from the day-laborer to the banker. Should the present painful suspense last another month, the No-License party will be swept into as utter oblivion as if it had never appeared.

NUMBER OF WHOLESALE LIQUOR DEALERS.

According to Langley's Directory, there are 131 wholesale liquor dealers doing business as such in this city. This number includes those engaged in the wholesale trade only, while a large number not so classified do a wholesale and retail

trade. These we omit from notice for the present, as they more properly come under the head of retail dealers.

The wholesale merchants are all well known and respectable citizens, generous, charitable and ever ready to advance the city's interests. They entered the business with the sanction of the laws of the country, the State and the city, invested their capital under the protection of those laws; and as long as they respect the laws, the State has no right to step in and ruin them by a downright breach of faith.

The capital invested by the 131 merchants engaged in the wholesale trade, amounts to the enormous sum of $6,365,556, or about $48,000 each. This estimate is below the actual amount in business, but it is as near that sum as could be ascertained. It is, of course, independent of real estate or other property owned by them. It is the personal property in the business—stock in store and open accounts. As the result of a thorough and careful inquiry, it will hardly be too much to say that the average wholesale liquor merchant who is, say four or five years in business, has more owing him than the capital invested. That is, by the ordinary course of business his capital becomes distributed among his customers, and is represented by his books as open accounts due him. This is not the case in every instance. There are exceptions to this as there are to every rule. But accepting it as the rule, and we believe the average amount due to each liquor merchant will reach $48,000, it follows that, should Local Option prevail, the wholesale merchants of San Francisco would lose *nearly six millions of dollars*. Some of their customers would undoubtedly pay them, but the great majority could not, because they would be driven from business and their stocks would immediately be rendered worthless. We are not prepared to admit that San Francisco is ready to crush out so many of her citizens, rob them of their lawful pursuits, and visit them with a loss of six millions of dollars, which would be tantamount to absolute ruin beside the loss which the city would inevitably sustain.

In considering this question the matter of rent, or the value of real estate, forms an important feature, because, if the liquor business is closed there will be a good many stores and private residences to rent. The wholesale merchants occupy 135 stores in the most important business portion of the city. In some cases a single store brings in an ample income to its owner, while others rent for $125 per month. After a patient and close inquiry we find that the average rent of each store may be set down at $250 per month, which would give the annual rate paid by 135 business houses in the liquor trade as $405,000. It is safe to say that if one-half even of the wholesale liquor merchants were driven out of business, store rent in the business centre of the city would be cheap. The effect upon the value of real estate would be in proportion.

The average number of men employed by each store is about five. Some employ more; some less. Unlike those employed in breweries, they get liberal wages, averaging about $170 per month. Some are paid as high as $220, while porters are engaged at wages ranging from $90 to $150, according to their experience and ability. The total amount per annum paid for labor by 135 houses to 675 employees will therefore be $1,417,500.

It probably never occurred to the owners of hotels, stores, stage-coaches, and others in the interior of the State, that the wholesale merchants of San Francisco patronize them to the amount of $2,071,000 each year; yet this is so, and the amount given is a low estimate. Almost every wholesale house keeps two travelers on the road continuously, and in cases where a house employs but one, one of the firm travels. In some cases, perhaps, the great majority of traveling salesmen get a salary and their expenses are paid by the house. Where engagements of this kind are made it has been ascertained that the average expense of a traveling agent per day is not less than $20. Estimating two for each house, at this rate, the daily expenditure will be $5,400, or $2,071,000 per annum, all of which is spent in the country. A good deal of the traveler's private funds is spent while traveling, for clothing, etc., which would make the sum total spent in the country by 135 liquor merchants nearly $2,500,000. It would take a respectable number of Eastern tourists to spend this sum in the interior of the State, and we find that every possible inducement is offered them to come, while the same people who wail for patronage, vote to keep away $2,500,000 annually spent by traveling agents for wholesale liquor houses.

GENERAL RESULT.

The general result of the above may be briefly given thus:

Horses and wagons employed	135
Number of men employed	675
Wages of same annually	$1,417,500
Capital invested	6,365,550
Store rent	405,000
Traveling expenses	2,071,000
Charities	405,000

The result of Local Option, if all its friends desire could be accomplished, on the wholesale liquor trade, would be to throw 675 men out of employment, and 135 horses and wagons; to destroy property to the extent of $6,365,556; take away from circulation, annually, $4,298,500; destroy the value of real estate, and increase taxation.

These figures are too plain, and speak too much to the point—they appeal too strongly to the common sense of the people, and the interest they have in our young city, to allow them to vote away its prosperity.

LIQUOR SALOONS.

Very few have any idea of the extent to which the saloon business benefits the community, by way of patronizing the farmer, mechanic, grocer, gardener, and workman. But we shall show that it gives employment to one-half as many men as all the other branches of the liquor trade; that the capital invested is simply astounding, and that many of the most thriving industries in San Francisco are dependent upon it for support—industries which are in no way connected with it. The whole number of bars in the city, doing a liquor business exclusively, was, on the 18th inst., 1,131; the whole number licensed as bars and groceries was 726; or a total of 1,857. They are divided through the city as follows: In the district north of Sacramento street, its entire length, 199 bars and groceries, and 493 bars; in the district south of Sacramento and north of Market street, 148 bars and groceries, and 279 bars; in the district south of Market street, including the Mission and Potrero, 379 bars and groceries, and 359 bars. Taking them by districts, and survey the immense territory they are scattered over, they do not appear so formidable an enemy, if properly conducted, to the well-being of the community. We shall take up the subject of saloons first.

RENT OF BARS.

The principal bars are within the district bounded by Market, Jackson, Sansome, and the cross streets to Dupont. Their number is estimated by the License Collector at not less than 150. For some of them very large rents are paid, and for all the rent is more than that paid for a store in which any other business is done. The rent of all may be averaged thus:

		Per Year.
150 pay, per month	$200, equal to	$360,000
150 pay, per month	150, equal to	270,000
150 pay, per month	100, equal to	180,000
681 pay, per month	50, equal to	408,600
1,131 Total annual rent		$1,218,600

We have found, upon inquiry, that bars pay a rent of from 25 to 50 per cent. more than stores rented for other purposes, even when located in the center of the block. Local Option would close these all up without exception, and in that case the depreciation in the value of rents and of property would be apparent. But supposing they could be all leased for other purposes, which is an absurdity, they could only be leased at a reduction of one-half the present rates. In that event the loss on each store would be about $534 per year. Real estate owners would scarcely appreciate this result of Local Option. But the loss through depreciation in the rental value of property cannot be estimated, because it would be general, and affect all alike.

The result of our investigation into the number of men employed in bars is as follows:

150 employ 6		900
150 " 4		600
831 " 3		2,493
Total		3,993

Average wages paid per month, $70; total wages paid per year, $3,354,120.

The number employed may appear large, but when it is remembered that some bars give employment to as many as fourteen, and in one case more, that idea will be dispelled, while there is scarcely a bar in the city that does not give employment to three. Melodeons and such places employ more than any respectable bar, but they are not included in the estimate. At least 2,000 of these employed rent houses at say $20 per month. Should they lose their employment those houses would be to let, while in the case of the unmarried men restaurants and lodging-houses would lose almost as many more patrons.

As a rule, these men spend all their money, while it is true that saloon-keepers are liberal, spend their money freely, seldom realize a fortune, but live rather to spend what they earn.

If saloons should be closed, the fixtures would be of little value. We find the average cost of fitting up saloons to be as follows:

5 cost each	$25,000	$125,000
10 "	15,000	150,000
135 "	3,000	405,000
200 "	2,000	400,000
781 "	200	156,200
Total invested in fixtures		$1,236,200

After a thorough and searching inquiry of wholesale as well as retail liquor dealers, we find that the stock in trade in the retail liquor business may be classified as follows:

5 stores about	$50,000	$250,000
10 "	20,000	200,000
135 "	5,000	675,000
200 "	2,000	400,000
781 "	1,000	781,000
Total		$2,306,000

The stock of one saloon is estimated at $100,000, and two at $75,000 each; but to maintain uniformity we classified them with two others at $50,000; and because there are many concerns included in the 781 which could be purchased, we presume, for $100. But the figures given above may be safely accepted as being as nearly correct as possible. Some do a wholesale as well as retail business, pay Federal, State and County licenses, and carry as heavy stocks as many wholesale houses.

In first-class saloons where hot lunch is served, the cost of the table ranges from $20 to $40 per day. The saloons of the second class, where hot lunch is not served, but where a well-supplied table is kept, the average cost is $300 per month, and in saloons less patronized, $100 per month. Taking the 150 saloons within the district bounded by Market, Jackson, Sansome and Dupont streets, the latter street not included, we find the highest cost of lunch, per month, to be $1,200, and the lowest, $100. Call the average $175, and the total cost of lunch tables per month will be $26,250. There are at least of the remaining saloons, 150 which spend $50, and the balance spend say $1 a day. This will give a monthly expenditure of $58,680, or a yearly expenditure of $704,160. Should the lunch table be abolished the butchers will feel it.

The consumption of sugar in bars is simply immense. We have inquired of at least two dozen barkeepers about this matter. We find that among the class of 150 it varies from three barrels (720 lbs) per month to 60 lbs. It will be difficult to strike an average, but it is safe to say that each saloon consumes as much as two ordinary families. A workingman's family will use about $1 50 worth of sugar each week. On this theory the saloons would consume $176,436 worth per annum. This will not appear a very extravagant sum when it is considered that 225 bars would consume sufficient to cover that sum at the rate of three barrels per month. Those of whom the sugar is purchased think the estimate low, but it does not include bars and groceries.

MISCELLANEOUS.

There are many other branches of industry patronized by the saloon-keepers, which cannot be noticed in detail. Glassware costs a first-class saloon $1,000 a year, 1,000 limes are used in a week at one bar, and an immense quantity of other fruit The expense of a first-class saloon, outside of labor and liquors, is $1,000 per month. In one case it is $1,800. This goes to give employment to outside parties, many of whom are firmly convinced they are in no manner benefited by saloons. The lowest expense of a respectable saloon is $500 per month, and, say that there are only two hundred over that, the average would be $750, or a total monthly expenditure of $150,000, or for a year, $1,800,000. Assuming that the 931 remaining saloons spend half that sum, we have a total annual expenditure, outside of liquors and bar-tenders, of $2,700,000. At $70 per month, this would give employment to 3,214 men, which it does in an indirect way.

GENERAL RESULT—AMOUNT INVESTED.

Total number of bars	1,131
Fixtures, value of	$1,236,200
Stock in Trade	$2,306,000
Total investment	$3,542,200

MEN EMPLOYED.

Men employed, directly	3,993
Men employed, indirectly	3,214
Total men employed	7,207

MISCELLANEOUS.

Bar-rent (year)	$1,218,600
Cost of lunch-table (year)	704,160
Value of sugar (year)	176,436

This is a liberal showing for the bars of the city.

BARS AND GROCERIES.

Our inquiry into the joint business of the bar and grocery has been of the most searching character, principally because they were compelled to bear the premonition shock of the Local Option movement. They number 726, and it is true, indeed, that they have not all been visited, nor was it deemed necessary to do so. They were divided into classes, and our reporter visited not less than three of each class. The following questions were asked:

What is the value of your stock? What proportion of it is liquors?
How many men does your business give employment to?
How many wagons? What rent do you pay?
Can a grocery store like your's exist on groceries alone, the sale of liquor in bottles, or in packages of less than five gallons being prohibited?

The answers received to the first five questions differed; but to the seventh there was but one reply—"It cannot." Upon examination of the answers and the result of personal observation, as well as the aid of an expert in some cases, bars and groceries may be divided into four classes—basing the classification upon the

stock in store; but in other matters except that of rent they may be all classified under one head.

STOCK, $1,544,000.

The stock classification may be given thus:

100 at	$3,500 =	$350,000
50 at	3,000 =	150,000
400 at	2,000 =	800,000
176 at	1,500 =	244,000
726 Total stock		$1,544,000

Of the total amount of stock, one-fifth may be considered liquors. In small stores the proportion is larger. The men who find employment by those stores average three, including the proprietors, or a total of 2,178. Some employ two wagons, some one and some none. The average may be considered one, or a total of 726 horses and wagons. The wages of the men employed at $70 per month, which in this case is far below what it actually is, proprietors being included, would amount to, in a year, $1,829,520

Although the bars and groceries can be easily disposed of in the matter of statistics, they are of vast importance to working men. They are convenient, and give credit, and on account of their number bring about a competition advantageous to the buyer. This fact was never more keenly felt than now. Grocers are cautious, give little credit, are demanding settlements in the midst of an unsettled and dull time, and laborers and mechanics are by this means made to feel Local Option just as much as the wholesale liquor merchant.

The rents of grocery stores vary from $40 to $100 per month outside of Market, Kearny and Jackson streets. A store on Fourth street, about one-half the size of a private residence adjoining it, rents for $40 per month, while the residence rents for $15. A saloon in the center of the same block brings $10 per month more rent than any of the stores of the same size, at either side. The bar and grocery pays a large rent, fifty per cent. in many cases more than stores let for other business. The average rent may be called $60 per month, or the annual rent paid for all, $522,720 per annum—about twice what they would bring for other purposes. And there can be no question of the fact that the entire 726 would be closed effectually by the operation of the liquor law; because there is scarcely a man engaged in the business who has sufficient means to carry on a grocery business alone, at a profit. This is the result of the information received everywhere, and even outside of the grocers themselves.

THE GLASS WORKS WILL CLOSE.

The fact that saloons are extensive patrons of the glass business, induced our reporter to visit the glass works in this city and ascertain how they will be affected. Mr. Newman, the proprietor of the San Francisco Glass Works, on King street, informed him that should Local Option become the rule, he would be compelled to close his factory. These glass works give employment to sixty-five men and boys at an average salary of $5 per day for men and from $1 to $2 for boys. The average would be about $80 per month. His coal bill amounts to $1,200 per month, and his general expenses to $275 per day. The capital invested is $50,000. He keeps a teamster at work constantly and sometimes two.

The above will apply to the Glass Factory on the Potrero.

The capital invested in both is about $100,000. If saloons are closed this capital will become worthless, because soda-water and other bottles made for temperance beverages will not be required. These beverages cannot be sold if saloons are closed. It will be the same with demijohns, jars and all other articles manufactured. A good deal of work is done here for the interior, and this will also be lost. In this case Local Option would obliterate two flourishing factories, throw 140 men out of employment, and destroy $100,000 capital invested.

We shall refer to other branches of industry at another time which Local Option would destroy.

The syrup business is intimately connected with the liquor trade; so much so, that if the saloons were closed it would disappear. One house purchases ten tons of raspberries, blackberries, strawberries, etc., per year, and one hundred and fifty tons of sugar are used in the trade. There are three houses in the business, and the annual trade is about $400,000. The capital invested is $300,000. They employ directly about fifty men, at $70 per month, and about seventy men in the immediate manufacture of materials for them. This would give a total of 120 men, and a total annual wages of $100,800. Should the saloons be compelled to close, this thriving industry would be wiped out.

GENERAL RESULT.

Men employed	120
Paid same	$100,800
Capital invested	300,000
Annual business	400,000

In addition to the revenue paid the city and county by brewers and others engaged in the malting business, the wholesale and retail liquor dealers had paid into the County Treasury on the 18th instant, $109,209. The total receipts from all sources for license during the same period, was $179,647. Deduct the amount paid by the liquor dealers, and there only remains to the credit of all others $70,438. The

total revenue of the liquor trade for the year, to the city, State, and the United States, was $1,337,486.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

The following shows the capital invested in each industry noted, the number of men employed, and the wages paid per annum:

	Cap'l Inv'd.	Men.	Wages.
Breweries	$2,500,000	704	$550,980
Distilleries	1,300,000	400	480,000
Malt Houses	500,000	38	31,320
Wholesale Merchants	6,265,556	675	1,417,500
Saloons	3,542,200	7,207	6,054,412
Bars and Groceries	1,544,000	2,178	1,829,250
Brewers' materials	500,000	....	.....
Syrups	300,000	120	100,800
Glass Factories	100,000	140	134,400
Bottling	.....	100	84,000
Totals	$16,651,756	11,562	$10,682,662

These figures speak more fluently and impressively than any remarks which could be added regarding them.

THE EXTENT OF OUR WINE INTERESTS.

The people of California, who are now amusing themselves in an excitement against the sale of fermented and distilled liquors at retail, seem to have overlooked the important public interests which they are endangering by their foolish intermeddling with the sound rules of personal liberty. It is certain that this folly will not last more than a few years: but a single season might bring bankruptcy upon thirty or forty thousand of our inhabitants, including many who have no direct connection with the business to be prohibited.

The last report of the Surveyor-General of California, compiled in September, 1873, tells us that we had then 28,482,514 grapevines set out in vineyards, and that in the previous year we had made 4,106,301 gallons of wine. These figures do not include Mariposa, Mendocino, Tehama and Ventura counties, and therefore are a little less than they should be for the whole State. Every county has vineyards, except San Francisco, Alpine, Mono and Modoc, and the average number of vines to a county is about half a million. Amador, El Dorado, Los Angeles, Napa, Sacramento, San Joaquin, Santa Clara, Solano, Sonoma and Tuolumne have over a million each. They are not confined to any small district, but extend from Siskiyou to San Diego, and are found in the Coast region, the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys, and the Sierra Nevada.

The area covered by the vines is probably 40,000 acres, an average of a little more than 700 to the acre. In some vineyards there are more than 1,000; in others, less than 600. Most of the vineyards are now in bearing, comparatively few having been set out within the last three years. A large proportion of the vines are of European varieties, imported originally at much expense, and selected as the best from a multitude of others, after much costly experience to our State. The first large lot of foreign vines was imported by Colonel Haraszthy, who bought them in France, Germany, Austria, Spain and Italy, while holding the office of "Grape Commissioner of California" under the authority of a special Act of the Legislature, which desired to encourage and assist him in his plans to introduce the best varieties known to European viniculture.

After the vines had been selected they required great labor in planting, and close attention until they began to bear, in four years, during which interval they paid nothing and consumed much interest. The average cost for labor, interest and cuttings per acre was not less than $50 in the four years, and in many cases far more. The average value is $400, though there are scores of vineyards that pay $200 per acre profit annually. An average crop of White Muscat grapes is 8,000, an exceptionally large crop 15,000 pounds to the acre; these are sold at seven cents per pound, and the expenses do not exceed $200, leaving from $360 to $800 profit. The Flame Tokay, the Black Hamburg, the Rose of Peru, pay from $300 to $500 profit annually per acre. The average yield of wine from the Zinfindel, Riesling, Berger, Black Malvoisie, Golden Chasselas, Frontignan Muscat and German Muscat is 800 gallons per acre; the wine sells when six months old at 75 cents per gallon, and the expenses to be deducted are not more than $300, leaving $300 net profit per acre. The common price of Mission grapes is about $20 per ton net; and that is equivalent to $80 per acre, or after deducting the cost of cultivation, a profit of $60, indicating a value of $600. In some districts there is no sale for grapes, but these are few and small. Many of the vineyards in Sonoma, Napa, Pleasant, Santa Clara, and other valleys, are paying good incomes on values of $2,000 per acre. After making all allowances for unfavorable locations, for bad seasons, and for the pernicious influences of Federal legislation, the average value of the vineyards of the State may be safely put down at $400 per acre, or $16,000,000 for the 40,000 acres; and their gross annual product may be estimated at $5,000,000. This sum, after deducting the interest on the value of the vineyards, leaves enough to pay the wages of 8,000 laborers. The rural population supported directly and indirectly by the vineyards, numbers probably 20,000.

Many of the vineyards sell their grapes for table use, but if the conversion of the grapes into wine were prohibited the table vineyards would be depreciated in value. The market would be glutted with grapes. All are good for the table, and if all

were sent fresh to market, prices would fall to ruinous figures. In five months 600,000 people would have to consume the yield of 30,000,000 vines, or 200,000,000 pounds, equivalent to thirty pounds for each person per month. This would be too much for human capacity, and the consequence would be the fall of grapes to a price that would leave a profit of about $3 per acre, or as much as could be obtained for pasturage. Most of the land occupied by vines is gravelly or sandy, and will not produce wheat or kitchen vegetables. The vineyardists would not be the only sufferers. All fruits sold from August to October inclusive would feel the injurious competition of the depreciated grapes. The idea might arise that the sale for other fruits would be good because the people would tire of eating the same kind of grapes; but they are not all of the same kind. There are more than a score of varieties, all delicious, and each distinct in its flavor from the other—almost as different from one another as apples from pears. If there is any good in the prohibition of the sale of wine, the principle should be extended to the production as well, and then all the orchards and vineyards of the State would suffer. The result would be the impoverishment of a large class of intelligent, enterprising and valuable citizens. In the next two paragraphs we repeat what we said once before, in reference to the land valuable for grapes and for no other purpose.

From Mendocino to San Diego, the mountains of the Coast Range and from Shasta to Bakersfield the Sierra abound with situations better for wine than most of those now planted, but neglected because the planting or cultivation would be more expensive than in the clear and level valleys. Much of this land has little value for any other purpose; it is not strong enough for pasture or wheat; it is too dry for the orange; it is too gravelly for many kinds of fruit; and others, including the olive, are too slow in coming into bearing for the means of the farmers. The grape, therefore, is the best reliance for its profit.

The total area of California is 100,000,000 acres, and of that amount one-tenth is more valuable for vineyards than for any other purpose. These 10,000,000 acres of vine-land are now yielding not more than 25 cents per acre annually, and therefore not worth more practically than $2 50 per acre—though much of the grape-land is vainly seeking purchasers at $1 25. But under judicious legislation and good management, it can be made worth $400 per acre, or eight times as much as the present assessed value of all the taxable property of the State. The question arises whether we shall adopt a policy that will keep these lands worth $25,000,000, as they now are, or the other one that will, at no distant period, raise them to a value of $4,000,000,000. The vineyards of France are worth $400 per acre, and why should not ours be as valuable? The vineyards of Gaul increased very slowly for five centuries after the first plantations were made there by the Romans, but now 7,000,000 French people derive their support from the wine industry of the country, and the time may come when 5,000,000 will be maintained by the vineyards of California.

The number of persons employed in the fermentation, care and bottling of wine for the market in the towns and cities is probably over one thousand, and they represent over four thousand inhabitants of the State.

The taxes paid on the vineyards, wine cellars and wines may amount to $3,000,000 annually.

The more the study and the more the inquiry given to the wine interest of California, the more clearly it will appear that one of the greatest follies that the Government can commit is to adopt a policy that will bankrupt our wine makers and lead to the uprooting of our wine grapes.

MARY JANE AND THE DONKEY CART.

Nothing would more tend to an improvement in the present relations between "mistress and maid" than that the former should learn to "know her place" better than at present. With a view to instructing her in this, we (*Pall Mall Gazette*) give publicity to the following wholesome rebuke to a mistress who had in an unguarded moment suggested to a newly engaged housemaid that the railway station at which she would arrive was "only a short walk" from the house, and that a "donkey cart would be sent for her luggage:" "Madam—I received yr letter quite safe, but when i come to read at the end of your sending a donkey-cart to meet me i feel horror-striken; it has entirely set me against the place, and what with the donkey-cart and the restriction on Dress i fear that i shall never be able to abide to your rules, for i have never gone without rings in my ears since i was 4 years old. Difrent other little things i have thought it over seariously since i sent yr letter away, and when i went to Lady ——s to live the coachman and groom were both sent to meet me with a splendid spring cart, and when i went to Mrs. ——s to live the carriage was sent to the station to meet me and the underhousemaid and a cab was ordered to take our luggage. i never heard anything so poverty-striken as sending a donkey-cart, i am quite took against the place, and if i come i should never do myself any good, and then it would only be giving Mrs. ——s a bad name and putting you to great expense and also putting you out of the way to be changing again so soon, altho i always dress very neat and plain but at the same time i do not like to be under restrictions as to what i may be alowed to wear and what i may not and i think it much better for me to be candid, i am Madam your Humbly servant, MARY JANE——."

Noted Quacks.—Ducks. Not more noted, however, than those doctors who have no diplomas will be before we are through with them.

A STORY OF THE DAILY PRESS.

The News Letter speaks earnest words of truth and soberness when it censures the Parson Jewells in our pulpits who, being silent at the evil, wink at the servility, flatter the vanity, minister to the presumption, pander to the ignorance, and, with cunning sycophancy, fawn upon the tyrannous dictatorship of our daily press. Seldom have we received warmer compliments from thoughtful men than those elicited by our treatment of this subject. The *News Letter* has too firm a hold upon the community to fear the dailies. It therefore speaks the truth about them in a fashion which, unfortunately, is not common. Weekly and monthly journals and magazines might, if they would, do much to raise the tone of the daily press. They, however, fear the effect of attacks upon their circulation. Why this should be so we hardly know. A journal that has secured and continues to merit the support of a large number of readers has really nothing to fear. *Harper's Magazine*, for instance, is one which might be named as being entirely beyond danger. Yet that very publication comes to us with an article which shows as plainly as words can that the writer (James Parton) knows the truth, but tells it not, or at least only a very small portion of it; and even that he is careful shall be sugar coated to suit the tastes of the dailies. That he well knows the truth is evident, for he tells us that the press writers are too often like the actress Rachel, of whom her brother reports: "If she liked people, she imagined and related a thousand agreeable anecdotes about them; and if she hated them, she invented any number of enormities to illustrate their evil qualities." Others there are who believe falsehood easily, and repeat without thought any tale they chance to hear. During the period when Mr. Williams was a candidate for the place of Chief Justice, probably as many as five thousand paragraphs were printed reflecting upon his character and abilities, of which it is doubtful if five were the expression of real knowledge of the man." The writer then goes on to tell a story, for the truth of which he vouches, that is worth reproducing:

"There was a poor Italian to be executed a year ago at one of the most elegant and polite of suburban towns—Morristown, New Jersey. Never was a quiet and decorous village more astonnded than Morristown was on this occasion with the conduct of the representatives of the New York press. The first to appear on the scene was the artist of the *Graphic*, who arrived two or three days before the execution, and employed himself in making drawings of the various objects to which the execution would impart a momentary interest. He took no part in the scenes about to be described. During the afternoon before the event reporters kept coming by every train, until they numbered fifteen, including the representative of the Associated Press. Early in the evening the whole body strolled from their hotel to the jail, the morning paper men to get the material for immediate telegrams, and the evening paper men to procure the means of beginning the minute narrations which they expected to finish in the cars the next day in time for second editions. But, to their disappointment and disgust, they discovered that the worthy sheriff of the county had a deeper sympathy with a wretch about to die than with the exigencies of a band of enterprising reporters. He would not permit the prisoner to be interviewed. No admittance to the jail till to-morrow morning. The young gentlemen condemned the sheriff both on an ascending and descending plane; but as hard words do not break locks, they remained outside. There was now a company of reporters in a country place, with an evening before them all their own. No one acquainted with newspapers needs to be informed how some of them spent that evening.

Such a night as those reporters passed in rural Morristown was the proper prelude to their next morning's exploits. Their behavior was, indeed, a marvel to the inhabitants; for in a country town they do not hang a man oftener than once in a generation or two, and the people in their simplicity supposed that the deliberate putting to death of a human being was an event that had in it an element of seriousness. A certain solemnity hung over the town. The children went to bed hushed and timorous. But to these carousing reporters the affair was merely a country hanging, which they regarded very much as medical students do the arrival of a new "subject" for dissection. "I made sixty-four dollars out of one little murder," I heard a perfectly respectable and worthy reporter say, with an amazing sincerity of nonchalance. Occasionally there would circulate a report that the jail was open, or that some one had come from the cell, and then the whole body would plunge headlong into the street, and go off roaring to the gate, only to return and drink anew, and curse an imbecile sheriff, an obstinate warden, and a rustic county, insensible to the importance of gentlemen representing the Metropolitan Press. Soon after the dawn of day they began to assemble at the jail and knock for admittance. The warden came to the door, evidently impressed with the gravity of the occasion and moved with the scene passing within. He spoke politely to the clamorous crowd. He told them that the man was awake, but engaged with the priest and the Sisters of Charity, and must not be disturbed. They demanded to be at least admitted into the jail. This, too, the warden politely refused, alleging an order of the sheriff to admit no one until 9 o'clock. More reporters kept coming up, and every few minutes some of them would give thundering knocks at the door, at which the warden would re-appear and repeat his explanation. They argued, threatened, stormed and swore, with a defiance of decency of which young men at 6 A.M. demoralized by alcohol, alone are capable. Next they trooped off to the abode of the sheriff, a gentleman of staid, respectable character, who had been for weeks dreading the duty of that day, but had nerved himself up to perform it with decorum and every humane precaution. Of him the infuriate band made a new demand. They wanted the man executed at ten o'clock instead of eleven, so that

they could catch the train at half past eleven. "In New Jersey," replied the sheriff, "we do not hang people to suit the convenience of reporters."

On leaving the sheriff's house, they held an informal "indignation meeting," at which it was resolved, as they expressed it, "to give the sheriff fits." The execution occurred soon after the appointed hour, and it was managed with so much forethought and skill that the man died almost immediately, and apparently without pain. Nothing marked the execution, except the extraordinary suddenness and painlessness of the prisoner's death; and this fact was noted in the report of the attending physicians, in that of the Associated Press, in that of the *Herald*, and in several of the New Jersey papers. But it was not so reported by the festive youths who had vowed to give the sheriff "fits." Here are some of the "fits" they gave him:

"An officer knocked the soap-box from under the convict....For seven and a half minutes did the wretch suffer the horrors of asphyxia, for the knot had slipped under the chin, and the neck was not broken."

"The knot had been arranged in the most bungling manner....Of course the wretched criminal was strangled to death. For seven minutes," etc.

"He died hard, owing to the bungling manner of conducting the execution."

"The knot had been arranged in a most bungling manner, and shifted to a position beneath the chin of the dying man. Of course the wretched criminal was strangled to death."

"Owing to a bungling arrangement of the knot, which the sheriff was advised in whispers several times to adjust, it slipped almost under his chin, and the wretched man began those repulsive struggles of agony which are shocking to behold."

"The haste and bungling made the execution seem almost like butchery."

"At the last moment the rope was found to be too short, and a box having been brought and stood on end, the culprit, an Italian, only 24 years of age, half crazed with excitement, leaped upon it, while the noose was attached by a series of jerks that finally caused the knot to slip around under his chin, so strangling him instead of breaking the neck."

None of these statements has any resemblance to the truth, There was no soap-box, no series of jerks, no excessive excitement, no slipping of the knot, no seven minutes of anguish. These interesting particulars were merely the threatened "fits"—the preconcerted vengeance of reporters who could not have their hanging adjusted to the time-table of the railroad."

This vile conduct on the part of those rascally reporters is bad enough, yet it is discounted by that murderous incitement with which we have recently seen the *Bulletin*, *Call* and *Alta* hounding two newspaper men on in their evil passions, to hatred, vituperation and assassination. This is the press which our Parson Jewells would have us fall down and worship as "omnipotent." Fancy so respectable a magazine as Harper's palliating the reckless lying we have quoted, in this wise: "As easy as lying," says Hamlet. "This is one of those happy touches of Shakespeare that seem slight and accidental, while furnishing a fruitful text to all aftertime. Self-observant persons are aware of the ease with which exaggeration and other varieties of falsehood slip from the tongue, and the extreme difficulty of giving an *exact* account of the simplest matter. And this difficulty is greatest to ardent and imaginative persons, who naturally take to writing. The very qualities of mind which give them their power to interest other minds are, in many instances, the qualities that incline them to picturesque and effective exaggeration. Telling the simple truth is the hardest thing done either by tongue or pen." Out upon such poltroonery, says the *News Letter*. Lying is the vilest and ugliest thing on earth. Verily, we have happened upon strange times when our Divines instruct us to worship as "omnipotent" the Pickerings, MacCrellishes, De Youngs, and Napthalys of the daily press, and when a respectable, Methodist-owned magazine describes bare-faced lying as only "picturesque and effective exaggeration."

OBITUARY OF A WESTERN EDITOR.

Ye editor sat in his ricketty chair, as worried as worried could be, for ye Devil was grinning before him there, and "copy" ye Devil sayed he.

Oh, ye editor grabbed his big quill pen, and it spluttered ye ink so free, that his manuscript looked like a war map when—"Take this," to ye Devil spake he.

He scribbled and scratched through ye live-long day, no rest or refreshment had he; for ye Devil kept constantly coming that way, and howled for more "cop-ee!"

Day after day he scissored and wrote, a-slaying the whole countree; while ye Devil kept piping his single note, "A little more outside cop-ee!"

And when ye boys in ye newsroom heard ye noise of ye fray, ye sound of a blow and a blasphemous word, "He's raising the Devil," say they.

And oft when a man with a grievance came in, ye Editor man to see, he'd turn his back with a word of sin—"Go talk to the Devil!" sayed he.

And ever and oft, when a proof of his work ye proprietor wanted to see, "Ye proof shall be shown by my personal clerk; you must go to ye Devil," sayed he.

And thus he was destined, through all of his life, by this spirit tormented to be; in hunger and poverty, sorrow and strife, alway close to the Devil was he.

Ye Editor died....*But ye Devil lived on!* And the force of life's habits we see; for ye Editor's breath no sooner was gone, than straight to the Devil went he.

FROM POLLY'S YOUNGER BROTHER, THE VARMINT.

Tidle'um wink,
What do ye think,
Sister Polly's turned out a Crusader,
And has let the Chinese
Go to pot if they please,
For the lack of a rumshop Invader.

About six months ago
She was knee-deep in woe,
For the Magdalens all to recover,
When she found they would not
She went off at full trot,
Th' sweet Mongols' dark-ways to groan over.

For three months, by-the-way,
She was praying each day
That good old Daddy Time would joy fasten.
She so hoped was the last—
As expecting the world a great Master.

But, her heart is now glad,
She's enroll'd in the squad
For lip-saiving all in full leather,
And the little soft soul
Will beseech the North Pole
To keep sober, and give us good weather.

CHIT-CHAT ON THE FASHIONS.

Fashion still decrees that where the material is very simple, elaborate *facon* in trimmings may be employed to make the toilet effective; but when rich and handsome fabrics are employed, they do not require the foreign aid of ornament to such an extent. The washing materials of this season are charming, and appear in a variety of lovely colors; they are of course trimmed in such a manner as to allow of their being washed without removing all the ornaments. For this purpose nothing is more suitable, and at the same time elegant, than open work embroidery, and of this an immense quantity is used. The striped linens are in immense demand, and a charming morning toilet, very inexpensive, in spite of its elegance, of an under-skirt, sleeves, and trimmings of plain color, polonaise without sleeves, or tunic and sleeveless jacket, of white or very pale colored linen, with a stripe of the color of the underskirt. The only mixture of patterns allowed consists of one part of the toilet being made with broad stripes, the other with narrow; but these must infallibly be of the same color, and the lighter reserved for the upper portion of the costume. We have seen several charming costumes lately worn by very *distinguees* young ladies, both married and single, made of light colored washing sateen trimmed with white muslin plaitings or puffings edged with narrow lace. Washing sateen and batiste are also very much used for petticoats under white muslin dresses. We have seen these on many occasions, when, a year or two ago, silk would have been considered an absolute necessity. We need hardly say that this material is of course never employed for ball costume, but at many garden fetes, morning concerts, and even dinners, ladies of unquestioned taste have appeared in them. White muslins, notably Indian, will be immensely worn when the weather permits so cool a material, and a variety of toilets for all purposes and styles will be made of them. For out-door wear they will be accompanied by some elegant mantlet of the same material, such as the Marie Antoinette or Charlotte Corday fichu, except in those cases where a sleeveless jacket of the same color and materials as the trimmings or under-skirt is worn. Even this arrangement is more elegant when covered with muslin. The dark blue plain linen, or that with spots, has become rather common, and though we should on no account counsel any lady who possesses one not to wear it, at the same time we do not advise its purchase. The white toiles and nainsook, handsomely embroidered in *broderie anglaise* on the material itself, and made into polonaises or tunics, and mantelets of the same will be very fashionably worn. The newest cut is the Pourtales. It is very long both behind and before, and gathered up at the sides. The pattern of the embroidery is always on a large scale; effective, and quickly done. Grenadines will be more in favor than ever. Black silk grenadines, with satin stripes or flounces, over black silk, and worn with colored ornaments, colored silk grenadines, over silk bodices and skirts of the same color, will also make very elegant toilets. Silk dresses trimmed with grenadine of the same color, will also be much worn; one favorite style for this arrangement consists of alternate flounces of silk and grenadine, the former gathered the latter plaited. With a toilet of this kind, some scarf-shaped mantelet is generally worn; a plain scarf, trimmed all round with ruches, or plaited frills; plaited to the waist, crossed in front and tied behind, will be very elegant worn with a dress of this kind. The bonnet can also be of the same material, with a loose crown and a ruched brim. Eight makes of silk, such as taffetas, and many other varieties, will be employed for visiting and dinner toilets, the neutral tints trimmed with color or the pale shades *degradées* will be those preferred for carriage wear; for evening, the colors are much more decided in hue. The colored skirts worn under muslin are also of the more brilliant tints. Mauve and light green are the favorites, and most lady-like for wear under white muslin. The bodices of dresses are made very close fitting; the basques setting tightly at the front and hips, and buttoned all the way down. The Jeanne d'Arc bodice, the newest of the *cuirasse* shape, is made with a perfectly round basque very closely fitting on the hips; the sleeves are nearly tight-fitting, with a rounded band at the elbow and cuffs. Across the shoulders is a similar band; in fact, the bodice really closely resembles the *cuirasse* in which Joan of Arc is generally represented. The waists are decidedly longer, and whalebones are again used; in fact, to give the tightly plaqué appearance so fashionable they are quite necessary. Low bodices are also very much whaleboned, and laced at the back. Some have points; others, the newest, have either the basque moyen age—that is, tight-fitting and longer at the back and front than at the sides; or a basque widening gradually into *postillon* plaits at the back.—*Le Follet.*

COURT CHAT.

A Well-Placed Family.---There is a rumor that the Crown Prince of Holland will marry the Princess Thyra, a sister of the Princess of Wales. This will in the course of nature make the Princess Queen of Holland. The King of Denmark, her father, is one of the poorest monarchs in Europe, and has perhaps the smallest kingdom. He has done remarkably well with his large family. One daughter will probably be Empress of Russia, the other Queen of England. One son is King of Greece, another will be King of Denmark, and now another crown comes into his family. To have children reigning over England, Russia, Greece, Denmark, and Holland is a great achievement in the way of honors and power.

A Prime Lot.---There have been eight Prime Ministers within these last ten days in France, and more of them are hopping fast to the front. It all means that the Chislehurst people are going back to Paris; though perhaps there will be a fight before they get there. Nobody knows much about them; and the boy, though well educated, is weak, mentally and physically. He will find a crown very heavy, and would do better with a department at Howell & James', for he has good manners. However, M. Rouher is sturdy enough, and he will be king of that company until perhaps he falls out with General Fleury. Meantime I hear that the Empress is inventing a new headdress, which is to be the delight of all Dowagers.

The Queen has bought from the Royal Academy Exhibition Miss Alice Havers' picture (635), "Ought and Carry One"—a charming profile of a school girl puzzled in a sum. Miss Hevers' picture was purchased at the private view, and the purchaser has yielded possession to Her Majesty on her gracious expression of a wish to own the picture. Miss Havers, who exhibits in her maiden name, is the wife of Mr. Frederick Morgan, whose "Homeless, Ragged, and Tanned" (624) has been bought by Messrs. Agnew.

There have been many romantic stories set afloat about Miss Elizabeth Thompson, whose picture of "Calling the Roll After Battle" has won such distinction at the Royal Academy in London. "She is," says a London correspondent, "the daughter of an English gentlemen who inherits a handsome independence from his father, a West India proprietor, who also left by his will a considerable property to each of his grand-children. Mrs. Thompson is an English lady, beautiful, accomplished, the best unprofessional pianiste I have ever heard, a pupil of Thalberg, and also a charming painter." So that the young woman's talent is hereditary. Miss Thompson has been abroad with her family, indeed spent her early years on the Continent, and speaks several languages fluently. It has been said that she volunteered as a nurse in the Franco-Prussian war in order to paint the pictures of war and death she has chosen, but her father writes to a London paper, denying the story, and saying that her life has been wholly uneventful, and that "she has been from her earliest days until now the inseparable companion of her parents." If so, the genius in the work is even more remarkable. As for her personnel, she is "a brunette, with a lithe, slender, sinewy figure, medium hight, but seeming tall from a carriage of wonderful ease, dignity and grace. Her walk, her carriage, her whole manner, is charmingly interesting, her face expressive, her conversation full of gayety and originality. Without being what one would call a beauty, she is charming, naive and simple, and full alike of drollery and enthusiasm. Genuine, natural and delightfully good, full of faith and charity, she is one to be loved as well as admired."

Nothing, perhaps, denotes the wealth of England more than the circumstance that nearly everything rich and rare in the world of literature and art finds its way sooner or later to our shores. The executors of the Duke of Brunswick now find what a mistake they made by not bringing the gems collected by him to London for sale. Had they done so they would have produced, at least, one-third more. M. Leturcq, the owner of the celebrated collection of antique and modern gems, engraved cameï and intaglie formed by MM. Guay, Meyer Simon, and J. H. Beck during a period of a hundred years, is wiser in his generation, and has brought them all to London. The sale will extend over four days, as there are nearly 500 lots to dispose of, and such things do not change hands as rapidly under the hammer of the auctioneer as other descriptions of property. Many of the gems to be offered for competition are masterpieces of art. Among them is the *chef d'œuvre* of Alessandro Cesati. It was of this gem that Michael Angelo exclaimed, with rapture, "Art can go no further!" Jacques Guay, who first commenced the present collection, was born 155 years ago in Paris. He was the instructor of the famous Madame Pompadour in the art of gem engraving, and eventually became the possessor of many of the acquisitions made by her and by her brother, the Marquis de Menars.—*English Paper.*

Who is to Blacken our Boots?---SIR: This is a very important domestic question. I have a wife and three daughters, and no servant in the house will lend a hand on the boots. I do not think it is a very laborious duty, but there is a feeling against it—doubtless resulting from some divine truth hidden from my earthly ken. I do not know how to polish boots; I have tried, but I cannot do it. I was anxious to make a compromise with our girl, Mary Ann, that I should wash the baby's diapers and she should clean the boots, but it was no go. Cleaning boots was "dirty work." God help us!

PAUL P.

A PERUVIAN RAILWAY KING.

Here is what an English paper says about Harry Meiggs. "It must not be supposed that the romance of railway construction is confined to England. The early days of the Stephensons were sufficiently lively in the matter of incident, but all they had to contend against was the stupid prejudice of people quite satisfied with their land of peace and plenty. Events, however, have, as usual, had the benefit of their logic, and it is unnecessary to expatiate upon the results. The Stephenson who was mocked in the committees of the House of Commons is now by common consent acknowledged to have done more for the benefit of his species than any other man, except, perhaps, the inventor of the telegraph; and it is, therefore, certain that the British public will read with interest the career of the Stephenson of Peru. To an ordinary English reader the Republic of Peru is an unknown country, except in connection with guano. The guano deposits of Peru are without doubt the sources of immense riches; but Peru has means of wealth quite independent of the article for which she is so widely known, and for many years railways have been projected at considerable expense in order to bring the mineral resources of Peru to the coast. To effect this it has been necessary to project an immense railway system, which would have appalled any ordinary railway contractor. To develop the wealth of Peru, it has been requisite to carry out railway works without parallel in the known world; and the fact that extraordinary works have been accomplished, and that still more daring projects are in course of completion, bears testimony not only to the general confidence in the resources of Peru, but to the indomitable energy and enterprise of the man who has undertaken to bring them within the reach of the whole world by an extensive system of railway communication. Amidst difficulties of an unprecedented character these railroads have been pushed forward by Mr. Henry Meiggs, and it is nothing more than the statement of a simple fact that, with the co-operation of the Peruvian Government, there is at present, as regards the population, a more complete system of railway communication in Peru than in any other South American Republic. Mr. Henry Meiggs and his advisers may be said to have opened up the South Pacific States to the traffic of the world. In the old time the Spanish conquerors civilized the Pacific slope by conquest; and now the process of civilization, according to the nineteenth century, is proceeding. Nothing is able to daunt Mr. Meiggs and his colleagues. He has, in fact, upon his hands much larger railway contracts than we have heard of before in the history of railroad building. His engagements run into millions, and his success in carrying them out means the prosperity of the Republic of Peru. Some months since the credit of the Republic of Peru was affected by adverse reports, which are now proved not only to be ridiculously untrue, but to have been founded on statements calculated to mislead bondholders. Where there is a healthy life in people the result is seen in enterprise; and there is in the history of enterprise no more remarkable and instructive story than that of Mr. Henry Meiggs in his connection with Peru. It is many years since, after severe trials, that Henry Meiggs landed at Valparaiso. He was supposed to be possessed of millions, but he was actually without any resources whatever, nor had he any friends to help him. His first object was to get something to do; for it must be remembered, and it is universally admitted in the South Pacific Republics, that Mr. Meiggs is active to excess. He was entrusted with the building of a bridge, and did it so much to the satisfaction of the public that the Government of Chili soon confided to his enterprising spirit and ability the termination of the Valparaiso and Santiago Railroad across the Andes, which work had been lingering on for years, on account of the inability of the engineers to grapple with the natural difficulties of the gigantic mountain way. Mr. Meiggs finished it with extraordinary rapidity, overcoming all obstacles, and handed it over to the Government amidst the universal acclamations of the people, and thus realized in this great achievement wealth and a name. In 1867 he looked for a larger field of enterprise, and directed his steps to Peru, where he undertook to build a railroad from Mollendo to Arequipa, which was concluded within an incredibly short space of time. Simultaneously with this work he contracted with the Government of Colonel Balta for the building of a railroad from Ilo to Moquega (which he finished very rapidly); another from Callao to Oroya, which is to be extended to the borders of the Amazon. This colossal undertaking will be finished within this year. He also contracted for other railways from Chimboto to Huaraz, across the Andes, like the former, and in a very advanced state also; from Arequipa to Puno (finished); from Puno to Cuzco (in course of construction); and two or three other small lines. Mr. Henry Meiggs also contributed in a preponderant degree to the building of the splendid Lima Exhibition Palace. He promoted public instruction; assisted in the general development of the resources of Peru. He is engaged in converting the old Spanish mud ramparts which encircle Lima, and are of no earthly use, into splendid boulevards, with double rows of trees on each side, and, but for the monetary crisis from which Peru is about to emerge, he would probably have finished as well as extended it to Callao, a distance of nearly eight miles. The name of Mr. Meiggs will be as intimately associated with the prosperity of the South Pacific States as that of the great railway kings of England. The interest to us may seem remote; but it is nothing of the sort. Wherever there is trade to be done England is interested, and Mr. Meiggs has made it his mission to open up to us by railways and communications the enormous mineral wealth of Peru. It cannot be denied that this is a great work—great alike in its conception and its consequences. Mr. Meiggs has devoted his life to the enrichment of the world by the development of hitherto neglected resources, and he will no doubt occupy a distinguished position in the future editions of Mr. Smiles' work of 'Self Help.'"—*Cosmopolitan.*

RELENTING.

The earth is in a melting mood
This morning of the year;
And clasped around by mists that brood,
She smiles to find herself so wooed,
With, now and then, a tear.

The topmost fastness of the hill
Has let the Winter go;
The happy-hearted little rill
No longer shivers past the mill
To meadows hushed with snow.

The birds let fall their new-born dreams
Upon me from above;
And many a shadow wed with beams,
And many a wind-kissed blossom seems
To say a word for love.

What is there in this tender air
To thrill me like a dart?
It quickens places poor and bare,
And every covert sweet and fair,
Except one maiden's heart.

Oh! are such changeful gleams of light
Made only to beguile?
Then, I am but a foolish wight
To be so glad because, last night,
She blessed me with a smile.

But oh! when ice and snow relent,
And every coldest thing;
Might not, perchance, one more repent,
And, melting into warm consent,
Flood all my heart with Spring?

From the San Francisco News Letter.

CUCULLUS NON FACIT MONACHUM.

The Cowl maketh not the Monk, dear "News Letter," any more than the title of General confers valor or knowledge of military tactics. Therefore it is that, when I read your weekly diatribes directed against uncertified medical practitioners, I begin to think that the instigators thereof are somewhat in the nature of those petty princes of times gone by, who passed an edict that no one, whatever his merit, should be admitted into their august presence without he bore a patent of nobility. I don't deny that there are many eminent medical men who possess diplomas, but I do protest against your sweeping anathema against those who are not so qualified; and further, I assert that among these "phys'cians by Divine right" are to be found men ignorant, presumptuous, vain, cruel, unscrupulous and unfit to enter the houses of honest families. There are the dodos and awks of the profession as well as the tartuffes. Look at the blank, hopeless expression in the owl-like face of one whose red ribbon and diploma cannot save him from imbecility, or Dr. Decline and Fall, whose garrulous nonsense drove away the members of the Academy of Natural Science, or Dr. Adolfo Pique Assiette, who leers at the women from his buggy, and his *par nobile fratrum*, the speculators in lodgings to let; and Dr. Orpheus, another Adolf, who poses in mournful attitudes in places of public resort; and the ex-officio medico, who may be styled Dr. Morpheus after dinner, and the stock-broking doctor, and the double-divorce doctor, and the shambling English doctor, who is ever finding a mare's nest, and the comfortable Dr. Tody, and the pauper doctor who lives on the fat of the land, and the Irish M. D. who looks out for a rich wife, even if she be a butcher's daughter; and the mad German, who slaughters reputation and street passengers with equal nonchalance; or Dr. Bibulus, great on post-obits; or the embalmer; or the Laura Fair uterine-madness family physician; or many others out of the four hundred and odd practitioners in our city, and you will find them the Pharisees of the medical profession, making broad their phylacteries and shaking aloft their diplomas, but in reality fossils, content to remain in their original condition, never keeping pace with the advance in knowledge, prescribing the same drugs which their forefathers ordained—mere formulas, that look at the tongue and feel the pulse, and count the second-hand of their watches, and shake their solemn heads, and sit in solemn council like petrified Esculapiuses, as if that was all they had to do. Now, dear *News Letter*, I insist that a man who makes a certain disease his specialty, and devotes his time to the study of that disease or malady, and has a large practice in that specialty, is more to be trusted, although without a diploma, than he who, relying simply on his piece of parchment, goes groping round a circle of patients, looking through the same spectacles which he donned with the title of M. D. I will go further, and say that an unqualified practitioner with many patients, provided he have knowledge, is better than the majority of those duly authorized to practice. Remember always that they who had received their diploma to heal the souls of men, regarded Martin Luther and John Wesley as quacks, and yet those two had a very large practice and did a great deal of good in their day. Away down South and in the West Indian Islands, the family doctor was generally called in on ordinary occasions, but if the fever became serious, an old nigger called Doctor Jim, or old Ned, was sent for, and his prescriptions were more relied upon than those of the graduate with a diploma. I don't want to disparage a proper education and training, but I am down upon the arrogance, and in many cases the ignorance, of the elect, feeling as I do my superiority to the majority, although I am that abhorred object,

A QUACK.

[Of course, medicos may have diplomas and yet be fools, though it is difficult to tell how they can be without them and not be rogues. It is common enough to meet with men who are wise in theory, but failures in practice? The brain to know and the hand to execute are not always given to one man. But what must the fellow be who is neither acquainted with theory nor practice? Surely, in view of the great discoveries of these times, it is not necessary to insist that scientific matters shall be treated scientifically, neither ought it to be doubted that an educational institution like the University should really educate. Who does our correspondent mean by "physicians by Divine right?" He must mean the Quacks, for we know of no earthly "right" they possess.—ED. *N. L.*]

A MAN WHO SENT HIS PORTRAIT AND A SET OF DIAMONDS TO THE DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH

Some interesting incidents were developed during the examination, in a London police court, of Gustave Gennovich, who was recently charged with firing off a cannon opposite the residence of Prince Edward, of Saxe Weimar. Superintendent Williamson handed in a set of jewels (diamonds and emeralds), which the defendant left at Buckingham Palace, when he called there in his cab, and which, together with his photograph, he desired to be presented to the Princess of Russia. The defendant.—"That is quite right. I left them there by her desire." Dr Bennett, medical officer of St. Giles'—"I have examined the defendant repeatedly during the time he has been under my care. He states that on the Sunday before the Emperor went to the city he was at the Royal Chapel, and that the Grand Duchess nodded to him, and would have spoken to him, but was restrained by some officer, a Court official, which is a delusion." Defendant—"Perhaps it is not a delusion."

Witness continued.—"He said, with respect to his conduct on Monday, that he was like many others who had made important discoveries; that he would not, and he could not, get recognition of his merits, and that what he had done was the best way of exciting public attention and that of the Government to his invention. He added that he had effected his object, and the Government had already taken it up. He said: 'It is a stratagem of war; no one could suppose for a moment that I intended any harm.' I think the defendant is a harmless man. There is no general disease. He talks very rationally indeed, but evidently suffers from monomania. He says he is in possession of a secret which is of great importance to the country to possess, and he threatened to sell the invention elsewhere."

Dr. Bond, of Westminster Hospital, deposed.—"I have had an interview with the defendant. He stated to me that he was entitled to treat the Emperor of Russia as an equal, and that he was not a subject of any monarch. He said that his family had founded the Empire of Russia, and he evidently had extraordinary notions with respect to his own personality. He complained that he had been improperly treated by the authorities in not accepting his invention. He said it was dangerous to the country that such a gun as he had invented should remain in his hands."

Defendant.—"Are you aware of the pedigree of my family?" Witness.—"I am not. I only know that a person who avows that he is a subject of no one, and amenable to no authority, is not a fit person to go at large."

Sir Thomas Henry—"That is constantly done, although, generally speaking, it is the act only of foolish boys." Defendant.—"How came the box of jewels and my photograph to be brought here to-day? Why were they not delivered to the Grand Duchess, as I desired?" Superintendent Williamson said the box was left at the equerry's door at the palace, and remained there. Defendant—"Then it has never been delivered?" Superintendent.—"I presume not." Defendant.—"I saw her on Sunday in the chapel. She wanted to speak to me, but was prevented by a general or some official. I think it very strange that goods left in the hands of the porter or some other servant of the Duchess should be detained instead of being forwarded to his mistress. I have a right to complain of this. You talk of illegal acts, yet you allow property like that, consisting of diamonds and emeralds, to be detained by a menial. I know it was the wish of her Royal Highness to receive them." Dr. Sutherland, lecturer on insanity.—"I talked with the defendant about ten minutes. He told me that he had invented a gun, and heard what he had said about it to Dr. Bond. I consider him to be a person of unsound mind. I think he ought to be watched for at least two or three months in a proper asylum. In the course of time his illness—for it is an illness—would become developed." Defendant.—"I should not care to put myself under the hands of such doctors as these. I consider it a conspiracy. They only saw me for ten minutes, and yet they come to such conclusion as that. Doubtless they would like to cut off my head."

Sir Thomas Henry.—"Do you think you will serve yourself by such reflections? What motive could the medical gentlemen have to injure you?" Defendant.—"I know what doctors are in this country. I am superior to them. I poisoned my finger once, and I cured it without doctors."

After some further conversation, during which the defendant showed much excitement, Sir Thomas Henry adjourned the further examination.

OLIVE OIL.

The Los Angeles Herald says: The same process by which Mr. Carreras, of the Los Angeles Petroleum Refining Company, reduces the heaviest crude oil to a first class illuminating fluid at a cost of two cents per gallon and within twenty minutes time, will also refine olive oil and make it equal to the best article manufactured in Europe. This is an important discovery to the people of this valley. Olives have never been extensively cultivated here for the reason that we had no home market for the crude oil, but there is now a sufficient quantity grown to manufacture the oil for the local market. The consumption of olive oil on this coast is very great—so great that the olives raised in this part of the State for many years to come will not supply the demand. The cultivation of the olive is very profitable where there is a demand for the crude oil, and the fact that we can, through Mr. Carreras' method, produce an article superior to that imported from Europe for less money, will give an impetus to olive culture not anticipated a few months ago.

PORTRAIT OF OUR TOWN CRIER.

The inquiries that reach us as to who our Town Crier is and what he is like are really amusing. Many are the guesses we hear, all of which, let us venture to intimate, are very wide of the mark. The fact is, people have been deceived by the fact that we really keep two *Town Criers* about the premises. In order to secure the necessary variety of matter we have taken care that they shall be two men as unlike each other as possible. The one is a noisy fellow whom we are always hearing from, whilst the other is as quiet as a mouse about the establishment. In order to gratify what we admit is a very natural curiosity on the part of the ladies we give a hint of what these fellows are like. Lest we should offend their sensibilities, we give a general rather than a personal description: Quiet people seldom get full justice done them, except by their immediate friends. It is your noisy, rackety folk who secure most of the world's spontaneous acclamation. The man who talks common-places at the top of his voice, who is in the habit of perpetrating preposterous jokes and laughing consumedly at the same, and who makes a point of thrusting himself into conversations whether he understands the drift of the same or not, runs a much better chance of being dubbed a clever fellow than does the individual who rarely speaks unless he is thoroughly *au fait* with his subject, and who is addicted to advancing his opinions in a hesitating, timid fashion. Even when boisterous people have been found to be shallow impostors and to partake largely of the character of the drum, which looks big and is so extremely hollow, many persons still feel a sort of admiration for them, and they receive more credit than is their due. Their boldness which, in many instances, amounts to positive impudence, secures the half-admiration of those who feel, and rightly, that it is useless their attempting the same kind of thing, and who are frequently eclipsed when brought into contact with a forward being of the kind under notice. These are led to feel, moreover, that they compare unfavorably with him in another, and, in the eyes of a sensitive being, a more important aspect. He is addicted to indulging in extravagant protestations of friendship at a moment's notice; after an acquaintance extending over half an hour he will slap your back with considerable force—indeed, with more force than is pleasant, looking at the matter from a physical point of view—and ram his arm through yours with an amount of energy which should speak volumes for the warmth and sincerity of his feelings towards you, and finally walk off with you with an air of easy proprietorship which ought to be very flattering to your vanity—*i. e.*, if you are at all liable to glory in the fact that it is competent for you, more than for the majority of your fellows, to make a very favorable impression in a short space of time. Quiet people, on the other hand, are slow in manifesting warmth of feeling, and you will not often find them slapping comparative strangers on the back, or linking arms with people of whom they have not a thorough knowledge. Occasionally, of course, you may do so, for the contagion of example is so great that these passive beings are sometimes led to imitate the ways of their more dashing brethren. But, in the event of their doing so, they invariably only succeed in bringing down humiliation upon themselves. There is a hesitancy about what they do which plainly indicates the effort they are making, and they demonstrate in many ways that they are half ashamed of what they are attempting. When they talk loudly there is a quaver and a hardness in their voices, showing that they are departing from their ordinary rule of life. While attempting any extravagant manifestations of good feeling it is customary for their faces to assume a sheepish expression, and the evidence of their uncomfortableness is completed by a series of blushes. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that those who know most about human nature, and are the greatest adepts at studying character, have justly a decided partiality for many quiet persons, feeling that genius is apt to be shy, and that sincerity is often diffident, while, on the other hand, an excess of clatter often only hides innate weakness. Certain it is that the man who gushes upon slight provocation is invariably but a broken reed to rely on when one has to battle with the fierce waves of adversity; while the retiring individual often proves a tower of strength, and shows himself possessed of depths of character of which no one has hitherto been disposed to give him credit. What quiet and noisy people are in general such in particular are our two very dissimilar *Town Criers*. Hereafter when the reader comes across anything that greatly pleases him let him attribute it to the quiet one. Persons who are hit hard would do well to look to the rackety fellow, who is always on his muscle. This division of labor we deem one of the many advantages of the arrangement.

The editor of the Columbia, S. C., Mail, with graceful eloquence, acknowledged the receipt of a milk punch in one column, and in the next published "a Temperance Department." Somebody has complained of his inconsistency, and explains that the "editor of the *Mail* has nothing to do with what goes into the temperance column of his paper, nor have the gentlemen who conduct that department anything to do with what goes into the editor of the *Mail*.

"Dad, if I were to see a duck on the wing, and were to shoot it, would you lick me?' "O, no, my son; it would show that you were a good marksman, and I would be proud of you." "Well' then, dad, I peppered our old Muscovy duck as he was flyin' over the fence to-day, and it would have done you good to see him drop."

ABOUT OREGON.

The following items have been furnished us by a gentleman who has recently returned from a tour through Oregon for the purpose of obtaining information relative to that State with a view to immigration from Europe. His observations *in extenso* will probably appear before long in a leading English paper, and be the means of inducing immigration on an extended scale, as he very justly thinks very highly of that State and the neighboring districts in Washington Territory. He says, "Starting from Astoria, 12 miles from the mouth of the Columbia, in a river steamboat, we had an opportunity of visiting and inspecting the establishments formed for canning salmon, a business that has only been in existence for the last four or five years, but which has increased to such an extent during that period that the present 'catch' is estimated at 250,000 cans, representing a value of $1,500,000, one of the largest foreign purchasers being the house of Crosse & Blackwell of London. We had ample opportunities for observing the way in which the fish were caught by means of gill nets, which are made to float across the stream, into which the unconscious salmon inserts his head and is captured. The number of boats filled with fish and delivering their cargoes at the various canneries was positively astonishing, and the idea immediately occurred to our minds that such extensive hauls must soon terminate in an obvious decrease in the number of salmon in the river. But such a fear, we were informed, was groundless, the immense volume of water in the Columbia (the third river in size in the United States), being able to support many more fisheries on its banks without causing a perceptible diminution in the supply of fish.

"As we steamed up the river on a clear day, we had a magnificent view of Mount St. Helens and Mount Hood, both far away in the distance and covered with snow, but standing out and towering above the green belt of forest on the shore with startling grandeur. From Astoria to Portland the distance is 110 miles, and up to this point and for five miles further the river is navigable for deep-sea ships. Beyond this the commodious steamers of the O. S. Navigation Company traverse its waters, with but two interruptions, to the month of the Snake River, a distance of 328 miles. By the kindness of Captain Ainsworth, President of the company, every facility was afforded for visiting the Cascades and viewing the country beyond the Dalles, a special train having been telegraphed to meet us at the latter point. The basaltic terraces of the Columbia, the magificent mountain peaks shooting up in some instances to a hight of 3,000 feet, and the beautiful falls of water foaming and dashing from the fir-covered hills, are sights worthy of the attention of every tourist, and the only wonder is that travelers of this kind do not oftener find their way here. Those who have 'done' California and the Sierras, have yet to see the grandest scenery on the Pacific Coast, and a trip up the Columbia would well repay them for their trouble.

"Returning to Portland, we crossed the river to Kalama, where we were met by General Sprague, the General Superintendent of the Northern Pacific Railroad, who accompanied us to the western terminus of the line at Tacoma. As we dashed along at the rate of 40 miles an hour through primeval forests, over broad streams teeming with trout, and across rich tracts of prairie land, we were surprised to find that this portion of the line run considerably smoother than many railroads on which we had traveled before, and we were more surprised to learn that the line through so new a country pays so well, as it most assuredly does. Cattle in immense numbers are brought down hundreds of miles on the Columbia and transported by rail to Tacoma, whence they are taken by steamers to Victoria, V. I. Traffic along the line is fast increasing, and travel to Olympia, Seattle, Tacoma and Vancouver's Island keeps the carriages well filled.

"The western terminus of the line, at Tacoma, could not have been located in a better place. It is the Indian name of the mountain known as Mount Rainier, which stands conspicuous, and rises to the hight of 14,444 feet, its crest being covered with eternal snow. A steamboat was put at our disposal on the Sound, and we had a full opportunity of witnessing the admirable facilities afforded on every side for ship building, lumber mills, fisheries, tanneries and other enterprises, which before long must bring wealth and population to this interesting part of the country. The prediction of Commodore Wilkes, that hereabouts, at some future period, would arise a city of colossal proportions, seems likely to be verified at no distant day, and Tacoma presents all the natural advantages for the site of such a city. Too much cannot be said of the beauty of the country in its vicinity, but as my space is limited, I must hasten to our return to Portland.

"A rapid trip through the Willamet Valley was enough to convince the spectator of the extreme richness and fertility of Western Oregon. Wheat, which fetches the highest price in the Liverpool market, covered vast tracts of land, and gave promise of a larger crop than has ever yet been harvested in Oregon, and the great difficulty with the producers will be, the means of exporting their crop to Europe, unless they engage vessels at a very high rate of freight. One fact was made very apparent to our mind, viz., that Oregon presents every inducement to the colonist and to the capitalist, and that when better means of communication are afforded across the continent, she will speedily be marked out for immigration by people from the Eastern States and from Europe. A great and useful future is assured by awaiting her."

A neat reply was that given by a stuttering man, when telling a story to some of his friends. "Speak it plainly, man," said one. "I ca-ca-nt," he answered; "bu-bu-but I wa-wa-want you to understand that if m-m--my tongue stutters m-m-my mind don't stutter."

PHOTOGRAPHIC.

We have already drawn attention to the fact that Messrs. Bradley & Rulofson gained the gold medal offered by the *Philadelphia Photographer* for the best cabinet negative. The magazine has now published the winning picture, with the following remarks:

OUR PRIZE PICTURE.

We take pleasure in calling attention to our illustration this month, it being the winning picture in the recent competition for a gold medal we offered for the best three cabinet negatives. Our object in offering the medal was two-fold: first to induce photographers to make the effort to do their very best, thereby improving and elevating themselves to a higher standard of excellence, and developing abilities and resources that they were not before aware of possessing. Secondly, we hoped to secure a better class of work for our illustrations, something that would be representative of the progress of our art, and fit examples for study and imitation by all who are striving to improve. We are happy to say our wishes were fully realized; our confidence in the readiness and ability of many of our leading artists to respond to such a call has been fully sustained, and we place before our readers the first example of the series we expect to draw from, with each monthly issue.

There were several of the prize set that possessed merits so nearly equal that the judges found it a nice point to decide *which* should be placed before all others. But when the negatives came to be examined in all their details, and to show the care and skill that had been brought to bear in their production, the judges were unanimous in their opinion, awarding the medal to Messrs. Bradley & Rulofson, of San Francisco. They sent us six negatives of the same subject, all equally perfect, being absolutely without spot or blemish. They are among the *purest* specimens of photography it has ever been our good fortune to inspect. All there is in the print was produced in the negative. The retouching is so slight that it can scarcely be detected, and the beautiful gradations of light and shade are perfectly natural and spontaneous. For chemical effects, lighting, posing, and general artistic treatment, we commend the picture to the study of all who feel that they are not yet as high up in the scale of excellence as they wish to be, and trust they may be benefited.

A letter accompanied the photos and is published in the *Review* in full, but we can give only a portion:

SAN FRANCISCO, May 13, 1874.

"*Friend Wilson*:—I herewith forward to you a note from Mr. Taylor, giving our formulæ for working, and containing some of his views on the subject, but I must confess I would not have you understand that I indorse *all* he says on the subject, of the relative quality of San Francisco work, nor the causes to which he ascribes the assumed superiority, while I would be slow to detract from the industry, perseverance, and skill of our photographers. I think it but fair to admit that they possess some climatic advantages not enjoyed elsewhere in America. I don't regard the light as superior in actinic power to that of the Atlantic States; but we do possess a more even temperature, the thermometer seldom rising above 75 degrees or falling below 60 degrees, with a slightly humid atmosphere, presenting the most favorable conditions for delicate chemical processes involving the use of volatile substances. And Californian's *proverbial modesty* causes us to cast about for some natural cause to which to attribute any superiority, which our friends may kindly ascribe to our productions.

"I send herewith a plan of our gallery, from the street entrance to elevator, to the roof; there are in all twenty-nine rooms, reasonably well adapted to their several uses. You will observe that we formerly occupied the corner building only; we then cut through the adjoining building on Sacramento street, and later, effected an entrance into the one on Montgomery street. We are now giving employment to thirty-four hands all told. We employ six Chinese; they are faithful, industrious, and expert, valuable aids in the mounting and finishing department.

"Truly yours, WM. R. RULOFSON."

Mr. Rulofson has been specially requested to attend the meeting of the "National Photographic Association," to be held at Chicago on the 14th of this month. At this gathering, photographs from all parts of the States will be exhibited, as well as many from Europe, especially Berlin, which is the foster mother of photographic art. Of course, Bradley & Rulofson have not been behindhand in their contributions, and have sent a goodly collection of photographs, consisting of Yosemite views, portraits, and pictures of private residences, which will not fail to be duly appreciated. Mr. Rulofson leaves on Monday, pursuant to the call, and will employ his time in obtaining any information or improvements in the art that may present themselves. We wish him a pleasant and profitable journey.

A window-full of pot-plants suddenly descended into the street recently, filling the back, bosom and hair of an elderly party with bulbs, earth, thorns and hair-pins. As soon as he recovered his speech he stated that he was a pilgrim and a stranger, but he'd be d—d if he couldn't lick the man who touched off that powder.

SERMONS FROM THE STREETS.

THE TELEGRAM BOY.

There, sharp as a needle—to use an o'd phrase—
He bends on the building one long, searching gaze;
Then the keen eyes revert to the pencil-mark'd book,
And descend to the pouch with a business-like look.
He pulls out the message, he bounds up the stair,
Disappears, reappears, and evanishes "where!"
Up and down, here and there, amid sorrow or joy,
Like a spirit of air flits the telegram boy.

That leathern bag, which his side seldom leaves,
Ho'ds samples of work such as Lachesis weaves;
Births, marriages, deaths, thefts, murders, and fires,
Disasters, successes, hopes, fears, and desires;
Elopements, divorcements, loves, hatreds, and wars,
Lovers' vows, and family jars.
There is much to amuse and much to annoy
Conceal'd in the pouch-bag of the telegram boy.

JOHN BRIGHT.

Mr. Bright is a great phrase maker and goes down to the House of Commons with the gems ready cut and polished to fit in, in the setting of a speech. His manner when speaking is quiet and subdued, but it is the apparent subjugation which a bar of iron undergoes when it passes from the red-hot stage to the condition of white heat. When he sits down there is invariably a feeling among his audience that he has by no means exhausted himself, but could, if he pleased, have said a great deal more that would have been equally effectual. To this end his quiet, self-possessed manner greatly tends. He has himself well in hand throughout his orations, and therefore maintains his hold upon his audience. Mr. Bright is also a great humorist. When, recently, he had occasion to complain of the determined dissatisfaction of the Conservatives, he turned to the classical book of the people, and on the morrow all England was laughing at the party who, "if they had been in the wilderness, would have complained of the Ten Commandments as a harassing piece of legislation." Again, when he dubbed Mr. Disraeli "the mystery man of the ministry," and when he likened Mr. Lowe and Mr. Horsman to a Scotch terrier, "of which no one could with certainty say which was the head and which the tail," everybody could comprehend and enjoy the reference. The fearful sting contained in his casual remark about Sir Charles Adderley in a letter written two months ago—"I hope he thought he was speaking the truth, but he is rather a dull man, and is liable to make blunders"—will be best appreciated by those who know the right honorable baronet. But the volume of sarcasm hidden in the parenthetical remark about the gentleman's ancestors who came over with the Conqueror—"I never heard that they did anything else"—is plain reading for all. So is the well-merited retort upon a noble lord who, during the time when Mr. Bright was temporarily laid aside by illness, took the opportunity to publicly declare that, by way of punishment for the uses he had made of his talents, Providence had inflicted upon Mr. Bright a disease of the brain. "It may be so," said Mr. Bright to the House of Commons when he came back; "but, in any case, it will be some consolation to the friends and family of the noble lord to know that the disease is one which *even Providence* could not inflict on him."

PADDY AND HIS BEES.

The ingratitude of the Home Rulers in endeavoring to trace to a wrong cause the evils that Ireland is suffering from, and which are really due to the perverse use made of the bounties bestowed upon her, has been aptly illustrated recently by a speaker on the subject in the following quotation: Landlord Baronet—"How are you, my good man? What has happened to you? your head is swollen." "Faix, an' it's as well ye may ax; me own mother wouldn't know me this blessed morning; 'tis all your own doin' entirely." "My doing!" replies the astonished baronet. "What can I have to do with the state you are in, my good man?" "Yes, it is your doin'," answers the enraged proprietor of a swollen head. "'Tis all your doin', and well ye may be proud of it. 'Twas them blessed bees ye gev me. We brought the divils into the house last night, and where did we put them but in the pig's corner. Well, after Katy an' the childer an' myself was awhile in bid, the pig goes rootin' about the house, an' he wasn't aley till he hooked his nose into the hive, an' split the bees about the flure; and then whin I got ont of bid to let out the pig that was a-roaring through the house, the bees sittled down on me, an' began stingin' me, an' I jumped into bid agin wid the bees a-buzzin' an' a-stingin' under the clothes; out we all jumped agin, an' the divil such a night was ever spint in Ireland as we spint last night. What wid Katy and the childer a-roarin' and a-bulling', an' the pig tearin' up and down like mad, an' Katy wid the besom, and myself wid the fryin'-pan flattenin' the bees agin the wall till mornin', and thin the sight we wor in the mornin', begorra it's ashamed of yerself ye ought to be!"

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

QUACK! QUACK! QUACK!

If there be ever need of perfect faith
Of man in fellow-man, 'tis by the bed
Where Azrael casts the shadow of his wings
Upon some dear one lying near to death;
When he who sits and watches, heavy-eyed,
Yields up his trust—the life of wife or child—
To stranger hands endowed with healing skill,
Saying: 'What love could do that have I done,
Now let thy skill perform what love could not.'

Yet is this trust abused, for there are shams
Who tag the title 'Doctor' to their names;
Who though not fit to tend an ailing pig
Yet dare quack in our midst diplomaless.
Wherefore the *Crier* asks:

How is it, DEANE,
That your diploma bears a recent date,
Though you for many years have practiced here?
That you, who speak no German, only have
A Giessen paper to attest your skill?
Is not the answer, that in Giessen there
They sell these things? O DEANE, this is too thin!

McEWAN, too; who wears his master's clothes,
And flaunts a dead diploma in our face,
Can he give proof that he is not a quack?

ECKEL, the spirit of our dearest friend
Will haunt you to your grave. Speak quickly, man,
And prove his blood is not upon your head.

All these have cheek, but more sublime is his
Who styles himself a Doctor, yet whose face
Should grace the city Gallery of Rogues.

Here, for the lack of space, the *Crier* ends
His list of questions, knowing he will hear
An answer if he does a *Doctor* wrong;
As yet the only cry is quack! quack! quack!

The Fourth of July is a nice day. If we were asked which was the nicest day in the year, we would unhesitatingly reply the Fourth of July. Yet the conviction has burned itself into our soul that the festivities are always incomplete. After a war the heroes return with their trophies and receive the laurels of triumph. Fireworks are all very well, and it is no doubt a delightful sensation to have the life startled out of you with the fizz of a rocket as it begins its upward course. Yet even this does not satisfy the yearning of our nature. We shall never feel that the feast is fitly closed till in the twilight a huge cart shall rumble slowly through the streets gathering in the debris of the day; the ears which have been fired off, the eyes which have been gouged out, the fingers and thumbs which have started off on their own hook upon the impulse of Fourth of July enthusiasm. We have seen a huge load of porkers' heads coming in town, and we know exactly what it will look like. The idea may not be altogether pleasing to parents, but it would be so much more satisfactory to see these in a heap than to stumble over them next day as they straggle over the sidewalks that the suggestion is entirely at the disposal of the Board of Supervisors.

An indulgent public is requested to overlook the vagaries of the young man who lost himself in the depths of the Ophir carpet, the other day. People who are accustomed to the use of carpets cannot understand the difficulty with which people navigate who only practiced locomotion on bare floors. The youth is really a good fellow, and means well, but is perhaps a little bewildered by the luxuries of civilization. He was a little nonplussed upon his first entrance into society by being stared at in the dining-room of his hotel, the crowd having taken him for the champion knife-swallower, recently engaged by Harry Andrews, but his abhorrence to a fork was soon recognized, and he was permitted to carve the roof of his mouth in peace. He still entertains a vivid remembrance of the agony caused by his first pair of boots, but he has engaged a Chinaman to make that purchase for him, and peace reigns in his soul once more. He has been known to enquire the use of a tooth brush, and complains that the lemonade in his finger bowl is rather weak. Yet he is modest withal, and has such a realizing sense of his own deficiencies, that it is probable he will study so hard as in time to become a mining President, with a double vote and a velvet carpeted office.

It is estimated that nine bookkeepers are engaged in trying to get some idea of the expenses of the Calico Club during the Aimee sojourn, but they have not yet come to the bottom of the first row of figures. The bouquet and supper items seemed enormous, but are balanced here and there by a "petit cadeau," or a loss at cards. So great an interest has the subject assumed, that the gentlemen engaged in the collection of financial statistics are trying to ascertain which takes the most money out of the country, the Chicago agents or the opera bouffe.

Sallie Hart is in the dumps. We knew she would be when she got off that sick bed to fight for Local Option, but, then, Sallie has an intense desire to crow, and she thought she saw a chance ahead. Unfortunately, Old Master forgot to give her anything to crow with, and while we offer our sincerest sympathy, we had rather see the little creature submitting to be mollycoddled than banging around among the pots. We beg leave to offer a prescription as infallible as the Pope. Rub the limbs thoroughly with a little of Rotaling's best Bourbon whisky. Settle the stomach with a pony of first class Martel brandy. Sleep upon a pillow of hops. It is used in making beer, but doesn't hurt the hops any. Take a glass of Private Cuvee or Dry Monopole to exhilarate the spirits, and promote the appetite with a first class cock-tail. We guarantee the above to cure Sallie of no-license crowing.

There is no particular objection to be raised against the extermination of the innocents. One or two out of the way here and there will never be missed. But it is more comfortable to have the business go in the accepted way. Innovations of any kind give one a sort of a douche shock the first time or two. We have become accustomed to run-overs, croup, Fourth of July, and premature embalming in swill barrels, but chewing phosphorous is an eccentricity which we utterly refuse to discountenance. It is a well-known fact that if all the spruce gum, jujupaste, and caromels that could be collected were placed in the same yard with a can of phosphorus, the innocent would go for the phosphorus first. When we reflect how much easier it would have been to tip the child off Long Bridge, or spill her out of a two-story window, we feel inclined to think that the man who left the can of phosphorus in the yard was a needlessly fussy individual.

While the fat woman was being taken to her carriage the other night, a well-known citizen stumbled against one of her nether limbs in the dark, and immediately put out his hand, exclaiming "Good evening, Mr. Laidley." Since the story got afloat, the oldest and most respectable of our citizens have been seen wending their way in stately procession to the vicinity of the *Chronicle* office, which is next door to the mammoth spectacle. A fearful rumor has reached us that each one carries a tape measure, and that he emerges from the mystic region with an expression of the most helpless wonder and a sort of a scared I-give-it-up look upon his face. We ourselves have not penetrated the mystery, but we are willing to tell the world that we have seen neither Dr. Stone nor Dr. Stebbins nor their tape measures enter therein.

We observe among the choice items which emanate from that fragrant cesspool, the city jail, an account of a gentleman who attempted to hang himself with his handkerchief one day last week, because he was about to be sent to the Alms House. We protest against sending him there. A pauper with a handkerchief is an innovation against which the other members of that useful institution will deliberately set their faces. We ourselves know many honest and respectable citizens who are perfectly content to use the sidewalk when they have a cold in the head, or anything of that sort, and seem to find it quite comfortable too, hence, if this Roberts is to go about the world among alms-houses and jails and such, carrying a square of fine linen in his pocket for the purpose of nasal application, we shall be obliged to accuse him of what the gentler sex euphemistically term airs.

Now that the runaway season has thoroughly set in, people go out driving with a peculiar exhilarating sense of suspense. There is no more pleasure in a jog trot. One must have an insecure animal to enjoy the feeling that it is uncertain what moment the horse may playfully impale himself upon the nearest hitching post, and give the buggy to the poor in the shape of kindling wood. In view of this windfall, the streets are lined with small children carrying big baskets, and there is quite a corner among the market men in horse carpets, the restaurant men and hotel keepers being obliged to pay fancy prices when it is a bad day for runaways. Small boys will please remember that this announcement does not justify kites nor the touching off of crackers under the horses' feet. Antics are to be left entirely to the discretion of the animals themselves.

The sapient literary critic of the Chronicle favors its readers with an elaborate dissertation on Bret Harte's latest poem, "Por el Rey," accusing the much-accused Harte of plagiarism, and comparing his poem with one of Robert Browning's poetical muddles. Truth to tell, we recognized the similarity and pegged our opinion of the *Chronicle* man up several notches. We had never in our wildest imaginings accused him of a more extended reading than the "Arabian Nights," "Mother Goose" and the New York *Herald*, which accounted for his wild Sunday yarns, his insipidity and his sensationalism, respectively. We are reluctantly compelled, however, to notch him down again since reading the original article in the New York *Tribune*, to which paper the *Chronicle* gave not even the courtesy of a quotation mark.

Ben. P. Avery, our new Minister to China, was explaining at the Bohemian Club the other day that he had put off his departure as long as possible because of his great dread of the sea sickness he knew he would have to endure. He expected to be sick the whole way. "Yes," said Newcomb, "shouldn't be surprised if you threw up your appointment." Talking of Newcomb sets us wondering how it is possible he can be on the *Call* without occasionally giving us a taste of his well known qualities. We suppose the atmosphere around the *Call* office is not congenial. Genius is a tender plant that evidently does not thrive in the presence of a Pickering or a MacCrellish. We remember, when Bierce was adorning this column with his brightest scintillations, he could do nothing better for the *Alta* than write long, vapid letters.

The young ladies of the city have been engaged during the past week in contemplating the domestic happiness of Mrs. Joel Mansfield, *nee* Hein. It is seldom that a marriageable young person bags such a droll humorist. If Mrs. Mansfield has chops for breakfast rather than steak, her lord is likely at any moment to whip out his little memento and have a fit of emotional insanity then and there. If she be extravagant in the matter of dry goods he may feel inclined to practice his fireworks again, using her ear or necktie for a target. And if she dare to smile upon some other swain, as, alas! she has done, she may look for a cannonade at any moment. There is something really quite exhilarating in matrimonial life, when one is in a state of suspense as to what will be the actual moment chosen by the other party to make mince-meat of one.

The question which at present occupies the grave judicial mind of the boss of the Police Court, is the weight of sentence which shall be pronounced upon Mr. Massey for calling Coroner Rice a toad. We consider Mr. Massey a gentleman of great perspicacity in this matter. We have heard individuals of less vivid imagination allude to the obese Coroner as a porpoise, an elephant, an enraged whale, a Ben Butler seal, together with other choice epithets, all of which lacked the delicate adaptibility of Mr. Massey's word. Habitually we dislike to gild refined gold or paint the lilly, but would the gentlemanly undertaker take it unkindly if we confine ourselves to the species, but suggest bull-frog to the general public, as a word containing more fully the idea which Mr. Massey delicately intended to convey.

The Woodhull creature is about to afflict the citizens with another blast of her fetid breath. Constitutionally, we believe naughty things of the parsons, but in this instance, when we consider the source of information, we are inclined to credit Henry Ward Beecher with all the cardinal virtues. Nothing could dethrone him in our opinion save the idea that Mrs. Woodhull had enjoyed the post of honor accredited to Mrs. Tilton. Till then, we will not believe Henry Ward Beecher to be irretrievably lost. We have often harassed our minds by wondering why the Lord wasted time in manufacturing this woman to be a thorn in the side of decency. But why should we lay all the bad jobs at his door?

Conundrums.---Czapskay, our pioneer professor of diseases of children and women, *bought* a diploma at Philadelphia, and was proud of the fact. Deane, our University Lecturer on diseases of women and children, and physician to the Lying-in Hospital, on Clay street, *buys* one from Giessen, in Germany, and tries to disguise the fact about the purchase. Which is the honester man of the two? We were lately at Swinesville, near San Andre-ass, Amador County. The township consisted of one family from Pike, one from County Cork, two Dutch Hebrews, and a pig ranch. They wanted a schoolmaster. Could Dr. Bates fill the bill?

Cardinal Cullen is up and doing! The Dublin papers inform us that "Trinity College came in for the most reverend preacher's most distinct and emphatic condemnation." We learn, likewise, that "The Catholic University was solemnly dedicated on Sunday last to *The Sacred Heart of Jesus*," which doubtless felt very much the better of the imposing ceremony. In order to help the Lord along, and console the faithful, it appears that "a fine statue of our Lord—imported from Germany—was blessed in the course of the ceremony." It is generally understood that the same artist will furnish—in a short time—statues of the mother and grandmother of Jesus, as well as of his mother-in-law.

As lofty organs of astronomical science, it is difficult to say which is most reliable, the *Bulletin* or the *Alta*. The *Bulletin* is obviously in receipt of money for the left-hand quack advertisements touching the comet "below the north star," but we fail to see why the *Alta* rushes into this matter. Why she says "The mischief of it is, the comet is apparently making a bee line for the earth?" That has been the cry of all ignorant old women since the creation.

A firm of inconsistent but well-meaning print-sellers and picture-dealers exhibit in the window of their store on Kearny street two oleograph pictures of more or less beautiful women, more or less denuded of garments. Between the lovely pair is a handsomely illuminated text, "Touch not, taste not, handle not." What is the moral of the show?

We do not remember to have seen any epitaph in which a man's virtues are more concisely stated than that upon the late Mr. Mink:

"The angels to-night, in their mansions of light,
Are a-waltzin' 'round Anthony Mink;
He was faithful and kind as any you'll find,
And gin was his favorite drink."

The week has been a rather uneventful one. Yet there have been unusual occurrences. Emperor Norton and Mr. Pickering have each of them had on a clean shirt. Which perhaps accounts for the *Call* being a little more cheerful during the past few days.

The detective branch of the Black Internationals have been burning "witches" in Mexico, and endeavoring to excite a religious revival. Prayers are to be offered up in all the churches, urging the Lord to strengthen the army of his clergy, so as to exterminate witches and heretics—blarst everybody!

THE DYING DOUBTER.

I die—but what is death?
What means this dark, mysterious change
From earthly life of doubts and fears to—where?
To purest bliss in realms beyond the air,
Or in the depths of misery to range
Beyond recall?

Weird thought it is—how strange
To think that after death is life,
In which strange voices blend in joyful tones,
Or sunk in anguish deep, breathe forth in moans—
How baffling to the brain, it fails to solve
The awful mystery.

Shall all but man to dust
Return at death, and be no more?
Shall he, more sinful than the rest of life,
More steeped in wrong, more loving envy, hate and strife,
Be snatched from Death, while earth's less erring life
Is known no more.

But comes this Death! at last
From me the cloud will be removed,
And what is dark and gloomy here below
Of after woe or bliss, I now shall know.
How awful 'tis! great Death, I go with thee
To see the light! —*Glasgow Mail.*

A DIRTY MEDICAL RASCAL.

Gentlemen Regents of the University of California, give attention and see what your system of making Doctors leads to! We present you with a specimen of the kind of quacks your system is bound to produce. At the rate at which you are manufacturing them, their shingles will soon be exhibited in every town west of the Rocky Mountains. These young men, lacking Academical training and possessed of only a very inferior medical education, will find themselves totally unable to compete with true physicians, and the result will inevitably be to all, save the exceptionally honest or gifted ones, whom no system however vicious can altogether destroy, that they will be driven by their necessities to practice the vilest wiles of the medical charlatan. How vile those wiles really are few persons even suspect. We have right here in our midst, occupying splendid apartments on Kearny street, a dirty rascal practicing as a physician and evidently enjoying considerable business, who has more than once narrowly escaped San Quentin. He is well known to the police, and has ere now been in their hands. At Sacramento he was known years ago as Dr. Cornbline. In San Francisco he calls himself Dr. Luscomb. We hesitate to tell all that has come to us about the fellow from undoubted authority. We are glad to know that he and his doings are receiving attention in the proper quarter. This man originally received a medical education almost identical in character with that now being imparted by Professors Deane, Bates, Bradbury, et als. He went into the busy world of competition and his insufficiency was soon apparent. The fellow had to live. Compete with his superiors he could not. He had not been trained to work. To beg, he was ashamed. What was he to do? What wonder that he soon began to use the dangerous knowledge he had acquired, in a dangerous way—aye! a *very* dangerous way. The rascal, in a daily paper, tells us that "Dr. Luscomb is one whom Nature made a Doctor, cultivated by experience, gifted with a clear and rapid judgment, self-reliant and preeminently successful, undertakes nothing but what he can do—consequently makes no failures. He has outlived prejudice, silenced calumny, opened a new era in Diagnosing Diseases, given to the world some of the finest remedies known to Materia Medica, *saved the human family untold suffering*, put it in the power of every man, poor or rich, to have and control a doctor in the house, and by doing so has made everlasting enemies of old fogies. The evidences of his skill are to be found everywhere, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, and from the St. Lawrence to the Rio Grande; in the streets of St. Louis, New York, Philadelphia, Boston, San Francisco, Cincinnati, New Orleans, Louisville, Chicago, Charleston. In fact every city and hamlet in the United States have walking, living certificates and evidences of Dr. Luscomb's greatness and success as a physician. Dr. Luscomb's apartments are fitted up in the finest style, and he has a complete set of the finest medical instruments to be found in the city, and a visit to him would repay the time spent." We regret to say that there are many Luscombs in San Francisco. Some five or six may be found in that list in another column. Fancy our much vaunted University being engaged in manufacturing them wholesale! A totally ineffective medical training must, from the very nature of things, produce Failures, who, unable to compete with educated physicians, must needs either betake themselves to manual labor, for which they are unfitted, or else thieve.

A miserable looking wretch got on the cars recently to go to Norwalk. He sat by himself as everybody appeared to shun him. He was the man that paints signs on the rocks.

GUARANTEEING.

How is it that none of our Trust Societies nor Insurance Companies take up the business of providing bonds and guarantees for honest and respectable people who need them, and prefer paying for the accommodation to asking a friend to become their surety? In England this has long been an important branch of the Insurance business. No one there now thinks of offering, and no one would accept, the bond of a private person whilst the guarantee of an incorporated company is procurable. Public officers, clerks in banks, and persons in responsible positions generally, are there compelled by the almost universal custom to procure the guarantee of a public company. It is excessively obnoxious to an independent man to ask his friend to become bondsman for him. He would gladly escape the humiliation by paying for that as he pays for all other substantial services. Then there is this advantage in the system—in the case of a defaulter one does not feel any compunction about claiming payment from a company; whereas, at present, it often is a heartrending piece of business to have to collect bonds from the not too wealthy parent of an erring son. Frequently the employer feels like blaming himself for not having been sufficiently watchful. Then, again, the solvency of bondsmen becomes doubtful, and scores of instances have occurred in which it has been found impracticable for this reason to collect bonds. The tendency of all our recent State legislation has been to require bonds for all sorts of things. It really is surprising that our practical men have not caused this line of business to be entered upon. The first company that takes hold of it will soon find that they are supplying an urgent want with great profit to themselves. The modus operandi is easily learned. This has been proved to be the safest of all branches of the Insurance business.

COAL AND IRON v. GOLD AND SILVER.

The gold and silver deposits in the Pacific territories make an exhibit not exceeding $70,000,000 a year, while Pennsylvania, boasting of neither auriferous nor argentiferous deposits, but yields from her mines of coal alone $50,000,000 and $30,000,000 additional from other equally substantial sources. The great State of Pennsylvania thus exceeds the wealth of the entire product of all the gold and silver mines of the United States, and when we remember that California alone has an area of 188,000 square miles and Pennsylvania only 46,000, the wonderful contrast is made still more apparent. Had the millions which have been worse than thrown away in wild and reckless mining operations, based upon the golden dreams and silvery sophistries of those who trample scornfully over the present and visible wealth, in their mad march across the continent in search of hidden treasures, been appropriated to the development of the mineral wealth of New York, New Jersey, Virginia, or North Carolina, how much better it would have been for us as a nation.—*Coal and Iron Record, New York.*

THAT COMET.

We entertain no serious objection to comets. We can't see why a star shouldn't take as much solid satisfaction in a tail as a Chinaman, but our very soul is harrowed at the way people have in looking for them. Why do they collect in a crowd as if there were but one point of vantage from which a view could be obtained? Why do they all gaze steadily in one direction when some of them might just as well be prospecting the heavens elsewhere? And why, O why—this is our pathetic appeal—is it necessary to summon to the face that expresston of consummate idiocy which graced every countenance turned upward the other night. Look for the comet by all means if you want it, O easily gulled public, but don't scare an inoffensive and sometimes brave citizen into timidity by appearing before him as a band of imbeciles just escaped from an emotional asylum.

OPHIR.

It is useless for a man who one day expects to distinguish himself as President of a mining company to waste his time over the rule of three. In mining matters that is an obsolete farce, out of whose remains the rule of two has risen, short, forcible, and to the point. Our friend Lissak might be the hero of a story which appears at intervals in the facetiæ column of the newspapers. Three Irishmen wished to divide four shillings equally between them, and left the task to that one of them who had the best "head for figgers." "Begorra that's aisy enough," quoth he, "there's two for yon two, and two for me too." It is expected of an Irishman that he vote twice or three times, or as often as the Democratic Convention may engage him, but Lissak is the first Hebrew known to take advantage of an Irishman's accorded privilege.

We hear of men confessing on their death-bed to the crimes of murder, abduction and incendiarism, but whoever heard of a dying man confessing to stealing papers? Nobody! Death cannot scare that man.

FORGET-ME-NOT.

Blue eyes, clear eyes,
Tender as the Summer skies;
Shaded o'er by sunny hair,
Like finest gold, so bright and fair.

Blue skies, clear skies,
There I see her tender eyes;
And the sunlight, bright and fair,
Falls as did her golden hair.

Blue flowers, fair flowers,
Blooming through the Summer hours,
With cup of gold, a yellow dot—
So blooms the flower Forget-me-not.

Blue eyes, gold hair,
Both are lying still and fair;
Over them the sky of blue,
Like her eyes, so clear and blue.

Sunlight falls there—
Golden sunlight like her hair;
And it lights a little spot
Where blooms the flower Forget-me-not.

S. Baxter.

SUCH IS FAME.

An enterprising Kearny-street man has decorated his window with numerous placarded suits of clothes, among which the James Lick suit stands conspicuous. Had we heard of, instead of seen, these clothes, the mind would have pictured one of those remarkable rigs gotten up by country mothers after dipping cast-off flour-sacks in yellow dye. In our minds there is an imperishable association between James Lick and flour sacks. Our visual organs, however, let us know what it is to be great. The man whose money will help to pierce the mystery of the heavens, who will regenerate a city with cold water, who will resurrect the memory of the dead, and play the devil generally, is being immortalized by having his name given to a speckled, striped, struck-by-lightning, shop-worn affair in Kearny street. Who wouldn't give away five millions for fame like this! If Mr. Lick will only come forward once more, we'll guarantee a Lick tooth paste in thirty days.

MARKET STREET.

The denizens of Market street have elevated their patrician noses at the plebeian cognomon of their abiding place. It savors too strongly of beef and vegetables. Shades of Brummel! Why should the etherial fancy of a Cheap John a carpet dealer, or a fifth-class restaurateur be made to realize the fact that there are in this world such gross affairs as beef and vegetables. O gentle Supervisors, let it be called Ambrosia street, that the imagination of the fanciful Cheap John, carpet dealer, and fifth-class restaurateur may revel in dreams of nectar from Hebe's cup, dawn dew gathered from the tender grass, and honey distilled by fairies. Call it anything that will suggest the gossamer fineness of the fancy of the dwellers thereon, and in heaven's name never again let them realize the plebeian necessities—beef and vegetables. Our own gorge rises in sympathy. Market street! Faugh!

The returns of the British Board of Trade for the month of May of this year show that the imports, compared with those of the same month in the preceding year, have decreased in value by nearly £6,000,000 sterling; but, when compared with the value of the imports of May, 1872, there is found an increase of about £270,000. In the exports there is not so much disparity. The value of the exports of last May reaches within £1,380,000 of that of May, 1874, while it exceeds the value of the exports of May, 1872, by more than £507,000. The most marked decrease in imports is noticed in the wool and cotton returns. Upon the whole, however, considering that 1873 was a year of abnormal prosperity, the people of Great Britain have no great reason to complain. Dull times may be foreshadowed, but by no means severe depression. A settlement of the difficulties in the coal-mining districts will obviate even anything like a marked general slackening of the ordinary industrial activity, and already we have an intimation that the Cleveland men have effected a settlement.

A New York man, who believes in advertising, paid a bill of $78,000 the other day for a year's work, but it was money well spent, for the earnings resulting from that advertisement, which were divided among four persons, footed up $650,000.

A young widow advertises in a Cincinnati paper that she has an income of three thousand dollars a year, and will marry any man, young or old, who possesses the same means, and can produce a certificate of good character.

HYMN TO FREE LOVE.

"Come down and redeem us from virtue,
Our Lady of Pain."

The world for many weary years
Hath worshiped Wealth alone,
But now another God appears
To threaten Mammon's throne.

Gold rules the camp, the court, the grove,
In western lands at least,
And Statesman, Parson, Lawyer, Love,
Have each been Mammon's priest.

But now where Freedom, Progress, light
The land that's foremost grown,
New altars rise, fresh favorites fight,
For God's not quite "Unknown."

In Pompeii I roamed amazed,
And saw, with grief and shame,
To Priapus a statue raised,
In houses of ill-fame.

The lusty God there filled his niche,
Set in a place apart,
But thou would'st light an altar, which
Should glow in every heart.

Oneida, Utah, both behold
Lust's votaries bow the knee;
They have not lost the love of gold,
But gained the love of thee.

The Phallus in the Orient field
Rises, a sign of power;
Old Egypt's priests due honor yield
To reproduction's dower.

And Rome and Greece both worshiped
Both raised the marble shrine [thus,
To Venus, Bacchus, Priapus,
The gods of lust and wine.

Lesser divinities they trod,
But thine apostles now [God,
Would make thee King, and Lord and
To whom alone they'd bow.

And to what end? Evil, 'tis true,
In olden rites we see;
What if we follow out the new
To fouler anarchy?

Give reins to lust; let Passion's power
Lead captive whom it will;
Throw down the hedges that embower
The modest maiden still;

Teach that the Father hath no right
To shield his erring child,
From toils with which the fowler wight
So many hath beguiled.

Men would not chaster grow, and maids—
Their landmarks all thrown down—
Dreaming thro' passion's flowery glades,
Would wake—lost—on the town.

And lo! the ruined maiden's cry,
Rising to heaven, increased,
And black care sitting, throned on high,
At every marriage feast.

Wide scattering of a fearful plague,
Whose ravages would play
A havoc in our untrained ranks,
Undreampt of till to-day.

Doubled abortions, since the fear
Must chill each mother's heart,
Lest with a helpless babe to rear,
Both feel desertion's smart.

The time's unripe! For saints in heaven,
Thy system perhaps might do;
Free Love, we cannot knead thy leaven,
Our righteous are too few.

Great Priapus, be merciful,
For righteous are there none,
And shouldst thou plunge us in this pool,
We're utterly undone.

Our Sodom cries to thee, "O God,
Spare me a little space,
Until I cleanse my blood-stained sword,
And wash my lecherous face!

Splashed with the blood of maids defiled,
And unborn infants slain,
Or horror upon horror piled,
Will mar thine opening reign!

Spare us, O spare us, Mighty God,
We've served thee wide and well,
Pass not our sons through fiercer fires,
Fierce Moloch flames of hell!

When the millennium shall have come,
And all men's hearts be pure,
We perhaps may worship thee at home,
And find a 'Perfect Cure.'"

San Francisco, July 7th, 1874.

Don Fulano.

TWENTY MARRIAGE MAXIMS.

Husbands need not pass these maxims by, for they are designed for wives; and wives should not despise them, for they are addressed to husbands:—(1.) The very nearest approach to domestic happiness on earth is in the cultivation on both sides of absolute unselfishness. (2.) Never talk at one another either alone or in company. (3.) Never both be angry at once. (4.) Never speak loud to one another—unless the house is on fire. (5.) Let each one strive to yield oftenest to the wishes of the other. (6.) Let self-denial be the daily aim and practice of each. (7.) Never find fault, unless it is perfectly certain that a fault has been committed, and always speak lovingly. (8.) Never taunt with a past mistake. (9.) Neglect the whole world besides rather than one another. (10.) Never allow a request to be repeated. (11.) Never make a remark at the expense of the other. (12.) Never part for a day without loving words to think of during absence. (13.) Never meet without a loving welcome. (14.) Never let the sun go down upon any anger or grievance. (15.) Never let any fault you have committed go by until you have frankly confessed it and asked forgiveness. (16.) Never forget the happy hours of early love. (17.) Never sigh over what might have been, but make the best of what is. (18.) Never forget that marriage is ordained of God, and that His blessing alone can make it what it should ever be. (19.) Never be contented till you know you are both walking in the narrow way. (20.) Never let your hopes stop short of the eternal home.

Cremation by sun process is to be the name for sunstroke, this Summer.

MR. GLADSTONE ON STRIKES.

Mr. Gladstone appeared, on June 9th, in the character of an arbitrator in a labor dispute. About twelve weeks ago the men employed at the Aston Hall Colliery, Flintshire, struck in consequence of a notice of a reduction of 15 per cent. Not only did the workmen refuse to accept a compromise, but they declined to resume work on any terms unless four non-union men, who had been working during the strike, were dismissed. The manager (Mr. Hanson) laid the matter before Mr. Gladstone, asking whether men who could thus unwarrantably interfere with the liberty of their fellow-workmen were such as he would be disposed to continue in the tenancy of the cottages on his estate. An interview was accordingly arranged for at the Hawarden vestry-room, when Mr. Gladstone addressed the miners:

Mr. Gladstone, having opened the proceedings by an explanation of the relation in which he stood to the miners, said that as regarded the question of wages, if they were used well none could have too much, and if they were used ill none could have too little. The majority of the workmen in the pit (continued the right hon. gentleman) in the exercise of their undoubted right—I do not care a pin whether the instruction came from the central union or not if they chose to place confidence in it—refused to work for less than what they considered to be the value of their labor; but the men who thought otherwise, though there were only four, had as good a right to form an opinion as the majority had. If we have come in this country to the day when the majority shall endeavor to put down the minority, and refuse freedom of opinion to those who are fewer in number, in my opinion the country will be one of which I should say, the sooner we get out of it the better. (Cheers.) I am told these four men committed no other offence except that of differing in opinion from the others. I can understand the majority being sore, and being annoyed—I do not doubt that at all. I am told the four men committed no other offence except working upon terms which you thought injurious to your position. They are in the predicament of having befriended their employers, who are now told to dismiss them, or the general body of miners will not go to work in the pit. Well, I am very loth to believe that demand has been made upon these grounds, and I should be very glad, in a friendly manner, to converse on that subject.

Mr. Gladstone went on to say that if the company had yielded to the demand of the majority they would have committed a mean and dishonorable act. After reminding the men of the wonderful improvement which had taken place in their condition, and dwelling on their power and organization, he said: We all require teaching in our duties one towards another. The rich have a great deal to learn in their duties to the poor, and employers in their relations to workmen; but, depend upon it, workmen have a great deal to learn also, and, permit me to say, they have a great deal to learn in respect to their relations one to another. I refer to attempts made to render the pay of a good workman equal to that of a bad workman; the attempts made to repress a man from doing as much as he can do; and the attempts made to discourage the labor of women and children—that is, of boys not fully grown up. All these are superstitions and errors which prevailed to a certain extent among many of the working classes of this country. Those errors will, I believe, cure themselves. But when it comes to an attempt to interfere with the liberty of others it is a very serious matter, and there is certainly a great prejudice in the minds of many in Parliament to give the franchise to working men when there is a disposition to interfere with one another's labor. This is a political consideration worth thinking about if you value a vote, and if you desire to strengthen the hands of those who desire to have the suffrage extended; but I do not stand upon that, I stand upon the moral and social ground, and I say to you as Englishmen, as men who possess and value liberty, there is no true value of liberty where a man does not respect the liberty of everybody else just as much as he respects his own liberty.

The workmen promised to reconsidered the matter.

A SUGGESTION TO OUR CRUSADERS.

The London Monetary Gazette says:—"Now that the penalties imposed by the Adulteration Act and the vigilance of our analysts have rendered it possible to obtain pure and wholesome milk in large cities, what a boon it would be to the hot and thirsty pedestrian if some of our shopkeepers would imitate our American cousins, and introduce the sale of iced milk and aerated waters in small quantities. According to the *Scientific American*, many restaurants have been established in New York where the refreshments supplied are confined to a few simple articles of farinaceous food, and to bowls of milk and cream sold at moderate prices. The idea is said to have originated five years since with the proprietor of a small baker's shop in a humble locality, who had a monopoly of this kind of business for some time and found it very profitable. Other persons, attracted by the rumors of his gains, opened larger establishments, which have culminated in full-blown restaurants. The more popular of these are said to be largely patronized by all classes. As much as 1,200 quarts on a cool day, and half as much more on a hot one, is the quantity of milk said to be consumed in a single establishment, by an average of 2,500 persons. With the addition of aerated water and ice, milk forms a very delicious and wholesome beverage in hot weather; and a most nutritious one in cooler weather, without the ice or aerated water."

Any man who keeps a poodle is a noodle.

DROPPINGS FROM THE SANCTUARY.

"Like holy oil which did drop down
Upon the beard of Aaron."—*Methodist Hymn.*

The Rev. J. A. Benton discoursed, last Sunday, on a theme interesting quite as much to himself as to his hearers. His lecture was commemorative of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his arrival here. He is the very pioneer of pioneer parsons, and his descriptions of early life in California were undeniably interesting. He concluded by a good sound slap at Bret Harte, whom he accused of generalizing too much and of making exceptional cases the standard of morality. It would be very unjust to allow his pictures to be regarded as the mirror of those times, bad as they were. Of the women, Dr. Benton spoke in fitting terms. Those who came first were subject to much remark, but rarely to insult, and they stood the test remarkably well. Many fell from grace, of course, and not a few had done it before they came here. But among the pioneer women, how many deserve a place among the noblest founders of the State! Not having been a '49er ourself, we speak cautiously, but have always contended that the population of California, all in all, was and is a very superior population. It took enterprise, often hard travel, and at all events *coin* to get here in those early days. The men who came were therefore of the ambitious and intelligent order, and not unfrequently of the first families. If we can credit the men thus far, how much more the women! Remembering that California is the stepping-off place of the farthest West, at the very end of the world as it were, they did not hesitate to accompany husband or brother on the tedious journey across the Plains, risking the dreaded Isthmus fever, or the stormy perils of the Horn. Why, it took a very Columbus of a woman to come out here then. It will be interesting to many to learn that Prof. Benton's first sermon in this city was preached on July 8, 1849, in the school-house on Brenham Place, where the Fire Alarm Station now stands.

The Rev. Dr. Julius Eckman, who died the other day at a good old age, was probably the most strictly learned man and greatest linguist who ever resided on this coast. He was the first Jewish Rabbi who came out here, and was well known at one time as the Editor of *The Gleaner*, and later of *The Hebrew Observer*. He could speak Hebrew, Greek and Latin about as well—and that was very well—as he could German, French and English. In literary and cultivated society he was delightful; he was a most amiable man, and imparted freely his varied stock of knowledge to all who sought it. His funeral was, speaking in the kindest sense, an ovation. Peace to his ashes.

St. Francis is not to be outdone by St. Patrick. Joseph Harrington, the artist, has been commissioned to paint, for the church dedicated to that Saint, an altar-piece of considerable pretensions, and we are bound to say has produced a picture of considerable merit. It will be more fully noticed as a work of art in the proper place. The Romish Church has always been the friend of art (of different kinds), and does not expect to draw a good house without providing a good show. We can see no reason why pictures, more especially of the notable events of Scripture, are any more sinful than other forms of decoration, or musical interludes, or the appurtenances of comfort. If the sects generally would take this hint, it would be a good thing for the brethren of the brush.

Peter Donahue deserves the thanks of the whole city, and not merely of the St. Patrick's congregation, for his beautiful set of chimes. The effect on a still moonlight night is very pleasing, and we, who have heard chimes in a good many climes (it takes a good many climbs to get at the St. Patrick chimes), don't remember any place where the music is more satisfactory. We have heard in Paris an indiscriminate jingle only, in the Strand, London, have tried vainly to catch the sound as it floated over the hum of seething humanity, cabs, carriages, and 'busses, and in New York know well the music of old Trinity—we have heard all the bell-ringers, but never fully knew how much of charming melody might be rung out of a set of bells till we musingly meandered down Market street the other night.

The Eastern Quakers have finished their annual conference. They have been greatly exercised by the question, "Should they or should they not read the Bible in their meetings for worship?" To do so as a rule would be to contravene the first principle of Quakerism, that everything must be done as the spirit prompts. But they have, as shrewdly as is their wont, closed the controversy by leaving it open, and in the meantime every one is to do as he likes.

Ruined Sermons.—Alluding to the fact that three steamers have been fatally weakened by additions to their length, the *Christian Register* says: "Many fine sermons have been ruined the same way."

The "Pacific" argues intelligently in favor of the erection of church parsonages, and refers to a comfortable one recently built at Clayton for a minister stationed there. Rents are high in California, and parsons' salaries in the country so low that the subject deserves attention. *We* believe that one-half of the parsons are wasting their time—that is, according to their own ideas, "God's time;" and we believe also that the people who listen drearily to their illogical meanderings should be called to account for *their* waste, in the aggregate, a very eternity of time. But, nevertheless, "the laborer is worthy of his hire," and each church owes its pastor a decent home and living. If you *employ* man or woman on a task, however useless, they expect, and expect rightly to be paid for it.

THE WOMAN'S LOT.

Bear witness, I am calm. I read my lot
As soberly as if it were a tale
Writ by a creeping feuilletonist, and called
"The Woman's Lot; a Tale of Every-day;"
A middling woman's, to impress the world
With high superfluousness; her thoughts a crop
Of chick-weed errors or of pot-sherd facts,
Smiled at like some child's drawing on a slate.
"Genteel?" "Oh yes, gives lessons; not so good
As any man's would be, but cheaper far."
"Pretty?" "No; yet she makes a figure fit
For good society. Poor thing, she sews
Both late and early, turns and alters all
To suit the changing mode. Some widower
Might do well, marrying her; but in these days!
Well, she can somewhat eke her narrow gains
By writing, just to furnish her with gloves
And droskies in the rain. They print her things
Often for charity." O a dog's life!
A harnessed dog's, that draws a little cart
Voted a nuisance.

GEORGE ELIOT.

COURT CHAT.

One thing Paris ever succeeds in—a charity fair—and that just held in the Musard Concert Garden, in the Champs Elysées, was very brilliant. It was rather a village *fete*, or a model of the famous St. Cloud fair, so animated, so droll, so amusing, and so innocent. "Two things," said the King of Portugal, "I desire to see, a Tuileries ball, and the *fete* of St. Cloud." The two principal *villageoises* were the Comtesse de Pourtalès and the Princess de Metternich; they had charge of the tombola: the former was in white muslin with *bronze* trimming, straw hat and long bronze-colored feathers; around the neck pearls strung on black velvet. She was very beautiful smiling under her veil, that melancholy smile which imparts such a charm to her mild and aristocratic features. The Princess de Metternich, first in point of taste in Paris, wore a blue linen costume, trimmed with white lace, an Italian straw hat, ornamented with a rolling ribbon and a single flower; the Princess possesses an admirable figure; the manner she has of contracting her eyes imparts *finesse* to her expression, and her habit of keeping her lips firmly closed suggests decision of character represented by a voice clear and sonorous as she jokes with her friends, biting and gracious at once, to buy her lottery tickets. The Baroness Rothschild sold cigarettes; the Countess de Mercy had rocking-horses and an Aunt Sally, the Countess de Mouchy presided at a bar, charging a louis for a bock of beer. Baron Rothschild earned for the fund a sum of two hundred francs by acting as an errand boy in carrying the lottery prizes for a Brazilian gentleman to his carriage. The Director of the *fete*, in order to ascertain would the day be fine, telegraphed to the various meteorological stations in France during the morning, and sent the favorable reply to all the lady booth-keepers.

In the House of Lords recently the interesting ceremony of inducting the new Royal Duke was performed in the presence of a large gathering of peers and lady visitors. The Duke of Connaught was introduced by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Royal brethren, attired in their peers' robes, were ushered in by the Lord Chamberlain, Garter King at Arms, and the other officials who become prominent on occasions of this nature. The new Duke, who bore his honors with much dignity, youthful as he looked, duly subscribed the roll; but then a slight hitch occurred in the progress of affairs, for, either from want of sufficient coaching on the part of the introducers, or from excessive perturbation amongst the officials, he was for a few seconds left in the lurch and knew not how to dispose of himself, as to take a seat in any of the ordinary benches might have led to some most awful heraldic consequences. His Royal Highness was, however, speedily rescued from this embarrassing position and safely conducted to a chair of state especially placed on the left of the throne for the occasion. The Duke of Connaught, having thus formally taken his seat in the House of Lords as a peer of the realm, departed, and the scene, which had been a very pretty one, came to an end.

Vice-Chancellor Malins had before him the case of Turner *v.* Bonaparte, in which a motion was made for an injunction to restrain Prince Pierre Napoleon Bonaparte and Princess Justina Eleanor Nina, his wife, from removing certain pictures which had been deposited with a firm in Bond street as a security for a debt due from the Princess to the plaintiff, Mrs. Turner. It was alleged by the plaintiff's bill that in December, 1872, the Princess agreed to purchase from the plaintiff a millinery business, in Bond street, by paying £300 for the goodwill and £236 for the stock-in-trade, that the plaintiff had received no part of the purchase-money, although the Princess had entered into possession and carried on the business, and that recently the plaintiff found that the Princess had contracted to sell the stock-in-trade at a large profit. Mr. Jencken, who appeared for the defendants, said the Prince had not been served with notice; the allegations of the bill were denied, and the Prince required time to answer them. The Vice-Chancellor granted an *interim* order, as against the Princess upon service of notice of motion, and as against the Prince upon *ex parte* application, restraining the removal of the pictures for a fortnight.

The Late Earl of Dalhousie.---The telegraph records the death of the above member of the British peerage. The Earl of Dalhousie in former years was an active politician. Before succeeding to the peerage he sat in the House of Commons as Hon. Fox Maule, and was a prominent member of the Liberal party. He twice filled the office of Secretary of War, the latter time during the Crimean campaign, when he discharged the duties with credit to himself and country. His original title as a peer was Lord Panmure, but he took the title of Earl of Dalhousie on the death of his cousin in 1860. For many years the deceased Earl was Grand Master of the Scotch Masons, but he resigned that post in 1870.

Some excitement has been caused by a paragraph in the daily papers announcing the sudden disappearance of a noble earl, who was last seen in the House of Lords on the eve of Derby. The nobleman thus spoken of is the Earl of Yarborough, and it is stated that he has taken passage to the Cape by the last steamer. The cause of this sudden disappearance is variously conjectured, but, as his lordship is a well know patron of the turf, it is generally supposed that the result of the Derby has had some connection with the matter. His lordship, who was born in the year 1835, succeeded to his title in 1862.

We are told that at the servants' ball given at Balmoral to celebrate Her Majesty's birthday, the Queen danced for the first time since the death of the late Prince Consort. Her Majesty danced first with Prince Albert Victor and Prince George, sons of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and afterwards took part in a reel with John Brown, her attendant, and Donald Stewart, one of the gamekeepers. It may be added that Her Majesty never previously took such an active part at a servants' ball at Balmoral.

The frequent annoyance caused by the similarity of the dress of waiters and the evening dress of gentlemen causes a correspondent to suggest that servants and waiters should wear green ties. A green or bright red tie, he thinks, would be a sufficient beacon to guide the most nervous and shortsighted of dowagers. Hardly practical. Why not get gentlemen to look still more gentlemanly, and thus mark the distinction in the most legitimate and most profitable way?—*Court Journal.*

The tomb of Abelard and Heloise in Pere-la-Chaise is undergoing repairs, and Abelard will in due time have a new nose in place of the one knocked off by a Communist's bullet. The remains of the poor loving sinners were removed six times before being deposited in their present resting-place. It is in love as in war—only an *immense* scandal will insure one an adorable immortality.

Lord Macaulay met Mrs. Beecher Stowe at Sir Charles Trevelyan's, and rallied her on her admiration of Shakespeare. "Which of his characters do you like best?" said he. "Desdemona," said the lady. "Ah, of course," was the reply, "for she was the only one that ran after a black man."

On dit, that a certain titled lady, whose husband possesses a vast estate not a hundred miles from the Metropolis, has lost £100,000 at the game of écarte, which will necessitate the sale of a large portion of his land and a few years' residence in foreign parts.

Prince Demitry, lately arrived at Vienna, has been robbed of 30,000 roubles in money, also a sabre with a gold handle, a figure of the Virgin Mary, enriched with diamonds, worth 6,000 roubles, and all his official papers and documents.

All the unmarried artistes wish to sing "Ophelia," for it is remarked that the only *artistes* who have sung the *role* of "Ophelia" in Thomas' *Hamlet* at the Paris Opera—Mdlles. Nilsson, Sessi, and Devries—have got married.

It is stated that six young ladies in London are at the present time "studying for the bar." They are reading in chambers under competent direction, and are working through the same course as students of the other sex.

Apropos of a rumored intended abdication of Victor Emmanuel, the *Patrie* believes it can state "that the act which will transfer the crown of Italy to Prince Humbert may not be long deferred."

In a recent case of "breach of promise," where heavy damages were expected, the only proof of "particular attentions" was the dividing of an orange and giving the lady half!

Louis Blanc has just brought out a new book. It is a merciless philippic against the Empire and the Bonapartists.

Some time ago we demonstrated clearly that in the Garden of Eden the number of apples eaten at that eventful sitting, wherein sin entered the world, was 8,205, to wit: Eve 81 and Adam 8124 company. It has now transpired why Eve ate one—that she might dress! and any of her sistren would have done the same. The sign of a millinery store should be apples. The idea is commended to the White House people.

A negro boy was driving a mule in Jamaica, when the animal suddenly stopped and refused to budge. "Won't go, eh?" said the boy. "Feel grand, do you? I s'pose you forget your fadder was a jackass."

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

When the Tibby-True row kept educational matters in a continual snarl and the young man came very near being forcibly ejected by the offended fair for eating jam with his fingers, we acknowledged the fastidious nicety of the average schoolma'am. Those delicate, ethereal, sylph-like, spiritual'e creatures have been again offended by a man with a bad breath, and he has been properly and ignominiously ejected. In behalf of the suffering schoolma'ams, we beg leave to present the following resolution: *Resolved*, That a committee of three be appointed to furnish all male teachers with a suitable amount of cloves, cardamon seeds, cachoues, and other breath disinfectants. Also *Resolved*, That the Supervisors shall instruct whatever druggist they may eventually decide upon to detail a posse of subordinates to the different school-house doors, armed with a miniature hose and cologne, with which they shall wash down the inodorous male teacher till he shall waft with him a fragrance like that of a huge sachet bag. *Resolved*, That the male creature who will willingly submit himself to the tormenting powers of this pack of women is a damphool and a suitable companion for them, the only recognizable difference between them being that the one employs a tailor, the other a dressmaker.

After all the fume, fuss, and uproar of the Local Option elections; after all the praying, preaching, and psalm-singing, all the big-tent howling, and street exhorting, all the lavish expenditure in button-hole bouquets, temperance lunches, lemonade, and ladies' fingers, ginger-pop, and ginger-bread, it seems as if General Jerry Hanifin, of Oakland, and the liquor brigade at his back, are likely to remain masters of the situation. The Oakland parsons and the tender virgins of their flocks have succeeded in getting three or four indictments against General Jerry, but the impression is almost universal that the law will be pronounced unconstitutional by the Supreme Court before the middle of the month, and meantime the retail liquor trade is as lively in Oakland as ever. Notwithstanding all the spasmodic exertions of the parsons and their spies, there is not a thirsty soul in Oakland who is compelled to languish for lack of his accustomed tonic. Meantime, the pious females across the bay are disgusted with Supreme Court-ing, and agree with the "evangelical" preachers that the world could be run to better advantage by the churches if there were no such bothersome institutions as Supreme Courts to stand between the fanatics and the people, and decide Blue Laws unconstitutional.

Balcombe is unmitigatedly a wretch. The placid confidence of many wives' bosoms has broken up into a sea of turbid doubt, and Balcombe is the cause thereof. Henceforth, when the husband murmurs 'club' or 'lodge' the hitherto unsuspecting wife scents Gussies in the chill night air. Never more is the faithful, but money-needing wife to be put off with 'first of the month,' or 'on a friend's note,' or any more of the lingo. She will walk deliberately to Cole's, and ask for Gussie's furniture bill; to the White House or City of Paris and demand to see Gussie's dry good's bill, and if her liege see fit to tempt her to good humor with a present, she will fear him to be a low, miserable, unprincipled dog, who has received it from Gussie in China, and will despise him for it. Gussies must live, and some one must pay for it; but, O, boy, boys Balcombe, how often have we said it? pay as you go, and avoid after-claps. Besides this, it is one of the intricacies of the female mind that even a wife respects her faithless husband all the more if he has acted like a gentleman. Any scoundrel would rather rob a bank or safe than rob a woman.

A slander upon one of our most distinguished and charitable citizens is going around town. It is to the effect that Michael Reese, having come to the philosophical conclusion that he has got to die at some time, has declared that he "won't do no such tam foolish ting as to give away his money to build a brass monument." It is further stated, that he has made all necessary arrangements to have his entire estate converted at a moment's notice into *one* Government Bond, and that so soon as the physician pronounces his case hopeless he purposes to *swallow* the Bond. We called on Mr. Reese to inquire if there was any truth in the rumor. "Mein Gott!" said Michael, "do you take me for a tam fool? Who's goin' to collect de interest? And may be, by and by de Gov'ment busts up, and den where'll I be?" We told him we couldn't answer these conundrums, whereupon he winked his left eye and said, "You bet I knows how to take better care than that of what I got." And then declaring that the very idea made him thirsty, he excused himself with his usual urbanity, and went down into a cellar to get a five cent glass of lager with a car ticket.

The Pope having given the people their periodical scare, has once more recovered and continues to receive visitors at the Vatican. This thing is becoming monotonous. For months we have had a paragraph set up stating that the Pope has at last handed in his checks. Ready for the worst we have from week to week kept an empty corner in the paper knowing from the latest bulletins that the old gentlemen was at his last gasp, when, presto! he was up again, munching tomatoes and holding levees. We consider this an unkind cut. It interferes seriously with the newspaper business, which delights in nothing more than an obituary upon a prominent character. However, we are not to be balked. We must give some news, hence we beg leave to say, without an authorization from the wires, that the Pope has had a relapse and is at the point of death. The dailies will probably confirm the report in a day or two. The Roman faithful, however, need not be alarmed, as we have good reasons for supposing it to be the same old point.

Really now, hasn't "the short California story" outlived the period of its usefulness? Isn't it about time that Mr. Bret Harte should let up on us? Has not the literary world had a surfeit of those heroic, high-souled gamblers, like Mr. Oakhurst, who are the noblest, the bravest, the most chivalrous, and the most philanthropic of mankind? Has it not had a surfeit of Mr. Harte's peculiar class of heroines, the ladies who shock conventional notions, and fly in the face of the proprieties, but who are nevertheless in a certain irregular way irresistibly fascinating? Harte's last story in the New York *Times*, in which he resurrects his favorite "Jack Oakhurst" after Jack had heroically "passed in his checks," is the climax of silly sensationalism. There are the same old characters, the same old ring of false sentiment, the same petty literary tricks, and the same stale and wearysome mannerism. Harte is played out.

We are delighted to learn that our dear friend the Pope is "jolly." The London *Court Journal* assures us of this pleasing fact. The Vicar of Christ, we are told, "walks about his palace full of joke and repartee." This is consoling to pious minds, and furnishes food for devout meditation. Jesus had no "palace," no revenue, no cardinals, and no throng of devout pilgrims to osculate his slipper. But the Pope, we are assured, "walks about his gardens at a rate that tries the breath of the well-fed cardinals." Moreover, he "visits his aviaries of numerous birds; is attended by his favorite black cat, the only living creature that is allowed to dine with him," and is supremely happy. Evidently the "Vicar of Christ" is much better off than his master was. The latter had no "well-fed cardinals," and, alas! and alack a day! he had no black cat to dine with him.

A fear is spreading among the community that the Pickering breed will not become extinct with the demise of the present childless owner of that euphonious appellation. The slave is the incipient tyrant. The American who submits to working in a newspaper office on the Fourth of July is a slave. Unhappily there is a chance of his being an editor some day, when he will immediately, easily and in the most natural manner possible, become the other thing. We have endured Pickering with patience because we thought there was going to be only one of him; but if there is to be a new edition, we are quite willing to lend our aid to further any little project which will send Pickering, his two papers, his two horses, and his reputation, to keep company with his taxes—all to be done in the neatest and most expeditious manner.

The "Post," in four separate articles in one issue, refers with withering scorn to the "sneaking *Call* and *Bulletin*." We are not prepared to assert that the *Call* and *Bulletin* do not sneak, but we like to help the little *Post* out with a pleasing variety of diction. The slimy, crawling, creeping *Call* and *Bulletin*, for example; the skulking, servile, truckling *Call* and *Bulletin*; or the niggardly, crouching, covetous *Call* and *Bulletin*—are all pleasing synonyms, and entirely at the *Post's* service. The *Post* need consider itself under no obligations, for since we have decided it to be a female paper we are always at its service. In the matter of adjectives especially we are particularly at our ease. We throw them off as easily as Belcher disburses dividends.

That Frederickson suicide is just beginning to become interesting. The Indianapolis young lady is doing as well as can be expected, and the English wife is becoming anxious. Various Mrs. Fredericksons, from other parts of the country, have not yet been heard from, but it is rumored that the African Mrs. F. would take it kindly of James Lick if he would contribute a little something towards a monument for the late lamented. In the meantime we are reluctantly compelled to admit that the young man himself did not die so much of unappreciated genius as of an uncomfortable accumulation of wives. Out of a bitter experience we warn the rising generation that the man who attempts to handle more than one woman makes himself unnecessarily uncomfortable.

The poor little Post is still wailing most unmusically under the infliction of Teutonic vengeance, like a foreboding tom-cat of ancient Egypt, about to be made a mummy of for Bumbosis. The wretched little organ richly deserves all the punishment it is getting for its villainous misrepresentations of the doings of the jovial Germans at the Alameda elections. The fact is, the greatest "outrage" perpetrated against Sallie on that occasion was the threat of a yellow-haired son of the Fatherland to kiss the voluble little vixen. Now we don't believe that a jury of unmarried Local Option females would find this piece of rude gallantry worthy of any severer punishment than a decree compelling the rash man to perform what he had threatened.

We beg leave to allay the consuming and devouring curiosity of the public regarding the Beecher scandal. We know well what a nice mess a nasty scandal is when a minister is concerned, but to smack the lips over it, it must be prepared by an epicurean. There is but one person living who can do justice to nastiness in all details. Be patient, dear public, and wait till Harriet Beecher Stowe gets warmed up to her subject, and we shall have a tidbit fit for Lucullus. A Chicago paper unkindly says that Henry Ward Beecher dare not throw a careless stone in New York or Brooklyn. Considering how his time is used up in his different capacities of author, editor, preacher and lecturer, this is rather perplexing, but Harriet will explain how he divides his time.

The Town Crier is afflicted with a fit of spiritual dyspepsia. The proprietor of the *News Letter* presented *T. C.* with a file of "religious weeklies," which he requested *T. C.* to look through. *T. C.* looked through them, and the sick, silly, idiotic drivel of the evangelistic journals was too much for him.

Gallantry is our most prominent characteristic. Caustic as we may be upon occasion, the ladies, dear creatures, never suffer from the vials of our wrath. All things feminine we touch with a gingerly hand, hence we ask the dailies to refrain from further abusing of the little *Post*. Cause why? Inasmuch as she inclines seriously to woman suffrage, favors the woman's temperance raid, and is not afraid to say so, flourishes a lady reporter and is not afraid to say so either, and devotes a column to the doings of a parcel of women whom no one knows and for whom no one cares, we look upon the *Post* as a sort of she-paper. We listen to the rustle of its petticoats and receive her vagaries with an indulgent smile.

There is an enlightened newspaper published in San Francisco, which represents pious and evangelical ideas. It is called *The Pacific*, and is edited by the Rev. Dr. Stone. *The Pacific* says: "Punishment is never for the good of the transgressor, or for his reformation." Certainly. Punishment is for the glory of God, or for the gratification of the mean malevolence of the righteous. If a poor bewildered creature goes astray and suffers natural retribution for the violation of natural law, the retribution is not meant by the Supreme Intelligence to benefit or reform the transgressor. It is meant to gratify the spite and hatred of the godly against all who do not share their narrowness of mind and their littleness of soul.

Most of the San Francisco manufacturers of public opinion are ruralizing just now. MacCrellish has gone to the Springs. Harry George, of the *Post*, has packed his satchel and will start for Stockton on Monday with an escort. De Young is going to San Rafael, stopping *en route* to inspect the accommodations at San Quentin, and ascertain whether the boarders at the State institution located at that place enjoy all the comforts of a home. The live paper has recently developed a philanthropic interest in regard to this matter which is quite touching.

Morgan and Wheaton have had a street fight. The general public will probably inquire who the deuce are Morgan and Wheaton. Somebody told us that somebody had told them that they had read somewhere in the newspapers that they were a couple of lawyers, but we can't find any one in the courts ready to swear to it. However, it is probable that they are willing to be, and if the fisticuff was an advertising dodge, the *T. C.* is perfectly willing to help them out of obscurity by placing this paragraph entirely at their disposal.

Our doting old grandmother of the "Alta" wants to know if it never occurred to the people who have read the highly exaggerated accounts of the "terrible outrages" said to have been committed at Alameda, that no one was arrested and that no warrants have been sworn out for the parties who so "cruelly" maltreated Parson Gibson? If there is anything in it, the *Post* is just mad enough now to prove its assertions in the Courts.

The Chronicle deserts its pal. The *Chronicle* shows its sense in doing so The poor little *Post* has lost its head, and the live paper observing, with superior sagacity, how the tide is setting, comes out and publishes a legal opinion showing that the Local Option humbug is a nullity. There is no conscience or principle in either the *Post* or the *Chronicle*; but the latter has some sagacity and knows the signs of the times.

"I cannot pass you to-night," said the gentlemanly check-taker at the California Theater, the other night, to an inveterate free-lister. "Well," responded the veteran, "I don't want you to pass me; you just stay where you are, and I'll pass you"—and he passed.

A pretty little dear of the local option persuasion, on hearing of the defeat of her party at Alameda, exclaimed:

"Alas! 'tis all in vain, our local option hops;
But if all must shut their mouths, why *that* will close the shops."

That expresses the substance of a very appropriate motto for the common sense moral persuasion branch of our temperance reformers.

Slang is becoming the language of all classes and nationalities. We went into the Maison Dorée the other day and called for a plate of bouillé. The French waiter bronght it and exclaimed, "Bully for you!"

The Pacific says: "A spiritless and sad-visaged Christian brings both his calling and his Lord into disrepute." Then why the deuce do the evangelicals go about with such sad dyspeptic visages? They ought to take a dose of blue mass, or liver-invigorator.

The "Alta" people managed to knock their forms into "pi" just as they ought to have gone to press the other morning. The little *Post* appropriately gives the item under the head of "Rum's Doings."

Oliver Cromwell is the theme of a forthcoming drama by a Parisian author, M. Victor Sejour. Cromwell in France is just now the right man in the right place, only he should have been alive.

Collins Graves, who rode so fast down the Mill River valley to warn the people of approaching danger is said to be the first milkman who ever ran away from water.

A fortune teller has predicted that Mark Twain will die this year—but he is only going to start a paper, which is pretty close for a fortune teller.

"He handled his gun carelessly, and put on his angel plumage," is the latest Western obituary notice.

NEW BOOKS FROM A. ROMAN & CO.

Sea and Shore. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston.

A charming little volume of sea songs, selected with great good taste and judgment from the pages of Byron, Tennyson, Longfellow, Swinburne, Owen Meredith, Whittier, etc., and in French from Victor Hugo, Lamartine, Chateaubriand, etc. The style of this edition, with its gray binding picked out in gold, red edges, and tinted paper, reflects credit on the taste of the house of Roberts Bros., and renders this little book an ornament for any library or drawing-room table. We select from its pages the following, by Thomas G. Appleton :

POMPEII.

The silence there was what most haunted me.
Long, speechless streets, whose stepping-stones invite
Feet which shall never come; to left and right
Gay colonades and courts, beyond the glee,
Heartless, of that forgetful Pagan sea;
On roofless homes and waiting streets, the light
Lies with a pathos sorrowfuller than night.
Fancy forbids this doom of Life with Death
Wedded, and with her wand restores the Life.
The jostling throngs swarm, animate, beneath
The open shops, and all the tropic strife
Of voices, Roman, Greek, Barbarian, mix. The wreath
Indolent hangs on far Vesuvius' crest;
And over all the glowing town and guiltless sea, sweet rest."

"Some Women's Hearts," by Louise Chandler Moulton. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston.

Mrs. Moulton has won her way to all children's hearts by her delightfully tender Bed Time Stories. She possesses the rare faculty of writing a story full of religious feeling, conveying a moral, yet without falling into the goody-goody-teachy-teachy style. "Some Women's Hearts," Love Stories for Idle Hours, is prettily and entertainingly written, and will no doubt meet with as favorable a reception as her first volume.

We have received from the publishers copies of the "Old and New Magazine," for the months of April, May, and June. This clever monthly is conducted by Edward E. Hale, and its list of contributors embraces some of the best talent in Europe and America. A continued story, published from advance sheets, by Anthony Trollope, "The Way We Now Live," and "The Fatalist," a novel, by the great Russian Author, Ivan Turgueneiff, form a part of its attractions.

The International Review; Six Times A Year. Published by A. S. Barnes & Co., New York.

The present magazine for July and August contains some very interesting reading matter. The first article on "Wm. Cullen Bryant and his Writings," by Ray Palmer, D.D., is characterized by vigor of style and beauty of language. No. II.—"Coal And Its Supply," by Prof. E. B. Andrews, State Geologist of Ohio. No. III.—"Thirteen Years of Freedom in Italy," by Prof. Angelo de Gubernatis, L.L.D., Florence, Italy. No. IV.—"The Catholic Reformation in Switzerland." No. V.—"The New Revision of the English Bible," by Prof. George P. Fisher, D.D., Yale College. No. VI.—"The Orthodox Church," by Princess Dora d'Istria. No. VII.—"Books."

Lord of Himself. A Novel. By Francis H. Underwood. Boston: Lee & Shepard, Publishers. New York: Lee, Shepard & Dillingham. 1874. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco, Cal.

This is a novel, written in Underwood's best style, which is the highest recommendation that novel readers can desire. The interest is well sustained from beginning to end. The characters are well drawn, and true to the life, especially those of Beauchamp Russell and Aunt Phillis. Life in the Southern States is in many respects different from life in the Northern States, which may render it rather difficult for some readers to appreciate the home picture, but any one who has resided in the South will at once recognize the author's graphic power and truthfulness in minute detail. To all our readers, be they Southerners or Northerners, we can heartily recommend the work, and will guarantee that a perusal will be amply repaid.

The Boston Traveler is in a fog, for if Mr. Sartoris married the young lady whose portrait is published in Harper's *Weekly*, he has jilted the poor girl in *Frank Leslie's*, and if he has wedded the latter his conduct towards the pretty face in the *Graphic* is in the highest degree reprehensible.

A Georgia negro who bet ten dollars that General Washington commanded the Federals at Bull Run, handed the money over with the remark: "Well, dis yere hist'ry business is all mixed up, anyway."

HUMORS OF SOME RECENT MARRIAGES.

Tyrne-Tyrne—On the 14th inst., Henry Tyrne to Miss Kitty Tyrne.

Let's hope they were good children both, We can't complain in such event,
And honored well their loving mother; For "one good Tyrne deserves another."

Moore-Moore—On the 1st, Charles Moore to Miss Sophia Moore.

The happiness they will enjoy, But when they have "a little Moore,"
Is great beyond degree; O, won't it greater be.

Williams-Williams—On the 29th ult., William Williams to Miss Wilhelmina Williams, both of Williamstown.

"For further particulars, see small bills."

Neill-Tier—On Wednesday, Frank Neill to Miss Jane Tier.

A sad event, we rather fear,
She turned to kneel, and dropped a tear.

Cobb-Webb—On Monday, 2d inst., George Cobb to Miss Lizzie Webb.

A gruff old fool who sits just now beside us,
Says in our ear, "Look out for little spiders."

SCIENTIFIC.

A Cure for Lumbago.—The last number of the *Journal des Connaissances Médicales* describes some cases of lumbago cured by Dr. Hamon, of La Rochelle, by means of local capillary bleeding. Some time ago a blacksmith of a neighboring commune consulted him about an affection of this kind, which it seemed he had caught by exposure to cold while in a state of perspiration. He had come in a vehicle, which he could not step out of without assistance; he walked in doubled up with pain, the frictions with camphorated spirits of wine he had been making having produced no effect, though continued for three days. The patient being particularly anxious to get well, Dr. Hamon proposed the operation above alluded to with a mechanical cupping-glass. He having consented, he was made to lie down on his stomach, the lumbary region being brought out well into relief by means of a cushion laid under him. A wide-mouthed vessel being adapted to the aspiration tube, a vacuum was first made to draw the blood to the skin, which, soon becoming violet, acquired thereby a certain degree of insensibility. Air being let in again, the cupping-glass was taken off, and a 16-bladed scarificator was applied four times. The glass was now put on again, and in about ten minutes 150 gms. of blood were extracted. The cure was instantaneous; the patient dressed himself, got into his vehicle without assistance, and has had no relapse since then. Dr. Hamon says that in rheumatic affections of the nature alluded to, this method, applied to persons of a good constitution, and *loco dolenti*, is the surest and most expeditious. He relates the cases of two ladies seized with rheumatic pains analogous to lumbago at the same time. One of them was treated by a fellow practitioner with injections, sulphurous baths, subcutaneous injections of morphine, etc., and after three months, could only hobble. The other was cupped by Dr. Hamon, in the way described, on the third day, and was cured on the spot.

Safety of Anæsthetics.—If the force of statistics be of any value, ether appears beyond question to be the safest anæsthetic. By combining American and British data relating to this question, the result shows conclusively that chloroform is eight times as dangerous as ether, twice as dangerous as a mixture of chloroform and ether, and, as far as experience goes, it is more dangerous than bichloride of methylene. The report of the London chloroform committee, appointed to investigate this subject, states that not only is ether less dangerous than chloroform, but that with every care, and the most exact dilution of the chloroform vapor by the most skillful hands, the state of insensibility may pass in a few moments into one of imminent death.

Cheap Ozone.—Dr. Beer offers a plan of generating ozone which he says places it within the means of the humblest. A packet of matches is dipped in warm water for a few moments, and then suspended in the room to be disinfected. The effect is described as prompt and salutary. The room in which Mr. Beer first made the experiment was in the basement of an old cellarless house on made land, the air of which was further tainted by a quantity of mouldy books and papers. By the use of a few packets of matches, kept active by daily watering, the air of the room was rendered apparently perfectly sweet and wholesome. The same plan has been also successfully employed in the sick room.

The Chicago chimney sweeps are to wear upon their left breast a legend as follows:

Chicago Chimney sweep,
We'll do our work to soot you.

A Brookfield woman is completely unmanned by the loss of her husband.

THE COMET.

Just now the comet is the subject of general conversation and of much star gazing at night. We take the following particulars from an interesting communication in the New York *Tribune:*

SIR: Permit me again to congratulate Professor Swift upon the discovery of what now promises to be the most wonderful and instructive comet in the history of the world. On July 16th, the tail will extend far beyond the pole and develop a new characteristic, tapering off rapidly toward the end. Within three or four days after the 16th, the tail will have become so expanded in the neighborhood of the pole as to fill a large part of the northern heavens. Yet it will not be a conspicuous object, because it will be so faint as to look rather like an immense cloud, or a new milky way, than what it really is. By this time we shall have solved the question whether the tail is hollow, or has a radiated structure, or what is its constitution. What will be the effect upon the earth? I dare not predict the effect upon the minds of men, especially of the ignorant; but I do not anticipate any further appreciable physical effect further than possibly electrical phenomena like the aurora. It will, of course, leave us some of its atmosphere when it departs, but, probably, not enough to affect the barometer, or to come within the cognizance even of scientists. But there may be, by possibility, one permanent effect of scientific interest and curiosity. If the earth should not entirely escape, the moon will also probably be involved, and it also will retain a portion of the cometary substance. As the amount of the atmosphere upon the moon's surface is now so small, if, indeed there is any at all, that it is unrecognizable by the nicest astronomical scrutiny, perhaps after the passage of the comet we shall find that henceforth the moon will have an atmosphere, of greater or less density, which will materially modify the phenomena of occultations and solar eclipses. I will add that Venus is safely out of the way, so that the transit expedition will not be interfered with by the great comet of 1874.

In *Gould's Astronomical Journal*, Professor Peirce has developed means of computing with great accuracy, from observed phenomena, the form of the tail of a comet. I intend, as soon as I shall have the necessary materials, to determine with more exactness the position and appearance of the comet's tail from the middle of July up to its final disappearance in this hemisphere. I have, therefore, refrained from giving to this article the exact details of the results shown by my computations.

HENRY M. PARKHURST.

NEW YORK, June 29, 1874.

TRAIN'S LAST, AND THEREFORE BEST.

We have never been guilty of inflicting much of George Francis Train upon our readers. As this promises to be his last, we give it a place:

To the Editor of the New York Sun:—The following appeared lately in your columns:

"When George Francis Train was a candidate for Dictator of America, he used to tell us of five millions worth of lots that he owned in the city of Omaha; and now the Sheriff of Douglas county, Nebraska, offers for sale twenty acres of these splendid lots to raise money to pay an execution for $3,500 taxes and interest. Alas for Train and Omaha, too! He says he is tired of being a pauper millionaire, and considers Omaha a fraud."

With this pestilential financial communistic uncertainty shooting through the air, I suppose I ought to be indebted to the *Sun* for starting this paragraph through its several thousand exchanges, more especially as millionaires will soon be at a discount. Inasmuch, however, as it is not true, no portion of my 5,000 lots being in the hands of the Sheriff, nor offered for sale, perhaps you will allow me to remain a "pauper millionaire" by making the *amende honorable*. He who steals my good name steals that which the press has never given me, but he that steals my purse steals mortgaged property in the city of the future of great value. I am willing to make this offensive and defensive compact with the newspapers: If they will let me severely alone, I will agree never to speak again in public, to publish another book, or write another letter to a newspaper. I am now satisfied that the many strange events of my ever-changing life—which I supposed I was enacting out of some grand principle to benefit humanity—had no motive higher than that thing they call *fame, ambition, popularity, self*, or a *morbid love of notoriety!* I did not know this at the time, and only discovered it since abstaining from all kinds of animal food. Should the coming disasters elevate the moral sense of the people to my standard, I am willing to shake hands with them again. Meanwhile I am not at home to friends or foes, simply asking to be let alone. GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

A New Castle, Delaware, woman has been tolerably thrifty since her marriage. During the twenty-four years of her connubial joys she has added a darling hopeful, yearly, to her blossoming household. She has now twenty-three, and don't expect to do better than she has done in the years to come.

Captain Fry's widow has started a wood-yard in New Orleans. She numbers her friends in that city by the cords.

SPECIAL BREVITIES.

Compulsory Education in America.—Senator Stewart, of Nevada, has proposed an amendment to the Constitution, as follows:—"Article 16.—If any State shall fail to maintain a common-school system, under which all persons between the ages of five and eighteen years, not incapacitated for the same, shall receive, free of charge, such elementary education as Congress may prescribe, the Congress shall have power to establish therein a system, and cause the same to be maintained at the expense of the State.' This is one of the most important amendments that has ever been submitted to Congress. The Constitution imposes upon Congress the guarantee to every State of a republican form of Government. Now there can be no such form of government, either in form or spirit, without education. We are rapidly coming to the doctrine that ignorance is crime, and certainly it is a crime against the State. It is more necessary to build schoolhouses than jails, and quite as important to send children to school as to preserve the quarantine at our ports. We trust the Senator will press this amendment, or one similar to it in spirit, and that it will commend itself to the prompt and intelligent consideration of Congress.—*New York Herald.*

The Rev. A. Peabody, in an address which has been published, enlarges upon the use of the exaggerated, extravagant forms of speech used by young ladies—saying splendid for pretty, magnificent for handsome, horrid or horrible for unpleasant, immense for large, thousands of myriads for more than two. "Were I," says he, "to write down for one day the conversation of some young ladies of my acquaintance, and then to interpret literally, it would imply that, within the compass of twelve or fourteen hours, they had met with more marvelous adventures and hair-breadth escapes, had passed through more distressing experience, had seen more imposing spectacles, had endured more fright, had enjoyed more rapture, than would suffice for a dozen common lives."

A few days ago a hungry party sat down at the well-spread supper-table of a Sound steamer, upon which one of the dishes contained a trout of moderate size. A serious-looking individual drew this dish toward him, saying, apologetically, "This is fast day with me." His next neighbor, an Irish gentleman, immediately inserted his fork into the fish and transferred it to his own plate, remarking, "Sir, do you suppose nobody has a sowl to be saved but yourself?"

Rev. Dr. Miner told his people at Boston recently about his recent mission to California to establish a Universalist Church. This sect never had an organization in this State until January, 1873, when a church was formed at San Francisco, but its pastor was soon disgraced and it soon passed out of existence. Dr. Miner, however, has organized a church that already receives subscriptions of $5,000 a year.

The late Dr. Fletcher was preaching an evening sermon to a crowded audience in Edinburgh, when a note was handed up to him to intimate that if Dr. So-and-so was in the church he was urgently wanted. Having read the note, and seeing the doctor moving off, he immediately added, with great fervor, "And may the Lord have mercy on his patient."

"**William**," said one Quaker to another, "thee knows I never call anybody names, but, William, if the Governor of the State should come to me and say, 'Joshua, I want thee to find me the biggest liar in the State of New York,' I would come to thee, and say, 'William, the Governor wants to see thee particularly.'"

A powerful English company has been formed to carry commerce into the heart of Africa. Livingstone's work will be completed. In four months the first station will be opened.

A Yankee editor has recently got up a remedy for hard times. It consists of ten hours labor, well worked in.

THE BUNYAN STATUE.

The statue of John Bunyan, presented by the Duke of Bedford to the town which bears his name, was unveiled by Lady Augusta Stanley on June 10th. The town honored the occasion by decorating, and at night by illumination. The statue, which has been placed on St. Peter's Green, is of bronze, by Boehm, and is universally admired. The inscription is carved in the granite pedestal, and is singularly appropriate. Lying at the feet of Bunyan is the chain struck from his legs, and on the panel underneath is the autograph of "Bunyan." Medallions representing scenes from the "Pilgrim's Progress" form a pleasing relief to the pedestal, which, with the statue, is about 9 feet high. A procession was formed at the Shire Hall, and the Mayor of Bedford and the Dean of Westminister, on arriving at the statue, were loudly cheered. The Mayor briefly addressed the assembly, and the statue was then unveiled amid the hearty cheers of the spectators.

Later in the day a meeting was held in the Exchange, when Dean Stanley delivered an address, selecting as his text Bunyan's words—"As I walked through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a certain place where there was a den."

These words, said the Dean, have been translated into hundreds of languages, and hundreds of thousands in all parts of the world and in all nations of mankind have asked, "Where was that place, and what was that den?" and the answer has been given that the name of the place was Bedford, and that the den was Bedford Gaol. (Cheers.) This it is, ladies and gentlemen, which has given to the town of Bedford its chief—may I say, without offence, its only—title to universal and everlasting fame. (Cheer and laughter) It is now very nearly 200 years ago since John Bunyan must have resolved on the venture of publishing the work which has given Bedford its immortal renown, and Bedford is this day endeavoring to pay back some part of this debt which it owes to him. It has seemed to me that I shall best discharge the trust with which I have been honored by saying a few words, first on the local, then on the ecclesiastical, and then on the universal character of your illustrious townsman. (Cheers.) Something of a national, something even of a cosmopolitan, color was given to the work and career of John Bunyan by the wandering gipsy life which drew the tinker, with his humble wares, from his brazier's shop, as well as by the more serious circuits which he made as an itinerant preacher on what were regarded as his episcopal visitations. I have to leave Bedford this evening for Leicester, when, as I hope, I shall be in the track of the young soldier who, whether of the Royal or the Parliamentary arms, for that is still in dispute, then so narrowly escaped the shot which laid his comrade low, and there gathered the imagery for the "Holy War" and the salvation of man's soul. When it was my lot to explore the pilgrim's way to Canterbury I used to lend a willing ear to the ingenious engineer of the Ordnance Surveyor, who suggested that in sauntering down the devious pathway and in those shady lanes the pilgrim of the seventeenth century might have caught the idea of the Hill of Difficulty. In the great Babylon of London we may all find ourselves in the midst of what must have given him the notion of "Vanity Fair;" where also he attracted thousands around his pulpit in Southwark, and where he rests in the grave of his host in the venerable cemetery of Bunhill Fields. But still, I grant that none of these places can compete for the closeness of association with his birthplace at Elstow—the cottage, or what might have been the cottage, of his nativity, the venerable church where he first joined in our public worship, and the massive bells whose tolls he rung, the village green where he first played his rustic games and was haunted by his manifold visions, the puddles on the road on which he sought to perform his miracles. But even Elstow can hardly rival the "den," for which, as I have already said, the whole world inquiring turns to Bedford. Most fitting, therefore, has it been that the first statue that has been erected to the memory of the most illustrious citizen of Bedford should be the offering of the noble head of the illustrious house to which Bedford has given its chief title.

Pursuing this theme, the Dean suggested that Bunyan borrowed many of his names from the neighborhood. In the Bedfordshire lanes he may have the original of his Slough of Despond. In the hills and gardens of Wrest, and Hayes, and Woburn he caught the first glimpses of his House Beautiful; in the turbid waters of the Ouse, at flood-time, he saw the likeness of the river Very Deep, which had to be crossed before reaching the Eternal City. Dr. Stanley mentioned, as eminent Baptists, Havelock, Marshman, Carey, and Robert Hall; but said that though the National Church had much wherein to glory, Macaulay pointed out that the seventeenth century produced only two men of original genius, both Nonconformists—namely, John Milton and John Bunyan. The Dean went further than that, and said the two prose works best known in the English language were by Nonconformists—"Robinson Crusoe" and the "Pilgrim's Progress." Passing from the local bearings of the subject, Dr. Stanley drew from the events of to-day, viewed in their connection with a remote past, the satisfaction that the old giant Intolerance, who was very stout and hearty in Bunyan's time, was now disabled, he hoped, forever. The audience interposing with an eager cheer, the speaker said, "Ah, don't be too jubilant. The old giant is still alive; he may be seen on all sides; the spirits of burning and judgment have not altogether departed from mankind, either from Churchmen or Noncomformists, but the giant's joints are very stiff and crazy." There was now much laughter mingled with the renewed cheers, and the Dean then proceeded to say that the hero of Elstow was great, the preacher of the Baptist meeting-house at Bedford was greater still, but beyond all comparison greater was the dear teacher of the childhood of each of us, the creator of the characters whose names and faces are familiar to the whole world. The speaker wished it to be understood that he spoke of Bunyan as an Englishman to Englishmen, and

not as a Churchman to Dissenters. The "Pilgrim's Progress" he described as the book *par excellence*, that next to the Bible has contributed to the common religious culture of the whole Anglo-Saxon race, and the only book, perhaps, that has succeeded in combining religious instruction with entertainment to both old and young. It was entirely Catholic—that was, universal—in its expression and thought. With all its freedom it was never profane, with all its devotion, it was rarely fanatical, and with all its homeliness, it was never vulgar—it was, in fact, a work of true art and true genius. Bunyan was the Burns of England; on the tinker and plowman the glory of genius had descended, and Bunyan was a nobleman in spite of himself. His story of Christian's progress was a living drama, not a dead disposition. As surely as he walked the streets of Bedford, never boasting of himself, submitting himself to the judgment of others, loving to reconcile differences, so surely was the pilgrimage which he described the pilgrimage of every one amongst them. The companions, the neighbors he describes, were the same, some of them met in actual life. Did they not know Mr. Facing-both-Ways and Mr. Talkative? Some of them had perhaps seen Mr. No-Good, Mr. Liveloose, and Mr. Implacable, or met Mr. Faintheart, Mr. Noheart, and Slowpace and Shortwind—(laughter)—and Sleepyhead, and the young woman whose name was Dull. Some of them, too, had been cheered by Mr. Greathead and Standfast and Valiant for the Truth, and good old Honest. Some of them had been in Doubting Castle; some in the Slough of Despond; some had seen the temptations of Vanity Fair; and all of them had climbed the Hill of Difficulty. All of them had some burden, all needed the same armor, all had to pass through the Wicket Gate, all had to cross the Dark River, for all of them, if God so willed it, waited "the shining ones and the gates of the Celestial City, which when we see we wish ourselves amongst them."

GREAT ABUNDANCE OF MONEY.

At no time since the Franco-German war, and the consequent creation of a gold standard in Germany, and the suspension of specie payments in France, has there been anything like the abundance of money that now prevails. Throughout Europe, America and the East there is the same restricted employment for money in trade, and the same prospect of a more than average yield of the most important crops. As regards the Continent, the calm is very striking. In Germany the gold currency, which two years ago would have been found altogether inadequate to meet the then inflated condition of business, now promises to be ample, and the mints have ceased their labors. In France an inconvertible note circulation of a magnitude which literally checked the breathing of English economists, has passed into such a reasonable proportion to the gold held that no one would be surprised if the Bank of France were to resume specie payments without any restriction whatever. At present the bullion trade literally hangs upon the stock of gold which is at the Bank of England. This amounts to less than 22,000,000 sterling, while the Bank of France has an inaccessible store of 45,000,000. Once let the notes be convertible into gold, and then the whole of this great reserve will be as available to the world as is our smaller store. The prospect of such an accession of strength naturally, of course, helps to keep money everywhere cheap. It is literally true that 3 per cent. is now the average value of money in Europe. If we look still further we find precisely the same conditions, having the same results. In America trade is depressed, and the spirit of commercial enterprise has been subdued to a degree far exceeding anything which has been experienced since the revival of business which quickly followed the close of the civil war. There is great abundance of loanable capital in the Australasian colonies, and notwithstanding the famine the Indian markets are also overstocked. Everywhere we see that reduced means of employing money have resulted in redundant supplies. More particularly in America and the United Kingdom there is no doubt that business would once more abound if the prices of manufactured goods could be reduced to something like what they were two years ago. The common obstacle to this is the difficulty of getting wages back in due proportion. The workmen hesitate to recognize the necessity of any such reduction. Nothing has so much contributed to the development of modern business as the readiness with which lower prices have been followed by increased consumption, and vice versa. In time, we do not doubt, the working classes will recognize this truth.—*Monetary and Mining Gazette.*

Ashanti Gold.—Prof. A. H. Church has analyzed a fair sample of the metal, cutting off portions of several small nuggets for this purpose. He finds it to be practically an alloy of gold and silver only; only a mere trace of copper and iron is present. The proportions are—gold, 90 055 per cent.; silver, 9.940 per cent. The color of the nugget is very uniform and rich. The surface color is further deepened by the red hematite earth which adheres to it. Now and then a nugget of paler tint may be observed, but the difference is due to the less compact character of these specimens, and not to the presence of mere alloy.

Fair damsel (putting on new gloves).—"Too tight! O, no, auntie, not at all besides, I like them a little tight." Troublesome brother.—"Feels as if somebody was squeezing her hand; don't you see, auntie?"

THE DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN.

[BY SAMUEL BENHAM.]

Fold up the richly 'broidered dress,
Lay by the precious, tiny shoe,
The white-plumed cap, the flaxen tress,
And little crimson stockings too;
A mother's heart with grief is thrilled
For Death the wearer's pulse has stilled.

The sky-blue eyes are curtained in
With lids which seem so strangely dead,
While o'er the breast, so pure from sin,
The dimpled hands are gently spread.
The merry, prattling voice is hushed,
And fondest earthly hopes are crushed.

Away has flown the nestling dove,
And lone, heart-smitten Rachel weeps
The babe, whose fair face shines above,
Though in the tomb its body sleeps;
The rosewood crib is vacant now!
Alas! she must submit—but how?

Her lamp of Hope seems dimly lit,
No breath of dewy blossoms fair,
The windows of her heart admit,
No sparkling sunshine enters there;
Life now a broad Sahara seems;
No blessing in the future gleams.

Why thus lament in sadness lone?
Why let those tears of anguish fall?
Why grieve that one so young has flown?
Why back to life the loved one call!
A life, at best with ill so fraught,
That three-score years are counted naught.

Look up, look up! the jasper walls
Are nearer now than e'er before,
With beckoning hand your loved one calls;
For peace stands there; come o'er,
And gain the joy, and song and rest,
Within the mansions of the blest.

NEVADA AND HER FUTURE SENATOR.

The ensuing elections, both this year and the next, for President and members of Congress throughout the whole of the Union, possess a more than ordinary interest, and ought to excite a more than ordinary degree of attention. In 1876 the Great Centennial will be held at Philadelphia, and the Government and the Nation are prepared to spend millions to celebrate the anniversary in a manner worthy of the grand event of National Independence. It is to be presumed that in that year America—for we prefer giving the States the broad significant name—will be the focus of attraction of the whole world, and the influx of visitors will far exceed anything to be found in the annals of our history. Especially, then, it behooves us to present a noble and dignified aspect to visitors from all parts of the world, and nowhere can that dignity and true nobility be better displayed than in the collective legislative assembly at Washington. All visitors of distinction, whether political, hereditary, or merely wealthy, will flock to the Capital of the Great Republic to note the workings of the problem of a century. Therefore we repeat, we must be well represented. We must, especially in the Senate, which will be the center of attraction, have character, intelligence, learning, oratory, and that broad comprehension of facts which, grasping as it were intuitively at knowledge, creates your true statesman. Crœsus alone will not be sufficient. We have great faith in the power of money, and a reliance on the intellect and judgment of that man who has had the skill and foresight to accumulate millions, but in a deliberative body Crœsus may have considerable weight, yet, as regards lookers-on, he has no force. We have been led into this train of thought by the forthcoming elections from the Pacific Coast, and notably by that not far distant of our sister State of Nevada. The State elections take place at the end of September, and on them will depend who is to succeed Senator Stewart in Congress. Senator Jones has obtained a sudden popularity by his speech on the currency, and it might be as well if, like single-speech Hamilton in the English House of Commons, he rested his popularity on his maiden effort. At the same time, Senator Jones represents a peculiar section of Virginia interests, and has a body of supporters who listen to his suggestions. Rumor has it that Mr. Sharon is a candidate, or will be, for the vacant post. If he succeeds, the two Senators will represent the whole wealth of the Comstock and other valuable mines of the State of Nevada, but we rather question the wish of the present occupant to share the Senatorial honors with his rival millionaire, and think that he would prefer the co-operation of a sharp, clever, active mind. Mr. Sharon has done much for Nevada; his popularity is great there, but he is a man of strong, quiet action more than of brilliant oratory; so that already a popular antagonist has arisen in one of Virginia's City's most gifted sons.

An unusually able address was delivered on the 4th of July, at Virginia City, by the Hon. H. K. Mitchell, as reported in Sunday's *Territorial Enterprise*, of Virginia City. If this were only a fair specimen of the ordinary, very patriotic, long-winded, but superlatively stupid Fourth of July orations, it would merit and receive no more than a passing mention at our hands. It, however, rises to the dignity of true oratory, and, as the utterances of a prominent candidate for the United States Senatorship of Nevada, it will receive a wide circulation. Its innate power and eloquence are, however, such as to need no added circumstances to give it importance. It is an effort that will mark an important epoch in the present Senatorial election. When we say that, we do not wish to be understood as taking sides in that contest. Our motto is, "let the best man win." All we wish to do is to call attention to the power, the grasp, the sound judgment, and the altogether exceptional ability displayed in this very remarkable oration. We regret that we cannot give it at length. Our limited space does not permit us to give detailed reports. Moreover, that is the function of the daily press. The business of the *News Letter* is to comment upon passing events, rather than to record them. We

take it for granted that our readers keep themselves posted in regard to the mere news of the day from the daily paper of their choice. Our business is to comment in our own peculiar fashion upon passing events, censuring where we deem censure necessary, and approving where approval can honestly be given, and, above all, we endeavor to extract the kernels of truth from the husks of error which are in such large quantities placed before us daily. The latest kernel of truth we have lighted upon is the fact that the address we have alluded to contains ample testimony that if Mr. Mitchell is the chosen of Nevada, he will prove a worthy colleague of the Hon. J. P. Jones. With two such Senators, no State in the Union would be more ably represented. To give a taste of his quality, and to whet the appetite of our readers for the whole speech, we content ourselves with the following extract:

Knowledge is power. That knowledge is power which enables us to multiply our productiveness, to increase our strength, to exchange our thoughts, our labor and our productions; that teaches us to pierce the bowels of the earth and bring forth from the bosom of the mountains metals enabling us to subject all nature to our use and pleasure; that enables us to scale upon bands of iron, with ease and pleasure, the mountain peaks and the trackless wild; that carries our thoughts through fathomless waters, and annihilates the obstacles of time and space.

Knowledge, then, is the great factor which will work out our mutual advancement, till at last, when Europe asks if the diffusion of intelligence among the masses is the master-wheel in the liberties and happiness and prosperity of a nation, America will be pointed to as the most shining example and proof of the proposition; and when nations realize its truth, no longer will monarchies and aristocracies be maintained by formidable masses of military. No longer will the continent of Europe tremble with the tread of armed men, nor placid seas grow turbulent with the weight of panoplied navies. No longer will France, Germany, Austria or Italy launch their chivalrous sons upon the tide of war, but the arbitration of reason will succeed to the arbitration of the sword.

Liberty is truth—truth is immortal; it cannot long be resisted, and cannot be destroyed; it is a flame undying, though generations disappear; it is brilliant and immovable as the sun; it is the Jupiter of our minds; it is the mountain of granite and the atom of sand; it is the handiwork of God and cannot perish. Humanity claims it, and will forever guard its sacred teachings.

Truth, justice and knowledge is the amulet of our nation, which is impervious to the insidious arts of despots, tyrants and traitors, and notwithstanding disturbing causes may lightly shadow our escutcheon, our duty to God and posterity will dispel the temporary gloom, while freedom asks:

> "Can tyrants but by tyrants conquered be,
> And Freedom find no champion and no child
> Such as Columbia saw when she
> Sprung forth a Pallas armed and undefiled?
> Or must such minds be nourished in the wild,
> Deep in the unprun'd forest, 'midst the roar
> Of cataracts, where nursing Nature smiled
> On infant Washington? Has earth no more
> Such seeds within her breast, or Europe no such shore?"

The above answers the requirement which we asserted at the beginning, that it is expedient that the Union be well represented in 1876. Mr. Mitchell's record as a leading lawyer in Virginia City, is beyond reproach. His talents are of an exceedingly high order, and he has ever proved a disinterested and warm friend of the people. At the same time, Mr. Sharon's silent, yet active, service to the State cannot be over estimated. If fight there be, it will be a pretty fight as it stands, and it rather depends, in our opinion, as to the course the Jones party takes, how the contest will be decided.

IMPORTANT NEWS.

Very important information has reached us from what we deem an authentic source, to the effect that overtures have been made by the Mexican Government to that of the United States to cede all the territory of the former lying north of a line of latitude drawn directly from the mouth of the Rio Grande to the Pacific Ocean, and that the matter will engross the attention of Congress at its next session, with the greatest probability of its acceptance. What are to be the considerations for this cession of territory we are not informed, and it is likely that the point has not yet been settled. One thing is positive, says the *Commercial Herald*, a number of our heaviest capitalists and bold operators have very recently been actively in pursuit of mines lying in the territory to be ceded. Several in Lower California have already changed hands, and mining engineers have been dispatched to Sonora and Chihuahua. It is evident to us that much commotion exists about this matter in certain circles, and that there is good foundation for the report. By this arrangement the United States will acquire Nueva Leon, Coahuila, Chihuahua, Sonora, Lower California, and portions of Sinaloa and Durango. It is probable that the postponement of final decision by the Mexican and American Joint Commissions was based upon this consideration, and it is not unlikely that the Mexican Government may have been influenced by the attitude taken by the United States Government in reference to Mexican inroads upon our territory.

TRUE PHYSICIANS v. OUR UNIVERSITY QUACKS.

Disease is a wonderful leveler. The king and the peasant, the millionaire and the laborer are alike subject to its universal dominion. It is no respecter of persons, or if it be, it is the meek and lowly, who, by the sweat of their brow, earn the plain fare with which they are content, rather than the rich dyspeptic, who are granted during life's sojourn the largest share of immunity from its terrible afflictions. None, however, may altogether escape the death-dealing grip of its heavy hand. The time comes—to the many very frequently, to the few but seldom, yet sooner or later with unerring certainty it comes to all—when disease lays hold of us. The brightest eye is dimmed, the stoutest heart quails, gold is as dross to the rich, who become poor indeed under many of the physical ills to which flesh is heir. How noble is that profession which brings hope and joy and life to the sick chamber, that conquers pain and disease and postpones death. Grand have been the scientific discoveries of these times. Fearfully and wonderfully made, the true physician sees us as we are. Physiology has been to him an honest, faithful, searching study for years. Very specially trained to trace effects up to their causes, it is his to learn from the faintest symptom the seat and nature of the disease. Where so much skill is required, it is no wonder that there are so many failures even among educated medical men. Intellectual talents of the highest order; special liking and aptitude for an ofttimes disagreeable business; a capacity for patient, dispassionate investigation; a cool judgment to perceive the right and a firm hand and will to execute it, are a combination of qualities needed but not always found, even in the educated physician. Hence it comes that not one doctor in three is moderately successful; not one in ten establishes an undoubted reputation, and not one in ten thousand becomes really eminent in this, the highest, the noblest, and the grandest study in which the human intellect can be engaged. There is this, however, to be said for the unsuccessful educated physician—his education has taught him to be modest and cautious. He ventures not upon too dangerous ground. Not being a fool, he does not rush in where angels fear to tread. If he cannot see his way clearly he calls to his assistance the experience of others. His education has served to teach him the wrong though it does not always supply him with the right. He is, therefore, at the worst, eminently safe. It is right here that the terrible danger of the charlatan comes in. Ignorance is at all times bold. Not knowing where the danger lies, the quack poisons and kills without discerning the fact. In view of the great importance of the profession to all ranks and conditions of men, society is deeply interested in all efforts to elevate it, and should reserve its sternest frowns for everything that would debase it to the level of charlatanry. A physician is at once the truest nobleman and the most undoubted democrat in the land. His exceptional skill ennobles him amongst his fellows, whilst the exercise of it calls him into the humblest cottage as well as the proudest mansion. To him it may be said that at some time or other all hearts are open. Shall it be tolerated that California, proud of doing all things well, shall destroy the future of this noble profession by a system of making quacks by wholesale, that has grown upon us by stealth and without the knowledge, much less the sanction, of the public. Students are accepted without any educational test, they are lectured to by unlettered professors without diplomas, and in two years, whilst still in the heyday of their hoodlumism, they are let loose upon society as doctors, duly entitled to practice the noble art of healing, by virtue of a diploma granted to them by the pretentious University of the State of California. Presently no less than forty-four such ignorant hoodlums will be full-blown medicos. This is a great wrong to the young men themselves, a crying shame to the State which permits it, and a gross fraud upon the people of other States who may unwittingly accept such persons as duly qualified medical practitioners. In the name of honor and common sense, and for love of that knowledge which is power, as well as for the perpetuation of that science which is daily gaining new triumphs over disease, we call upon the Regents to lose no time in either radically reforming or altogether doing away with this iniquitous system of making and licensing ignorant quacks. President Gillman, we learn, is as righteously indignant as we are that charlatanry should be warmed into life under the wing of the University. Several of the best men among the Regents inform us that they are altogether surprised that young men who are not graduates should receive the University's diploma. Where, then, is the cause of this great wrong? Who is responsible for appointing ignorant boors and unlettered quacks without diplomas to learned professorships? We don't know, but we shall find out who is responsible for keeping them there before we are through.

Post-office Telegrams.—The following is a statement showing the number of messages forwarded from postal telegraph stations in the United Kingdom during the week ended the 6th of June, 1874, and during the corresponding week of 1873: Total number of messages for the week ended the 6th of June, 1874, 385,279; total number of messages for the week ended the 7th of June, 1873, 304,539. Increase in the week of 1874 on that of 1873, 80,740.

A local firm advertises a new "pick me up," or restorative water. It will not only invigorate the system of the user, but also restore his garments if they happen to be "seedy" as well.—*The Bailie.*

LIFE.

We are born; we laugh; we weep;
We love; we droop; we die!
Ah! wherefore do we laugh or weep!
Why do we live or die?
Who knows that secret deep?
Alas; not I!

Why doth the violet spring
Unseen by human eye?
Why do the radiant seasons bring
Sweet thoughts that quickly fly!
Why do our fond hearts cling
To things that die!

We toil—through pain and wrong;
We fight—and fly;
We love; we lose; and then, ere long,
Stone dead we lie:
O life! is all thy song
"Endure and—die!"

—*Barry Cornwall.*

LOCAL OPTION IN ENGLAND.

Local Option is not making converts in England. Indeed, it would appear to be fast losing the few adherents it once had. Sir Wilfred Lawson moved his Local Option measure in Parliament, and was not allowed even the courtesy of a second reading. His proposition is moderation itself compared with the Act of our last Legislature. He does not seek to deprive the poor man of his beer unless two-thirds of the whole of the ratepayers of a town so decide. Only 75 of the 658 members of the House of Commons voted to consider the proposal. An English exchange says: "The Annual Permissive Bill is—may we say, was?—simply a nuisance and a bore. It has occasioned the yearly loss of a day to the already over-occupied legislation of this country. When an annual minority steadily increases, although ever so little, there are grounds for trying again and again in Parliament the question concerning which it is recorded, since some valuable reforms and changes are slow of growth. But this pestilent crotchet has, on the contrary, dwindled like a sickly child; and the House of Commons has this time pronounced a veto so unmistakable that Mr. Cross, firm and decided for once, was justified in expressing a hope that we shall have no more of the Permissive Bill, at least during the existence of the present Parliament. With regard to Sir Wilfrid Lawson, the leader of the foolish band of fanatics who want to muzzle John Bull to gratify their own peevish and selfish monomania—for some monomanias are epidemics, and are not confined to one crazy individual—we cannot deny that he has a certain fund of anecdote, and a sort of grim humor provocative of a ghastly merriment, which make his speeches less dull than might be expected from such an advocate. There are mutes and undertakers who are the 'life and soul', if such an expression can be used, of social meetings after business hours. But the business hours of the House of Commons are too precious to be devoted to the quips and cranks—we cannot add 'and wreathed smiles'—of Sir Wilfrid Lawson, when there is no practical good or mischief, beyond loss of time, to be achieved by allowing him to annually air his wisdom and kindly wishes with respect to the Permissive Bill." The *Times* says: "We need not recapitulate the reasons which compel the conclusion that the policy of prohibition is bad in principle, and that the form in which Sir Wilfrid Lawson proposes to embody it would deserve to be indicted under the Local Nuisance Acts. Few proposals could be worse than this, by which a parish or town would be fought year after year on the issue whether two-thirds of its ratepayers could be persuaded to vote the prohibition of public houses within its limits."

Dust.—We complain in San Francisco of the westerly wind that sweeps dust-laden through our streets, but unless one has traveled in the interior, no idea can be formed of its infinitesimal torment. It will not be a hot day, you have slept, spite of mosquitos and suspicions, more or less well, and you rise at daybreak to gaze from the door of the hotel on a brown expanse which already begins to shimmer in the rising sun. After breakfast, you take your place in your carriage or the stage, it matters not. The wind is just sufficiently light to keep pace with the slow jog of the horses as they toil over the triturated ground. An impalpable dust, through which the hot lurid rays of the sun glare upon you, percolates the whole of your system; it penetrates into the inmost recesses; every crease or fold is filled with an insidious powder, and at the end of a weary day you descend in a state in which your dearest friend would not know you, or, if recognizing, would not acknowledge you, unless, and here lies the gist of the matter, you have bought one of those new linen traveling suits at the City of Paris (Ville de Paris). With one of those, the daintiest dame may travel along the dustiest thoroughfare, and peel at the end of her journey as fresh as a Nymph of the Forest.

Prayers.—Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in one of his recent familiar lectures said he thought prayers were like well-directed letters, no matter what box they were put in, they all went to the general post-office.

HALL'S AUSTRALIAN LINE FIASCO.

That financial fillibuster, Hezekiah H. Hall, of Sydney, has again come to grief. The inglorious end of one more of his enterprises, it appears, has been reached. There is, of course, nothing surprising in that. Quite the contrary; it is just what all well informed persons knew was inevitable. A pedestrian along devious paths, with a reputation in two hemispheres of being a chronic bankrupt, who has more failures to answer for than he has fingers on his hands, is not the kind of person likely to make a success of a great steam line. Knowing that the end must come, we were not, however, prepared for a termination so sudden and so disastrous. There are in San Francisco, at this moment, a large number of unfortunate passengers who have paid their fare to Mr. Hall for the trip right through to England, and received orders on the Central Pacific Railroad for tickets. The railroad company naturally refuses to honor these orders, Hall having failed to supply the necessary funds. It need hardly be said that Hall's orders are not equal to coin. The Central Pacific Company, if it issues through tickets, is of course responsible to the other roads East for their proportion of each fare. Then there are the Atlantic steam lines to be paid. It is an unfortunate position for strangers in a strange land to be placed in, but if people will insist upon being taken in it is entirely their own fault. The complaint that some of them are inclined to utter, that Hall's worthless pieces of paper should be accepted here as equal to money, is really amusing, and would lead us to suppose, if we did not know to the contrary, that Australians are all very innocent people. They knew Hall well, and, knowing him, if they had taken the common sense lesson to heart that people once bitten should be twice shy, they would not be hawking his valueless scraps of paper about in their present unhappy state of mind. Seriously, we sincerely sympathize with our visitors, and wish them well out of their trouble. We hope that they will, in the future, insist upon some small amount of common decency and honesty in their Government. Last year the Sydney administration publicly invited bids for the performance of this steam line service, in response to which an organization was gotten up in this country composed of men of wealth and honor second to none in this or any other country—men who have never been known to fail in anything. They sent their tender to Sydney. It was the lowest, and offered a service far superior to that which had been called for. The Government telegraphed to their Agent General in London, to hold himself in readiness to proceed to New York to complete the contract, and the American tenderers were notified accordingly. Yet without any honest excuse, the administration changed its mind and became concerned—corruptly, it is confidently believed—with Mr. Hall in the enterprise which has now come to so disgraceful an end. The whole correspondence on this subject, we are assured, has never reached the public in the Colonies, and that it never will. The original tender and the letter that accompanied it, the telegram of instructions to the Agent General, the letter of New Zealand's representative to the tenderers excusing himself for having to submit to the corrupt arrangements of the Sydney Premier, and the letter of the agent of the tenderers to the Postmaster-General of New South Wales, are all documents the publication of which ought to be insisted upon. It is a very great misfortune that so important an enterprise should be so paltered with. It is doubtful if ever again an organization can be gotten up as effective as the one which offered to undertake this service. The truth ought to be learned in the Colonies that the initial point of any successful line must necessarily be in San Francisco. There are many obvious reasons of a practical character why this should be so. Then it is certain that to any line of modern iron propellers of American build that may be started, a subsidy can be obtained from the U. S. Congress equal to that which the Colonies may be willing to pay. The whole business, however, is now in such a bad groove that it is difficult to see how it can be righted. The latest development is that the owners of the *Tartar* have telegraphed from London to the agents here to send her to China instead of permitting her to return to Australia. The English Mail will be here in a few days, and it does not appear that there will be any steamer to take it on. To add to the *fiasco*, it appears that the line owes Merrill & Co., the agents here, $19,554 08. For the recovery of this sum they have just commenced an action, and a Sheriff's officer is on board the *Tartar*, acting upon instructions not to permit the removal of any coal, provisions, wines or liquors, pending judgment in Merrill's suit.

British Columbian Gold Mines.—The Hudson Bay Company's steamer *Otter*, which arrived at Victoria on the 4th of May, brought two gentlemen direct from Dease Lake Mines with very encouraging news. They left the mines on the 15th of April, left Buck's Bar, per canoe, on the 21st, traveling down the river, entirely free from ice, and arrived at Fort Wrangel on the 23d. At Dease Lake there was still plenty of ice, but all the snow was off the lake. The men were thawing the ground, and taking out dirt paying from 37c. to 50c. and 75c. to the pan. Several companies were also taking out from $25 to $50 per day to the hand with rockers. At the mines there were upwards of 500 men, and the rush to these mines was such that it was thought there would be some thousands in the district by midsummer.

A German citizen of the Jewish persuasion was eating a pork chop in a thunder-storm. On hearing an unusually loud clap, he laid down his knife and fork and observed: "Vell, did any poty efer hear such a fuss about a little biece of bork!"

DUM VIVIMUS VIVAMUS.

Let us Live while we Live.

Our quacks are undoubtedly men of renown—
The slime of their trail is o'er country and town.
If each dared to publish his polyglot name,
Ignoring the risk of a San Quentin fame,
Their myriad dupes might well groan in despair,
And graves rending open, their poor victims there
Would cry, shame on the Public that harbors th' vulture,
Devouring the prestige of Science and Culture.

The Miner at night, when his labor is o'er,
Thinks of his far home—shall he see it once more?
But, mishap befalls him—he's prostrate and low;
Still hope is his beacon though dire is his woe.
He seeks a physician, and trusts in his hands
His life and his all, then abides his commands
With the faith of a martyr, quiet and resigned,
Expecting that training and science combined
In a man of repute from famed San Francisco,
Whom a truck'ling Press unblushing assists so,
A charlatan prig, looking grave as an 'ool,
Who gloats on disease with the vim of a ghoul,
Will set him all right and his vigor restore,
That his dear cherished plans he may follow once more.
Alas, luckless wight, who thy confidence gave,
The Profession's vampire—th' drug swindling knave,
Th' visions that buoyed thy heart are now vain—
Existence itself thou wilt scarcely maintain.
Heart broken, deserted, his money all gone,
Why strange that such treatment should reason dethrone?
A suicide's ending 's the last fatal price,
For the quacks are all jackals to Cor'ner Rice.

Awaken! O might of enlightened opinion,
And fly with the knout from out thy dominion,
Each wretched miscreant, unable to show
An honor'd indorsement to battle life's foe.
Whatever in 'progress' may yet come to pass:
A pest for all-time is—the Medical Ass.

San Francisco, July 11th, 1874. G. B.

SUPERSTITION IN MEXICO.

Our enterprising neighbors across the Rio Grande have from time to time given many astonishing evidences of their peculiar civilization, but of late years there has been little to chronicle of a startling nature, except an occasional foray on a stage coach, or some trifling insurrection in a remote province. Even the outrages on United States citizens, which at one time were so disagreeably frequent, seem to have become a subject of the past. In the State of Sinaloa, however, the enlightened citizens have got up a real sensation, in the shape of an *auto da fé*, the victims being two suspected sorcerers, man and wife, accused of having bewitched a poor fellow named Zacarias. The Alcalde of the town in which this terrible example of superstition took place, not only superintended and approved of the barbarous execution in question, but actually had the audacity to make an official report of it to the prefect of his district. He cites, as an argument against the sorcerers, that, in order to test the truth of the bewitchment of Zacarias, they forced him to swallow some blessed water, which had the effect of bringing up from the depths of his inner consciousness portions of a blanket and bunches of hair. The only inference to be drawn from such an occurrence is that some poor Indian must have been missing in that district. The terrible official finally informs his superior that he has his eye on other sorcerers. In fact it is said that two others have since suffered death. It is almost incredible to read of the ignorance and superstition of the days of the Inquisition and the Salem witchcraft in the nineteenth century, and by persons calling themselves Christians. It is gratifying to learn that the general government of Mexico has shown a disposition to interfere in the cause of humanity and to check further outrages by the people of Sinaloa. No nation of the present day can expect to be classed among civilized communities that will permit this astounding brutality.

Nothing encourages the local press so much as to see buzz-saws introduced. The first and last injunction of the local editor to the mill-owner is, like that of the patent medicine man, "Send for a circular."

These are the days when one hears the phancy pharmer philosophizing over his phosphates and phertilizers.

INFAMY IN PHYSICS.

Luscomb, that medical rascal, has just intruded himself into our sanctum displaying a deringer. He came in like a lion, but went out like a lamb. We have, heretofore, referred to this fellow as illustrating the kind of quacks our University Medical School has a tendency to produce. Uneducated, he is unable to compete with the skilled physician in legitimate business, and betakes himself to ways that are dark. He is no better, and, though meaner and lower, he is no worse than many of the quacks who flourish in our midst, some of whom may be picked out of the accompanying list. He succeeds; has elegant reception rooms; keeps his carriage and his colored servant dressed in gold-faced livery. Yet the fellow is a rascal of the lowest type. He has been arrested by the police in several places throughout the State. They call him Cornbloom, and tell a history which would hardly bear repeating here. Among the more trifling episodes which they mention is one which has reference to a man who had Croton Oil poured into his ear, and, whilst suffering the consequent agony, lost his watch in some mysterious way. The rascal now has business brought to him by some half dozen fellows whom the police call "Ropers." Their names and operations will need to be described hereafter. This man Luscomb has, of course, no diploma, and does not pretend to have any. He knows his vantage ground, and glibly tells you his position is just that of others in the list, indeed, with considerable force of logic, he claims that it is better than that of some of them. He says that at least he tells the truth, and that he has too much good sense to claim a Giessen diploma like Deane, and that he would be ashamed to write no better than Bates. Perhaps he is right. It is a mad and bad system which not only tolerates quacks, but makes Professors of them. We might have some hope of the present quacks dying out if they were not allowed, by the aid of our University, to reproduce their kind.

In an earnest desire to benefit a profession to which we are all liable to be so much indebted, we have lashed the charlatans as we have thought they deserved. Bad, however, as the ignorant quack is, he is not one-tenth part as mischievous as the educated Doctor who wilfully strays into criminal courses. We had not supposed that there were any such in San Francisco. We were mistaken. Facts have come to us in reference to one medical man who stands high in his profession, and is a member, it is said, of the German Society of Physicians, which are supported by evidence so precise that the whole matter must be taken cognizance of by the Grand Jury, to whom we intend to refer it. We can bring the law to bear upon abortionists; we only wish we could do the same thing with quack murderers. The longer we keep our columns open to the discussion of medical affairs, the more startling the evidence becomes that it is a most dangerous thing to send for a Doctor in San Francisco unless you know who you are sending for. In view of the facts that have come to our knowledge, we feel assured that we shall be equally serving the profession and our citizens generally when we publicly ask certain men: "Have you a diploma?" If they have, we will give them an advertisement gratis. If they cannot answer the query, the conclusion is obvious, and the duty of their patients plain. We append a list of practicing medical men, to whom we now put that question. We shall add to it from time to time.

Gentlemen, Have You a Diploma?

DR. J. N. ECKEL, 325 Geary street.	DR. J. B. PINCHARD, 15 Second street.
DR. CHARLES LUSCOMB, 426 Kearny st.	DR. P. J. MCEWAN, 1028 Market street.
DR. E. D'OLIVEIRA, 524 Pine street.	DR. F. G. RAPPIN, 1517 Stockton street.
DR. D. F. DENICKE, 418 Kearny street.	DR. SPOSATI, late of Stockton.
DR. A. S. FERRIS, 832 Howard street.	DR. GEO. FISCHER, 314 Stockton street.
DR. JASON J. BRAMAN, Taylor street.	DR. —— CLOSE, 822 Mission street.
DR. BEN. F. LYFORD, 402 Kearny street.	DR. J. B. TRASK, 542 Market street.
DR. PIGNE DUPUYTREN, 424 Sutter st.	DR. C. T. DEANE, cor. Montg'y & Sutter.
DR. WM. WILSON, 321 Kearny street.	

P. S.—Dr. C. T. Deane, Professor of Diseases of Women and Children and Clinical Obstetrics, in the Medical Department of the University of California, has called upon us, and claimed to have a diploma from Giessen, in Germany. He did not claim to have any other. He never lived in Germany for any time, and *does not speak the language.* They sell diplomas in Giessen for coin. Those who think that diploma guarantees that Mr. Deane possesses skill, or even a medical education, may continue to think so.

Last week we asked Dr. H. S. Baldwin if he had a diploma. We now learn that he has one of a recent date from the Philadelphia Medical College.

"The Lying Stock Report."—This is the name by which well-informed persons describe a lying sheet recently started, for which Messrs. Lawton and Wheeler are responsible. It is not recognized by the Board of Brokers in any way, and it has no official status whatever. Its statements are so unreliable that it has early earned its title of "The Lying *Stock Report.*" Its life is likely to be a short one, as Col. W. H. L. Barnes has prepared a presentment against it, to be submitted to the Grand Jury. These men, Lawton and Wheeler, ought to have known better.

Among the candidates for admission to West Point is one named Sauermilch, from Pennsylvania. Should he graduate he may do for frontier service, but he can never represent the cream of the army.

THE PIONEERS.

The annual election of officers of the Society of California Pioneers took place on Tuesday last, with the following result: President—James Lick, 335; Vice-Presidents—David J. Staples, 329; Frederick F. Low, 314; Edgar Mills, 335; F. A. Hihn, 334; A. P. K. Harmon, 335; Secretary—Louis R. Lull, 221; Treasurer—Howard Havens, 335; Marshal—William Huefner, 334; Directors—John Cullen, 334; Charles H. Chamberlain, 325; Henry Schmiedell, 335; T. D. Matthewson, 333; J. F. Pope, 334, C. R. Peters, 332; J. H. Turner, 335; John A. Drinkhouse, 335. Alexander Badlam, Jr., opposed Mr. Lull for the Secretary-ship simply as a matter of interest to the Society, the contest having been arranged in order to bring in dues. In the evening the banquet was held in the hall, and at its close spicy and eminently appropriate remarks were made by Vice-President Staples, Colonel Von Schmidt, Senator Roach, James Dows, ex-Presidents Brannan and Sutton, Smythe Clark, W. H. Clark, Messrs. Lull and Badlam, Judge Leonidas Pratt, Supervisor James H. Deering, and others.

The health of ex-President Sam Brannan was proposed by Mr. Staples. Mr. Brannan, in responding, gave an interesting narrative of the circumstances of the first expedition to this State for the purposes of colonization. The party, which was under his command, sailed from New York in the ship *Brooklyn*, in 1846. The Mexican Minister in New York, hearing of the contemplated expedition, declared the ship should never land her passengers here; that if the Government did not prevent the expedition he would blow up the vessel and sink her. Brannan went to Washington in regard to the matter, and James K. Polk, who was then President, sent Amos Kendall, then a member of the Cabinet, to see him safely on. Kendall accompanied him beyond the Narrows, when a favoring gale springing up, the *Brooklyn* outstripped the vessel that was to have carried out the declarations of the Mexican Minister, in regard to her, and landed her passengers safely on the site of this city.

In response to the toast of ex-President Roach, that gentleman paid an eloquent tribute to James Lick, who had honored the memory of the poet, who had given us our national anthem, the "Star Spangled Banner," in a manner more munificent than any king or sovereign had ever bestowed on any laureate who had given to his kingdom or empire a national hymn. He said that the division of which he was Marshal on the Fourth of July, composed of what was historical in the procession—the Mexican Veterans, the Pioneers, several members who made the Constitution of our State, etc.—as it approached the Lick House, the band struck up the "Star Spangled Banner," and its strains must have given many happy moments to the man whose deeds we esteem it our duty to honor.

After exhausting the list of toasts the Pioneers and their guests formed a procession, at the suggestion of Colonel Von Schmidt, and, preceded by the band, marched along Montgomery street to the Lick House, illuminating the night the while with a pyrotechnical display of dazzling brilliancy. After hearty cheers had been given for Mr. Lick, the band played *Hail to the Chief*, *The Star Spangled Banner*, *Beautiful Blue Danube*, *Home, Sweet Home*, and *Auld Lang Syne*. Indisposition prevented Mr. Lick from responding to the earnest calls of the people. The procession finally returned to the Pioneer Hall, where the members of the Society held a social reunion of half an hour's duration.

JAMES LICK'S RESPONSE.—Mr. Lick yesterday wrote the following response:

Editor Mail Bag:—I regret very much that my physical ability did not permit me to respond in person to the very kind demonstrations of last evening by my friends of the Pioneer Society and the citizens who participated.

I beg leave to assure them, through you, that I appreciate their kindly wishes and the good words through which they are manifested. JAMES LICK.

Lick House, July 8, 1874.

LECTURING.

Mr. Ruskin has been writing from Rome to a Glasgow committee for organizing lectures, a Carlylean piece of invective against the taste for popular lectures. "I find," he says, "the desire of audiences to be audiences only, becoming an entirely pestilent character of the age. Everybody wants," Mr. Ruskin goes on, "to get the knowledge it has cost a man half his life to gather, first sweetened up to make it palatable, and then kneaded into the smallest possible pills, and to swallow it homœopathically and be wise—this is the passionate desire and hope of the multitude of the day. It is not to be done. Your modern fire-working, smooth-downy-curry-and-strawberry-ice-and-milk-punch-altogether lecture is an extremely pestilent and abominable vanity; and the miserable death of poor Dickens, when he might have been writing blessed books till he was eighty, but for the pestiferous demand of the mob, is a solemn warning to us all, if we would take it." As far as we understand the story of the public "readings," which exhausted Mr. Dickens, and probably hastened his death, the demand of the mob for the lectures was not so "pestiferous" as the demand of Mr. Dickens for the dollars of "the mob." Surely nothing can be less just than to revile the public thus fiercely for their taste for an innocent amusement.—*Spectator*.

The San Francisco sea captain who traded the ship's Bible for thirteen plugs of tobacco is spoken of very severely by the religious press of this city.

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

San Francisco boasts that she is a "cosmopolitan city," but her manner of celebrating the anniversary of our national independence has been sneered at as "provincial." It is certain that our style of celebration is not the same that prevails in the great Eastern cities. In New York, Boston and Philadelphia, they do not have "literary exercises," an orattion, a poem, and all that. But is our style "provincial," after all? We think not. It savors of the old Athenian spirit. It recognizes literature and oratory as forces and factors in our civilization. San Francisco ought to be proud of her style of celebrating; and New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, instead of turning up their noses at us, may do much better by imitating our example. The celebration in San Francisco this year was a splendid success. Mr. Norcross as Grand Marshal evinced the highest order of executive ability for such a position. All the appointments were excellent. The Aids were efficient, with the exception of Col. McComb, of the *Alta*, who, in consequence of neglecting his practice at the riding-school, was ignominiously chucked over the head of his horse. Phil. Roach, of the *Examiner*, with his magnificent head of thistle-down hair, his treble sets of regalia, his badges, and ribbons, and orders and rosettes, was a sight to behold. The President of the Day, J. C. Palmer, Esq., discharged his duties with an easy dignity that elicited universal admiration. The procession was imposing, more especially the military portion of it. The "Antiques and Horribles" were a fizzle. The line of march was too long, but in consequence of the admirable management of the Grand Marshal there were few "waits," and the ground was got over in good time. The literary exercises at Agricultural Hall were exceptionally good. The music was excellent. The reading of the Declaration was distinct and strong. The poem, by James F. Bowman, had an idea in it, and was artistic in its construction—something which can rarely be affirmed of Fourth of July poems; but, as it had no eagle, no star-spangled banner, no bunkum, and took a broad, cosmopolitan view of things, instead of a narrow national view, it was not sufficiently patriotic to arouse much enthusiasm. The oration contained more sound sense and less spread-eagleism than is usual on such occasions. The suggestions in regard to the relations between the North and the South, and those in regard to the causes of corruption in public officials, were fearless and sound. Mr. Pratt is, we are told, a great gun among the Odd Fellows or the Masons, and his style of delivery is somewhat tainted by the "airs and graces" that belong to the oratory most admired in "Grand Lodges." But where there was so much that was good, it is ungracious to be critical. Starr Kings, Bakers and Tracys are *rari aves in terris*, and Mr. Pratt acquitted himself well and won much applause. The music by the Bohemian Club Choir was admirable, and the general management of the whole affair reflects the highest credit upon Grand Marshal Norcross, President Palmer and the entire corps of their efficient aids and assistants.

A WAR SHIP OF THE FUTURE.

The London Correspondent of the Manchester Guardian says:— The public will hear much, in all probability, before long, of a new description of iron-clad fighting ship which has been designed by Mr. Hitt, a gentleman employed in a department of the Post Office. I have been favored with an inspection of the models and plans of this combination of inventions, and am in a position to give you some particulars of its character. Besides a novel design for a war cruiser, the project includes a new system of naval gunnery. The principle of the construction is such that the vessel will be able to fire her guns in every direction while she herself remains stationary. She is intended in the main to fight "bow on," her guns being capable of being trained parallel with her keel, or for revolving for an "all-round" fire. In defence or retreat she will present to the enemy an iron-plated side or shield with an angle of eighteen degrees. With the view of making her torpedo-proof, she will carry iron plates, from the keel upwards, of a thickness calculated to resist what is believed to be the maximum power of these explosives. To compensate in buoyancy for this added weight of metal, her sides, both above and below the water line, will be made cellular, or of cork, with a projection of several feet. Another singular feature is an apparatus for supplying steerage power in the event of loss of rudder or screw. This consists of a wheel or paddle laid horizontally in the center of the ship, midway in the length of her keel, to be lowered into the water when required, and it is represented that by this means the ship may be maneuverd as on a pivot without making headway. Her bulwarks are to be constructed upon a series of sockets, into which they will temporarily sink when necessary. It remains only to mention the specialties of the system of armory which forms part of the design. The guns are to be provided with circular carriages, upon which they are stationed at one-fourth of the radius from the center, and the mechanism provides that the recoil of the discharged gun sinks it below deck for reloading, while the impetus of the descent replenishes the hydraulic power by which it is to be raised again. To complete the design, one gun or the whole armament can be fired at any desired elevation by electricity applied by the operation of a single hand.

Balzac said any man can marry any woman, and we believe it since a pretty girl in Springfield, Ohio, married a man named Popcock.

A MEDICO TO MEDICOS.

To the Medical Profession of San Francisco.—GENTLEMEN: I address you in the spirit of good will, and am solely actuated by a desire to see the lofty profession you belong to assume its legitimate position in this community. I have nothing to do with persons outside of the profession; any interference with them pertains to municipal control. The great misfortune at the present moment is that a resident or a stranger, whether a physician or an invalid, has no easy means of ascertaining with certainty what testimonials of medical or surgical qualifications is possessed by any gentleman in this community. The public is not placed in a position such as would enable them to make a judicious selection - they have no ready method of knowing who is a physician or surgeon, and who is a knave or an impostor. I do not wish to use harsh language, but I cannot but feel in my heart that a man who under false colors enters a sick room is the very worst form of an imposter that exists; and I think that it is a duty the profession owes to the community and to itself to afford every legitimate facility to the simple-minded, so as to enable them to select their physician with intelligence. In this community medical societies have, as a rule, proved a failure, and afforded no guarantee to the public that members were actually what they represented themselves to be. What the public demand is the publication—say in the Directory—of the names, residences and exact qualifications possessed by practitioners. No regularly educated man can desire to conceal the fact that he holds the degree of Doctor of Medicine (M. D.) from a University, or that he holds a surgical diploma from a College. It is only an imposter who professes an inconceivable delicacy here—a delicacy that is based on falsehood. Let me urge on the few regularly educated and qualified gentlemen in this community to appoint annually some five or six of their number, selected from various nationalities or schools, to prepare and duly publish in the manner stated above the names of the regular physicians and surgeons of this city. Let our medical gentlemen place the public in a position to know the goats from the sheep, and the result is certain. I myself have been introduced by medical gentlemen to many of our unqualified practitioners. This is always a source of pain, and could be avoided were there a standing committee whose duty it was to examine and publish the qualifications of gentlemen desirous of joining in the regular ranks. STEADY.

NO MORE SEA-SICKNESS.

Captain Dicey's "twin-ship" has become what the French call an actuality. This wonderful invention is expected to go far towards the abolition of seasickness. The *Castalia*—so the benignant monster is called—is not handsome to look at. Never mind. The victims of *mal de mer* lose all sense of beauty, if not of everything else. They will be thankful to be conveyed across the channel in a machine of any shape or description, provided only it does not roll. Nor is it probable that she will make rapid passage. Two half ships connected by an arch, and propelled by paddle-wheels working in the center channel, are not likely to cut through the water as fast as a single hull. That can't be helped. It often happens, indeed, that an improvement means the giving up of some good thing for the sake of another. Take her altogether she will not prove the embodiment of a sailor's ideal, but landsmen may think well of her nevertheless. She will not exactly "walk the waters like a thing of life," and indeed the less lively she proves to be the better. Mr. Bessemer has promised us a saloon afloat, which is to possess all the steadiness of a drawing room on shore. Meanwhile every Channel passenger, and our French neighbors especially, must hope that Captain Dicey's ship will answer expectation. The idea of the ship is taken from the canoes, to be seen in some eastern seas, with an outrigger log attached, the effect of which is to allow them to carry great press of sail without capsizing, and at the same time to counteract the boat's tendancy to roll. The pitching motion, of course, remains, and will be felt in Captain Dicey's ship nearly as much as in any other, but this is comparatively unimportant, and passengers who placed themselves amidships will probably suffer little inconvenience in rough weather.—*English Paper.*

Our Pacific Salmon Fisheries are steadily increasing in value and importance. The estimate for this season's Oregon catch is 160,000 cases; of this we have already received 112,000 cases. The exports include the bulk of that received, Great Britain being our best customer—the ship Notre Dame de la Garde, for London, carrying 7,450 cases; the Thomas Dana, for Liverpool, 13,080 cases. The Panama steamer of July 2d also carried, en route to Liverpool, 1,000 cases; the Helene, for Hamburg, 500 cases, and the Especulador, for Lyttelton, N. Z., 200 cs The presentprice of case Salmon, 1-lb cans, is $1 70 *a* 1 75 per dozen; 2-lb cans, $2 65 *a* 2 70 per dozen. It is astonishing to see how rapidly these superior fish move off. No sooner do they arrive here by Oregon steamers than they are scattered and distributed abroad, chiefly under contract, made last winter to London houses.

At Ahmednugger, in India, a venerable Mahomedan priest died lately at the great age of 143 years.

ABSENCE.

I miss thee sadly when the evening hour
Comes with its sober shade of twilight gray;
And when the stars of heaven assert their power,
'Tis for thy presence then I watch and pray.

'Tis then I miss thee: ah! there's not a day
I do not pine for thee: thy spirit gleams
Along my daily path where'er I stray,
And through the misty shadow of my dreams.

Such a sweet pleading measure hath thy voice,
I muse upon it like rememb'red chords;
E'en as soft music makes the heart rejoice,
So comes the haunting witch'ry of thy words.

And like the swells of some cathedral tone,
Which ever through the arches plaintive go,
So the sad spirit of my heart alone,
In search of thee, is wand'ring to and fro. ARJÆL.

THE GREAT AMERICAN CÆSAR.

There seems to be no longer room for a reasonable doubt that General Grant has made up his mind to run for a third term, and that the entire brigade of Federal office-holders intend to support him. If Grant runs for a third term and is elected, he will run for a fourth term, and a fifth; he will in effect become the Dictator of the American nation, will hold his office for life, and will appoint his own successor. It begins now to be clearly apparent to reflecting men acquainted with politics and history, that Grant has resolved upon playing the role of Cæsar. It has also become apparent that the man has been all along underrated and misunderstood by that large class of persons who regarded him as a mere lucky soldier, without special genius or exceptional force of character. Those who have watched his career for the last six years with insight and appreciation, are now prepared to recognize in him a man capable of being dangerous to the liberties of this republic. When Sumner and Carl Schurz tried to control him, they signally failed, and he proved more able and sagacious than they. When Conklin, and Morton, and Ben Butler, and Matt Carpenter made similar experiments they met with no better success. Senator Jones, of Nevada, is now supposed to exert some special influence over the President; but we think it much more likely that the President has discovered in the Nevada Senator some capacity for being useful to him, and means to use him. Grant's attitude toward the leaders of the Republican party has been that of a resolute, self-reliant man, with ideas and designs of his own. By his appointments and his vetoes he has virtually defied his party, and declared that he felt strong enough to play his hand alone. He has refused to be dictated to, either by Republican leaders or by a Republican Congress. General Grant is to-day either meditating the role of Cæsar, or he is the American Sphinx, whose curious riddle there is no Œdipus to read. His recent quarrel with General Sherman has much significance. When Grant was in Sherman's place, as General-in-Chief of the Army, he strenuously claimed the same power and authority with reference to the War Department and the President that Sherman claims now. But Grant's ideas on the subject have undergone a change, and he turns a deaf ear to Sherman's complaint against the usurpation of power by the Secretary of War, although that complaint is but an echo of his own. If Grant is looking forward to the exercise of dictatorial power all this is easily understood. It would then be convenient to have the Secretary of War above the General-in-Chief; it would be especially convenient for the President to be able to issue orders to the Army of which the General-in-Chief knew nothing. For the President appoints the Secretary of War, while he does not appoint the General-in-Chief. And if Grant is preparing to play Cæsar, Sherman is, above all others, the man that he has reason to dread.

The Wheat traffic of the port for the past harvest year was as follows: Receipts—7,829,821 ctls (exclusive of Flour); in 1873, 10,780,895 ctls. Exports for twelve months past, 7,273,241 ctls; year previously, 9,822,689 ctls. The figures are considerably less in 1874 than in '73, yet the export value is upwards of $1,000,000 more. The present crop outlook is all that could be desired. We will have a larger aggregate than ever before, and all that we can possibly handle within the next twelve months—say 600,000 tons; some rate it at 700,000 tons, for the reason that the yield in some favored localities is immense. For instance, Benjamin Flint, Esq., of Pajaro valley, says he has one field of 1,000 acres in extent that will yield him 70 sacks each 100 lbs per acre, and his remaining 5,000 acres a full average crop. New Wheat arrives sparingly; the present price is $1 62½@ $1 65 per cental for immediate delivery.

The Lawyer's Advice—*Damnum suum.*

SAVING AT THE SPIGOT.

The Board of Education is at it again. Its members are going too immortalize themselves and earn the grateful thanks of the community by docking some of the teacher's salaries twenty-five dollars a month. This is carrying economy to the extreme of parsimony, and we suppose that on the principle that canaries sing better when their eyes are put out, so this not overpaid class can teach better when they are half starved. There is an unkind sentiment in this petty saving. School teachers as a class, especially after long service, as is the case with the majority of those in our schools, are not fitted for the struggle of life, and the gentle nature of their avocation unfits either the men or women for rude contact with the busy, working world. Therefore it is that the School Directors have no reason to dread a strike in consequence of their reductions; they hold the knife at the throats of their victims, who perforce submit to the spoliation. And yet these same ladies and gentlemen accepted the arduous duties of their office under the promise of a certain salary, with a hope, induced by a tacit understanding, of an advance as years added experience and extended usefulness. Fancy the Bank of California saying to a neophyte, "You shall begin on a thousand dollars a month, and when you are sufficiently master of the intricacies of exchange, and the mysteries of banking, then you shall have only five hundred." This is, however, precisely what the Board is doing. "Oh, but," say some of the members, "we must retrench; economy is the order of the day." In the very early times of California there was a highly respectable firm, who, when they had a dull day of business, used to put a gallon of water into the puncheon of Scotch whisky. They made up their loss, but the public was the sufferer. Our Educational Fathers, by lowering the salaries, degrade the high office of public instructor, and thereby the people are defrauded and the exchequer in reality none the better. Whilst writing upon school affairs, it may be well to point out that there is another small matter that has not escaped our attention. There is a prosperous primary school at the Mission, fulfilling in an eminent degree all the conditions of a successful institution. It is placed just where it is needed by the necessities of the locality. Last Monday evening the Board of Supervisors voted to move it a mile away from where it is wanted. This is perfectly inexplicable upon any principles of common sense. These two facts may account for it: Superintendent Denman engineered that order, and the school is to be moved to close contiguity with some unoccupied lots which are owned by him. Parents have addressed us complaints upon the subject, which certainly appear to be well founded. That job will stand a little more ventilation hereafter.

TELEGRAM FROM THE MAYOR OF NEW ORLEANS.

The annexed telegram has been received by the gentlemen to whom it is directed:

NEW ORLEANS, LA., July 6, 1874.

To Lucien Hermann, Jos. G. Eastland, and Wm. Ford, Special Committee:—As authorized by telegraph, I drew, July 3d, at sight, on Laidlaw & Co., New York, for twelve thousand dollars gold, the gift of the ladies of your city in aid of the sufferers by the overflow of the Mississippi River. The proceeds of the draft, thirteen thousand two hundred and thirty dollars, currency, are added to our General Relief Fund, and will be expended strictly in accordance with the generous wishes of the donors, irrespective of age, sect, color, race, creed, or location, with the sole purpose of giving comfort to the distressed, and food to the destitute.

The kind and noble ladies of San Francisco, by their opportune and most munificent contribution in aid of our suffering thousands, have done great honor to their country, their city, and their sex. The glory of this spontaneous and unsolicited act of female charity shines across the continent like Hesperis; their magnanimous gift will be historic, and claim its place in the records of the victories of peace; their queen-like charity will for ages be remembered with pride by Californians and with gratitude by the inhabitants of the Lower Mississippi Valley.

San Francisco may well be proud of the enterprise, sagacity, and talent of her sons, but she must rejoice evermore in that noble charity of her daughters which forms the bright central gem in her civic crown. That prosperity and all happy fortune may attend the generous women of San Francisco and all who are dear to them, is now and will long remain the wish uppermost in the hearts of the afflicted strangers whom they have helped to succor.

LOUIS A. WILTZ,
Mayor and Treasurer Relief Fund.

Funeral of Rabbi Eckman.—The funeral of Rev. Dr. Julius Eckman, the first Jewish Rabbi who came to California, took place at one o'clock, on Tuesday, from his late residence, No. 511 O'Farrell street. The attendance was large, and included many members of the different Jewish congregations in this city and the children of the Hebrew School of the Congregation Sherith Israel. The services were unusually impressive, and will long be remembered by those in attendance.

We notice from Eastern exchanges that Alvinza Hayward, Esq., our enterprising and public-spirited fellow-citizen, has presented to the St. Lawrence University at Canton, New York, $30,000. The public will be pleased to learn that Mr. Hayward is improving in health.

DITTIES OF THE WAR.

[From Sandy—Puir Fellow.]

Tune—"Flowers of the Forest."

O, I've heard a yelling
In Boniface's dwelling,
Lasses a yelling, 'fore straining to pray,
And while they were groaning
Strong men were a-moaning:
If these are the saints, O a-lack for our day.

Nae modesty blushing,
Nae crimson flood flushing
The features wi' grace in soft, delicate play,
But dull eyes a-staring,
With glib tongues unsparing,
The saint may be there, but—sweet woman's away.

Man sticks to the pewter,
Defying all future,
When domestic clutches his freedom would flay.
Dear lasses tak warning,
Ye may come to mourning,
For good turns to evil when pushing the wrong way.

FOREIGN DOTTINGS.

The English Government have paid Dr. Livingstone's debts, given gratuities to his servants; a pension of £200 per year, and a present of £3,000 have also been awarded to his family.——The Sultan has written to the Khedive of Egypt in terms cordially confirming the good relations between the Porte and Egypt.——Dispatches from Calcutta state that 800,000 natives are now employed on relief works, a million less than three weeks ago. Also, that half a million are still unchanged, subsisting on the charity of the Government and the public.——A Postal Congress will be held in Berne, September 15th. Fifteen States will be represented. Delegates from France and Denmark have already been appointed.——A newspaper correspondent reports an interview with Count Bordenski, now at St. Petersburg. He says the Emperor of Russia told him he knew nothing that could cause a European war at present. The Russian mission in Asia was one of civilization, not conquest or annexation. The object of the Brussels Convention was to mitigate the horrors of war, and had nothing to do with the probabilities of it.—— The American Pilgrims have left the presence of the Pope, covered with holy unction. They have gone to Vienna. It is announced that next year the pilgrimage will be repeated, when it is expected that over 500 Americans will participate. Better stay at home.——The Carlists are making all possible use of their present opportunities. Their forces now threaten Castro, Urdiales and Laredo.——All operatives in the linen mills of Belfast have struck work——Straws show which way the winds blow. A decree has been issued in Madrid, revoking the decree by which titles of nobility were abolished.——It is stated that the British Government demands $8,000,000 from Spain for the massacre of sixteen English subjects captured on the *Virginius* and executed in Santiago de Cuba. Well, it ought to take a deal of coin to compensate for a human life.——Strong shocks of earthquake have been felt at Constantinople. The Turks thought the Prophet was returning to earth.——It is reported that the French Government intends to prosecute M. Rouher for his proceedings as President of the Bonapartist Committee, which had been formed for the furtherance of a plebiscite.——The French Assembly is having stormy times. A Frenchman awakes every morning quite uncertain as to what Government he is living under. The Assembly opened with intense excitement, the floors and galleries being filled. Lucien Brun moved that the Assembly regrets the suspension of the journal *L'Union* by the Government. Rejected by 80 to 179. The Left generally abstained from voting.——M. Paris, from the Right Center, moved that the Assembly resolve to uphold energetically the Septennial powers conferred upon Marshal MacMahon, President of the Republic, and further reserving the question submitted to the Committee on Constitutional Bills.——Gen. de Cissy, Minister of War and Vice-President of the Council, announced that the Government identified itself with the motion. The motion was rejected by a vote of 331 ayes to 368 noes. The Ministry then resigned. MacMahon refused to accept their resignations.——The *Times'* Paris correspondent telegraphs that MacMahon in his forthcoming message will probably state that he could not accept the resignations of the Ministers because they defended his powers, and he wished to save the country from a new ministerial crisis. He will request the Assembly to hasten action on financial measures and then adjourn for some months; on reassembling, to proceed to a definite organization of his powers.

We regret to announce the death of the estimable Miss Lily Gordon, daughter of the late Mr. Gordon of the Sugar Refinery.

LOCAL DOTTINGS.

In other cities than San Francisco, when a man is wounded he is taken to the hospital, but here, if the daily press is to be believed, he is usually taken to "the City Prison!" The police of course act in accordance with instructions. Now is this another organized scheme to back up another quack of the Murphy stripe?——As we understand the clergy, they are employed by and are immediately under the direction of the Almighty. Unbelievers ought, therefore, never to buck at Monte, or play at dice with a priest, seeing that he must of necessity play against *loaded* dice.——Our rich men, from Horace Hawes (the departed) to James Lick (the undeparted), are all merging into a morbid state of mind, or chronic state of growl; all are hippish—except that fresh young fellow, Michael Rees.—— "The only thing," says an old bachelor, "that makes women get up early on Sundays, and attempt to be punctual, is a desire to get to church to show off their new bonnets.——We never feel quite at home with cripples, eunuchs, or priests. We do not like things unnatural or professional shams.——The Central Pacific Railroad is after the Three Card Monte sharps with a sharp stick—"To protect our passengers." Who is going for our quacks to protect our citizens from a much more dangerous class of ruffians! *Our* passengers lose their money, our citizens their lives.——Looking at their immense chignons, it strikes us that women must be the most hairy animals in creation.——Phonography no longer forms a study in the the Girls' High School.——Mrs. Swift proposes to lecture this evening at Pacific Hall.——E. C. Fellows, Superintendent of the Western Pacific Railroad, has gone East.——H. Heilman holds the position of first of six clerks appointed to assist the Board of Equalization.——Henry Coubrough is certified as the agent on this Coast of the London and Lancashire Insurance Company.——The Ladies' United Aid Society will meet hereafter at 218 O'Farrell street, on Saturdays instead of on Fridays.——The last will of Nancy Benton has been filed. She bequeaths her house and lot on Jessie street to her husband, J. H. Benton.——In the County Court, sixty-four complaints, in cases of persons held to answer before the Grand Jury, were filed.——Andrew J. Marsh has been appointed official reporter of the Fifteenth District Court, the committee appointed to inquire into his qualifications having found him competent. Charles F. Balcom made a fool of himself, and increased his folly by letting everybody know it.——George A. Dyer, of Washington, Davies County, Indiana, asks for information respecting the property of Wendelin Nuss, an Alsatian, who was murdered in California in 1872.——Twenty-fifth anniversary celebrations are coming upon us as thick as Autumn leaves. Steps are being taken by the surviving passengers of the *Alexander Von Humboldt* to commemorate their arrival. Included in this party were James Irwin, Jonathan Kittridge and B. A. Hendrickson.——The total of the city's property valuation this year amounts to $162,982,054, as against $169,504,129 for last year. The assessment this year is consequently reduced $7,222,075. The reductions are mainly on outside lands.——Local Option is still creating a stir in Oakland. The Grand Jury is at work, and the liquor dealers are to be indicted. A storm in a tea cup.

THE HARBOR COMMISSIONERS.

We some time ago called attention to the fact that Governor Booth's Harbor Commissioners by nomination and not election, appeared to be more anxious to send all the money they could scrape together to Sacramento, in order to make a good financial showing for the present administration, than to give us much needed wharf accommodation. We pointed to improvements that were imperatively needed. The *Commercial Herald* now asks, in the interests of the trade and commerce of the port, that certain works may at once be attended to. It says that "Quite a number of wharves and ships are incapable, in their present condition, of accommodating ships of heavy tonnage and deep draft, but can be rendered accessible by dredging. So far, nothing has been done to overcome the impediment, and we respectfully urge that no time be lost in making due preparation to facilitate the wants of shipping. An unprecedentedly abundant crop is now in process of being harvested, and sufficient information has reached us to show that the fleet destined to market our surplus products will consist, to an appreciable extent, of larger ships than have heretofore been engaged in the trade. Existing facilities are not commodious enough for such requirement, and we should hasten to utilize all that we can. To this end, it is necessary to dredge and deepen those slips capable of such improvement as will render them accessible to vessels of moderately deep draft, so that those offering superior advantages may be consigned to ships of heavy tonnage. Unless this be done, many craft will be obliged to load from lighters in the stream, and the additional cost will be made good in freight charges, throwing an unnecessary burden on our producers. There is no time to be lost, and we trust that the Harbor Commissioners will give this subject their immediate and earnest attention."

Ærial Navigation.—Experiments with a new flying machine are appointed to take place at the Crystal Palace. The little engine attached to the apparatus is said to be equal to 4-horse power, and to be able to raise a weight of 40 pounds. The liveliest interest is taken in the undertaking by the patrons of ærial navigation.—*Court Journal, 13th June.*

LOVE, "I WILL ARISE."

"What the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh."

[*Respectfully Inscribed to the Ladies of the Moral Persuasion Branch of the Temperance Reformers.*]

Ah, mad-cap Folly, arch eyed maid,
With laggard step I leave thy hall;
Soft pleadings of a promise made
Jars on the music of the ball.

I've danced with wild, excited glee,
Among the merry, thoughtless train,
Nor wished my captive spirit free,
So lightly hung thy silken chain.

Th' frenzied rapture of those hours,
When beauty's smile bade prudence fly,
And gen'ral mirth's exciting powers,
Concealed the lurking danger nigh.

But hark! a wail is on the air,
A wail from woman's anguish'd heart,
The plaint of love toned to despair,
By triumphs of thy siren art.

The sparkling glass, the midnight hour,
The witching dance, the beaming eye,
Th' fated sorceries of thy power,
On startled wing I dare to fly.

My boon companions, jovial souls,
Bedded in the mire of pleasure,
No more we mix inspiring bowls,
Draining cup and wits together.

Hope's beacon flashes o'er the hill—
There's ringing shouts of victory,
As Love enthrones the nobler will,
And seals the wrestling spirit free.

GEE WO.

THE EDITORS WHO WERE RAILROADED TO PARADISE AND BACK.

We went because we wanted to, and returned only because we had to. If any man alive wishes better reasons, he must invent them to suit himself. We set out on that trip just as one starts in to read a book. We determined to take our pleasures as they came along rather than reserve ourselves for those which *might be*, but which we were not quite sure *were*, in the distance. 'Tis written that the pleasures of anticipation are greater than those of realization. We don't believe a word of it. Who supposes that it is better, even for a donkey, that he should be eternally chasing the bunch of carrots, rather than that he should come up with it? Let those run after an *ignis fatuus* who like the sport. Be it ours to catch pleasures as they fly. The sum of all earthly wisdom is contained in that practical lesson taught by the busy bee—"Sip honey from every opening flower." Yes; if the flower opens, go for it. Seize the opportunity of to-day rather than wait for the possibility of to-morrow. Sterne pursued his most sentimental journey ever ready, as he tells us, to "walk five miles on foot to shake the hand of that man who, giving up the reins of his imagination into the hands of his guide, is content to be pleased, not knowing why or caring wherefore." Precisely in that spirit, we met at the San Jose depot on the morning of the 3d of July last our worthy guide, philosopher and friend, Edward Curtis, Esq., and gave ourselves up to his keeping, ready to be taken we did not know where, to see we did not know what, and to return we did not know when.

When one starts out upon a journey, it is good to know the company that is going along. One may be careless about other things, but that is a point it is by no means wise to overlook. It requires attention, if only to get the names aright. We once narrowly escaped a duel through calling a Colonel "Captain." The crowd were for the most part editors of San Francisco dailies. A suspicious statement to begin with, but then we hasten to say that none of those editors were *proprietors* of a daily. They were Gentlemen—a distinction in which, be it remarked, there is a difference. We verily believe if we had committed the absurdity of calling any one of them "proprietor of the daily—anything you please"—there would have been a difficulty equal to that we got into when we mistook that Colonel for a Captain. We doubt, indeed, if we should have escaped as we did in that case. Yes, they were Gentlemen. There was Frank Soule, a pioneer editor and poet of the Pacific Coast, with his white locks, clear blue sympathetic eye, well-balanced head, and a countenance stamped with God's evidences of nobility—the unmistakable lineaments of an honest face. Next comes H. Channing Beals, editor of the *Commercial Herald*, a mighty man of figures, who knows the price everything sold for yesterday all over the world. Fact. He is withal a conscientious man, knows Dr. Scott, fears God, and keeps his powder dry. Above all, he writes "Biz" for the *News Letter*. Then there was William Bausman, Esq., or, as we prefer to call him, "our friend Will Bausman of the *Call*," the proudest father of seven children there is in San Francisco, a man of infinite jest, with talents so versatile that he can write anything from a humorous play to a *Call* conundrum—a range so wide that it may be said to cover the whole field of literature. His memory is a storehouse, in which he has treasured up every joke that has ever been made, from Adam's first to our *Town Crier's* last. (Another fact.) He fired them off at us in a most merciless fashion, and kept us all in a state of explosion pretty nearly the whole trip. The genial cuss was the life and soul of the party. Fancy such a man wasting his breath upon the desert air in which a *Call* article is produced! We cannot fancy it. It is *mal apropos*, a miscegenation—in fact one of those things no fellow can find out. Then there was D. E. McCarthy, the managing editor of the *Chronicle*, a manly fellow, every inch of him. He dearly

loves a joke, and has a most original method of firing one off at you. It slips out quietly and without the movement of any responsive muscle, so that instinctively you scrutinize his face to see if it was an accident—and his face won't help you a bit. For the moment it is as unreadable as the Sphinx. You are left quite in doubt whether he seriously meant it or meant it seriously. Mr. McCarthy tells capital stories of early life in Nevada. He was one of the original proprietors of the *Virginia Enterprise*, and an intimate acquaintance of Mark Twain's. We were all sorry that the delegation from the *Examiner* did not include Senator Phil Roach. A very special favorite with newspaper writers, as indeed he is with almost everybody, the party would have been delighted to have had the Senator along. However, he sent his local editor—Coffey—of whom it may be said that in his intercourse with the party he well represented the courtesy and gentlemanly tone that pertains to the *Examiner*. His shrewd observations and good common sense indicate that he has an old head upon young shoulders. He wrote up for the *Examiner* an admirable account of the trip. And then, last because the most youthful among the regular newspaper attaches, was young Hinton, of the *Post*, the makings of the best looking man in the crowd; a well set, broad shouldered and worthy chip of the old block, who has yet his spurs to win. What shall we say of our cicerone—our Generalissimo, Edward Curtis, Esq., LL.D.? The trouble when a fellow has so many sides, and all of them good, is to tell where to begin. An accomplished writer and a well read man, who knows how to marshal his knowledge to the best advantage; a memory that retains letter perfect all the sunny pieces he ever read, he is equally good at a joke, or a speech, or a recitation—a jolly companion every way you take him. When you have discovered that our friend is all these things you begin to think you know him. Never was there a greater mistake. You have only yet seen as much of him as he has cared to show you. The rest you won't learn this year, or next either. If occasion needs, he will impress you with the idea that he is the most open and frank of men, whereas he has been as reticent as an owl all the while. That faculty, however, he reserves for the benefit of his employers. Curtis is a study that is not to be finished at one sitting. We therefore pass on to say that he was untiring in his exertions to make the trip agreeable to every one. He succeeded completely. When we simply mention the fact that the modest editor of the *News Letter* was along, we give the finishing touch. The picture is complete.

Perhaps the reader, who has not shunted off into some more interesting column, but who, with laudable patience, has followed us this far, expects that we are going into infinite details as to what was seen during that editorial excursion along the Southern Pacific Railroad. Quite a mistake. The dailies have done that. Everybody ere this has read all about it. Our contemporaries have told of the miles and miles of golden corn ripening unto the harvest; of that live man who lives at Salinas, C. S. Abbott by name; of the ranch and residence of our old friend Jesse D. Carr, who studies his Bible and *News Letter* with equal regularity, and of the long to be remembered hospitality with which he received us; they have made everybody acquainted with the fact that Salinas is a well regulated city, in which we were right jovially received, and that its principal hotel, the "Abbott House," is kept by our friend Swift, who not only knows how to keep a hotel, but is known far and wide as a prince of good fellows; they have delighted the ladies, as they were in duty bound to do, by happy mention of that really enjoyable ball; and then they have told how those editors reached the end of their journey—PARADISE. There, appropriately enough, everlasting springs abide. There are hot and cold medicinal waters that will make a fortune for the first man who runs an establishment suitable for the reception of guests. Mr. E. S. Williams is engaged building a hotel which bids fair to fill the bill. If the delightful surroundings of that well named locality had full justice done to them a column of the *News Letter* would be occupied. We therefore leave the reader to imagine the rest.——We saw hundreds of people active, industrious, prosperous, and happy, and it is just here that the principal lesson taught by that trip comes in. We had conversed with scores of farmers and others who were all well satisfied with their prospects. They told of the wonderful development of the southern counties since the extension of the railroad. "Five years ago," said they, "land down here was easily obtainable for five dollars per acre; now it is held in many cases for $100 per acre." Tell it in the ears of Pickering, and whisper it unto Fitch, that each editor returned to San Francisco firm in the conviction that the railroad had not injured that section of country. They found Leland Stanford everywhere spoken of with admiration, and the only complaints they heard in this connection were of those accursed anti-railroad influences that have done so much to retard the onward march of the iron horse to the southern extremities of the State. That trip was not without its uses.

"Wanted, a partner (active or otherwise) with from £200. Business safe and profitable." This advertisement having appeared several times, the Ass handsomely offers himself. He will go in not as an active, but decidedly "otherwise" partner. To make sure that the business is safe, he will grant a *post obit* for his share of capital, and consume his profit in the premises, should the "business" be that way.—*The Battle.*

A new style of boys' trowsers has been invented in Boston, with a copper seat, sheet-iron knees, riveted down in seams, and water-proof pockets, to hold broken eggs.

ACCIDENT.

What strange, unreasoned impulse takes
By devious ways our aimless feet,
The unimagined doom to meet?
Or still the fatal thunder breaks

From skies that promise peace. We go,
Scarce e'en on trivial errand bent,
And heed not, and the stroke is sent
That lays life's pleasant fabric low,—

Long days of dear domestic peace,
Love into closer union grown,
The newer knowledge made our own,
And ever, as the years increase,

Some clearer hight of wisdom won,
And schemes of joyous travel planned
To holy place or classic land,
Or marvel of the midnight sun,—

All things that counterchange our days
With varied light of toil and ease,—
Laborious joys, and cares that please,
Constraint of duty, sweets of praise!—

One step, and over love and light,
Things hoped and things achieved, the all
We are and were to be, will fall
The mournless, unremembering night.

—*The Spectator.*

A. J. C.

ROCHEFORT'S ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND.

After his romantic escape, says the *Times*, from his keepers in New Caledonia, after running the gauntlet of excited interviews in the United States, M. Henri Rochefort has landed in this country. It is only with a nation like the French that M. Rochefort's checkered career would be possible. He did much mischief, as he might have done much more, for at one time he had raised himself into a power in his country; yet when he betook himself, late in life, to active politics, his previous history offered few guarantees for his title to lead a party, much less a nation. He had neither weight of character nor solidity of talent. He had "lived," in the French sense of the word, and his fortune had suffered accordingly. Like M. de Fonvielle, who figured so conspicuously in the unhappy business of Victor Noir, M. Rochefort was a noble of the old *regime*, and his conversion to Radicalism has been suspiciously sudden. At any rate, in France extreme opinions are generally excellent cards for noblemen to play, although occasionally, as in the case of Philippe Egalité, they may land them in a mishap when guillotining is the fashion. But M. Rochefort had gifts that were still better pledges for his succeeding in French political life. He had a bitter wit and a ready pen, and he naturally turned himself to journalism. It was the veteran proprietor of the *Figaro*, as we believe, the most experienced caterer for the literary tastes of the *cafés*, who first discovered the value of the new contributor. The verdict was confirmed by the people, and the journals Rochefort founded became the rage. That it should have been so at first was little discredit to the Parisians. Paris had become intensely antipathetical to the Empire, to which it owed so much, as it found afterwards. Eloquence and intellect were opposing authority under serious drawbacks and disabilities; papers were being fined and warned; Opposition speakers in the Assembly were silenced and shouted down. The mockers and laughers of Paris are always as much inclined as its mob to range themselves against authority and coercion. M. Rochefort gave voice to the ideas of these *frondeurs* in his own pungent style, and he kept their expectations perpetually on the stretch to learn how they were to express themselves next. He broke out of bounds from the first in coarsely assailing the Emperor and his family; still he scarcely exceeded the license which even educated Frenchmen, when they are either savage or sulky, are willing to concede to brilliant partisans. But, although one writer may bear the burden of a periodical like the *Rambler* or *Spectator*, it is a different thing when he has to keep the world laughing perpetually, and Rochefort's humor speedily degenerated into malignant scurrility. The *Daily News* says:—M. Henri Rochefort may have been not unreasonably surprised to find that on reaching the shores of Ireland—of all countries in the world!—and of Queenstown, the port of departure of innumerable Fenians—he, an escaped martyr of revolution and rebellion, should have been welcomed with cries of indignation and threats of violence by a mob of probably disaffected British subjects. On second thoughts he may have remembered that though he has emphatically disavowed any part or lot in the conflagrations of the Commune, in the massacre of the hostages, which disgraced the last desperate days of that insurrection of Paris, his complicity is still believed in by hundreds of honest people who have never heard of his repudiation of those excesses; and that by the Roman Catholic Church especially he is regarded as the ally and the accomplice of the ruffians who killed the Archbishop of Paris. Moreover, he is the sworn enemy of the Clerical and Monarchical parties in France, and of Marshal Patrick MacMahon, the defender of the faith in that country, for whom even the Irish Fenian has the highest respect. Hence the inconvenience of his notoriety in Ireland. It is said that he is not coming at present to reside in England, and has chosen Geneva for a refuge until some unexpected turn of events in France—such as political exiles always imagine to be near at hand—shall restore him to that country, which, in the opinion of many of his compatriots, he left for his country's good. However this may be, he may be sure that in London even the most mischievous and unscrupulous of agitators, whether liberated Fenians or escaped Communists, will meet with that indifferent forbearance which exile and suffering demand of the humane, quite apart from any considerations of sympathy or respect. It is as easy to be obscure in London as notorious or celebrated at Cork, and M. Rochefort's *Lanterne*, he may rest assured, will no more disturb his slumbers in this metropolis than any other rushlight.

EMPEROR OF THE UNITED STATES.

It is clear enough, to the few persons who really know and understand the very remarkable man who has, for the last six years, occupied the White House, that he has made up his mind to stay there for the remainder of his life. A stupid misapprehension in regard to this man has existed in the minds of the great majority of the American people, which is now at last being slowly corrected, so far as the more sagacious and observant are concerned. He has had credit enough for his "reticence;" but, until quite recently, no one dreamed how deep and dangerous were the counsels he revolved in that sphinx-like silence. He has been called obstinate, but few suspected the quality and significance of that obstinacy, or that it was associated with insatiable ambition, unbounded audacity, and the subtlety of a Machiavelli. But to-day, in the eyes of those who begin to see the consistent drift of his whole policy, he looms up as one of the most remarkable characters in history. For Caius Julius Cæsar, backed by his invincible legions to subvert the liberties of Rome, was but a slight undertaking with that which Ulysses S. Grant is now pushing forward with patient perseverance and an executive ability not surpassed even by that of the first Napoleon, when plotting to transform the Consulate into the Empire. No one imagines that he relies upon our insignificant regular army to enable him to carry out his plans, nor that he expects to accomplish his object by violent revolution. All will be done under decent pretext, and the semblance of conformity to law; and it will be done with a powerful political and popular backing. Moreover, it will be done by successive steps, so imperceptible in their gradations that few will be conscious of the process that is going on until the end is attained. The first important step will be the third term. After that, the remainder is easy. The regular army is of little use to him; but he is organizing another and more formidable army—an army of office-holders, partisans, and dependents, analogous to the "clientage" of a Lucullus or an Appius Claudius, bound to him by ties of interest and personal devotion, such as attached the Highland clansmen to their chief. His appointments are denounced as utterly bad, and certainly many of them seem, from an ordinary point of view, unfit to be made, but, from the President's point of view, they are both fit and admirable, wherefore the newspapers protest, and the Senate opposes in vain. There are generals or colonels in most of the important offices. We have here in San Francisco one general in the Mint and another in the Post Office. "Boss Shepherd," though not a good man as a "servant of the people," has all the qualities to make him a most efficient instrument in the hands of one whose aim is to enslave or corrupt them. Simmons, the sworn friend of Butler, is another of the same stripe. How strange that Grant should make such appointments and persist in them! It seemed strange, also, that he should fly in the face of his party and defeat the Civil Rights bill by his threat to veto it. But by that course he has won over the South. Strange, too, that he should have vetoed the the Inflation Bill, in spite of the earnest remonstrances of the leading Republican Senators, in spite of its having passed both Houses by unusually large majorities. By doing so, however, he arrayed firmly on his side the entire "conservative element," the great manufacturers, bankers, merchants, and moneyed interests generally. The Republican papers, apologizing for their chief, innocently say, "We admit that he has made some mistakes and some blunders, but," etc., etc. Grant must laugh his reticent little inward laugh when he reads such things. Viewed in the light of his aims, he has made no single blunder, no single mistake. The New York *Herald*, of July 6th, expends two columns of its editorial space in exhorting Grant to "put an end to the misgivings and anxious forebodings of the country respecting his supposed intention to be again a candidate for his present high office. "Why," urges the *Herald*, in conclusion, "Why should he keep the country in a state of painful suspense and apprehension, when a few decisive, authoritative words would restore confidence." But other journals in all parts of the country have for months been urging the same appeal in vain, and the *Herald* will have no better success. Grant has only to whisper a denial in the ear of Senator Jones, or any one of a hundred others about him, with an intimation that it may be made public, in order to set the matter at rest. That whisper will never come, for the simple reason that Grant *does* mean to be President for a third term, and to be something more than President after that. Moreover, there is already a considerable party in the United States ready to back him. Is it already forgotten that a weekly paper called *The Imperialist* was started not long ago in the city of New York? It is true the paper was short-lived, but it did not die until it had accomplished its mission. It was merely designed as "a feeler."

A curious scheme for the development of Conservative principles throughout the country has just been brought forward. The idea is to plant a "Conservative" newspaper in every town throughout the provinces. The enterprise has already advanced as far as a prospectus, offices, a Secretary, and a list of shareholders. Amongst the shareholders are the prominent and out-and-out supporters of Mr. Disraeli, including about forty members of Parliament, and twenty-four noblemen, honorables, and baronets.—*English Paper.*

A German physicist proposes to make poplar trees do the work of lightning rods. If by this means he can succeed in doing away with lightning rod peddlers, we can't see why this shouldn't be a pop'lar method.

THE SIAMESE TWINS.

The following account of the twins appears in the Philadelphia *Inquirer*:

Since the first announcement of the death of the Siamese Twins the following facts relative to their social ways and mental characteristics have been published.

Barnum got the twins in 1850, and for several years they were shown in his old museum. At that time they spoke English very imperfectly. They were below the medium size. Chang was larger than Eng, and looked several years younger. He was, too, the mental superior of his brother, although both were ignorant, and had intelligence that scarcely rose above low cunning. Their faces were peculiarly repelling, yellow in hue.

Chang was the most robust and good-natured. Eng was often sick, and always morose and peevish. They had a sleeping room in the museum, as had the other curiosities, and one night a rumpus was heard in it. On breaking open the door the twins were found fighting—Eng was on the floor, underneath Chang, who was choking him.

Their pay was $100 a week at the beginning of this engagement, which they equitably divided and put into savings banks. They never visited their home, and seemed to have no care for their family.

When Eng was sick chang nursed him; but perhaps did so from selfish motives, as the serious illness of one made it necessary for the well one also to go to bed. Chang had something of an appreciative vein of fun, and liked to give senseless answers, in his broken English, to the numberless questions of visitors. They remained with Barnum until 1855, and it is believed they had then saved about $40,000 each. Growing tired of show life, they decided to settle down in a warmer part of the United States.

In their travels they had been in North Carolina, and its climate had pleased them, so they bought two plantations, and secured wives to complete their domestic establishment. Here they took the surname Bunker. They were then bachelors of forty-four. They married English sisters, aged twenty-six and twenty-eight. The girls had been servants, and it is said that a Lancashire dialect still clings to them. The making of the double match involved much trouble, for although the twins were not unduly exacting, it was hard to find women who were both willing and at all desirable.

There was no love-making before the engagement; the courting was done by proxy and correspondence; and the ladies had seen their future husbands only at a show in London, when they accepted the offer of marriage. The twins based their choice upon likenesses forwarded by their agents, who gave assurance of the respectability of the girls. All having been arranged, they were brought to America, the twins paying their expenses, and the marriage was solemnized quietly at Salisbury. The wives were not beautiful, but they were strong, healthy, English working girls.

The domestic lives of the couple were peculiar. Each family had its own house, servants, and domestic establishment. The plantations were owned and managed separately, although in matters of consequence Chang was usually the master. Each looked after his plantation and other business during the weeks of living at his own place, and the visiting brother was not supposed to interfere. The wives did not agree very well, and the strangely-tied families quarreled so seriously that the sisters frequently had periods of complete estrangement, lasting for weeks at a time.

So, although Chang and Eng were rich, they did not live happily. Mrs. Chang had the first child, and it was a deaf mute. The families increased rapidly until Chang had six children and Eng five. Of these children four never heard or spoke, although in all other respects all were strong and not deformed. Eight are living, the oldest, a daughter of seventeen, having lately been married to the lessee of a neighboring plantation. Before the emancipation their slaves were the most whipped of any in the region. The rebellion freed their slaves, and otherwise seriously impaired their wealth. To repair their losses they again exhibited themselves through the country, but they were only moderately successful, owing partially to a rapacity which prevented managers from having anything to do with them.

A greater curiosity had in their line sprung up, too, in the two-headed girl—two negro children from South Carolina, who are joined at the hips. Chang and Eng had grown uglier as they had grown older, the latter especially being wrinkled, thin, and bent. Their tempers were soured, and they quarreled with each other constantly. They had gained greatly in intelligence, however, and were more sensitive to the gaze of the crowd. They retained strong secession proclivities. During their absence their wives managed the plantations. Those of the children who were not deaf mutes were sent to school, and are now well educated. The cause of their moroseness as they grew older is believed to have been the probability of the fatal effect of one's death upon the other. The idea of separating them by a surgical operation had been often broached, but physicians had generally agreed that it would kill them. Therefore each was haunted with a dread of being left bound to his dead brother, with almost a certainty of dying under any attempt to sever him from the corpse. While in Paris and London they consulted the most eminent surgeons. One experiment, however, dashed all hope of separate existence. The ligature was compressed until all circulation of blood between them was stopped. Eng soon fainted, and a removal of the compress was necessary to prevent death. This proved that neither could sustain a separate circulation of the blood, and to have cut the ligature would have killed both.

THE NEW TURKISH LOAN.

[*Investor Seeketh Spiritual Direction.*]

Turkey owes a precious lot;
Turkey wants to borrow more.
Will she pay her way; or not?
Can I trust her with my store?

Turkey being plunged in debt,
Spirits that on tables knock,
Rap me out, by alphabet,
Dare I purchase Turkey Stock?

Turks are quoted very cheap,
Ten per cent. the stock will pay;
But shall I be sure to reap
That per-centage many a day?

Silent prescience ye disown;
Or, if tables you can tap,
Mean to say the Turkish Loan
Isn't worth a single rap.

—*Punch.*

A GREAT DISCOVERY.

We have a genius amongst us who is applying himself with wonderful success to the solution of practical questions of vast importance. The problem of irrigation is the most important one in the minds of the people of California to-day. Given an abundance of moisture, our fruitful soil would yield such crops as would astonish the world, and California would become one vast garden. Our climate, more favored than even that of Italy, would attract hither thousands of desirable settlers, who are kept away by the fear that drought may render their labors unproductive. All over the State farmers are seeking to devise methods of irrigation which shall insure a yearly yield from the tilled fields. The waters of every running stream are utilized in all possible ways, and canals, ditches, and artesian wells are dug at great expense, wherever practicable, so as to bring water upon fields already under cultivation, and to bring a still wider scope of land under the plow. "The farmer feedeth all," and whenever a new blade of grass is produced, there a benefit has been done to the State. The efforts of irrigators, during the past ten years, have resulted in a great enlargement of the tillable area of the State; yet, unfortunately, we still labor under the very serious disadvantage of the uncertainty of natural irrigation in many sections.

Almost as great a drawback as drought is to the country, is dust to the city. The pedestrian is no more afflicted than "thim that's rich and ride in chaises." The famed Cliff House road, attractive as it is, has still its dust that will not down; and all efforts to lay the clouds which rise from the drives in the Golden Gate Park, or to still the ceaseless shifting of the sand dunes within that fine inclosure, have heretofore been in vain. The dust we have always with us; and he who will furnish the farmer a sure way to irrigate his land will be blessed by city folks, who may utilize his method in laying the dust. The man to do these things has been found, and the way in which he is to do them we will briefly indicate in this article. His name is Alfred Paraf, and will be recognized at once as one already very generally known of our people. M. Paraf is a pupil and a scientific associate of the celebrated Prof. Schutzenberger, of the College of France, Paris, as well as of the well known scientist, C. F. Chandler, who presides over the Columbia College Mining School, and Health Board of the city of New York. M. Paraf is known as a successful chemist and inventor. He has solved the problem of artificial irrigation. Experiments already made by him, the results of which we have seen, would seem to indicate that there need be no longer sterile fields in California, nor dusty streets in San Francisco.

M. Paraf is the first discoverer of a way of doing without rain, if necessary. He knew that the air is full of moisture, and he knew that chloride of calcium would attract and condense it, for the purpose of agriculture. He has applied this chloride on sand-hills and road-beds, on grass, on all sorts of soil successfully; and he has ascertained that it may be applied in such proportions as will produce the irrigation of land more cheaply and efficiently than by means of canals or other methods of securing artificial irrigation. One of M. Paraf's applications will, we know, produce and retain abundant moisture for three days, when the same amount of water introduced by the present method will evaporate in one hour. The Golden Gate Park has been the first recipient of M. Paraf's new application. He has thoroughly succeeded in keeping moist for three days, by a single application, the portion of the road, which, with ordinary water-sprinkling, would become dry in one hour. He has also succeeded in keeping down the most exposed part of the sand dunes of San Francisco—a spot in the Park selected by its able Superintendent, Mr. Hall. M. Paraf's mixture was applied on Monday at half-past 12 o'clock, and yesterday afternoon the sand was as moist as it was soon after the application. The sand flies over the deliquescent application almost as it would over a rock. Mr. Paraf states that his preparation is less expensive than canal irrigation; and believes that it will not only produce two blades of grass where but one now grows, but will render possible fields, meadows and prosperity, where now there is nothing but sand dunes and desert waste. It is a pity that Paraf, who is really a great chemist, has not the wealth of a Lick at his command. As it is, however, he is doing a great work.

When an old citizen of Detroit goes through a runaway unharmed the *Free Press* felicitates him on his escape from "frescoing the wheels of a passing express wagon with his brains."

COURT CHAT.

Queen Victoria's Etiquette.---An American paper of repute says:—Private advices from England now intimate pretty strongly that the true motive of the Imperial journey was the Emperor's dissatisfaction with the treatment his newly-married daughter, the Duchess of Edinburgh, has met with from her Royal British mother-in-law. It is well known that Queen Victoria has always been a social martinet on questions of etiquette and precedence. She had a long battle to wage in behalf of her husband, the Prince Consort, when he first came to England. The Duke of Wellington told a curious story of the art which her Majesty displayed at the marriage of the Princess Augusta of Cambridge to prevent her uncle, the King of Hanover, from signing the marriage contract before Prince Albert. As soon as the Archbishop of Canterbury handed her Majesty the pen, she suddenly dodged around the table, placed herself next to her husband, signed, and handed the pen to Prince Albert before the king could prevent it. She almost quarreled, too, with Louis Philippe on the occasion of her first royal visit to France, because the Duke Montpensier allowed a chamberlain to hand her a glass of water, instead of handing it himself. It is understood now that she insisted on giving all her own daughters precedence over the Grand Duchess, it being the rule of the British Court that born princesses of England are to have precedence of the wives of the English princes, always excepting the Princess of Wales, who immediately follows the Queen. This is a smallish matter to occupy the time of the two greatest sovereigns of Europe. But if we are not misinformed, similar questions crumple the rose-leaves in the couches of the wives of republican functionaries at Washington. "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!"

The O'Leary, M.P., is a member of the Irish College of Surgeons, and he opposed the Permissive Bill for pysiological reasons. His speech was an extraordinary compound of human stomach, bread, cheese, butter, beer, and the muscular system. The honorable gentleman's manner was as mirth-provoking as his matter. He stood alternately on his heels and toes. He gesticulated, waved his arms, and vigorously slapped his right hand with a pair of enormous gloves which he held in his left. To say that the house roared would be short of the truth; it absolutely shrieked with laughter. The human stomach and the muscular system threw it off its gravity, and when The O'Leary came to cheese the Speaker was quite unable to maintain order. "Sur," said The O'Leary, "if you eat a piece of cheese you will not assimilate it in less than an hour and a half——" The end of the sentence was drowned in the din, and when his voice could be again heard The O'Leary came out a second time with—"Sur, if you eat a piece of cheese," and the rest was lost in the general shout. "It seems to me," said The O'Leary, when the shout had somewhat died away, "that this conversation about cheese is the cheese," and of course the House went off again, only to hear The O'Leary beginning yet a fourth time, "Sur, I repeat, the cheese." It was of no use. Members went off into another fit, and, when they could laugh no longer and the voice of The O'Leary could once more be heard, it was discovered that the honorable gentleman had given the cheese up, and was holding forth on the assimilation of butter.

"Don't quote Latin, especially if your Latin is shaky." This is, in effect, the advice given by a Parliamentary correspondent after watching how the House of Commons dealt with several speakers recently. The House cheered Sir Francis Goldsmid ironically when he said he would not detain them longer, and with reason (says the correspondent), for he was unwise enough to talk at some length, and then to quote Horace. "As our old friend Horace remarks," he said, and the House broke out into great laughter, which frightened Sir Francis for a moment from his Latin. Being encouraged ironically to go on, he somewhat timidly assured the House that he only meant to show, on the authority of Horace, that punishment is not slow to overtake the guilty. This produced more laughter, and the baronet profited by the confusion to repeat two or three Latin words and to say "et cetera," fully demonstrating what must have been his main object, that he had read Horace. The day has passed for Latin verses in the House, excepting they come from acknowledged masters, like Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Lowe—almost the only men who can use them with effect—for the simple reason that to them Latin is almost their mother tongue.

A duel was fought a few days ago at Dresden by General von Kotzebue, the Russian Minister to the Court of Dresden, and Count Luckner, a Saxon nobleman. On the signal for the first fire being given the Russian Minister's pistol missed fire, and the count's bullet went into the air. The count's second shot went through the general's hat, while the general missed his aim entirely. The general was for exchanging shots a third time, but was overruled by the umpire and seconds, who considered the demands of honor fully satisfied.

The honorary degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon several distinguished personages of Cambridge. Among them were Sir A. Cockburn, the Lord Chief Justice of England, Sir Bartle Frere, Sir W. Stirling-Maxwell, Sir Charles Lyell, Sir Garnet Wolseley, Mr. Winthrop, the American statesman, and Mr. J. R. Lowell, the author of the *Biglow Papers*. Sir Garnet Wolseley seems to have been the most popular new doctor with the undergraduates, for his reception was very enthusiastic.

A Speaker's warrant was the cause of the arrest recently, on board of the Dover boat leaving for Ostend, of two gentlemen, one an M.P., another an officer of high standing. They were stated to be about to fight a duel, and were accompanied by their seconds. The cause of quarrel relative to a lady.

TAKING TOLL.

The road was new and pleasant, too,
By stream and forest winding;
The sky was fair, and everywhere
Surprises we were finding.
Said I, "'Tis queer! the toll-gate's near,
And you cannot go by it
Without a kiss, my pretty miss,"
She said, "You'd better try it!"

I took the toll—a generous dole—
Despite her stout resistance.
Said she, "The rate is very great
For such a trifling distance."
If so you say, take back the pay
To each minutest fraction;
For your sweet sake I'll gladly take
A lesson in subtraction.

She whispered, "Nay, your taking away
Has robbed me of a dozen;
But you're no kin, so don't begin
To prove yourself a cozen."
We journey on through shade and sun,
Regardless of the distance,
And every day the toll we pay
That sweetens our exstence.

From the San Francisco News Letter.

OUR JAPAN LETTER.

YOKAHAMA, June 19th, 1874.

Venerated and Venerable News Letter:—Though I know that it as little becomes a correct historian to launch into large digressions as to advance things without good authorities, I cannot forbear to mention something very peculiar relating to that very numerical "cuss," C. E. McD., of the *Alta California*. This numerical and imbecile Anglophobist has willingly and with malice prepense brown the Britannian community into a state of curious excitement by his "smutchudlamenta." The real name of this distinguished pseudographist is "Blockheadodus." His inventive power is greater than his love of truth, but still, methinks, it was wrong for the newspapers conducted by Britannians to write leading art cles about h'm. Silent contempt would have been much better, for "Blockheadodus, the Imbecile," is now much puffed up and vainglorious, and boasteth that he hath "riled" the Britannian community, which is wrong, for we are all brothers, and love one another as good cosmopolitans should. Wherefore, then, doth "B'ockheadodus, the Imbecile," endeavor to sow the seeds of discord between Britannians and their really be'oved cousins? There is no nationality here; we are all men, with the exception of the women and little children. Let this suffice for B'ockheadodus. Let him turn from the evil of his ways, and enter the temple of harmony, and we will receive him, forgetting and forgiving his former misdeeds, for no man is all evil, and to err is human. There has been a little fighting in Formosa, and some correspondence between the Japanese General Saigo, and Li, Viceroy of Tukkien. Saigo, airy, flighty, illogical and insolent, Li, calm, dignified and eminently logical, proving from Vattel that the island of Formosa belongs to China, and that in landing an armed force and attacking the savages, the Japanese are guilty of a breach of International Law. Li winds up by saying that Formosa is Chinese soil, and it is for China to take steps, and not for your Government. The Japanese will therefore have to leave the island, or fight the Chinese General. "Le Gander" did not accompany his geese, but remains quietly in Yedo with the "sabre de son père." Truly, it is a sorry farce, which may end in a tragedy. Goto Shojiro, statesman and storekeeper, has opened a store in Yedo for the sale of paper collars, blankets, boots and tallow candles; when not behind the counter, he does statesmanship *à la* Yankee. The banks here have a painful habit of closing on the slightest provocation. Should some cricket match, athletic sports, race meeting, regatta, marriage in high life, birthday of *Punch*, or any other potentate wielding despotic powers, ascension to heaven (wherever that may be) by some mythical persons supposed, by the ignorant, to have existed some centuries ago, anniversary of Mohammed's flight into Egypt, and of his crossing the Red Sea without paying the ferryman, anniversaries of the miraculous draft (of fishes) on the Bank of Jerusalem, anniversary of the introduction of the can-can into Jerusalem by David, anniversary of the death of Solomon's 97,850th wife, then a bank holiday is incontinently advertised. Our German financier, the local Rothschild, calls them bank folly days. A general state of pauperism still prevails. A new way of doing business is to buy very dear at an auction, and sell very cheap to the public, but it scarcely repays the originator of the scheme. Greenbacks are very pretty to look at, but hardly represent coin here. I sold a five dollar note to a Dutchman for three dollars the other day. Whether the Dutchman made money or not, I don't know, but he is going home, and I think from that fact that he must have profited by the transaction. There is nothing fresh in missionaries. It is therefore useless to write any more, and in closing this most trivial but serious letter, I would remind you of the saying of the Great Master: "Croyez que chose divine est prester; debuoir est vertu heroicque car nature n'ha creé l'homme que pour prester et emprunter."

I am, venerable *News Letter*,

THE PIOUS JONES.

Why is grass like a penknife? Because the spring brings out the blades.

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

The most interesting of the fights hitherto presented to our notice have been the squabbles in the Board of Education, when the dictionary and the prayer book were calmly but heroically laid aside, while those strong men violently murmured sentences to each other which, it is feared, they never learned at their mothers' knees. The present Board of Supervisors, by some strange chance, have not conducted themselves in the asinine manner common to Supervisors, and we have not been favored with any of the absurd antics usual to such bodies. The Ophir fight consequently offers quite a pleasant gap in the long line of peace, and is another evidence of how finely matters are balanced in this world. A rumor has reached our ears that both parties, hopeful of a favorable verdict, are getting up testimonials for the leaders of the vans. The Lissakites have engaged Bradley & Rulofson to execute a fine photo of the worthy President, teeth included, holding on firmly to a large-sized 2, which significant figure is crowned by a hair, a fine blonde hair. This hair the portly and commanding form of Hall McAllister is engaged in deftly splitting with a finely-tempered axe labeled "technicality." The Baldwinites have had constructed a huge pair of boxing gloves, the which are to be presented by a *professional* shoulder striker, ready to take old Wiry in training. It was the original intention of the trainer theatrically to exclaim *Et tu Brute*, but upon the payment of several shares of Ophir, he has been prevailed upon to keep his opinions to himself.

It is one of the dispensations of Providence that rattlesnakes, tarantulas, mosquitos, ear-wigs, fleas, bees and bed-bugs, are permitted to live. The same benign power also insists upon prolonging the existence of certain of the human species equally useless and unnecessary to the successful revolution of the earth upon its axis. Fortunately for the civilized portion of the community, they all earn their living in one particular way, by lying. There are various departments of the business, but the principle is the same in all, and they are easily spotted. Perhaps the most thoroughly abject of these creatures takes to a false stock report as easier than anything else. It doesn't require much capital, and stocks are easy things to lie about. It requires no brains, fortunately, only unlimited cheek, fortunately, too. Besides this, it does no one any harm to let a body sit and addle his wits over a row of false figures every day, if the occupation keeps him out of people's way. We interpose no protest till he begins inflicting words on the public. Then, for the sake of the public, we must speak. There is no excuse for the man, who, because he wants to be Auditor or anything else, allows this little jack-in-the-box to sit and dribble away his few ideas in editorials. Keep him to his figures. They harm no one since no one pays any attention to them, and they do him good, by giving him the idea that he is doing something.

We take the Chicago fire as an unkind cut at the Louisiana sufferers. We know of several worthy and deserving young Bohemians who have been loafing around San Francisco for some time, waiting for something to turn up, who have just been getting ready to be Louisiana sufferers, when the Chicago news came and stopped the fun. One of them brightened up for a moment, and concluded to make a neat turn by selling relics of the Chicago fire, when the growl came over the wires that it had stopped burning and wasn't much of a fire anyhow. He feared that an appearance just yet would be rather premature, especially as the Louisiana lode is pretty well worked out, in expectation of a new job, and he once more sadly and mournfully accepted an invitation to take a drink, absently nibbling meanwhile at the lunch table. Such is the manner in which enterprises of great pith and moment their current turn awry, and by an awkward series of events, a young man of noble instincts and princely bearing is driven to the lunch tables in "bit" houses, when he might have been earning an honest independence by preying upon the sympathies of the tender-hearted in the capacity of a Louisiana sufferer. We don't wish to tax the Magnolia State too far, but we really fear we'll have to have another flood to set this young man up in business.

We are glad the Post has devoted a column to "Rum's Doings." The title is perhaps somewhat vague, as rum is a liquor found principally in Roman punch, and on rum omelette, and the characters who figure in these morning tales have not, as a rule, lost their wits over either of these compounds. A Catholic pities a Protestant as a heretic, a Protestant annihilates a Catholic by calling him a Papist, a Southerner gets a war mad on if you call him a rebel, and a Yankee indulges in a spell of quiet wrath if you hail him as an abolitionist. The temperance people consider that they have incontinently squelched and withered up the license people when they give whisky, brandy, gin, cocktails, slings, and all the mixtures the all-embracing name of Rum. The word explodes from a temperance mouth with the force of a Fourth of July pistol and the bitterness of a dose of rhubarb powder. It glides out with the smoothness of a file on a jagged tooth, and is never given without a circular curl of the upper lip and a snort of disgust from the left nostril. It is a sad truth that "Rum's Doings" is the most readable paragraph in the *Post*, and its spice of flavor is further enhanced at the minor refrain of satisfaction, like an under-current, showing the perfect enjoyment of the creature at being able to tell such desperate things.

The Post is christened. Caxton has done it. Henceforth it will be known to all men as: *The Poodle Dog*. Happily named. Its only sound is a yelp, and its sole companions are women. Crusaders, at that.

The establishment of the China News filled a want long felt in this comparatively newspaperless community. So say all the sage old wiseheads who publish columns of twaddle without news, and make a comfortable living at it, too, and as it seems to be *en regle* to make the announcement, we make it. Our readers well know that we do everything *en regle*. Beside the good to the public we have enjoyed some private benefits. When we are engaged in perusal of this pleasant sheet the man at the Mercantile Library doesn't look over our shoulder and glare at the telegraphic column as if he would enjoy calmly annihilating us for being ahead of him. The man on the next block doesn't steal it from our door-step, and the wife of our bosom doesn't calmly and smilingly request us to tear the sheet in two and give her the nicer half. Furthermore, by a wise mutilation of its character we have been enabled to get up quite a reputation among our friends for being in possession of a number of the autographs of celebrated men. This is about all the good it has done us this week, but there is every chance that its benefits will, even as our days, increase.

Everybody who hasn't stopped taking the little Post may have observed from time to time that it breaks out with the public school rash, but invariably applies its praise to the same school. Deeply imbued with the idea that the little *Post* is one of those conscientious journals which bestow praise and blame only where praise and blame are deserved, we determined to say something nice about that school, too, and went up there to find the nicest item on the premises. The cat leaked out of the bag—great is modern journalism; wonderful the power of the press—"Our lady reporter" has a boy in the school, where he is coddled, petted, and caressed, and learning stuffed into the dear innocent in the manner most agreeable to him, and least tending to violent exertion on his part. Incomprehensible are thy ways, O daily press; inscrutable thy cunning, O wizzen-faced schoolma'am. O, all ye other schoolma'ams who don't get praised in the papers go among the reporters; drum up their youngsters for their favors, and make a reputation in a week.

The extraordinary statement has confronted us in many newspapers of late, that figures never lie. It might as well be said, the daily newspapers never lie, and, as they are sometimes very badly put about for one, perhaps the above will serve as well as anything, for, of all unconscionable liars, commend us to figures. An old maid's age is always in figures, and who ever knew them to tell the truth. A morning paper's circulation list is in the same characters, but who ever believes them? The Assessor's list is in figures, and the man who can make a close estimate of the wealth of the State from them deserves to have charge of the Lick Observatory. The expenses of a silver mine appear in figures, but assessed miserable know well that they never tally with a certain private pocket list. O, no, most sapient dailies! If lying were a State Prison offense, and figures punishable, we would all be going about counting our fingers, like Sothern with his mothers-in-law, or a boy in the "first class in mental 'rithmetic."

It is probable that old Pickering has had everything which usually falls to the lot of man—measles, whooping cough, corns, bunions, stock assessments, outside lands, homestead lots, and law suits. He now rejoices in a mortgage. We knew he had something and had it bad. In the mingled mess of feelings with which we have long favored the cantankerous old editor, there was a tiny, tiny grain of respect, because he was not afraid occasionally to pitch into a rich man. That little shred we fling to the winds. When a newspaper veers suddenly and blesses a man whom it has abused like a pickpocket there is something wrong, but when the impecunious editor next day saddles himself with a mortgage the transparency of his plans is simply disgusting. Alas, if ever again any one suggest to us that he is a politic old sneak, or a far-seeing old hang-dog, or a transparent humbug, or a roundabout blackmailer, or a Mammon devotee, we shall, with melancholy reluctance, refuse to challenge their opinion.

It is rather the fashion to sneer at hotel clerks, but for a fully fledged snip of the first water commend us to the young man at the California Theater, who is occasionally furnished with an opportunity to sell seats. The airs of the creature are really something delightful. The highhanded way with which he points out some of the worst seats in the theater to one of its best patrons is something gorgeous to behold. The sublime indifference with which he regards a waiting patron while he airs his empty head with a couple of *filles de joie*, is something stunning. Mr. McCullough might use him to some advantage on the stage in the capacity of the Brazilian ape, or the organ monkey at a fair, but surely the California Theater has been well enough patronized to furnish us with something else to buy tickets of than a grinning baboon, endeavoring to ape the airs and graces of the tinsel lords in sensation plays.

The young man with the vivid imagination has gone over to the *Call*. We feel quite certain that we recognize him in the latest development of the Cocos Island yam. We would like to know where that young man boards. We cannot exactly confess to a harrowing anxiety on the subject, but it would afford us some satisfaction to gaze at one of the messes which give him such fearful nightmares. No man with a healthy stomach could invent the stuff which this young man's brain has given to a gasping world, unless, indeed, they trained him to the reportorial business from the days of his long clothes, and brought him up on a diet of raisin skins and hard-boiled eggs. It is to be hoped he will stick to the *Call* for a while, for if he goes flopping from paper to paper we would begin to fear there were two of them, and there *is* a limit to human endurance.

Woodhull has flown to Tilton. We are glad Tilton got in a scrape if for no other reason than that he took that unsavory female away from here. We are glad Woodhull is with Tilton. It must be a consolation to that great and good man in his hour of trouble to know that at any moment, office time, board time, or bed time, he can enjoy the sympathy of that chaste and high-souled female. It is our most earnest hope that he will keep her busy sympathizing. We are not greedy. Though we were wading through the Slough of Despond, though the dark waters of trouble rolled over us, though the waves of scandal rose to our very lips, we could still gaze calmly upon the Woodhull sympathizing with Tilton, and we wouldn't be wicked enough to envy the old rascal. Such is the unselfishness of human nature, and we are not alone, for Beecher feels just as we do.

A rumor has reached us that there is published in this city a small and obscure journal termed the *Call*, edited by one Pick, whose origin was for some time a matter of extreme doubt, but who, it is finally settled, is a Marionette. Puppets are usually managed by strings. The puppet above referred to is manipulated entirely by purse strings held by various individuals. Having just made his appearance in a new trick, students of the deft art are studying it up. Not long since, it was the custom of the *Call* to use its feeble efforts and feebler diction in abusing Mr. Hayward. Unexpectedly it has changed tack, and the honey of Hybla is vapid stuff compared with the sweets it now offers him. We know there is a five cent piece somewhere in the distance, and we respectfully ask the Prince of Marionettes what's his game?

When the Lord in temporary moments of forgetfulness sees fit to visit a woman with a face tolerably fair to look upon, she is certain immediately to seize the opportunity to caricature herself and make a guy of his work. Lotta, whom we remember as an arch and sparkling little body with a riant face and a general air of fun, tinged with a dash of fascinating rowdyism, simpers at us from the windows with a shock of hair like a sky terrier's, a head as big as a returned European's, a chin as sharp as a lead pencil-point, an invisible pug, and muffled in a Mission woolen blanket. She might as well be "affected Alice" as our dashing California girl; but then a saint always aspires to a little rowdyism, while an inborn rowdy loves to smirk and simper like a saint.

Mrs. Farrell dislocated her hip while hanging out the clothes last Monday morning. This item of news furnished the world with three important facts: there is a Mrs. Farrell, she has a hip-joint, and clothes enough to hang on a line. Judging from the specimens we have seen in the street during the present fashion hips are superfluities with which women have altogether dispensed. The knowledge that there really is a hip in town, even a disjointed one, affords a pleasing diversity to the dead level of bony monotony.

Referring to the way the least rumble of Bald Mountain, down in North Carolina, sends people thereabout to their knees, a Chicago paper piously remarks that a Bald Mountain wouldn't be a bad thing to have in Chicago.

A Nevada paper says: "There was no regular trial in the case of John Flanders yesterday. He had an interview in the woods with a few friends, however, and it is perfectly certain that John won't burgle any more.

"The 'Alta' desires to do no man wrong." That is the way Granny commences an article. Well, we are glad she has arrived at that "desire" at last. We fear it is a death-bed repentance.

The Compulsory Education Law is now in operation, and we may look for a gradual improvement in the editorials of the *Call* and *Alta*—that is, providing the law is strictly enforced.

MOOSOO'S IDEA OF A BRITISH SUNDAY.

Apropos of the debate in the French Chamber, M. Auguste Vacquerie, the intimate friend of Victor Hugo, in the *Rappel*, gives his countrymen a sketch of that English Sunday which it was desired to impose upon this country. "In France," says the writer, "we have a family dinner on Sunday; in Winter we spend the evening at the theater, and in the Summer in the country. In England it is remorse; everything is shut, the bakers do not bake, no chimney smokes, no cook lights his fire, and the Sunday dinner consists of cold remnants and stale bread. The inhabitants go to church grave, in Sunday clothes, lugubrious, side by side, without speaking or turning the head, and no man offers his arm to a woman." But it seems, according to M. Vacquerie's experience, that a Sunday in London is nothing to be compared to a Sunday in Jersey, where intolerance is pushed to its extreme limit. He had scandalized his landlord by taking a stroll in the country one Sunday, and on returning home and looking towards the window he saw an open book which was violently shaken; then he perceived that this book was a Bible, which was held up by a little girl seven years of age. "It was on that day," adds the writer, "that I saw a true English Sunday, breathing intolerance and hatred into the minds of little girls." The whole article naturally bears the stamp of exaggeration, characteristic of the French school of writing. M. Vacquerie, of course, is not opposed to the laborer taking a day's rest—he considers rest necessary; but is of opinion that each man should choose his own holiday, and not have it marked out by Church or State.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

"THE LOST CAUSE."

[*Inscription on the back of a Fifty Dollar Confederate Note, written shortly after the Surrender, in 1865, by a Major in General Robert E. Lee's army, to a Colonel in the army of General James E. Johnston.*]

Representing nothing on God's earth now,
And naught in the waters below it,
As the pledge of a nation that passed away,
Keep it, dear Colonel, and show it.
Show it to those who will lend an ear,
To the tale this trifle will tell:
Of liberty born of a patriot's tear,
Of a storm-cradled nation that fell.

Too poor to possess the precious ores,
And too much of a stranger to borrow,
We issued to-day our "promise to pay,"
And hoped to redeem on the morrow.
The days rolled on, the weeks became years,
But our coffers were empty still:
Coin was so scarce the treasury would quake,
If a dollar should drop in the till.

But the faith that was in us was strong indeed,
Though our poverty well we discerned,
And *this* little check represents the pay
That our suffering veterans earned.
They knew it hardly a value in gold,
Yet as gold our soldiers received it;
It gazed in our eyes with a promise to pay,
And each patriot soldier believed it.

But *our* boys thought little of price or pay,
Or of bills that were overdue;
We knew if it bought our bread to-day,
'Twas the best our poor country could do.
Then keep it; it tells *all* our history over,
From the birth of the dream to its last;
Modest, and born of the angel Hope,
Like our hope of success, *it passed.*

LATEST INSTANCE OF WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

A cricket match of a novel description has been played in Australia at Sandhurst, with the object of swelling the funds of the local charities. The players were ladies, who went into regular practice for the match; and a local journal said, in noticing their proceedings, "the progress which they made was astonishing, for they picked up the points of the game with wonderful aptitude." A description of the match says of the lady cricketers: "At first it was expected that they should play in the Bloomer costume, as being less likely to interfere with their freedom of movement than any other; but the innovation was considered too startling for a British community, and the idea was given up in favor of an attire of the ordinary-shaped dress, made of calico, with a colored jacket to distinguish the respective sides. These dresses the ladies purpose handing over as gifts to the charities. Everything being in readiness, the ladies—the one side wearing red Garibaldi jackets and sailors' hats, and the other blue jackets and similar hats—marched in pairs (red and blue being linked together) from the tent into the field, headed by the respective captains, Mrs. Rae for the Reds, and Miss B. Rae for the Blues. Their appearance was very picturesque, and they were loudly applauded by the on-lookers. The respective captains having tossed for innings, it was decided that the Reds should go to the bat, and they secured a total of 62 runs before the last wicket fell. After the lapse of half an hour the Reds took the field, and they put their opponents out for 33 runs. One innings each only was played, and victory, therefore, rested with the Blues. Mr. Coffin acted as scorer. When the ladies had assembled in the booth, Mr. Abbott, Chairman of the Hospital Committee, thanked the ladies for the successful efforts which they had made on behalf of the charities. Mrs. Rae, on behalf of the ladies, replied, stating that the ladies had thoroughly enjoyed the game, and had the utmost gratification of knowing that their efforts had been productive of a substantial addition to the funds of the charities."

A firm dealing largely in coal in one of our Western cities had in their service an Irishman named Barney. One day the head of the firm, irritated beyond endurance at one of Barney's blunders, told him to go to the office and get his pay, and added: "You are so thick-headed I can't teach you anything." "Begorra," says Barney, "I larn wan thing since I've been wid ye!" "What's that?" asked his employer. "That sivinteen hundred make a ton."

OUR PHYSICIANS.

We speak with a very thorough knowledge of facts when we assure our readers that there are not in San Francisco many men justly entitled to be called "Doctor." That is to say, men who in addition to testimonials permitting them to practice surgery and midwifery, have obtained from a reputable University, after due examination, the Degree of Doctor of Medicine or "M. D." Here every bottle-washer is a "Doctor" or a "Physician." We have even Musical Doctors or Fiddle D. D's. We have repeatedly, in Courts of law, heard our quacks commit direct perjury by swearing that they were physicians and surgeons when they were neither the one nor the other. The more usual dodge, however, amongst the knowing ones is to swear that they are "Practicing Physicians in San Francisco." Our legal friends will please observe, which they have not done heretofore, that there *is* a difference between a physician practicing, and a practicing physician. There are degrees and degrees, diplomas and diplomas; certificates of medical knowledge that it is an honor to hold, and certificates that are simply degrading and which no man desires to show. There is no other thing that tends so much to debauch and degrade the profession, and lower the tone of the whole community, as bogus Universities issuing bogus degrees and bogus diplomas signed by bogus professors; the whole thing being conceived in the spirit of fraud. A bogus University is a public curse. No person is so much commiserated as the unfortunate student. He is swindled out of his time and his money, and is for the rest of his life placed in a false position—has been handed a degree or diploma that he shrinks from showing to his nearest friend; and every year brings home to him more forcibly the conviction that he has been befooled, injured, wronged and imposed on; and, more bitter still, that he is not *justly* entitled to meet professional men as a right and as an equal, but simply as a favor. In the nature of things, such young men cannot fail to become soured, sensitive and suspicious, and, going down rapidly, cease to be worthy of the profession—and of their early promise. Let the University of California look to this; let it do what is right, and leave squabbling Doctors to fight it out on the old line. We regret to say that with our correspondent "Steady" we anticipate no decisive worthy action on the part of the profession in this city, in the way of registering and in a becoming way publishing the exact qualifications they possess—we fancy they dare not do it. Heretofore they have been fully as deficient in courtesy towards one another as they have been towards the most despicable quacks in the community; and besides this source of obstruction, there are not forty physicians in the whole city who possess testimonials of medical qualification that they are not thoroughly ashamed of. Meanwhile our citizens are kept entirely in the dark and denied any source of information calculated to guide them in the selection of a real physician. The extreme modesty of a large number of medical men in concealing their claims to public confidence is charming.

[From the San Francisco News Letter.]

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

VICTORIA, July 1, 1874.

Sir:—The *News Letter* has a very large circulation here, and I wish it were here altogether, because common sense is very scarce in this locality. The d—l! is there such a people on the face of the earth as ours? They may be compared to mosquitos, always buzzing round. They made a contract with the Canadians and on the very face of it "sham" was written. In fifty years hence it may be possible to begin to think of keeping it. Now, as the Canadians are not ready to begin a work fifty years too soon, the people here are buzzing; their *ducks* and *drakes* are eloquent. They held a meeting and they prepared a petition to Her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, begging her to command the Canadian Government to begin at once a work that is to be commenced in fifty years. They did not send this petition through the postoffice; no, sir, they sent Walkum, the Prime Minister, with it to London! Just think of that. To save his life he could not look straight at Her Majesty and say "I'm the Premier." *Our* Premier will never see Her Majesty at arm's length, but he may have the honor of appearing in *Punch*.

The important news in this locality is not much. The honorable Tom Humphreys, auctioneer and valuator, is on his way to the mainland to rouse the sleeping spirit of the people. Tom Spence is preparing a work on cooking and roadmaking! The plebeian is practicing the sword exercise, and all the politicians are ready for a job. Why did God create us? To let us enjoy the privilege of being British subjects or to suffer the pain of plucking by the hands of low-born politicians? Such a country as this there is not on the earth's surface. There is nothing in it worth notice but the Chief Justice. Take him away and the result of subtraction is—nothing at all. I am, yours truly,

PAT, THE BROTHER OF JOHN.

The other day an aged couple drove into Indiana City, Ind., just as an undertaking firm was moving into an old church, which had been purchased for a shop. The old gentleman stood up in his wagon, his mouth and eyes distended, as the men silently carried coffin after coffin into the church. At last he turned to his awe-stricken half and gasped: "Sary, by golly, it's cholera! Let's git!"

THE VOICE IN THE PINES.

[BY P. H. HAYNE.—IN "PUBLIC OPINION."]

What voice is this? what low and solemn tone,
Which, though all wings of all the winds seem furled,
Nor even the zephyr's fairy flute is blown,
Makes thus for ever its mysterious moan
From out the whispering Pine-top's shadowy world!

Ah, can it be the antique tales are true?
Doth some lone Dryad haunt the breezeless air,
Fronting yon bright immitigable blue,
And wildly breathing all her wild soul through
That strange unearthly music of despair?

Or, can it be that ages since, storm-tossed,
And driven far inland from the roaring lea,
Some baffled ocean-spirit, worn and lost,
Here, through dry Summer's dearth and Winter's frost,
Yearns for the sharp sweet kisses of the sea!

Whate'er the spell, I hearken and am dumb,
Dream-touched, and musing in the tranquil morn;
All woodland sounds—the pheasant's gusty drum,
The mock-bird's fugue, the droning insect's hum—
Scarce heard for that weird sorrowful voice forlorn!

Beneath the drowsed sense, from deep to deep
Of spiritual life, its mournful minor flows,
Streamlike, with pensive tide, whose currents keep
Low murmuring 'twixt the bounds of grief and sleep,
Yet locked for aye from sleep's divine repose!

THE GOLD MEDAL TO SAN FRANCISCO.

The July number of the Philadelphia Photographer comes to us with a beautiful picture of a strikingly handsome young lady. The picture is the one that gained the gold medal, and the following extract speaks for itself:

There were several of the prize set that possessed merits so nearly equal that the judges found it a nice point to decide which should be placed before all others. But when the negatives came to be examined in all their details, and to show the care and skill that had been brought to bear in their production, the judges were unanimous in their opinion, awarding the medal to Messrs. Bradley and Rulofson, of San Francisco. They sent us six negatives of the same subject, all equally perfect, being absolutely without spot or blemish. They are among the purest specimens of photography it has ever been our good fortune to inspect. All there is in the print was produced in the negative. The retouching is so slight that it can scarcely be detected, and the beautiful gradations of light and shade are perfectly natural and spontaneous. For chemical effects, lighting, posing, and general artistic treatment, we commend the picture to the study of all who feel that they are not yet as high up in the scale of excellence as they wish to be, and trust they may be benefited.

The article is illustrated with interesting diagrams, showing the entire interior of Messrs. Bradley & Rulofson's extensive establishment, which, says the editor, "would be worth imitating in their arrangements by any who are reconstructing or building, and wish a studio well appointed, and perfectly adapted to the business." Mr. Rulofson is now in Chicago, attending the Photographic Congress, and it is with pleasure that we notice how admirably his immense business is conducted during his absence.

WONDERFUL PROGRESS OF COLORADO.

The report accompanying the bill for the admission of Colorado as a State into the American Union contains the following statements:—The territory has 644 miles of complete railway within her borders, six roads centering in the city of Denver. Immigration, which always follows railroads, has been greater during the last three years there than in the settlement of any territory except California. The product of 1873 is estimated at $20,174,100, divided as follows: Gold and silver, $5,000,000; cereals, $6,750,000; sale of live stock, $2,000,000; sale of wool, $600,000; sale of lumber, $400,000; sale of flour, $1,225,000; sale of dairy, $950,000. Manufactures in the city of Denver alone, $3,249,100. There are $1,017 miles of telegraph, valued at $203,400. Irrigating canals, 850 miles; valuation, $400,000. Churches, 125; valuation $450,000. Value of reduction and smelting works, $3,000,000. Manufactories—value, $725,000. Value of cattle, per assessors' returns, 4,295,143; horses, $1,405,238; sheep, $493,621. Number of school districts, 248; school population, 15,500; value of school property, $260,185; school fund, $137,557. The increase in the last two years has been 216 per cent. Assessed value of property in the territory, about $50,000,000; real value, $100,000,000. There are about 7,000,000 acres of land susceptible of cultivation, which would be greatly enlarged by a system of irrigation, which the State would adopt. There are about $1,500,000 acres of improved land returned by assessors; valuation, $9,209,944. The vote polled last year was 20,544, and the registered vote was over 25,000. Immigration estimated by the Board of Immigration to average 3,000 per month. Population about 150,000; there will be over 200,000 when admitted under this bill.

SCORE ONE FOR CAXTON.

Our old-time friend, Wm. H. Rhodes, well known by his literary *nom de plume* of "Caxton," has not until lately been before the public for quite a long while. He has been quietly, and we hope profitably, pursuing the duties of that profession to which he brings unquestionable character and high attainments. The other evening, at Alameda, he exercised his undoubted right to express his views upon the Local Option question. Caxton is an orator as well as a writer, and of course he made himself heard rather too effectively to please the *Post*. That little sheet, with a little editor possessed of a little soul, immediately set up an abusive howl—which was only what might be expected. It is natural that people who deny a man's right to buy a glass of wine or beer should seek to infringe upon his liberty of speech. The logic which reaches the one conclusion leads inevitably to the other. They who, however, would attack Caxton had better reckon the cost beforehand. The *Post* did not. The lion was not dead, only sleeping; he put out his paw and pinched the little thing until it howled like mad. After he had got through he stroked it down the back, soothed its little temper and smoothed its little bristles, after this style: "But with all its garrulousness and illnature, its lies and libels, its fondness for low life, and its purchasable columns, the little *Post* is a good paper—of its kind, and fulfills its destiny with admirable precision. As a *poodle*, it is unrivaled. It is a success. It snaps and yelps, and snarls and whines to perfection; and until kicked out of the way by the passer-by, twists up its little tail and shows its little teeth with all the fury of a full-grown cur. 'Tis frightful to hear it in pursuit of a chicken thief of a dark night, and sometimes destroys the peace of a whole neighborhood on the discovery of a mare's nest with an egg in it. It sucks eggs. Still I should be sorry to see the *Post* suspend. It is an exceedingly useful sheet in domestic life. It is invaluable to kindle the fire, and has other uses. Far from it, therefore, be the ill-omened day when Brother Pickering takes from the hook the ready obituary of the *Post*, and sorrowfully requests the devil to take it to the compositor! As Virgil says, *Procul! O procul, abeste profani!* It is true that the editorials in the *Post* are often inflammatory, and when read without a knowledge of their authorship might create some socialistic alarm; but we all recognize in a moment the meditations of little Harry George. He has an hallucination on the subject of land taxation, brought about chiefly by three causes—1st, he has no land himself; 2d, John P. Jones' wealth is in mines and money; and 3d, because he does not know any better. As a lunatic, he is one of the harmless kind, inclining rather to idiocy than to rabies. Born a foreigner, he may often be seen in the sanctum with his intellectual head resting upon his powerful hand, and sighing to himself: 'O, how I pity the American people—I can never be President!' Let me conclude with a fable translated from *La Fontaine:* 'A poodle said lamentingly, the mastiffs hereabouts and now-a-days are very degenerate. In my country I have seen them so brave as to attack a lion. Ah (said the mastiff), and did they conquer him? But (replied the poodle), they attacked him though, and only think, to attack a lion! It seems to me (said the mastiff) they are less sensible than we, for we know our weakness and are too sensible to expose it.'" That broadside silenced the *Post*, and the *News Letter* is ready to bet California street against a five-cent copy of the *Post* that it will remain silent whenever Caxton is around.

A CONFECTIONERY PALACE.

San Francisco has the reputation of having the finest saloons in the world, but in the fitting up of these gorgeous temples of eating and drinking the ladies have hitherto been somewhat overlooked. It is true, many of our ladies on warm days have taken a trip to Swain's, on Second street, to get an ice cream, but the tide of travel and fashion having set this side of Market street, Messrs. Swain & Robinson began to realize that they were needed over this way too. Accordingly when Mr. Peters' magnificent new block was finished, these gentlemen secured by ten years' lease one of the three elegant stores nearest to Kearny street, and fitted it up as a Bakery, Confectionery, Ladies' Ice Cream and Lunch Room. The result is that the ladies have the daintiest, prettiest, cleanest place in San Francisco to step into after the matinee, theater, or shopping. The brightest carpets yield to the feet, and the rooms are all a-glitter with handsome chandeliers and elegant bronzes. More than all, the Original Swain has proven for eighteen years that he is the only man in San Francisco who knows how to make ice cream which is ice cream indeed, and not the skim milk affair of other houses. Besides this the indispensable soda fountain is there, with syrup to suit every palate, and a pitcher of cream close at hand. The house fills a want long felt and desired by the ladies of San Francisco, and as it is close to the theaters and business center, and to all the railroads as well, the ladies will be happy. Besides the ladies' lunch room, there is a magnificent assortment of pies and cakes, wedding and otherwise, which can, with ice cream, be sent to order to any part of the city. In short, there is a confectionery the like of which cannot be found in San Francisco, either for the beauty of its ornamentation or the quality of its contents.

Mr. E. R. Robinson, the most polite and attentive of gentlemen, is always on hand for his patrons, together with the genial and good natured Mr. R. R. Swain, known to the public for eighteen years as having always kept the finest establishment of the kind in the city.

BEECHER.

Is one sin so damning for ever
That nought can atone?
Can he who has once slipped be never
In peace left alone?
Must this one who sweetly has spoken
The good things of Truth
Be cast down and utterly broken
For one slip of youth?

Because he has taught a whole nation
With tongue and with pen,
Is he strong in the strongest temptation—
A Christ among men?
May he never once taste in his weakness
The sweet things of Earth? [ness,
May he never once crave, for his meek-
One ripple of mirth?

Judge not lest ye be judged, is told us
By one without blame;
Let the strong arms of Mercy withhold us
From bringing to shame
This man who has done well and surely
The work of a God;
Let us pray we may but tread as purely
The path he has trod.

WHAT WILL THEY DO WITH IT?

Our respected friends, the very substantial gentlemen who are Regents of California's pretentious University, have got a white elephant on hand, and they don't know what to do with it. It is that medical school that troubles them. Wealthy gentlemen, with riches enough to take things pleasant generally, they are easy-going and perhaps too complacent. That is admirable enough in regard to private affairs when one can afford it, but it is a very different matter in relation to public interests. Judgment to know the right, and firmness to resist the wrong, are needed of public officers, whether they be rich or poor. It is no excuse for the existence of that mischievous medical faculty that the Regents have no personal ends to serve. Disinterested imbecility is more dangerous than interested knavery. The truth is, it was an easy-going complacency that permitted wire-pullers to foist that quack-producing medical school upon the University. An ounce of firmness at the beginning would have done more to prevent this great wrong than a pound of effort will now do to cure it. But it has got to be cured for all that. This wretched medical department, with its ignorant quack professors, will overshadow and blight the fair fame of the entire University. An ill reputation is already spreading throughout the whole of the United States. The business of making doctors concerns East and West, North and South alike. Exchanges to hand notice our articles on this subject, and seem to be amazed that a State that is so proud of James Lick's contributions to science should hand over the teaching of medical knowledge to the guardian care of a Professor with a bought Giessen diploma, and to another who writes that "he is 'entitaled' to credit and ought to be 'hansomly' paid for the 'consise manor' of his reports of his 'diagnosses,' as he did not wish to be 'volumines.' They think it monstrous that such men should be licensed to certify that they have imparted a knowledge of that science which of all others humanity is most interested in when they never themselves had any knowledge to impart. The Philadelphia press tells how the Legislature of Pennsylvania had to step in, and by the force of law suppress a medical college that was producing doctors just as California's University is now producing them. The New York *Nation* takes up the general subject, and says that "it is uncandid to say that a University education has really been given, much less to issue diplomas purporting to be certificates that such education has either been sought or received. The idea of maintaining such a University for the sake of the local glory of it is a form of folly which ought not to be associated with education in any stage. It is like buying a bad gun which you know is likely to burst in your hands, because it is of native manufacture." When the matter is being taken up far and wide, and discussed in this spirit, it behooves the Regents, good-natured, easy-going, complacent gentlemen, indisposed to trouble, though they are, to make short work with this deplorably unfortunate medical school.

TICHBORNE.

When are we to hear the last of the "Tichborne Case?" Mr. Guildford Onslow, whose connection with it is not new, now addresses a volume to the Prime Minister of England on *Tichborne; Reasons Why He Should Have the Benefit of the Doubt.* Mr. Onslow does not like to hear it "insinuated in more than one quarter" that he has been "willingly upholding a base imposter," and hence the reason of this publication, which contains some of the data on which the compiler has acted independent of his personal recognition of and a close intimacy with the claimant during the past seven years. Mr. Onslow has still a firm belief in the identity of Sir Roger Charles Doughty Tichborne, and fearlessly leaves the public to judge of the foundation of that belief. We are told that the writers of most of the letters and documents incorporated in this volume would have appeared in court and given evidence in favor of the claimant, had there been means forthcoming to enable them to do so. The most interesting matter (some of which is altogether fresh) is that on pages 138 to 140, which consists of a tabulated statement of the marks and peculiarities of Sir Roger Tichborne, the claimant, and Arthur Orton, as proved by sworn evidence, etc. To those who are not tired of the case we recommend Mr. Onslow's book.

LOCAL DOTTINGS.

The "Alta" is poking fun at the *Post* after this style: "The *Post*, strange to say, didn't contain a single editorial in denunciation of the Germans yesterday. Its staff must have been busy writing congratulatory 'Letters from the People,' or else in hunting up new and more outrageous terms of abuse to hurl at the hated nationality. If the little thing were as powerful as it is spiteful, what a bobbery it would kick up, to be sure. As it is, however, it is simply *ausgespielt*."——Andrew Black, of Sacramento, who has just returned from a trip to Australia, was reliably informed while en route that Tip McLaughlin and Charley Bird, the defaulting treasurer, were ensconced in one of the group composing the Fiji Islands. Tip was reported to be with a man who had an island plantation, and maintained fifty or sixty native wives. Bird was in some mercantile business.——The *Bee* says that "Occident" is not to be sent East, but that efforts will be made and all inducements offered by Governor Stanford to have "Fullerton," "Goldsmith Maid" and others of the crack trotters of the East come out here next Fall and contest with "Occident" for a purse worth winning. The horse, it is said, is fit to go against any horse in the world.——W. H. Tupper (not Martin), late of Mississippi, was on Monday admitted to the Bar of this State, upon motion made before the Supreme Court by Judge Selden S. Wright.——The *Alta* says, "On Monday evening a trout was taken from the brook which runs through Dr. Cushing's valley, six miles from Saucelito, weighing 6¾ pounds and 29 inches." How did it weigh 29 inches?——The British bark *Silver Cloud*, from Portland, Oregon, for Queenstown, was abandoned in latitude 56 deg. 28 min. south, longitude 85 deg. 31 min. west. The date and particulars are not given.——Brick-laying was resumed on the new Palace Hotel on Monday, and will not, it is expected, be again interrupted, there being a contract out for the supply of 2,000,000 bricks this month, and other contracts for subsequent supplies. There are now 300 men employed on the building.——David Dudley Field left for the East, Thursday, via the Illinois Central Railroad, in a special car.——Among the passengers by the steamship *Colima*, which sailed for the Orient, were 227 Chinese.——Alvinza Hayward, the well-known millionaire, who has been ill for some time past, sailed, per *Colima*, for China. He intends to be absent about two months.——John Carnahan, agent for the Hall Safe and Lock Company, has been awarded the contract for furnishing the fire and burglar-proof vaults for Flood & O'Brien's new Nevada block.——S. P. Goulet, a citizen, was charged with assaulting an unoffending Chinaman with a heavy cane. He was convicted and fined $120. On a charge of vulgar language he was fined $60.——An order for commissions to take evidence in New York, Rome, Georgia and Pittsburgh, was made yesterday by Judge Dwinelle in the divorce suit of Christian C. H. Gilbert v. Louise A. E. Gilbert.——The Woodhull has gone East. Good riddance.——Carroll Cook, son of the late Elisha Cook, has commenced the practice of law in this city.——The difficulty of securing a jury is likely to cause a postponement of the trial of Tiburcio Vasquez.——Judge Hastings was thrown from his horse on Ellis street, and sustained a fracture of the left leg.——The Warm Spring scouts created a sensation in a Baltimore hotel by stalking into the dining-room without raiment.——Woodward's cars on Mission street will run until 1 o'clock at night from the intersection of Mission and New Montgomery streets.——The usual weekly meeting of the Board of Police Commissioners was omitted, in consequence of the illness of Mayor Otis.——Owen Thorn, who was lately prosecuted for using defamatory language in reference to the Chief of Police, and who made that official look so ridiculous, has filed complaints to the Board of Police Commissioners against officers Burke and Michaels, who arrested him on the occasion referred to.——A SAD RECORD.—The case of the young woman who was married on Sunday, July 5th, committed to the Insane Asylum the following day, and died in that institution one week after her marriage, is the third of a similar character transpiring in this State within the past year.——The *Post* says: "A well-known stock operator in California street says he has taken the *Alta* for years, but that last night, after reading the *Post*, his wife gave him notice that the *Alta* must be hereafter kept out of the house, and to keep peace in the family he has been obliged to discontinue the whisky organ."——The *Alta* declares that "There is a time in the career of all self-important persons when they find out how little they amount to. That time has come in the *Post* office."——C. Berge, the insane man who threatened to dissect Dr. Toland, has been committed to the Asylum.——The new bankrupt Act passed at the last session of Congress makes several important changes in the law. Among other provisions it declares that in cases of voluntary bankruptcy no discharge shall be granted where the assets shall not equal 30 per cent. of the claims proved, unless one-fourth in number and one-third in value assent.——An iron tank in some chemical works at North Beach exploded Tuesday afternoon. The proprietor, W. Dickerson, estimates his loss at $3,000. No one was injured by the mishap.——The representatives of the German bondholders, Messrs. Villard and Kohler, left for Oregon by the overland route, to examine into the condition of the Oregon and California Railroad.

Polo bids fair to become the fashionable game of the season. The tournament of doves no longer holds out its seductive influence to our gentler sex, to patronize the slaughter of those gentle birds. Polo is the rage, and for an outdoor game it would be difficult to find one that requires such skill and equestrian powers. Its combination no doubt with horseflesh imparts a novel zest for the sport, and in time we shall be surprised if other equestrian games do not grow out of it.—*Land and Water.*

FROM DOCTORS.

We are daily in receipt of interesting communications from gentlemen of the medical profession. We have not room for these. We give the following, which may be taken as a fair specimen of the whole:

EDITOR OF THE NEWS LETTER:—I am gratified, with all others whose aspirations are in the interests of humanity and civilization, at your trenchant, cauterizing and vigorous efforts to elevate the dignity of the medical profession in this city, as well as on this coast, and to warn the people against the debasement and peril of fostering in their midst, by thoughtless patronage, any man who proposes to practice medicine that does not rank high in talents, in character, and in literary, scientific, and medical lore. Deficient in any of these qualifications, no man is fitted for the holy duties pertaining to the chambers of the sick and the suffering, to guard the subtle portals of life, and to stay, with artful parry, the remorseless onslaughts of Old Mortality. Were ideas properly advanced, we ought ere this to have had a Board of learned censors, delegated by the State, to grant vouchers, after careful and rigid examination of academical learning, and attainments in all the cardinal branches of a medical education. If that were done, then to ply the calling of Doctor without a diploma should take rank in the catalogue of crime. Medical schools all over the country are turning adrift, to prey on society, so many inferior, ignorant, and incompetent men, that this measure is absolutely necessary to a progressing civilization, as well as to public safety, for to compel the dignity of the Doctor is potent to augment the tone and intelligence of the State, so wide and influential is his contact with the people. A law of this kind should have been made by the last Legislature; certainly, another will not be allowed to pass without some such enactment. The medical profession is peculiar, in that the merits or demerits of those connected with it are utterly intangible to the public. Great injuries are inflicted without recognition, and lives are saved, by learning and skill; without the knowledge of the patient or his friends. The very genius of imposition holds high carnival in the illimitable realms of unregulated and licentious medicine, and sage and simpleton, without much fault of their own, are alike liable to invite the minister of death in the habiliments of a healer. The citizen is secure in the employment of his shoemaker, or his blacksmith, but the State alone can absolutely protect him in the employment of a Doctor. Intellectual conflicts at the bar, open to the criticism of all, enable us to class lawyers; and preachers are subject to similar tests: but what data can the public have in San Francisco whereby to class the Doctors? The intervention of the State through learned examinations is, manifestly, our only security. The work ought to commence with the Regents of the University. Let all the Chairs in the Medical Department of the State University be vacated, and then let them be contested for, and filled by the strongest men, just as they are in the Medical College of France, without regard to present or previous condition. Positions in the City and County Hospital should be filled in the same way. Our Doctors want grading, and this is the way to do it. The political Doctordom now rife in this city is a stigma on the intelligence of the people. X.

MEDICAL PRACTITIONERS AND MEDICAL IMPOSTORS.

To the Medical Profession of San Francisco:—I repeat the statement made in my last letter, viz: "I feel in my heart that a man who, under false colors, enters a sick-room is the very worst form of an impostor that exists." I have no sympathy for or with impostors, medical or otherwise: but at the same time I desire to let them R. I. P., for I hold strongly to the opinion that it is not "the first duty of every" legally qualified medical practitioner to see that unqualified impostors are "properly" pitched into. Any action to curtail the liberty to poison our good-natured, easy-going citizens belongs to those who have the framing of laws for the public good, and not to the Profession. In England no man dare put out his shingle as "Dr.," or attempt to practice, whose name does not appear amongst the "Registered Practitioners." Impostors are not allowed to kill English citizens—"subjects," we mean.

The only possible way to assist our citizens in their endeavor to select wisely a properly educated medical gentleman to attend on their families, is to have published, under the authority of a committee of qualified medical men, and authenticated by the signature of their Secretary, an alphabetical list of our practitioners, with an *exact statement of the qualifications they do possess.* It is hopeless, I fear, to expect this, seeing how little kindly feeling exists in the Profession, and how very few possess testimonials that they are not thoroughly ashamed of already.

The *News Letter* has taken the purification of the Profession in hand, and is anxious to do what is right; but it cannot publish a list stating the qualifications of physicians practicing in this city. It must emanate from a committee of duly qualified gentleman appointed by the Profession in this city. To my eyes, the prospect is dark, and the tendency of the Profession is downward. STEADY.

Pickering is now a shining light in the Odd Fellows' ranks. His charity begins at home and is never permitted to go abroad.

A Stern Necessity—The rudder of a ship.

BIRDS BY THE WINDOW.

[BY EDWARD SPENCER.]

Sweet birds that by my window sing,
Or sail around on careless wing,
Beseech ye, lend your caroling,
While I salute my darling.

She's far from me, away, away,
Across the hills, beyond the bay,
But still my heart goes night and day
To meet and greet my darling.

Brown wren from out whose swelling throat
Unstinted joys of music float,
Come lend to me thy own June note,
To warble to my darling.

Sweet dove, thy tender, love-lorn coo
Melts pensively the orchard through:
Grant me thy gentle voice to woo,
And I shall win my darling.

Lark, ever leal to dawn of day,
Pause ere thou wingst thy skyward way,
Pause, and bestow one quivering lay,
One anthem for my darling.

Ah, mocker, rich as leafy June,
Thou'lt grant, I know, one little boon,
One strain of thy most matchless tune,
To solace my own darling.

Bright choir, your peerless song shall stir
The rapturous chords of love in her;
But who shall be our messenger,
When we salute my darling?

O! voiceless swallow, crown of spring,
Lend us awhile thy swift, curved wing:
Straight as an arrow thou shalt bring
This greeting to my darling.

FOREIGN DOTTINGS.

The foreign sensation of the week has been the attempted assassination of Prince Bismarck. A late telegram says: "Prince Bismarck appeared in the Public Garden last evening, and was greeted with the utmost enthusiasm. Subsequently the musical societies and a great crowd of people serenaded him upon his return to his residence. In response to the demands of the crowd, the Chancellor appeared and made an address. After expressing thanks for the demonstration, he said 'The attempt upon his life was aimed, not at his person, but the cause he represented.' In conclusion, he proposed three cheers for the German Empire and the allied German princes and people. It was responded to with repeated cheers. There is to be thanksgiving services in the Protestant churches to-day for the providential escape of the Premier."——The *Times* special from Berlin says Kullman, who attempted Bismarck's life, is considered to be a mere tool. He confesses that he was acting in concert with others.——Hanthaler, the priest arrested for connection with the plot, belongs to the village of Walchsal, in Austrian Tyrol. He checked Bismarck's horses by stepping in front at the critical moment. Immediately on hearing of the affair, the King of Bavaria sent congratulations to Prince Bismarck on his fortunate escape.——The Berlin press declares that the attempted assassination proves the necessity of repressing Ultramontane teachings.——The police of Vienna have issued a circular, giving the description of a person who is suspected of a design to assassinate the Emperor of Austria.——The Orangemen at Montreal were attacked while returning from a church service recently. Their badges were torn from them, and they were otherwise insulted.——The Bishop of Paderborn has received another sentence of 18,000 thalers fine and three months' detention in a fortress, for persistent violation of the ecclesiastical laws.——A Washington special says the Cuban conviction of Dockery causes no surprise. He has been very indiscreet since his arrest, and constantly embarrassed our Government. Special counsel was sent to defend him, but there is little hope of success. Possibly his sentence may be modified.——The postal treaty between the United States and Japan goes into effect on January 1, 1875, agreeably to notice given recently by the Japanese Legation. On and after the date above given the Postmaster-General will withdraw all the postal agencies in that country.——News from San Domingo says three Cubans, lately landed on the coast of Camaguay from a vessel in the old Bohania channel, were shortly captured by the Spaniards and executed on the gun-boat *Juan Bitedo de Luna*.——The steamship *Nevada* was somewhat damaged by collision with ice, on her last trip from New York to Liverpool.——A disturbance occurred at Largan, Ireland, on July 12th, between the Orangemen and their enemies. Several persons were badly hurt.——The French Ministry have been defeated.——Intelligence has been received in London that 300 convicts at Senegambia lately invaded the Portuguese territory and burned eighteen villages.——The French and English press generally consider that the manifesto of Count de Chambord makes it impossible for him to become King of France.——The Government of Spain will shortly call for a fresh levy for the purpose of sending 30,000 men to reinforce the Army of the North. Senor Castelar has declined the overtures of Senor Martos; consequently, the formation of a coalition Ministry is improbable.——The Americans on a pilgrimage to the Pope has given his Holiness £20,000. RAther a mean sum. It ought, in order to have the true round sound, to have been a million francs—that is, £40,000. It is to be hoped that next year they will try and do better. Such niggardly spirit shows but a lukewarm interest and a faint knowledge of the real want at the Vatican.

What is mind? No matter. What is matter? Never mind. What is the nature of the soul? It is quite immaterial.

SAVINGS, TRUST, AND LOAN COMPANIES.

The saving banks, trust companies, and peoples' unions want the [illegible] of their management, [illegible] part of the people's [illegible] and [illegible] every [illegible]. We are [illegible] to look into them. For some time past these matters have engaged editorial attention, and considerable data has been gathered. [illegible] shortly.

[illegible] to [illegible] to [illegible] to put your money [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

"THE OVERLAND."

The Overland Monthly for August has just come to hand, too late, we regret to say, for a careful review of the many readable articles it contains. We will content ourselves for this week by mentioning those of which we have had an opportunity to form a judgment. We unhesitatingly give the first place to a poetical gem entitled "Camma," by T. A. Harcourt. Simply perfect, it is fit to grace even a more pretentious publication than the *Overland*. Mr. Harcourt is associated with Mr. Fisher in the editorship, a fact upon which we congratulate the proprietors as well as the subscribers of our popular monthly. The fine literary taste displayed by Mr. Harcourt is bound to make its mark. "Glimpses of the Court of Japan," by Bishop Kip, are interesting and scholarly. "A Prayer for Strength" is an exquisitely pretty little waif by Miss Ina D. Coolbrith. "Study in the Sierra," by John Muir, is still a study in reality. The article on "Legislation on Railroad Freight Charges," by B. B. Taylor, is a well considered production that deserves to be read far and wide. If the *Bulletin*, *Call* and *Union* were honest seekers of the truth, they would republish it. "Platinum Filling" is a vapid, ill-constructed, stupid thing, that must have got into print by accident. We shall watch the *Overland* under its new editorial management with interest.

A NOTICE TO THE BANKS.

We learn from the Sacramento Union that State Controller Green has sent the notification which we copy below to the various Savings Banks, Loan Associations, etc., in that city and San Francisco. The circular reads:

You are hereby required, within twenty days of the receipt hereof, to render an account unto the Controller of the State of California of all moneys received and held by you, and which belong to said State by escheat or otherwise, and within said time to make with said Controller a settlement thereof, and to pay into the State Treasury of said State the amount of moneys so received and now held by you belonging to said State. And you are hereby notified that if you fail to render such account, and to make such settlement within said twenty days, that the said Controller will, upon such failure, state such account, charging 25 per cent. damages and interest at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum from the date of such failure. This requisition is made under and by virtue of Section 437 of the Political Code of the State of California, as amended by an Act of the Legislature of said State, entitled "An Act to amend the Political Code, approved March 30th, 1874."

A SAILOR'S DESCRIPTION OF HIS BRIDE.

A seafaring man who has recently married gives the following description of his bride and her apparel, which we think will put some of the "society papers" to the blush: "My wife is just as handsome a craft as ever left millinery dry dock, is clipper-built, and with a figure-head not often seen on small craft. Her length of keel is five feet eight inches, displaces twenty-seven cubic feet of air; of light draught, which adds to her speed in a ball-room; full in the waist, spars trim. At the time we were spliced she was newly rigged fore and aft, with standing rigging of lace and flowers; mainsail, part silk, with fore-staysail of Valenciennes. Her frame was of the best steel, covered with silk with whalebone staunchions. This rigging is intended for fair weather cruising. She has also a set of storm sails for rough weather, and is rigging out a small set of canvas for light squalls, which are liable to occur in this latitude sooner or later. I am told, in running down the street before the wind, she answers the helm beautifully and can turn around in her own length if a handsomer craft passes her."

A NEW COLLECTOR.

In a pure and primitive state of society, the office of collector would be as simple as the meaning of the word. It would be somebody who collects that which is due by somebody in order to pay it over to somebody to whom it is due. Civilization has somewhat changed that, and has engendered a reluctance not only on the part of the debtor to pay that which he owes, but a singular reticence on the part of the collector to keep that which he has garnered. To put it in plain words, the man we trusted in many cases has proved a bilk, and the man we empowered has generally turned out a fraud. As, for instance, the unjust steward who collected $150, charged $50 for collection and never handed over the balance. Therefore it is that we notice with satisfaction that our old friend, H. W. Jones, whose card appears in another place, has taken unto himself an office for the purpose of collecting rents, debts, good, doubtful and bad, of renting and letting houses, of buying and selling real estate, and to act generally where trust and probity are hoped for and entertained. Now, we indorse Mr. Jones as a rare instance of an honest, painstaking, trustworthy collector and estate agent.

A Virginia gentleman, aged ninety-nine, made his own coffin the other day. He also pluckily announces his intention of being present at his own funeral.—*Boston Pilot.*

From the San Francisco News Letter of July 18th.

STREET PAVEMENTS.

Editor News Letter:—A good, durable and cheap pavement for city streets is one of the greatest desideratums of this progressive age. The inventor of a first class idea would be a public benefactor and realize an enormous fortune. But there are few subjects presenting so many obstacles. In the meanwhile, however, let us make the best use of the means already at our command. It is seen on all sides that the iron rails, laid for the horse-cars, are used by teamsters whenever they can get a chance. Go off the cobble-stones, the granite, the wood, the what you will, on to the iron rail, and the difference is felt at once, in ease and smoothness. All our drivers take advantage of it, and when they cannot get both, they get one wheel on the track. Observe the track. It remains even and smooth, and shows but little wear. Very frequently you will see a parallel line where the wheel has run off the iron, worn into a groove, and broken into deep holes. This shows the great difference in the wear of the iron rail, or the outside pavement, whether of wood or otherwise, and how vastly it is in favor of the iron.

Does not this suggest the propriety of laying all our main streets with iron tracks? On most of them two tracks would suffice. In some there should be four, two each way, one to be used by fast and the other by slow teams. The wear would thus be confined almost entirely to the eight iron rails, and a very ordinary stile of work would last a long time for the balance of the street.

As to cheapness, the question arises, would these four, or eight rails, as the case might be, well and solidly laid, and taking almost all the wear and tear of the street, be cheaper than any other pavement laid over the whole breadth, taking also into account what would then be needed in addition to them? A very ordinary pavement, or even 'oose gravel, would last a long time, if few heavy teams passed over. If the rails were there, at least nine-tenths of the freight would go on them: Would it not be cheaper to take this wear on the smooth iron, than on any other pavement that can be devised? Market street would require eight strips of iron, of three inches each, bound to a strip two feet wide, and we opine that it would be cheaper by far to make so much solid and good, and then slight the balance, than to attempt to make a good pavement as wide as the street, and equal to the emergency. It is not the horses, but the wheels that cut up the road. The advantages of this project to horses, vehicles and drivers, would be immeasurable, and we believe the whole plan would prove eventually an immense saving to the city.

OBSERVER.

The young married man who found himself at the theater the other evening, with feet encased in steel-colored boots, arising from a liberal application of stove-b'acking put on in the dark, wants to know "how long the house-cleaning business is going to last, anyway?" If people would have their houses cleaned in the right way, such accidents would not happen. They should employ Noble & Gallagher, 439 Jackson street. They do house, sign and fresco painting, plain and decorative painting, and also glazing. Walls and ceilings kalsomined, whitened and colored.

The Photographers' Journal, of this month, contains a photograph taken from the prize negative which was supplied by Messrs. Bradley & Rulofson, and won the medal to which we recently referred. The photograph is a likeness of a lady, and is really a marvelously beautiful picture. The comments in the journal are most flattering, coming, as they do, from so qualified an expert. The prize negative was taken at Messrs. Bradley & Rulofson's Art Studio, 429 Montgomery street.

That was a job even our Notabilia man could not undertake. A San Francisco soap-dealer called to secure his services to advertise a soap that "would wash out the National Debt." There was so much "lye" in it that we couldn't conscientiously recommend the stuff. We, however, can honestly say that the furniture warehouse of N. P. Cole & Co., 220 Bush street, is a credit to San Francisco. The stock to be seen there cannot be surpassed on this continent.

The Medical Lancet, of London, is a publication of a world-wide fame. Money would not buy a favorable notice in it of an unworthy article of consumption. A late issue comes to us with a most flattering description of the California wines now being exhibited at the International Exhibition, London, and it says that the Gerke Wine is the best. That wine was sent for exhibition by George Hamlin, of 418 Market street.

A Kentucky farmer says that three good bull-dogs roaming the yard nights will do more to keep a man honest than all the talking in the world.

Bayard Taylor has secured the correspondence that passed between Joseph and Potiphar's wife. Sly boy.

REAL ESTATE TRANSACTIONS.

Recorded in the City and County of San Francisco, Cal.

Compiled from the Records of the Mercantile Agency of Hope, McKillop & Co., 317 California Street, San Francisco.

Monday, June 15th.

GRANTOR TO GRANTEE.	DESCRIPTION.	PRICE
Flint Tract H'd As'n to J Cohen..	Lots 17 and 18, blk 12	$ 1
Cornelius Dorris to John Burke ...	E Bryant, 90 n 23d, 26x100	700
E R Robinson to A R Leonard....	W Rondel Pl, 181:6 s 16th, 22:2x64	2,500
Thos Moore to John Ford.....	S Fell, 82:6 e Octavia, 27:6x7[illegible]	5,000
J H Findley to M O'Malley.....	Nw Hyde and Allen, 60x30, subject to mortgage of $800	1,300
H S and L Soc'y to Rich'd McCann	Com 205 se Howard and 137:6 ne 11th, ne 22:6 x se 70	800
Same to J P Geoghegan	Com 205 se Howard and 115 ne 11th, ne 22:6 x se 70	800
Rob't Murdoch to Jas Benson	E Capp, 123:6 s 23d, 50x122:6	2,000
Emile Frick to Wm R Sherman....	Lot 22, blk 4, Garden Tract H'd	1
Thos Bell to Wm Hollis	Sw Howard and 17th, w 245, s 520, e 150, n 25, e 95, n 495 to com	60,000
J H Applegate to Sam'l Barkley ..	Lots 2 and 6, blk 27, University Ex H'd.	2
Wm M Hussey to Wm Bryan	N Post, 68:9 w Jones, 22:11x68:9	6,150
Wm Bryan to Alice Hoge	Same	Gift

Tuesday, June 16th.

Edward Martin to Edw P Buckley	N Hayes, 81:3 e Buchanan, 50x120	$3,200
Rich'd H Stretch to Mrs Mary Hain	N Sac'to, 118:9 e Steiner, 25x128	4,000
Michael Maher to O C Pratt.....	Lots 1 to 24 inc, blk 115, Tide Lands....	....
Edw'd P Buckley to Kath Strasser	N Hayes, 106:3 e Buchanan, 25x120	2,100
Henry Engel to Sarah A Barr.....	S Havens, 197:6 w Leav'th, 17:6x63:9 ...	200
H S Dorland to John W Maillot...	S Dorland, 125 e Dolores, 30x115	1,600
Cornelius Collins to John Noonen.	E Larkin, 61:6 n Sac'to, 36x113:9	3,060
Same to Edward Walsh	E Larkin, 97:6 n Sac'to, 40x113:9	3,400
B J Shay to Michael Murphy.....	E Church, 312 s 21st, 26x125	500
J B Knapp to Seth B Blake	Se Bryant, 80 sw 7th, 80x145	8,622
Julius George to J S Alemany.....	N Broadway, 40 w Mason, 97:6x137:6...	1
Samuel R King to same	Same	10,800
Rob't Brotherton to John Daniel..	W Polk, 100 n Pacific, 27:8x123:6	4,300
Denny Hagan to P D Fitzpatrick..	S Vallejo, 87:6 e Larkin, 50x60	1,250
Annie E Dowling to Aug Drucker.	Ne Fulton and Broderick, 275x275.....	200
Henry Gilman to N C Moore.....	N Fell, 192:6 w Franklin, 55x120	5,000
Jacob Swecht to Michael Reese...	S Broadway, 137:6 e Stockton, 81:1x137:6	12,000
Auguste Koch to Aug Thorne.....	Nw Natoma, 389:4 sw 23:2x80	2,600

Wednesday, June 17th.

Flint Tract Hd As'n to P P Cubery	Lot 14, blk 12	$ 1
Same to M Morgenstern	Lot 34, blk 14	1
Wm Fletcher to Jos Lagasse.....	S 20th, 105 e Dolores, 25x114	750
J F Morse to Harriet E Wright....	Lots 17, 18 and 21, blk 11, Univ'ty M Hd	1
Masonic Cem'ty As'n to J H Bundy	Lot 54, Circle plat, Masonic Cemetery ..	102
Flint Tract H'd As'n to D Wolf ...	Lot 8, blk 15	1
L S Welton to W Bradford.....	S Cal'a, 82:6 e Buchanan, 27:6x137:6	200
Josephine Trouin to J S Alemany.	S Clary, 206:3 e 5th, 75x22:11	2,560
Wm H Ladd to Rob't Day.....	Nw Butte and Kentucky, 200x150	6,000
Lorenzo Swett to Donald L Swett.	S Clay, 80 w Taylor, w 57:6, s 68, e 29:6, n 8, e 28, n 60 to com	1
Wilbert Swett to same	Same	1
John Powers to James Haugh	Sw Hyde and Union, s 65x26:8, subject to mortgage for $1,500	1,500

Thursday, June 18th.

David Bowie to J M Douglas.....	Se Clay and Franklin, e 60, s 100, e 27, s 27:8¼, w 87, n 127:8¼ to com	$ 5
Jos M Douglas to J C Hampton ...	Und ½ same	4,000
Ira S Parke to S B Legur.....	S Duncan, 240 e Noe, e 80, s 114, w 53:4, s 114, w 28:6, n 228 to com.....	1,500
Same to Jos M Douglas	Same as first deed	8,000
Hiram Cummings to J A Cadwell .	E 21st av, 150 s C st, 100x120.....	800
L Gottig to S Webb.....	Nw Fell and Polk, 100x85	7,500
M Galvin to A Van den Heuvell...	W Wetmore Pl, 91:6 n Clay, 23x56	1,400
Leopold Baum to A D Grimwood..	Lot 71, City Center H'd: also, lots 34 and 36, blk 96, Columbian H'd	640
Adolph Unger to Julius Sanliger ..	O L blk 842.....	5
Same to Siegmund Herrmann	O L blk 840.....	5
S and L Society to Cath Smith	S Elizabeth, 282:8¾ e Guerrero, s 94:6, e 33:7½, n 99:6, w 45:8¾ to com	1,400
H M Wheeler to Edw Hayes	W Gunnison Av, 200 s Precita Pl, 25x110	100
Bay View H'd As'n to Jas Drury..	Lot 8, blk 513	500
Rob't Murdoch to Geo Mearns	N Jackson, 17:2 e Lyon, n 49:6, etc	4,000
J & F H Whitney to John Mains..	E Tay, 113:6 s Clay, s 24, e 62, etc.....	1,000
J Kafka to Jos Wores	Se Sac'to and Pierce, 120x25:5, given to correct error in former deed.....	120
Flint Tract H'd As'n to C A Worth	Lots 10 and 11, blk 9, Flint Tract.....	1
John L Young to C E Stanbridge .	Lots 43 and 44, blk 342, Haley Tract ...	1,200
Wm P Dewey to Michael Gately ..	S Clipper, 160 w Church, 30x114	600
Bay View H'd As'n to Geo Keess .	Lot 10, blk 514, Bay View H'd Ass'n....	500
Geo Keess to Jas E Damon.....	Same	.....
Jas R Grannis to Wm C Ralston..	N Pine, 187:6 w Leav'th, 12x137:6	3,400
W C Johnson to Thos W Jones...	N Green, 50:3 e Mason, 25x97:6.....	5,700
S and L Soc'y to Luigi Lercari	Lot 14, blk 324, Hunter Tract.....	285
Abigail Wallace to S Heydenfeldt..	N Cal'a, 50:5 w Kearny, 80x137:6.....	26,250

Friday, June 19th.

M J Egan to Honora Buckley.....	Nw Devisadero and Turk, 108:6x137:6 ..	Gift
Mary T Ellis to Mary A Church ...	Com at s l of 50 vara 231, 96:6 e from Mason, thence n 50, w 22, s 12:6, e 19:6, s 37:6, e 2:6 to com	350
M Dermody to Owen Donahue.....	Nw Tyler and Franklin, 87:6x60	....
Owen Donahue to M Dermody....	Sw Franklin and Elm Av, 87:6x60.....	....
Silver Terrace H'd to John Miller.	Lots 118 and 119, Silver Terrace H'd....	631
Flint Tract Hd Asn to C Ackerson	Lot 3, blk 16.....	1
Hugh Whittell to Sam'l Crim.....	Nw Bartlett and 25th, n 65, w 73, sw to e line of an alley at a pt 37:9 n 25th st, s 37:9, e 117:7 to com	1,000
M Lavallee to John Breen	W Valencia, 120 n 17th, n 30x88, subject to mortgage of $1,500	3,400
Flint Tract H'd As'n to J Latham.	Lots 24 to 33 inc, blk 12.....	1
J M Hurlbutt to Fritza Coney.....	Com at a pt 103:9 w Larkin and 96 n Tyler, n 6, w 33:9, se to com	100
Same to Alex Coney	N Tyler, 70 w Larkin, w 33:9, n 102, w 33:9, n 35:6, e 137:6 to com.....	2,400
Jos H Moore to Jas M Hurlbutt ...	50 w l, blk 6, W A.....	5
Abner Sedgley to Seth Cook	E Montg'y, 112:6 s Sutter, 25x87:6	52,000
Henry Pierce to Thos Knight	S King, 412:6 w 7th, 91:8x120	550
Same to Same	Se King, 275 sw 7th, 25x240	1
Fred Billings to Lafayette Maynard	Sw Sansome and Sac'to, 62:6x75.....	10,555

Saturday, June 20th.

S P Kimball to John Kentfield	E Fremont, 275 s Folsom, 30x137:6.....	$4,000
Wangenheim & Co to J E Bryant .	N Fulton, 110 e Octavia, 120x27:6	1
Bay City Hd Asn to W J Dutton ..	Lot 69, blk 496, Bay City H'd.....	301
C W Elliot to Edric A Sargent	Lots 657 and 659, Gift Map 3.....	2,730
Christian Henne to Pat'k Mullen..	Se Minna, 102:6 ne 7th, 80x45.....	3,900
H Bruggemann, Sr, to H Bruggemann, Jr	Sw Dupont and Union, 30x65.....	2,000
John Landers to H S Brooks.....	W Guerrero, 115 n 17th, 130x160.....	16,000
John P Nelson to W T Coleman ..	W Taylor, 72:6 n Clay, 45x65	3,000
Nelson Provost to J P Nelson.....	Same	3,000
V P A Roncovieri to M Roncovieri	S Hinkley, 62:6 e Dupont, 35x57:6.....	1
M L Roncovieri to Louis Dutertre.	N Broadway, 98:4 e Dupont, 5 in x 39:2.	250
Aaron Bruman to J Mangels	S Oak, 112:6 w Gough, 25x125, to correct error in former deed	10
J B Dickinson to City & Co of S F	Nw Stockton and Green, n 54:4½, etc ..	22,402
John E Doyle to Thos B Lewis ...	E Yale, 150 n Henry, 120x125	1
Henry Pierce to Thos Knight	Se King, 275 sw 7th, sw 137:6, etc	1
Wm Hollis to John Cooney.....	N Turk, 62 e Scott, 28x109:6.....	4,400
Cal Build'g and L Soc to B J Shay	Sundry lots in various portions of city..	41,000
Albert Miller to Chas J Jansen....	Nw Mission and 21st, n to 20th, etc.....	1

Monday, June 22d.

S W Leadner to L F Baker	Se Cala and Leav'th, e 69x60, to correct error in former deed	$ 1
N Santif to Frcd'k Weisenborn	Sw 22d and Folsom, 65x122:6	7,500
Chas Anduran to Otto H Frank	S Broadway, 143 w Devisadero, w 41:6, s 138, n to com	800
J P Lowell to Rich'd H Follis	S Eddy, 157:4½ e Van Ness, 34:4½x120, to correct error in former deed	5,250
Pat'k Whelan to Emile Grisar	N Duncan, 55 e Noe, 78:4x114; also, lots 1 to 8 inc, Gift Map 1	1,638
H S and L Soc'y to N Shine	Com at a pt 170 se Howard and 137:6 ne 11th, 22:6x70	800
Arthur Quinn to H S and L Soc'y	Sw Dolores and Cemetery Lane, 120x90	5,281
L Gottig to H Osterloh	S Commercial, 50 e Drumm, 25x59:9	2,500
Eliza Ebers to Ross Avery	N Lizzie, 70:6 e New San Jose Rd, 25x70	300
Emile Toussin to W C Ralston	E St Mary's, 68:9 s Cal'a, 20x58:9	4,500
Bd of T L Com'rs to F Lawton	Blk 845, Tide Lands	756
Rob't C Page to same	Same	197
Bd of T L Com'rs to same	Lots 90 to 20 inc, blk 850, same	126
J F Kennedy to Wm W Young	S Sutter, 55 w Jones, 27:6x82:6	10,000
P E Rousset to Paul Rousset	50 v 981; also, B and W lot 646	2

Tuesday, June 23d.

W G Dartois to Guiseppi Bassi	N Post, 156:3 w Taylor, w 20x60, subject to mortgage for $3,250	$5,200
Henry Hinkel to Jos Dutton	S Fell, 189:6 e Webster, 120x3	300
Bay View H'd As'n to J Ganzert	Lot 14, blk 487	500
H H Tracy to Margaret Tracy	Lots 6 and 7, Lincoln Hd, Alameda Co	2
Flint Tract H'd As'n to W Dutton	Lot 1, blk 12	1
J H Findley to Jas Gorevan	Lots 49, 50 and 51, Academy Tract	300
M Berghauser to City & Co S F	Sw Kearny and Pacific, s 63:6, etc	18,222
Bd of T L Com'rs to S Morgenstern	Lots 7 and 14, blk 532, lot 5, blk 541, T L	457
Same to same	Lot 7, blk 568, same	140
Same to same	Lot 12, blk 186½, same	85
Same to Louis Morgenstern	Lot 14, blk 568, same	140
J A Sontag to H S and L Soc'y	Sw Green and Powell, 68:9x68	8,098
Henry Gibbs to same	Ne Cleveland and 7th, nw 25x75	5,442
Dennis O'Brien to Jas Sullivan	Se Franklin and Bay, 50x137:6	500
Emile Bauer to Wm Brooks	Und ¼ W A 119	5
Wm W Young to Thos Young	S Sutter, 55 w Jones, 82:6x27:6	10,000

Wednesday, June 24th.

F S Wensinger to Chas W Horner	Sw Hyde and Sutter, 26x96; also, alley way on the S 4 feet wide	$6,500
M M Baldwin to Lotta Crabtree	Nw B'dway and Octavia, 100x37:6, subject to balance of mort of $3,043	6,000
Ann Coogan to Pat'k Carroll	Nw Minna, 470:8 ne 2d, 30:2x80	5,000
J A La Grange to A A Nachtigall	Nw Pine and Broderick, 27:6x82:6	700
B Joost to City and County S F	S 23d, 123:9 w Valencia, e 13:3, etc	200
Donald Grant to same	E San Jose av, 80 s 23d, s 80, etc	100
Wm Hollis to J A Alexander	S Clay, 118:9 e Steiner, e 25x127:4½	3,800
John A Campbell to Fred'k Henny	W Valencia, 26:6 s Columbia, 25x100	3,000
Laurel Hill Cem As'n to J Robert	Lot 1988, Laurel Hill Cemetery	105
Geo D Shadburne to J H Dane	Und ½ lot 3, blk 21, Noe Garden H'd	200
Edw Whitsted to L Gottig	S Commercial, 50 e Drumm, 25x60	1,994
Spring Val H Asn to W Ackmann	Lot 1, Spring Valley H'd	360
E Bacigalupi to Angela Leveroni	Undiv 11-40 w Gaven, 91:8 n Filbert, n 70:10, w 47:6, etc	1,700
Wm Ackmann to Neils Andersen	Lot 1, Spring Valley H'd	1,100
Geo S Lincoln to Geo Fritch	Nw Green and Jones, 167x137:6	400

Thursday, June 25th.

Wm Lindsey to Sidney L Johnson	S Green, 60 w Montg, s 39, w 5, etc	$2,589
I Duncan to City and County S F	Com 68:9 w Dupont and 123:10½ n Broadway, n 13:7½, w 11:4, etc	975
Peter Cassin to Matilda Esse	W Clara av, 478 n 18th, 26x136	500
J M Atkinson to Marg't Brashear	Nw Guerrero and 24th, 50x100	3,800
Same to Arthur McCumisky	Same	3,800
John A Barber to Geo Sanderson	Com at a pt on l of main road fr Lone Mountain Cem'ty to Cliff House, etc, containing 50 acres	1
C D O'Sullivan to Thos Brown	S Bush, 132:6 e Leav'th, 5x137:6	2,250
Mis'n St Ex H'd As'n to K Olsen	Lot 424	405
Henry Schwartz to C G Hooker	Ne Sutter and Sansome, n 98:7, etc	130000
Henry A Scott to Marantha Scott	S Clay, 137:6 e Gough, 68:9x127:8¾; also, Sw Bush and Gough, 120x137:6; also, several lots in Benicia, Solano Co	5,500
Thos Scott to Henry A Scott	Same	5,500

Friday, June 26th.

H L Davis to De Witt Thompson	Und ½ ne Sansome and Halleck, n 48, etc	$ 10
J H Turney to John O'Neill	Nw Minna, 375 ne 8th, 25x75	1
Justin Moore to same	Same	3,100
Geary St Ex H'd As'n to D Bruce	Lots 3, 4 and 5, blk 166	1,290
D F McDonald to B F Sherman	Und 10 acres McDonald Tract	3,000
Same to same	Und 3 acres same	1,000
J C Coleman to Wm Hollis	Nw Pine and Gough, 301x137:6	15,200
Bridget Bannan to A Calamori	Nw Green and Bannan Pl, 20x57:6	3,100
John Miller to Lizzie Miller	Se Sutter and Jones, 40x125	Gift
Sarah R Turner to same	Same	25,000
M Flynn to S and L Soc'y	Se Howard, s55 sw 4th, 45x85	12,000
A H Liesak, Jr, to same	Sundry lots in Outside Lands	2,830
G D Nagle to same	Sw Rincon Pl, 143 se Harrison, se 57, etc	6,000
John R Jarboe to John C Coleman	Nw Pine and Gough, 137:6x301	5
Delia Kittrick to Thos Foley	Und ¼ e Powell, 68:9 n Filbert, 50x137:6	1,562
Jos Kittrick to same	Und ¼ same	1,562
Abraham Magnes to Eliza Magnes	Nw Mission, 156 sw 1st, 48x99:6, himself to draw rents and profits therefrom till the day of his death	1
Solomon Folk to Chas Meyer	E 1st, 60 ft fr sw cor of 50 v 711, 71x20	5,000
G Ehrmann to Gertrude Ehrmann	S Hayes, 137:6 e Buchanan, 27:6x120	Gift.
Henry Schwartz to T Funkenstein	Se O'Farrell and Stockton, 87:6x72:6	10,000
Ellen Welch to Wm Welch	Nw Huron, 120 sw Maggora, 106:8x40	500
L F Baker to Thos A Hayes	Se Leav'th and Cal'a, 60x69	13,000
John A Bauer to F E Wilke	N Greenwich, 132:6 e Powell, 93:6x5	....
Maurice Dore to S C Hastings	Und ¾ n cor Beale and Bryant, 275x275	60,500
S C Hastings to Wm T Wallace	Und ¼ same	40,000
John Apel to A Holmes & Co	Lots 1 to 6 inc, 17, 18, blk 35; lots 1 to 8, 21 to 24 inc, blk 358; lots 1 to 8, 21, 22, 24, blk 394, Tide Lands	10
Same to Gustave Mahe	Outside Lands blks 899, 900, 907, 903	5
Same to Joseph W Winans	Outside Lands, sundry blks	5
Flint T't Hd Ass'n to J S Brander	Lot 26 blk 9	1
Sol Kohlman to Elisha Hawes	Ne Hampton Place, 254:6 se of Folsom, se 20:6x55	4,000
Bd of Tide Ld Comrs to J Christy	Fractional lot 13 blk 427	341
Theo C Lampe to Ella Lampe	W Mission, 160 n 18th, n 25x160	Gift
J P Lennahan to Timothy Crowley	Nw Shipley, 75 ne 9th, ne 25x75	121

Saturday, June 27th.

Robert Murdoch to Wm Baker	N 22d, 55 w Bartlett, n 65:3¾, etc	$3,650
Emile Bauer to Jas F Brennan	N Geary, 27 e Steiner, 40:6x75	1,350
Geo Cornwall to Harry Lacy	Lots 6 and 7, blk 284, S S F Hd & R R A	300
D McCarthy to D McCarthy, Jr	Ne O'Farrell and O'Farrell alley, 60x20	5,000
F A W Davis to G T Watterson	Se Bryant, 30 ne Gilbert, 25x80	1,000
Lucy Carty to Francisco Arata	S Greenwich, e Stockton, 17:2½x137:6	2,500
R Perry to Ferdinand Reis	Se Berry, 91:8 sw 6th, 45:10x120	3
M J Coit to same	Nw Channel, 91:8 sw 6th, 45:10x240	3,000
Thos Ambrose to same	Nw Channel, 91:8 sw 6th, 45:10x90	25
J B Denis to Leopold Kahn	Ne Vallejo and Margaret Pl, 22x54:3	6,000
Wm H Gleeson to John Darby	Lot 26, blk 558, Bay Park H'd	....
Geo Daly to Sarah T Warner	S Broadway, 87:6 e Laguna, 50x112:6	6,000
Jas Dunne to Jas F Dunne	Lots 1 to 9 and 29 to 39 inc, blk 126, O'Neill and Haley Tract	Gift
Same to same	Sw Jones and Tyler, 137:6x137:6	Gift
Superior H'd Ass'n to L Lengteller	Lots 1 and 2, blk 128, Superior H'd	1,000
M Morgenthau to to A L Delany	N Vallejo, 64:6 e Gough, e 21:3, etc	300
G Mitchler to Jacob Berel	E Stockton, 47:6 n Greenwich, n 20:4, etc	1
Manrice Enkle to Same	Same	3,200
Hib Sav and L Soc'y to Wm Meyer	Ne 11th, 123:4 se Howard, se 23:4, etc	1,800
Conrad Mausshardt to E Nolting	S O'Farrell, 134:6 w Mason, 23x60, subject to mortgage for $2,500	2,500
Jos Hagenmeyer to Wm Wertsch	S Page, 27:6 e Octavia, 27:6x120	2,300
John O'Dowd to Cyrus Walker	Ne Franklin and Pacific av, 127:8½x40	6,000
Eber W Park to T Thomson	E Columbia, 140 s 25th, 45x100	800
Wm Hollis to John Macpherson	W Pierce, 82:6 s Eddy, 27:6x100	3,750
J Macpherson to E S Macpherson	Same	Gift
Edw F Ohm to Chas A Ritter	W Kearny, 57:6 n Vallejo, 20x60	1,000
Mary C Lynch to Mary Corcoran	Com at a pt 65 e Hyde, and 40 n Lynch, th n 20 x 53	250
Thos Donnelly to Michael Killion	W Columbus, 338 s 20th, 26x100	1,000
H S and L Soc'y to A S Peters	Ne 11th, 251:8 se Howard, 23:4x70	1,350
Same to Jos C Peters	Ne 11th, 228:4 se Howard, 23:4x75	1,350
Wm R Beal to H F W Schafer	S Pine, 110 e Buchanan, 27:6x137:6	1,450
C T H Palmer to Asher Frank	Same	1
W R Bannon to E G Dargie	E Middle st, 112:6 s California, 25x89	1,600
Bay View Hd Ass'n to Aug Weihe	Lot 9 blk 485	100
Paul Rousset to Francis Berton	Outside Lands blks 726, 729, 730, etc	5

Monday, June 29th.

William Hollis to Wm F Falls....	S Clay, 143:9 e Steiner, 25x127:4½	$3,800
Jno P Weber to Geo L Harris....	S Grove, 169 e Webster, 25x120.....	5,100
Jno Garretti to Bridget Hines.....	Sw Sadowa and Marengo, 25x125.....	100
L Davidson to M Hyman.....	Lot 35 blk 12 Flint Tract	800
L Greenbaum to B L Brandt.....	Und 1 acre of Moore Tract.....	300
Urain Chirade to C L Mermond....	E Stockton, 87:6 s Pacific, 100x25.....	12,000
Pat J Murray to Tobias M Roach.	N Bush, 100 w Octavia, 37:6x120.....	2,500
W E Barron to Bernard Grave....	S Pacific, 137:6 e Montgomery, 43:9x137:6	7,000
Thos Bell to Same.....	Same	10
Flint Tract Ass'n to H Cohn.....	Lot 13 blk 14.....	1
Thomas Cooper to T Thompson..	E Devisc, 50 s Turk, 25x90	1,100
John B Lewis to S Hemenway....	S Chestnut, 137:6 w Jones, 46x137:6	50
S Hemenway to Charles L Low...	Same; also, n Lombard, 137:6 w Jones, w 68:9x139:6, sub 50-v 687	5,000
Jos G Eastland to Same.....	N Lombard, 137:6 w Jones, 68:9x137:6..	5
Tide Ld Comrs to S Brignardello.	Lots 1 to 9, 20 to 24 inclusive, block 533, Tide Lands.....	1,251

Tuesday, June 30th.

Elander Heath to Thos P Whitelaw	Lots 3 and 4 blk 438; also lot 1 blk 487, Bay View Homestead	$1,200
Thos McAuslan to Robt Murdoch.	4 acres bounded by Cem Ave, M Hoadley's Ranch, etc.....	100
Chas L Low to Chas A Low	N Lombard, 127:6 w Jones, 68:9x137:6; also, s Chestnut, 137:6 w Jones, 137:6, being subdiv 50-v 689.....	Gift
Flint Tract Assn to A G McKenzie	Lot 4 blk 4.....	1
Same to Malcolm Thomson	Lot 3 blk 4.....	1
Same to Ellen Whipple.....	Lot 28 blk 11.....	1
Geo Strasser to Lisette K Strasser	Lots 375 and 377, Gift Map 1.....	100
Wm H Patterson to Antoine Borel	S Pine, 80 e Laguna, 57:6x137:6.....	3,500
J Stern to Jas McBean.....	Ne Gilbert, 250 se Bryant, 25x80.....	800
J J Bergin to M Bergin	Und ½ se Green, 57:4 e Powell, 34:8x68:9	2,000
Bd Tide Ld Comrs to J F Kessing	Lots 1 to 4 blk 370	1,600
J L Armstrong to C Tauphaus....	Five acres near mouth of Lobos Creek.	5,000
S A Woodberry to J L Armstrong.	Same	5,000
Same to Fidelia S Armstrong	Same	5,000

Wednesday, July 1st.

A Deucher to F J Castelhun	Commencing nw cor 50-v 293, s 71:6x30.	$ 10
F J Castelhun to A Deucher.....	Same	1,500
John O Doane to George Holland.	Steiner, 96:3 n Fell, 41:3x110.....	3,775
Adolph Unger to George Barstow.	O L blks 932 and 933	5
A F C Engert to Eliza Bonnaffon..	Lot 25 blk 47, lot 11 blk 26, etc, Tide Lds	2,000
C C Butler to John Roberts.....	Nw Polk and Austin, 18:9x46:6	3,500
Rufus Hatheway to Ellen Albrecht	N 20th, 280 w Guerrero, 75x114	3,500
Caroline Hawes to Frank Whittier	N Folsom, 91:8 sw Main, 137:6x91:8.....	50
Ezekiel S Gabbs to P V Gabbs....	E of Mission, 100:8 s 26th, 50x100, being subdiv M B 119, subject to mortgage for $700.....	1,500
John Hasshagan to Marks Lewis..	N Minna, 238 sw 3d, 37x70.....	5,700
A A Hobe to Leopold Greis.....	N cor Minna and 8th, nw 40x65.....	10,000
F C Huen to Wm H Dalrymple....	W Delores, 114 s Grove, 114x25	8
Honora Townsend to A Spinette..	E Stockton, 29 s Greenwich, 39:9x68....	5,000

Thursday, July 2d.

Henry Kentzler to Alicia McCone	N Sutter, 110 e Polk, e 50x120	14,000
Wm Hollis to Emile Toussin.....	Ne Cal and Selina Place, 29x57:6.....	5,500
T McKeown to John A Cardinell..	N 19th, 230 w Sanchez, 25x114.....	650
Bd Tide Ld Comrs to J Adams....	Lot 6 to 10, 12 and 13 blk 454, Tide Land	9,899
R Sherman to Martin Buzzini.....	Lot 22 blk 4, Garden Tract.....	90
Thos Varney to M E Mosheimer..	N Clay, 137:6 w Powell, 28x68:1	3,000
A Deucher Jr to A Deucher Sr....	Nw cor 50-va 293, s 71:6x30, subject to a mortgage for $2,600	3,784
Gotfried Blaw to H Mitchell	E Capp, 200 n 24th, etc, sub M B 154....	1,800
Hib Sav & Ln Soc to Thos Bertram	Ne 11th, 146:8 se Howard, 23:4x92:6.....	1,985
Thos Magee to Bernard Cannon...	N of M st, 125 e Guerrero, 50x114.....	1,000
Matthew Magrane to E A Ryan...	S Jessie, 168 ne 5th, 32x70.....	5,400
David Hunter to Cit & County S F	Com 60 n Chestnut and 101:3 w Taylor..	2,279
Anna C Stott to Same.....	Same	2,279
David Hunter to Ann C Stott.....	Com 101:3 w Taylor and 60 n Chestnut..	1,900
S S Brooks to Thos Magee.....	Lot 3 blk n, Pac Sav and Hd Asa'n....	1
P Hart to Jeane Richet	S O'Farrell, 110:6 e Jones, e 27, s 61:3...	9,100
Wm Hollis to H Johnston	Se Grove and Webster, e 32x95	2,550
Sav and Ln Soc to Geo Spintler...	S Fell, 60 w Laguna, 26x85	2,750
I T Mordecai to Jerome B Piper...	Sw 1st, 80 nw Mission, nw 25x80.....	5,000

Friday, July 3d.

Edwin Deakin to A Phillip	N Page, 137:6 w Laguna, 27:6x120	$2,700
Wm Thwaites to Same	N Page, 165 w Laguna, 27:6x120	2,700
T Nilson to Adeline M McHenry	N Broadway, 121:6 e Laguna, 10x137:6	750
Louis Kaplain to Jos Naphtaly	Lots 1 to 12 inclu in Ben Franklin Hd; also, lot 174 Precita Valley lots	....
Jos Naphtaly to Jos L Schmitt	Same	....
A J Pope to A Sears	Mission, 112:9 n 22d, n 68:10x250:6	8,000
J W Dodge to Fidle C French	S Post, 192:6 e Devisc, e 32:6x137:6; subject to mortgage for $600	1,500
Univer Md Assn to P L Haynes	Lot blk 125, University Md Assn	315
Thos Magee to Henry Bentham	N M, e Guerrero, 25x114	500
Theo J Cashman to H Morrison	Nw corner Tyler and Lott, 137:6x137:6	4,000
Michael H Kelly to John Eagan	Se Tehama, 137:6 ne 4th, 25x80	1,800
A C McDonald to Thomas Rogers	E Kearny, 95 n Broadway, 42:6x137:6	100
Jas Bell to C P R R Co	Nw King, 225 sw 3d, 225x137:6	45,000
R C Carter to Eliza C Webb	E Wetmore Place, 68:9 n Clay, 45:10x56	1

Saturday, July 4th.

Wm Hollis to John Alruts	S Clay, 168:9 e Steiner, 25x127:4	$3,800
Daniel E Martin to Adolph Brugier	S Green, 137:6 w Powell, 46:3x137:6	6,000
A McCumisky to Marg Brashear	Nw Guerrero and 24th, 50x100	1
M Seaton to Mrs Agnes Spatz	S McAllister, 55 w Gough, 27:6x137:6	2,600
Jos F Keller to Fred Haussler	S Pac, 87:6 w Montg, being subdivision 50-v 6 and 7	11,000
R T Blaikie to John A Uhelan	Lot 6 blk 2 Junction Hd	500
John Smyth to David F McCarthy	N Bush, 137:6 e Webster, 137:6x68:9	8,000
Paul Rousset to Alex Sornin	O L blk 980	5
Ellen Cashman to Mary Ann Cahill	N Union, 100 w Hyde, 20x60	Gift
Charles Hewes Jr to Wm Dougan	Lot 26 Gift Map 3, subj to mortg for $800	800
H L Lamont to Louis Becker	Lot 5 blk L, Pac Sav and Ild Assn	1,300
Cornelius Dorris to Timothy Skelly	Nw York and 23d, 50x90	1,400

Monday, July 6th.

Geo S Ladd to John Kleinhaus	N Geary, 67:6 e Steiner, 13:6x77	$ 250
Same to Emile Bauer	N Geary, 27 e Steiner, 100x77	1,250
John Kleinhaus to Annie M Bauer	N Geary, 94:6 e Steiner, 73:6x75	450
Emile Bauer to Peter N Hanna	E Avery, 100 s Post, s 25x94:6	400
Same to Same	Lots 1 to 5, 23 and 24, blk 465, same	856
Same to Same	Lots 9 to 19, blk 464, same	856
Same to Same	Lots 1 to 4 and 24, blk 464, same	390
Henry Hartmann to J Jessen	Commencing 59:4 s Lombard and 60 w Hartmann Place, s 34:1¼, e 28:5, etc	1,025
Jos M Parker to Nathan Atkinson	S Fell, 110 e Buchanan, 27:6x120	1,700
Hib Sav & L'n Soc to A McDonald	Ne 11th, 228:4 se Howard, ne 70, nw 23:4 se 35, sw 70, se 23:4, being subd M B 7	1,575
Bd Tide Ld Comrs to H Crockard	Lot 6, fractional lots 7, 8, blk 46	6,303
Paul Rousset to Camilo Martin	Out Lds blks 807, 904, 905, 986	5
Minnie E Anthony to G Anthony	Und ½ s Bush, 30 w Clara, 35x137:6, sub to mortgage	Gift
E J C Kewen to Thos Magee	N M st, 75 e Guerrero x 275 n M	5
Paul Rousset to J R Videau et al	Outside Lands blk 970	1
P Veasey to L H Woolley	Com 100 w Taylor and 117:6, 15x320	1
L H Sweeney to P Veasy	Com 100 w Taylor, 97:6 n Clay, 15x20	1
L H Woolley to L H Sweeny	Com 100 w Taylor, 137:6 n Clay, 20x20	1
Asher Frank to Hy Meyer	Sw Geary and Laguna, 34:4x137:9	3,550

Tuesday, July 7th.

Frank Rodgers to Alphens Talbot	Lot 11, blk 17, Noe Garden H'd	$1,500
T Blanchfield to Eliza Altpeter	N Oak, 165 w Gough, 27:6x70	5,000
Rob't Meierhoff to Lovell White	N Ellis, 164:9 e Van Ness, 55x120	11,000
Paul Reservation H'd to J Pressley	Lot 9, blk 2, Paul Reservation H'd	350
Same to Wm B Pressley	Lot 10, blk 2, same	350
B'd of T L Com'rs to J E Mason	Lots 1, 2, 5 to 16, blk 534, Tide Lands	1,415
Geo Harris to Chas W Stevens	N Sac'to, 93:9 e Steiner, 25x103	6,000
C W Stevens to A B Andrews	Same	4,000
John Center to M McCaffery	W Shotwell, 125 n 20th, 90x122:6	1
M McCaffery to J H D Feldbusch	W Shotwell, 155 n 20th, 60x122:6	3,400
Thos Young to W B Bradbury	Ne Cal'a and Van Ness, 137:6x100	21,000
Mathew P Nolen to F H Day	N Clay, 172:6 w Larkin, 90x127:8, subject to mortgage for $5 000	15,000
Mary Ann Church to Mary T Ellis	Pow 68:9 s O'Farrell, 34:4x137:6, subject to mortgage for $10,000	Gift
A Kollmyer to Frank G Edwards	Lot 10 blk N, R R Hd	200
Jos Winterburn to John Furness	Ne Van Ness and Bush, 50x95	9,600
H C Judson to Michael Lynch	Se Haight and Webster, 206:3x137:6	2
Peter McArdle to Geo Monnier	S cor Howard and Sumner, 28x75	4,050

Wednesday, July 8th.

John Young to Lawrence Reilly ..	Und ½ sw Solano and Iowa, 100x50 . ..	$2,300
John Patterson to Wm H Martin..	Lot B, blk 229, S S F H'd and R R As'n; also, s Berry, 320:10 ne 6th, 45:10x240; also, lots 1740 to 1749 inc, Gilt Map 4.	2,000
John Stapleton to Chas Greene....	N Turk, 206:3 e Broderick, 68:9x137:6...	3,500
Thos Magee to Geo F Beck	N M, 75 e Guerrero, 25x114	500
O F Cem As'n to M Batchelder ...	Lot 4, Germania Plat 1.....	269
Pat'k Lynch to Thos Gegan	Nw Jessie, 112 ne 6th, 23x80.....	2,550
Chas Kinsey to Nancy E Kinsey ..	S Cal'a 103:1½ e Stockton, e 34:4½, s 137:6, w 68:9, n 37:6, etc	Gift
Cornelius Dorris to Peter Gannon.	N 23d, 50 w York, 25x90	575
Jos Aaron to Hannah Aaron	S Perry, 300 sw 3d, 25x80.....	5
Hannah Aaron to Wolf Levy.....	Same	4460
Flint Tract Hd Asn to Eliza Dutard	Lot 8, blk 14	1
Hypolite Dutard to same.....	Same	Gift
Geo P Warner to Edwin R Warner	W Fremont Court, 100 s Clay, s 18:6, w 43:6, s 1, w 6, etc; also, e Fremont Ct, 92:6 s Clay, 26x15.....	1
John Carroll to Abraham Magnes.	Nw Mission, 156 sw 1st, 46x99:6	15,000
Geo B Davis to John F Kessing...	Sw Bartlett and 25th, 65x117:6.....	3,000
C T H Palmer to John Conly	E Webster, 82:6 n Pine, n 55x81:3.....	1
L S Welton to same.....	Same	500
Geo H Sanderson to S A Sanderson	E Vermont, 125 s 24th, 100x100	5,500
Isidor Lowenberg to E Commins..	Sw Turk and Van Ness, 109:9x60.....	10,750
H Casebolt to J E Casebolt.....	Ne Filbert and Laguna, 275x275.....	20,000
C T H Palmer to R S Miller	S California, 131:3 e Webster, 25x137:6..	1
Willard Hodges to M H Turrill....	Sw Buchanan and Green, 137:6x137:6....	1,000
David Bagley to Saml Dinsmore...	Se Bluxome, 137:6 sw 4th, 45:10x120; also, se Bluxome, 366:8 sw 4th, 22:11 x 120; also, se Louisa, 77:6 ne 4th, 20x69.	12,500
Geo Chapman to C M Chapman...	Sundry Outside Lands.....	Gift
John Nightingale to Sarah Lees. .	L L blks 925 to 928 inclusive.....	1
Francis Berton to Paul Roussét...	Se Q and 43d Ave, 225x240	....

Thursday, July 9th.

Bd Tide L Com to B M Hartshorne	Blks 485 and 515, Tide Lands	17,008
John Carter to Bridget Bannan...	Commencing at a point on w line of 50-v 374, 77:6 n Green, n 20x58:9.....	1,000
David Harris et al to Yette Harris.	N Tyler, 192:3 w Van Ness, 55x120; also nw Jessie, 306 sw 1st, sw 16x62	5
H S Dorland to Wm Hollis	Sw Guerrero and 18th, w 100, s 220, se to 19th, e 39:11, n 520.....	16,000
John Hannon to Jno Murphy.....	N Pt Lobos Ave, 120 e 23d Ave, 50x100..	1,000
Jno Murphy to Jno Hannan.....	E 23d Ave, 225 n Point Lobos, 120x50...	1,000
Jno Grennan to Jno Meir.....	Sw 7th, 227:6, nw Brannan, 30x85.....	550
M Hollis to S L Goldberg.....	Howard 180 s 17th, 25x122:6.....	5,250
Same to Geo Milne.....	Pierce, 95 s Turk, 25x110.....	3,750
W A Douglass to S E Douglass....	N O Farrell, 55 e Powell, 27:6x77:6, being sub 50-v 936, and also a lot in San Rafael	Gift
Michl Skelly to Martin Kedon.....	Nw Bryant, 250 sw 6th, 25x7 5.....	5
C W H Coney to Thos B Holt.....	Lots 3, 4, 45 and 46, blk 303, Haley T'ct	2,500
Spring Valley H Asn to D Strumer	Lot 66, Silver Terrace H'd.	360
A W Kauffmann to Meyer Wolff...	S Berry, 60 e Dupont, e 37:6x60.....	2,250
D M Richards to same	Und ¼, same	6,750
Augusta Dunlap to J C Duncan ...	W Shotwell, 197 s 17th, 48x122:6	3,150
Camilo Martin to same	Sundry lots in R R H'd No 2.	1
Solomon May to Sam'l F Bufford..	N Turk, 68:9 w Fillmore, 68:9x137:6....	10,000
M H Whitmore to John Brickell .	N Cal'a, 169 w Kearny, 56x137:6.....	100

Friday, July 10th.

J Alexander to S Clinton Hastings	E Ellis, 220 w Taylor, 27:6x137:6.....	13,000
Thos Quinn to R D Parker.....	Nw Perry, 97:7 ne 3d, 20xx80.....	2,000
Jos M Wood to Mrs M T Divine..	Sundry lots in Western Addition	1
D Divine to Jas S Bunnell.....	N Pacific, 137:6 w Pierce, 68:9x127:8	2,500
Jos S Friedman to Wm T Wallace	Sw Jackson and Drumm, w 60x60	17,500
Water Front Ld Co to Wm Campe	N 6th Ave, 225 e J st, 25x100, being sub blk 100 S S F	750
H B Bartol to D E Martin.....	Sundry lots in subdiv M B 74.....	300
S Shelton to Frank Shelton.....	N Pac, 57:6 e Hyde, 20x60:6; also, n Pac 77:6; also, n Pac 77:6 e Hyde, 20x60:6.	2,025
Bd Tide Land Comrs to J Deering	Lots 13 to 16, blk 587, Tide Lands	818
M R Hitchcock to John Dupuy....	N Broadway, 117:6 and e Dupont, and 21:3 e Montgomery Ave, e 20x137:6...	4,000
Julius May to Herman Levy.....	Ne Stevenson and 3d, 40x57:6.....	45,000
V D Moody to Caroline Hawes....	Nw Bryant and 9th, 275x410.....	75,000
M Bevins to D E Murphy.....	Webster, 87:6 s Tyler, 25x110	1,500

Saturday, July 11th.

Maurice Touhill to Annie Touhill	Nw Ellis and Hyde, 62:6x62:6	Gift
P McNevin to Catherine McNevin	S Pine, 140 w Polk, 25x120	Gift
J C Duncan to A J Shrader	Lot 15 blk 332, O'Neil & Haley Tract	622
Jas Burnham to T H Downing	Lots 37 and 38, blk 37, Nucleus Hd	800
Richard Dyer to Isaac Cohn	S Bush, 105 w Laguna, w 50x137:6	3,250
Catherine Wakefield to A Murphy	Lot 80, Bernal Hd	1
Same to E Murphy	Lot 17 blk 26, City Land Association	1
A McBoyle to Mrs M B Searles	N Ellis, 90 w Buchanan, 45x100, being subject to mort $1200	2,650
Abner Reed to Michael Kelly	N Howard, 75 ne 9th, 25x90	3,100
Patk Hoy to Jas O'Toole	Se Perry, 100 sw 3d, 25x80	4,150
E L Beard to Thomas Holt	1-6th of Winter Tract	1,000
Chloe M Chapman to G Chapman	Lot 20, Mission Hd	1
Willows Land Ass'n to J Heffernan	Lot 24 blk A, Willows Land Assn	800
Mer Mut Mar Ins Co to C L Taylor	Se cor 3d and Stevenson, 69x57:6	30,000
A Haas to Fleet F Strother	N Post, 137:6 w Hyde, 22 11x137:6	$7,000
D E Martin to Elizabeth Butler	N 22d, 455 w Valencia, 50x114	1,400
J B Lewis to Obediah Embody	Ne 13th, 179:11 nw Howard, nw 90, etc	1
A D Hatch to Hib Sav and L'n Soc	N Sutter, 137:6 w Hyde, 85x137:6	18,052
A Muller to same	Ne Hyde and Clay, n 137:6	19,389
Patrick Durkin to same	Se Howard and 2d, 85x55:6	31,474
C Streitberger to E A Engelburg	Nw Minna, 275 ne 4th, 25x70	5
Aaron Homes to Agnes Thompson	E Gunnison Ave, 225 s Precita Pl, 25x110	400
M Crooks to City and County S F	Com 114:6 n Jackson, 6 5/8 e Kearny, etc	13,375
J A Fortune to B J Shay	Se Post and Polk, e 46:10, s 80, e 14:8 etc	9,200
B J Shay to Bernard L Levy	Same	9,380
John H Schaertzer to C M Biter	S Waller, 156:3 e Steiner, 25x120	875

Monday, July 13th.

E L Sullivan to Mary Cunningham	E 12th Avenue, 275 n A, 25x120	$ 400
Tide Ld Comrs to W T Coleman	Lots 1 to 6 inclu, blk 512, Tide Lands	1,462
E Edwards to Jno Fedde	Lot 40, blk 250, O'Neil & Haley Tract	925
F Nelson to A K Grim	Blk 319, bd by Broadway, Fillmore, Pacific and Webster	50
Samuel Forsyth to Cath D Stewart	E Howard, 90 n 19th, 30x122:6	3,000
Felton T't Ass'n to C H Congdon	Lots 36 to 40 inclusive, blk 1202, Felton Tract	850
City and Co S F to D S Wetherby	E Folsom, 195 s 22d, 60x122:6	....
J B Haggin et al to Cal Cracker Co	Nw Broadway and Battery, n 137:6, w to w line of the Luse & Vallejo grant, s 80 deg 5 min e to n l of Broadway, etc	40,000
Wm Hollis to Jas O'Dwyer	E Capp, 235 s 17th, s 25x122:6	3,750
A Seligman to Robert Burnett	N California, 121:9 w Battery, w 40, n 70 w 2.5, n 54, e 20, s 54, e 22:5, s 70 to commencement	78,000
Robt Morrison to John B Currier	Undiv ½ e Taylor, 100 n Filbert, 68:3x20	825
C M Corbet to same	Undivided ½ same	825
Robt Hampton to same	Same	
Wm C Ralston to A K Grim	N Pac, 137:6 w Webster, 137:6x265:2½	10,000
A K Grim to Anna M Grim	Same	Gift

Tuesday, July 14th.

L C Rauck to Mary E Scott	Lots 24 and 25, blk 52, City Land Ass'n	$ 300
Wm H Sears to R H Follis	W Mission, 112:9 n 22d, w 250:7, e 250:6, s 68:10 to commencement, being subdivision M B 65	18,000
Paul Rouseet to G B Cerruti	O L blks 991 and 992	5
Jas Roche to C Dorris	Nw York and 23d, w 200x116	1
Henry B Bartol to W H Sears	Mission, 112:6 n 22d, n 68:10, sw 250:6, s 68:7, ne 250:6	1,000
C O'Brien to Annie Fitzsimmons	E Harriet, 201 n 16th, e 90, n 25, etc	1,400
N Gray to Wm K Van Alen	Nw Sacramento and Lyon, 127:8x253:9; also, sw Washington and Lyon, west 137:6x127:8	6,000
H L Davis to Michael Lynch	Sw 16th and Guerrero, s 89x99	2
Jas M Parker to H A Cobb	Sundry properties in western part city	500
Mrs M J Gerberding to A Sorrell	Bartlett, 205 s 22d, 25x125	950
Stefano di Vecchio to Jos Sime	S Green, 121:4 e Dupont, 17:6x89:6	5,000
S F Butterworth to John D Fry	N Bush, 137:6 e Montgomery, 68:9x137:6	135000
C Collins to S Lowenberg	Ne Sacramento and Larkin, 61:6x113:9, subject to mortgage for $3,000	5,500
Jas Carraher to Joan Knight	Und ½ nw Sac'to and Polk, 67:4x53:3	2,700
Ann Carraher to same	Undivided ½ same	2,700
Fred Des Farges to J Platshek	Sw 6th, 150 se Howard, 50x80	10,100
Thos Price to Margaretha Matgen	Lot 2 blk 3, College Hd	200
Jas Burnham to Mary Santif	Lots 39 and 40, blk 37, Nucleus Hd	800

Wednesday, July 15th.

C Dorris to A'ex Duffy	N 22d, 50 e Bryant, e 25x90	$ 600
Thos G McLean to G K Porter	Islands Outside Lands	1,000
G K Porter to Thomas Lemmon	Subdiv E D 29	175
John Bensley to Andrew Krog	Mason, 100 s Bay, 20x68.9	150
H A Cobb to Pac Chem Company	No Mason and San Francisco, etc	3,500
R E Dowdall to Wm H Evans	Sw 18th and Hartford, 25x75	400
E F Ohm to Frank Livingston	E Kearny, 82.6 n Post, n 10, e 80, s 60, w 20, n 50, w 60 to commencement	40,000
J M Haven to Ferd Reis	Nw Channel, 91.8 sw 6th, sw 17.1x240	100
Chas Troyer to John Wehr	Lot 20, blk 642, Pt Lobos Ave Hd	1
John Denny to Mary S Warner	Lots 244 and 252, Cobb Tract	600
J H P Gedge to Frances F Glover	N Columbia, 100 w Courtland, 50x114	
A Williams to Hib Sav & Loan Soc	Sw Stockton and Wash ton, 1.7x137.6,	48,700
J C McDonnell to same	Nw Howard, 175 ne 7th, 50x80	3,650
John Corbet to same	Se Howard, 287.6 ne 7th, 25x80	2,854
Ferd Wilkie to same	Sw Stewart, 92.6 se Mission, 23x45.10	3,388
Henry Adler to same	Natoma, 240 n 13th, 25x80	1,400
Ed Sweeney to same	Sundry properties in south & w part of city	2,500
John Kenny to same	N Union, 114.6 e Mason, s 60, e 1.6,	2,314
D McNeil to same	Se Beale and Harrison, se 137.6, ne 110, nw 37.6, sw 80, nw 80, sw 30 to com	13,000
M C Owens to same	Nw Clementina and 9th, sw 100, n 137.6, also, sw Clementina and 8th, 137.6	17,629
Bd Tide Ld Comrs to Henry Frank	Lots 8 to 24 inclu, blk 881, Tide Lands	408
Same to Same	Lots 7, 8, 21 and 22, blk 881, Tide Lands	50
Same to Same	Lots 7 to 22 inclusive, blk 872, Tide Lds	200
S Morgenstern to same	Lot 12 blk 180½, Tide Lands	85
Marcus Levy to Leopold Saenger	Lots 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 blk 18, Fairmount	
H M Blackburn to A J Moulder	N Bush, 206.3 w Mason, w 25x137.6	7,500
Bd Tide Ld Comrs to Bridget White	E Geneva 150 s Brannan, 25x100	10
Flint Tract Ass'n to Geo F Grant	Lot 7 blk 15	1
Same to T C Grant	Lots 50 and 77 blk 9	1
Jas Sullivan to Jerome Lincoln	Lots 421, 422, 423, Gift Map 4	300
Benj Solomon to Ellen Kelly	N Grover, 66.8 w Jones, 23x80	600
P A Morse to C C Perman	S Bay, 114 e Taylor, 45.10x120	1,850
H W Bradley to P C Lander	Land s 100 vara 20	3,000
John Steele to same	Se 2d and Folsom, ne 275x275	10
George Hopkins to John Roberts	E Auburn, 91.8 n Jackson, 25x80	1,500
Michael Hyde to R R Swain	Se Natoma, 120 sw 2d, 25x80	5
Samuel Cram to Erst Brendel	W York, 116 n 23d, 25x100	500
James Farrell to Mary Farrell	Sw 6th, 240 se Folsom, 18.9x120	Gift
S Holladay to Henry Casebolt	Lots 2 to 5 inclusive, blk 188	200
Paul Rousset to Benj Richardson	Sundry Outside Land books	5

Thursday, July 16th.

C Dorris to F H O'Brien	Ne Bryant and 24d, e 25x90	$ 875
Francis De Long to Sarah E Coye	S Greenwich, 68.9 w Mason, w 68.9, etc.	Gift
J H Smith to M H Turrill	Subdiv O L blk 685	350
A E Servatius to Mary A Carry	Nw Mission, 37 ne from Jones 3.4x120	5
J Barman to Hib Sav & Loan Soc	Sundry properties in south part of city	Gift
Wm Holloward to Agnes Howard	Sundry properties throughout city	14,844
Chas Stott to City and County S F	N Chestnut, 51.3 w Taylor, e 51.3, etc.	
M D Nile to same	Same	7,381
J Howes to Laura M Gashwiler	Same	7,381
City & County S F to E Schwerin	Sw Post and Leavenworth, 137.6x137.6—50-vara 1176, subject to mortgages for $8,046 and $2,000	884
Geo Treat to Ferd Reis	N 24th, 50 e Treat Ave, 47.6x104	65,000
Ann C Stott to same	Sw York and 22d, w 150, se 26', etc	4,000
D F McCarty to C E McCarthy	N Bush, 137.6 e Webster, 137.6x68.9	7,381
Mis View Hd Assn to M O'Connor	Lot 18 blk 122, Mission View Hd	Gift
Same to F C M Du Brutz	Lot 19 blk 122, same	1
Same to T P Riordan	Lots 22, 23, 24, blk 122, same	1
Same to Henry Neumann	Lot 5 blk 122, same	1
M Geason to Jas M Haven	N 27th, 80 w Church, 28.6x114	333
Tide Ld Comr s to R M Williams	Lots 7 to 14 inclu, blk 519, Tide Lands	1,806
J Ballentine to Jno Lee	Vw Jessie, 155 sw 9th, 23x165	2,400
Geo H Moore to T P Riordan	Lots 13 and 14, blk L, Pac Sav & H Asn	2,000
Chas B Benjamin to Geo E Lane	Lots 1540, 1547 to 1550 inclusive, G M 3	10
Bd Tide Ld Comrs to A J Donnelly	Lots 1 to 7 inc, blk 564, Tide Lands	466
Same to same	Lot 4 blk 221, same	275
Same to same	Lots 1 to 5 inclu, to 13 inclu, blk 576	594
Same to same	Block 782 same	882
Same to same	Lot 1 to 6, 8 to 13 inclu, blk 536, same	1,178
Same to same	Lots 1 to 8 and 16, blk 575, same	592
Same to same	Lot 1 to 8, 10 to 17, 19 to 22 inc, blk 579	899
Same to same	Lots 2, 6, 15, blk 571, same	255
Same to same	Lots 1 to 16 inc, blk 545, same	1,333

LATEST PRICES OF IMPORT AND EXPORT STAPLES.

METALS.	PRICES.		TEAS.	PRICES.	
Pig Iron, Scotch, No. 1	$38 00	@ 42 00	Japans	— 55	@ — 65
Bar Iron, assorted, ₱ lb	— 3	@ — 4	Oolong	— 50	@ — 75
Metal Sheathing, ₱ lb	— 24	@ — 25	SUGARS.		
Tin Plates, I C, ₱ box	13 00	@ 14 50	China, No. 1, ₱ lb	— 9	@ — —
Tin Plates, I X, ₱ box	12 50	@ 13 00	Sandwich Island	— 7	@ — 10¾
Lead, Pig, ₱ lb	— 6	@ — 6¾	Manila	— 7	@ — 7¾
Lead, Sheet, ₱ lb	— 9	@ — 10	Crushed, American	— 10	@ — 10¾
Banca tin, ₱ lb	— —	@ — 32	Muscovado	— 5	@ — 6
Quicksilver	1 35	@ — —	Peruvian	— 8	@ — 8¾
COAL.			CANDLES.		
West Hartley, ₱ ton	13 00	@ 13 50	Sperm Wax, ₱ lb	— 50	@ — 42
Australian	1 00	@ 9 50	Adamantine	— 12	@ — 17½
Cumberland	20 00	@ 25 00	SPIRITUOUS LIQUORS.		
Anthracite	20 00	@ 24 00	Whisky, American	1 75	@ 4 00
Bellingham Bay	8 50	@ — —	Whisky, Scotch	5 00	@ 5 50
Mount Diablo	6 50	@ 8 50	Whisky, Irish	5 00	@ 5 50
COFFEE.			Alcohol, American	2 00	@ 2 10
Guatemala, ₱ lb	— 22	@ — 22½	Rum, Jamaica	4 50	@ 5 25
Java, Old Government	— 30	@ — —	Brandy, French	4 00	@ 10 00
Manila	— 22	@ — —	BAGS AND BAGGING.		
Costa Rica	— 23	@ — 24	Chicken Gunnies, 200-lb	— 15	@ — 16
RICE.			Gunny Bags in bales	— 14	@ — 14½
China, No. 1, ₱ lb	— 6¾	@ — 6¾	Burlap Bags	— 14	@ — 14¾
China, No. 2	— 5¾	@ — 6	Russia, branch, ₱ yard	10	@ — 11
Hawaiian	— 4	@ — 7½	DOMESTIC STAPLES.		
WINES.			Wool, ₱ lb	— 18	@ — 32
Champagne, ₱ doz	20 00	@ 25 00	Tallow	— 7¾	@ — 7¾
Port, according to brand, ₱ gallon	2 00	@ 5 75	Hides	— 18½	@ — 19
Sherry, do. do	1 75	@ 7 00	Wheat, ₱ 100 lbs	1 60	@ 1 75
OIL.			Barley	1 15	@ 1 75
Coal and Kerosene	— 25	@ — 30	Oats	1 50	@ 1 65
			Flour, ₱ 100 lbs	4 50	@ 5 50

SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE.

MAILS FOR	CLOSE.		ARRIVE.	
* Sundays excepted.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Alameda *	6.30	.....	.....	9.00
Antioch, Black Diamond, etc. *	11.45	1.15	.....	12.00
Benicia and Rio Vista (by C P R R Co.'s steamers *	.....	3.45	.....	9.00
Cloverdale and Coast Points *	.....	2.15	10.50	.....
Eureka *	.....	1.15	12.00	.....
Napa Route via Vallejo *	.....	3.40	12.30	.....
Northern California, Oregon and Washington Territory	6.30	.....	.....	9.00
Oakland {	6.30	3.40	.....	1.00
Oakland {	.....	.....	.....	9.00
Overland	6.30	.....	.....	9.00
Petaluma and Coast Points *	.....	1.15	.....	12.30
Sacramento via Vallejo {	7.15	3.40	.....	8.4.
San Rafael *	9.1.	.....	9.00	0
San Jose *	7.55	4.10	9.50	6.00
Southern California Coast Route *	4.35	.....	.....	6.00
Stockton via Western Pacific Railroad	6.30	3.40	9.00	9.00
Vallejo and Benicia *	7.15	3.40	12.40	9.00
Visalia, Kern and Tulare County and Arizona {	.....	3.40	.....	3.00
Great Britain, Monday, Wednesday and Friday {	.....	9.00	.....	9.00

MAILS DISPATCHED by sea-going steamers will be closed one hour before the advertised time of sailing of steamers.

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N. B. STONE, P. M.

PRICES OF LEADING STOCKS AND GOVERNMENT BONDS.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 1, 1871.

Stocks and Bonds.	*Bid.*	*Ask.*	*Stocks and Bonds.*	*Bid.*	*Ask.*
U. S. Bonds, 6-20s 1867-8	103½	104	Nat'nal Gold B'k & Trust Co.	130	—
U. S. Bonds, 5-20s 1864	102	103	Oakland Bds	96	—
U. S. Bonds, 5-20s 1862	102	103	Spring Valley Water Co	98½	98
Legal Tender Notes	91	91½	Omnibus Railroad Company	—	40
California State Bonds, 7s '75	100	—	Central Railroad Company	65½	—
S. F. City Bonds, 6s, 1855	—	—	N. B. and Mission R. R. Co	65	70
S. F. City and Co. Bonds, 6s	94	—	Front St., M. and O. R. R. Co	15	18
San Francisco City Bonds, 7s	99	101½	Fireman's Fund Insur'nce Co	100	—
Sacramento City Bonds	80	—	Merchant's Mutual M. Ins. Co	—	—
Sacramento County Bonds, 6s	75	—	California Insurance Co	102	105
Yuba County Bonds, 8s	94	—	Union Insurance Co	100	—
Santa Clara Bonds, 8s	92	—	Pacific Bank	95	100
San Mateo County Bonds, 7s	92	—	The Bank of California	137	—
San Francisco Gas Light Co	78	80	Pioneer L'd & L'n Association	100	100

Vol. 7.] **FOR PRESERVATION AND REFERENCE.** [*No. 4.*

CALIFORNIA

MAIL BAG.

AUGUST, 1875.

Illustrating the Wealth, Progress and Development of the Material Interests of the Pacific Coast, together with a complete Resume of all Items of Interest gathered from the Weekly Issues of the

SAN FRANCISCO NEWS LETTER

AND CALIFORNIA ADVERTISER.

DISPATCHED ONCE A MONTH WITH

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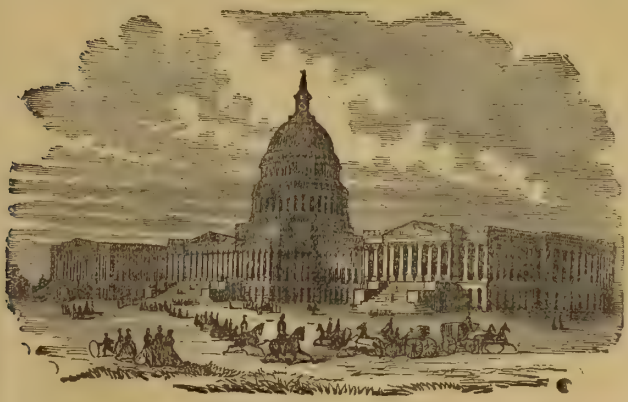
THE CALIFORNIA



MAIL BAG.

AUGUST, 1875.

SAN FRANCISCO:

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CALIFORNIA MAIL BAG.

THE SACRAMENTO FOURTH OF JULY POEM.

We give below a poem written by Mr. T. A. Harcourt for the Fourth of July celebration at Sacramento, and read before an immense audience by Mrs. T. A. Harcourt, a native of this State and the poet's wife. Our Sacramento correspondent informs us that the beautiful way in which the poem was read was all the more effective because of the loveliness of the reader. Mrs. Harcourt's power of expression enthralled her hearers, and at the conclusion of the reading she was greeted with continued rounds of applause. After the exercises she was prevailed upon to give a second reading before a select audience in the drawing-room of the Golden Eagle Hotel. The following is

THE POEM.

Sweet is a sense of rest that comes
  Of labor nobly done,
Sweet are the laurels that reward
  A triumph fairly won—
And doubly sweet the end appears,
That crowneth after many years,
  A task in doubt begun.

And we may rest—a century
  Has proved the nation's worth;
Second to none, it stands amid
  The mighty ones of earth;
A giant, fresh and strong with youth,
It claims not age, but boasts, forsooth,
  The lateness of its birth.

No shadow of a kingly crown
  Hath kissed Columbia's hair;
No shadow of a kingly frown
  Hath made her face less fair;
No royal wrongs her 'scutcheon stain;
She hath not scorned, with royal disdain,
  To hear her children's prayer.

Her name commands respect abroad,
  At home she dwells in peace;
Each year her future grows more bright,
  Her wealth and strength increase;
Secure from all a monarch's ills,
Firm as the everlasting hills,
  Her power can never cease.

And such, my brothers, was the end
  Our fathers fought to gain;
For this their blood like water flowed
  On many a foughten plain.
Ah! could they see their children now,
How sweet it were for them to know
  They struggled not in vain.

Our Fathers! Blessed be their names!
  Though still in death they lie;
Their memory lives, and through our hearts
  Echoes their battle cry—
The cry that held their cause and creed—
The cry they made oppression heed—
  God and our liberty!

We know the story of their wrongs—
  How, vainly, they appealed
For simple justice—how at length
  Out to the battlefield
They marched with firm, resistless tread,
Nor halted once to count their dead
  Until the end was sealed.

We know how bravely they endured
  The older Nations' sneer,
Because they taught that God hath made
  Each man his brother's peer—
Because they held that human worth
By princely blood and noble birth
  Could not be proven clear.

No thin blue-blood crept through their veins;
  They felt that life was real;
Their brothers had not dealt with them
  As man with man should deal.
And as they scorned a tyrant's laws,
Loyal to each other and their cause,
  They scorn the term "unleal."

But all these things are long, long past;
  The teachings of the years
All tend to unify mankind
  And broaden their ideas;
Learning, with ever-growing light,
Puts time-worn prejudice to flight,
  And man to man endears.

Let us, then, in all joyfulness
  This day commemorate,
Shutting forever from our hearts
  The old-time feuds and hate;
And let us not forget to pray:
God hath been good to us, O may
  His goodness not abate!

The "Arcona" has left us, and lager beer now sells at five cents a glass, while several fair-haired German maidens look red about the eyes, and don't eat their sour kraut with the old relish.

[From the Town Crier Column of the S. F. News Letter.]

The last bomb has exploded, the last firecracker blown itself into chaos, the limp five cent flags no longer brave the battle and the breeze in all their shoddy starchery, the orator has orated, the poet has warbled forth his little song, and the ninety-ninth "glorious Fourth" is a thing of the past. No serious accidents fortunately marked our country's celebration of its birthday, although luck had more to do with it than anything else, for patriotism (?) which can only find vent in bombs and firecrackers, though, of course, noble in its way, is often dangerous and always disagreeable. It is, however, very encouraging to fathers of families and others engaged in the useful occupation of increasing the census, to notice how the glorious example set by our Mongolian brother John is followed by our rising, nay, even our setting, generation. What would a New Year's Day be to John without his firecrackers? What would a Fourth of July be to the average San Francisco youth without his musical bomb and chorus of firecrackers? Some women are so wretchedly weak-minded that the explosion of a bomb, containing some pound or so of gunpowder, in their immediate vicinity, startles them. This amuses our gallant and patriotic youths, who never feel so eagly, so Fourth of Julyish, and so altogether glorious as when frightening some timid female into hysteries with their little innocent jokes. Next to our admiration for Loring Pickering, Brother Hammond, Emperor Norton, and Jack Cotton, comes our warm appreciation of the disinterested patriotism which tempted some of our Supervisors to vote for the allowing of fireworks within the city limits on the glorious Fourth. Bombs and crackers add a dignity to the occasion never otherwise acquired. They seem, to patriotic ears, to be the echoes of the cannon which nearly a century ago belched forth their deadly salute at Bunker Hill. Long may our noble youths continue to blow off their dear little fingers on the Fourth of July, but commend us to the patriotic few who preferred suicide to firecrackers.

The Town Crier was invited to attend a private concert given by some distinguished amateurs, last Saturday. Miss Swankey delivered a very able lecture on the fiddle. The lecturer was supported by a female singer, two male clam-sellers and an A 1 piano-smasher, all of whom were very talented in their particular lines. The lecture on the fiddle was an immense success. The fiddler more than carved the fiddle. She dug sweet morsels of music out of it, all the way from the wish-bone to that part which goes over the fence last. She made it talk Russian, and squeezed little notes out of it not bigger than a cambric needle, and as smooth as Governor Booth when he wants a vote. The female singer was very fair, and the male bug-catchers sang as well as was necessary. But the most agile flea catcher that has been here since blind Tom, was Sixteen Fingered Jack, the sand-hill crane, who had the disturbance at the piano. We never knew what the muss was, but when he waltzed up to the piano, smiled and shied his castor into the ring, any body could see there was going to be trouble. He spat on his hands, sparred a little, and suddenly landed a stunning blow on the ivory, which fairly staggered the piano and caused an exclamation of agony to escape from the pedals. First knock-down for Jack. He paused a moment and then began putting in blows right and left in such a cruel manner that the spectators came very near breaking into the ring. Whenever a key showed its head he mauled it. We never saw a piano stand as much punishment and live, and Jack never got a single scratch. One of the gentlemen present wanted to sing, and was only prevented from doing so by being strangled. He was still alive when the *T. C.* left. Altogether we think the amateur concert troupe will be a great success.

Accepting for once the authority of the *Sunday Inflator*, our city is infested with about three hundred and sixty-five amateur poets, who once a week add defilement to already soiled paper in writing verses for that owlish sheet. The specimens published so far are the best proof of the approximate accuracy of the number stated. We wonder that thousands instead of hundreds do not throw in their surplus garbage into the filthy cauldron, and make it "thick slab."

Poor old Beecher has sat on the "ragged edge" so long that he must have worn a hole in his pants by this time. Plymouth Church is properly alive to this painful fact, and has voted him $100,000 to get a new pair. Fortunate Beecher! generous church! confiding idiots!

Saucelito cannot be said to be a dissipated city, though occasionally, for want of better employment, some of her citizens do take a little more rotgut than the doctor orders. On Monday last, Saucelito was all aglow with patriotism, fireworks were let off, and a certain Mr. Donolly addressed the crowd from the balcony of the Saucelito Hotel. Mr. Donolly is a graceful youth, with a brogue strong enough to poison the atmosphere of hell. His hair has the orthodox hoodlum puff, and his *tout ensemble* is *distingue* in the extreme. However, notwithstanding all these lavish gifts of nature, his eloquence was not appreciated by the benighted citizens of Saucelito. The beautiful roll of his r's, and the mellifluous brogue were wasted. Hisses greeted his loftiest flights, while bunches of firecrackers mocked him with their mimicry of war. He had to retire, amid shouts of derision, a sadder, but a wiser man; and even now, old men congregate around the hotels and curse the presumption of "them Micks."

Happening the other day to visit that benighted part of the city which lives upon its own scandal and corner grocery rotgut, known as Sixth and Harrison, the *Town Crier* noticed quite a large crowd collected about a block from where he was standing. Tempted by natural curiosity and professional zeal, he hastened to see the cause of the crowd. On arriving at the spot he failed to see anything to cause such a gathering, and asked a passer-by the cause. "Why, don't you see that police officer?" said the polite stranger. The *T. C.* said he did, but did not notice anything particular about him, except that he did not look like either a Jew or an Irishman, which *was* just a little odd. The stranger then, with solemn emphasis, remarked: "We only see a police officer round here about twice a year, so when we do get hold of one we want to take a good square look at him, so as to know what the police are like."

We never had a very high opinion of religious people; always felt like buttoning up our pockets when in their society for fear their love of God would tempt them to appropriate our few remaining dollars. The little Sumner-Parshall *expose* has not increased our love for godly men. If half what the papers say of Sumner is true, there is not a corner in the sulphurous regions of hell hot enough to warm his toes, while the ill-used Parshall quietly flaps his wings and sings "O be joyful" before the golden throne.

One always likes to hear how the "big bugs" spend their holidays, so the *T. C.* has collected the following data, which he gives to the public: Stanford harnessed up his mule team, called his pet nigger, and drove down to Haywards, stood drinks for the crowd, sneezed four times, took off his hat repeatedly, ate some dinner and drove home again, still alive. Booth put on a paper collar and an old coat, and went bug-catching. He caught four and a bad cold. Ralston had a bully time. He and Nick Luning went round to the corner grocery and stuck the bartender for drinks, after which gymnastic performance they played at "tag" till a late hour. Sharon spent the day in the Palace Hotel. He didn't mean to do so, but in looking around he got lost, and couldn't find his way out till late in the evening. The history of the other "big bugs" is best summed up in the word "whisky."

The Postmaster at Oakland is a very able man. The rapidity with which he deciphers doubtful addresses and bad writing is wonderful. The average letter mailed here only takes two weeks to arrive at its destination, which, considering the dangers of sea and land is good time. The young ladies of Oakland all dote on the Postmaster, and say "He's just too sweet for anything." Take him all in all he is a first class postmaster, but it is really a pity that he can't read anything but large caps on billheads.

When out of sorts, down-spirited, and sad, the *Town Crier* usually strolls out as far as the Protestant Cemetery, and there, among the silent sleepers meditates upon the shallowness of human happiness. While thus engaged, he happened to strike the following inscription on an unpretentious little tombstone: "Methusaleh Cohen died, aged twelve months." Now some mistake must have been made just about the time little Meth was christened, or else he acted mighty meanly in going after his wings so soon.

Our thanks are due to the deans, secretaries, and other officers of colleges who have kindly forwarded us their catalogues.

There is nothing the *T. C.* loves to read better than the *Call's* editorials. They are so free from personalities, so lofty in their sentiments and so correct in their grammar. A good thing cannot be read too often, so we quote a little paragraph from the *Call* of Tuesday. Talking of Frank Pixley, it says: "We do not know as he has spared any one." We should hate to lavish praises upon the wrong person, but we imagine we recognize, in the above, the inspired pen of the great Pickering himself.

Some wag circulated a report that Beecher had arrived in San Francisco, and was just at that moment at the Art Union room on Pine street, looking at the picture of "Lookout Mountain." Several prominent devil dodgers hastened to meet the great Plymouth Parson. In hot haste they ascended the steps, asking each other "Where is he? where is he?" At last they thought they had him, but alas, alas, it was only Harry Edwards, with his mustache shaved off.

California farmers are nice, amiable sort of people -not exacting at all. All they require a man to do is to saw a cord or two of wood before breakfast, churn after supper, and if he's a willing hand, send him after the doctor about midnight, and turn him out about three o'clock to see if the barn-door is locked, and the old buggy mare had a foal yet. Immigrants are invited to visit the rural districts.

The present style of dress is just a little trying for thin girls. No matter how they pad the murder will out, and angular womanhood sails along in all the glory of conscious misshape. Divest the ordinary girl of the period of her zephyr bosom pads, her false hair, teeth, powder paint, striped stockings and bussle, and what have you left? Why, about six freckles, a few dozen hairs, and a scrawny caricature of old mother Eve.

"A party of Eastern journalists are on their way to San Francisco." Well, Kansas had her grasshoppers, and we must not grumble if an all-seeing Providence does occasionally send us a few old literary bums. The Beecher case is quiescent for a time, and the ink-slingers' occupation has gone. No doubt some of the talented crowd will take a fancy to Frisco and stop. A little new blood would not injure our daily press.

The "Chronicle" reporter, whose sensitive soul was so harrowed by the mutilation of the plaster casts in the School of Design, who wept over an armless Venus, sighed deep sighs over Hercules' broken big toe, has written to condole with his brother who lives in Peru. He says, "The smell of guano must be very unpleasant to you——."

A worm will turn, and the poor, persecuted Chinaman has at last turned. Unfortunately, Ah Sam only shot one boy, and the wrong one at that, not that it matters, for one boy is as bad as another. If a few more hoodlums were shot by Chinamen, those youths might perhaps begin to recognize that John was not such a bad fellow after all.

If you want to see fortitude, just ride in the Sutter street cars and watch a girl try to look pleasant while a flea is lunching off her leg and she dare not scratch. Job was a pretty patient old boy, but he never had a hungry California flea bite him and not be able to spoil the little devil's appetite by a good scratch.

Poor old Stevenson has left us. No more shall we gaze upon his war paint. Where he has gone, of course, no one can tell, but any way that thousand-dollar bill he gave Hammond ought to let him through the crystal gates, and insure him a seat in the immediate vicinity of the kitchen.

We noticed a sad look about the car horses' faces on Tuesday, which we were at a loss to account for. We have since learnt that the active part they took in the procession has raised them above their work. What a wretched thing pride is, to be sure.

Moody and Sankey have taken a trip to Paris, where they intend to ship a few souls for heaven. It would be a pleasant change to have a few Frenchmen there, as conversations carried on in English all the time get monotonous.

Two lame ducks have quacked their last quack. Patrick McEwan and dusky Bryant have left off poisoning people on earth, and have joined the other quacks in "Fiddlers' Green."

Paroxysmal Theology.---Kissing the married ladies of the congregation, and making the husbands pay a hundred thousand dollars for it.

THE MISCONSTRUED MARINER.

A seaman sat by the angry sea,
Whose wave in a constant roll is;
"I'm off, I am, on a trip," said he,
"To find where the Northern Pole is;
No ship I'll take for to seek distress,
'Mid the ice and whales and blubber;
But I'm off, I guess, in a patent dress—
A dress of India-rubber."

CHORUS.

So sing tiddy-iddy when the ship goes free,
And the gentle breezes puff (or sough),
And howl tiddy-iddy in a louder key
When the waves are extra rough.

It'll aid this tale if I here explain
(As his marking moral feature)
That the sailor-man was extremely vain
Of being a human-creature.
He sneered at things that possess no mind,
Like the dog and duck and dory;
And his proud behavior to such-like kind
Is the great *mo-teef* of the story.

Though he had such patronizing airs
For seals and such-like divers,
He wouldn't be claimed as a friend of theirs
For all his weight in fivers:
"The beasts," he said, "that we call ca-nine
We oft allow to foller us;
But it's just as well for to draw *some* line,
And I *won't* hob-nob with a wollerus!"

So he rigged a mast on his dauntless toes,
With a flag of the English Nation,
And away he went in his patent clo'es
On Arctic exploration.
And he found his way in a month or more,
In his queer abnormal swathing,
To a lonely, icy, Northern shore,
Where a host of seals were bathing.

He failed at first for to understand
His floating costume rightly;
"It's a seal (they said) from a distand land!"
And greeted him politely!
But he shook with rage at his ev'ry joint
And felt his temper rusted;
For they'd wounded him in his sorest point,
And he proudly sneered, disgusted.

And he stiffly sat on an icy peak
In a lonely situation,
And he felt so mad that he could not speak
With grief and indignation.
Then his dreadful dress he essayed to doff
To convince those furry races
That his form was Man's when the skin was off—
But he couldn't undo the laces!

And he loudly sneered when a seal went past,
Till his pride so grew with nursing,
That the seals exclaimed in a rage, at last;
"He's a most obnoxious *persing!*
This seal (they said) has a mind endowed
With thoughts above its station;
It's an actual fact that he's much too proud
For vulgar mastication!

"One's mood, we think, it's enough to sour
When he sees a fish, and hooks it,
And rolls it up in some eggs and flour,
And absolutely cooks it!
Such a seal for pride never yet, we own,
Has met our observation!"
And they left that mariner quite alone,
In the strictest isolation.

But years rolled by, and he got to feel,
With inward jubilation,
He *might*, you know, be a kind of seal
Of curious conformation.
So he tried the life and he likes the plan
And finds it bright and cheerful—
But if you said, "He's a sailor-man,"
His anger would be fearful! —*London Fun.*

THE EMMA MINE.

A few days ago, information reached London from Utah to the effect that the original discoverer of the Emma mine had, by means of driving a tunnel about 4,000 feet in length, "cut the Emma vein at 3,500 feet from surface," in grey carbonates—assay, 900 ounces silver to the ton. Nearly three years have been spent in driving this Howland tunnel, and it ought to be distinctly understood that the point were it cuts the Emma vein is 2,500 feet *from surface*, and not from the bottom of workings, as has been inaccurately inferred in some quarters. A remarkable confirmation of this intelligence is afforded by an official map of the United States, made by Colonel Froriseth, mineral surveyor of Utah. This map can be seen in London, and shows that the Howland tunnel will cut the Emma vein inside the limits of Emma company's grounds, and almost under the present workings. That outsiders should thus be able to reach the Emma vein and possess themselves of a large part of its wealth may appear at first sight fatal to the interests of the company, but this is by no means strictly accurate. Difficult questions will probably ultimately arise under the American law, but meanwhile many decided compensations will be immediately secured, not the least important will be the effectual draining of the mine through the tunnel. This recent result bears evidence in favor of the wealth of the Emma vein, and it is important to remember that it has been obtained by the determined and persevering efforts of Mr. Woodman, the discoverer of the Emma—of all men perhaps the one most thoroughly acquainted with the geological features of the locality. It is expected that these results will exert a favorable influence on the fortunes of this property, and stimulate vigorous working, not perhaps on the old lines, but in such manner and in such directions as the facts now ascertained seem to indicate. The recent intelligence is generally received as authentic, and its main features, we believe, have been formally embodied in an affidavit recently made in certain proceedings relating to this mine.—*From the Monetary and Mining Gazette, June 19th.*

HASTY CONCLUSIONS.

The late developments in the Parshall-Sumner case show how extremely dangerous, not to say unjust, it is for journals to jump at hasty conclusions, without having heard both sides of the story, and sacrifice honest men's reputation in order to dole out a dose of nauseous scandal to their ignorant readers. It is all very well for such a journal, when it finds itself in a tight place, to cry "peccavi," but the wrong has been done, and if only a portion of the mud thrown sticks, the injury can never be repaired. A thousand people may have read the attack upon the innocent man, who can never have a chance of reading the apology. It would be hard to put an estimate upon the amount of mental suffering Mr. Parshall has gone through, or to judge the damage which he has sustained. True, he is sueing Sumner for damages, but we think he should have included the journal which so unprovokedly attacked him, created a sensation thereby, and pocketed the profits.

PICTURES NOT ON VIEW AT OUR LAST EXHIBITION.

NARY A RED.

No. 15. This picture is said to be a most faithful representation of a young San Francisco clerk's purse after spending his Fourth of July holidays in the country. Of course the purse is as flat as if an elephant or Michael Reese had trodden on it. "Nary a Red" is the motto embroidered upon it by the loving hands of the talented artist. This painting is very suggestive of frowning landladies, indignant restaurant men and shut-down bar-tenders. It points a moral and adorns a tale.

PIPER NOMINATED.

No. 16. This truly gorgeous portrait of the lately nominated Democratic aspirer for Congress was taken while Piper was still roseate with the flush of expectant victory. Not one of the many beauties, which, when united, help to make him such a noble specimen of manhood, has been omitted. Even that beautiful hungry expression for which he is so justly celebrated has been caught with rat-trap fidelity. In the background may be seen some scoffers, who, not admiring him as a nominee, are holding their extended fingers out with the thumbs on the tips of their noses. Piper seems too proud of his position to notice such small fry, who really are so much beneath him. The proprietors of the *Examiner* are negotiating for the purchase of this artistic gem.

CON MOONEY.

No. 17. This is a sporting picture, painted by a sporting man. It represents with striking, or rather biting, fidelity our old friend Con Mooney engaged in the innocent pursuit of dog fighting. There is a bottle sticking out of his pocket labeled "strychnine," and the dog he has bet against is just expiring from the combined effects of that exhilarating drug and the other dog's teeth. It is a noble picture of a noble sport, and has been purchased by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

[We have had a private view of several other good pictures, but defer passing an opinion upon them till next week. Want of space prevents us giving them this week.]

HIGHLY EDUCATED CHIMPANZEE.

A highly educated chimpanzee has recently been added to the Paris Jardin d'Acclimatation, who is worthy to rank with the oorang-outang "Jocko," we recently described in the Jardin de Plantes. The new arrival is called "Timbuctoo," is very tame, of most amiable temperament, and while residing with his former master at Sierra Leone supplied the place of a servant in the house; he opened the door to visitors, greeted them, and on their departure showed them out with the utmost courtesy, handing them their hats, etc. Timbuctoo's very domesticity, however, nearly caused a fatal accident on the voyage to France. One day his mistress missed her baby, a child of eight months, and after a long search descried to her horror Timbuctoo perched at the top of the mast, rocking the unfortunate infant to and fro. Nobody dared move lest the chimpanzee should be startled and let the baby fall, so Timbuctoo hopped about the rigging with his plaything, finishing his performances by swinging from the mast by the edge of his tail. Suddenly the vessel gave a lurch, down went monkey and baby, but Timbuctoo saved himself by catching at a rope, and climbing down to the deck, where he was speedily relieved of his precious burden, and carefully watched for the rest of the voyage. Monkeys in Acheen, however, are made useful members of society. They are bred and taught to pluck cocoa-nuts, and their owners let them out for this purpose in the Straits. The apes have a line attached to them, and scale the trees, where like human beings they obey command, and choose the fruit which is pointed out to them. They then twist it round and round till it falls, celebrating their success with a jump and chuckle of satisfaction.—*The Graphic.*

How many think to atone for the evil they have done by the good they intend to do, and are only virtuous in the prospective!

THE ARCTIC EXPLORER.

From leafy England far away,
His bones are laid;
Not where the lark salutes the day,
Nor where the white lambs in meadows play,
In the green shade.

He lies within a leafless land,
In the cold snow;
Where no kind foot or kindlier hand
Can visit him or weave a band
To soften woe.

The white drift whirling all around
On sea and shore,
They took him from the ship ice-bound,
And laid him gently in the ground
For evermore.

And though no English larks shall throng
Above his grave,
To soothe his slumber with their song,
He lies secure from mortal wrong—
O sweet and brave!

The secret of the Polar Sea
Is yet concealed;
But to thy vision, pure and free,
The secret of eternity
Has been revealed!

—*Evening Hours.*

THE "ENGLISH" AFFECTATION.

Don Piatt, writing in the *Capital* of a journey, says: Speaking of conversation, we were amused by a lady, fair, fat and forty, sitting near us, taking leave of some friends and doing it in John Bull's English. We admit he talks his English better than we do. But then he has better lungs. It is of little avail to broaden one's "a" if we retain the thin nasal sound. And to have a narrow-chested woman trying this on, whose lungs, heart, and stomach have been corseted into each other through generations, in this dry, hot, body-destroying climate of ours, makes one sick of what sounds like affectation. And here was my fair lot of female adipose doing the "nawsty," "you knaw," and the like, with complacent vigor.

It "cawnt" be done, fellow citizens. We know a right shrewd fellow from Boston who gave himself up to a study of the cockney dialect for five or six years in London. We met him there two years since. He dressed, walked, and talked like an Englishman—at least he thought so; and we concurred in his opinion. He persuaded us to let him do some purchasing for us, on the ground that the shop people, knowing us to be Americans, would ask two prices. We consented, and accompanied our friend to an establishment in Regent street. Soon our student of cockneyism was chaffing with the shopman.

"Aw, come now," cried our friend, "you cawn't mean that, you know; it's uncommon poor stuff at any price."

"You Americans are rawther found of it, I believe." Our friend was caught in his first attempt. He attempted to bluff, but the counter-jumping Bull could not be deceived.

RAGGED EDGES.

A lady who attended an amateur opera in Pittsburg sends this bombshell into the ranks of the performers: "The physical degeneracy of the men of our day has seldom been so fully displayed in public as during the two recent performances of *The Rose of Castile*, by the Gounod Club. I was there on Friday night, and was astonished almost beyond measure at the exhibition of shriveled limbs, bandy legs, and knock knees of their male possessors. It was a revelation to me; for poor, untutored child of nature that I am, I had supposed, from frequently seeing these same young men on the street and in the drawing-room, wearing elegant suits of fine clothes, that they were shapely and comely in form, but the delusion was rudely dispelled by the anatomical display. I desire to say to the gentlemen of the Gounod Club that before they sing another time in public it would be well for them to make arrangements with some planing mill for a supply of sawdust with which to fill up their outline and tone down the ragged edges."

A mind that is conscious of its integrity scorns to say more than it means to perform.

WAYSIDE SKETCHES.

Salinas City, the county seat of Monterey, has grown into importance with true California rapidity. Six years ago it was a cluster of houses, limited to a saloon, a small general store, a blacksmith's shop, and a stable. Now it presents a thoroughly thriving look, with fine handsome brick stores, substantial and commodious hotels, neat churches, and an elegant public school. Its topographical position is not in every way desirable. The broad plain of the Salinas valley, on which it is built, has few charms for the eye. The near outlook in every direction is flat. To the north and south the level reach extends beyond the limit of ordinary vision. To the east the bare and rugged chain of mountains dividing the San Joaquin and Salinas valleys. To the west the hills that surround old Monterey have a more cheerful look, being moderately timbered. The distance from San Francisco is 117 miles by rail, and the journey can be made daily by the cars of the S. P. R. R. Co. The water route is to Monterey by steamer; from there 18 miles of railroad traveling in the very comfortable cars of the Monterey and Salinas Narrow-guage R. R. Co. The Goodall, Nelson & Perkins Steamship Co. dispatch steamers for Santa Cruz and Monterey three times a week, so that tourists can easily make the round trip—down by water and up by rail, or *vice versa*—in three days, and have ample opportunity for seeing the country. Salinas has grown proportionately with the decay of two rivals—its near neighbor Castroville, only 11 miles north of it, and Monterey, its original seaport. The jealousy between the parent and youthful town is extremely bitter. Monterey dates her downfall from the time when the county seat was voted to her vigorous rival. Castroville has become too weak for even envy to flourish, and, like patience on a monument, smiles at her own grief. Salinas is the center of a magnificent agricultural country. The farms begin within a half mile of her busiest street, and extend in every direction as far as the eye can reach, varying in size from 100 to 4,000 acres. Against the latter there is a general outcry. It is urged that smaller areas can be handled more judiciously, and with moderate foresight placed beyond the risk of absolute failure. Strictly this is a question between capital and labor, and will right itself by experience, the most practical of all teachers. There is one phase of this system of farming on a gigantic scale that must strike the most casual observer—it is the lamentable want of homesteads and substantial farm buildings. Where grain is grown for speculative purposes only, nothing else is thought of. It is a wholesale robbery of the soil, without attempting to give back even the refuse of its generous yield. Ten or twenty years of such recklessness will prove the irreparable folly of this enormous greed. Salinas valley has suffered from frosts and dry winds this year, and her farmers are not a whit behind others in the State in complaints. The yield of wheat was authoritatively stated to be 9,000,000 sacks. With this some of the merchants there hope to load one or more vessels at Monterey for the Liverpool market. They have ample wharfage facilities for the purpose, and depth of water for ships of 1,000 to 1,500 tons burden. We trust that their expectations may be realized. They have displayed both pluck and enterprise in building their railroad, and their well-built town is in every way a credit to them. The main street is well laid out, and the sidewalks put San Francisco's traps to the blush. Visitors will find the Abbott House in charge of our friend, Host Swift, than whom no one is more obliging, or more careful to secure the comfort and enjoyment of his guests.

[illegible] university and finding out that no one of that name (Deane) had ever graduated there, and then publishing the letters in its issue. We regret to learn also that there are men in the State and city medical societies who have no diplomas and yet are tolerated and admired."

A Fact for Apothecaries.—The Apothecaries' Hall of Ireland has had to pay $1,500 as compensation to the family of a man who was killed through the explosion of some sulphide of antimony sold by the hall in mistake for oxide of manganese.

THE LAWER AND HIS FEE.

[A MELANCHOLY BALLAD.]

There was a little Advocate
That loved a good big fee,
And in the course of a debate,
Was none so skilled as he
To throw the Court into a state
Of dire perplexity.

This little Advocate, one day,
Was sitting in his study,
When in there walked a damsel gay,
Of aspect fair and ruddy,
Much fairer than the month of May—
Or any other body.

She looked upon the man of laws
With eyes soft, sweet, and sunny;
She made a little modest pause,
Then said, in words of honey,
"O, Sir, I pray you, plead my cause,
And do not ask for money!"

"Madam," the little man replied,
And fell upon his knees,
"In ancient days men would have died
For glances such as these—
But death alone can e'er divide
A lawyer from his fees!

"Yet, Madam, be thyself my fee,
My love, my bride, my wife!
And in all Courts I will for thee
Do battle to the knife.
I shall love thee, thou wilt love me,
As long as we have life!"

The girl agreed. The case was lost.
Her money all was swamped.
His income, with increase of cost,
He found severely cramped.
His love for her, too, soon was most
Considerably damped.

For O! she was a fearful scold,
Quite, quite beyond conjecture.
She'd cry, "Now, Sir, I won't be told
By you that you're hen-pecked. You're
Not too wise, nor yet too old
To stand a curtain lecture!

"Where's my money? Where's your own?
You paltry little sinner,
We've had the same cold mutton bone
The whole week through for dinner,
And I,"—she interposed a groan—
"Am getting hourly thinner!"

They quarreled, for she lived on "tic,"
And no restraint would stop her.
Their money went, and, following quick,
Her friends began to drop her.
The little man's a lunatic—
His wife's become a pauper!

FRAUDS IN WHAT WE EAT, DRINK AND WEAR.

There being no law here to regulate trade frauds, almost everything that it is possible to buy is a cheat. There is fraud in every article which enters into the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under foot; fraud in everything which it is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell or taste; fraud in warmth, light and locomotion; fraud mixed into whatever comes pure from the earth, on everything that arrives from abroad, or is produced at home; fraud in the raw material, and on every fresh value that is added to it by the work of man; fraud in the sauce which pampers man's appetite, and the drug that is intended to restore him to health; in the ermine which decorates the judge, and the rope which hangs the criminal; in the poor man's salt, and the rich man's spice; in the materials of the coffin and the ribbons of the bride. At bed or board, couchant or levant, we must pay for frauds. The school boy learns from his fraudulent text book; the well to-do citizen manages his spavined horse, with a bridle badly made and upon a fraudulently constructed road. The dying Californian, pouring his adulterated medicine into a silver spoon largely mixed with base metal, flings himself back upon a bed that is a fraud, and expires in the arms of that worst of frauds—a doctor without a diploma—who by fraud has put him to death. His whole property then passes through fraudulent hands. He is carried to the grave by undertakers—who are extortionate cheats—and followed by a cortege weeping male possessors. It was a revelation to me, [illegible] posterity on marble, in nature that I am, I had supposed, from frequently seeing these same young men on the street and in the drawing-room, wearing elegant suits of fine clothes, that they were shapely and comely in form, but the delusion was rudely dispelled by the anatomical display. I desire to say to the gentlemen of the Gounod Club that before they sing another time in public it would be well for them to make arrangements with some planing mill for a supply of sawdust with which to fill up their outline and tone down the ragged edges."

A mind that is conscious of its integrity scorns to say more than it means to perform.

THE SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR.

A London correspondent, who has the entrè to all the best houses in England, sends us the following account of the Sultan's impressions on his reception by the Prince of Wales, as communicated to him by the Sultan himself: "There was something in the beaming countenance of the Prince of Wales when I met His Royal Highness in the great hall which gave me confidence. I felt at once that my reception was not to be cold and formal, but warm and hearty. When His Royal Highness introduced me to the Princess, his sweet consort, and then to his sweet sister, the Princess Alice, and her noble consort the Prince of Hesse, I was bewildered with gratification. Yet even that was nothing to the feeling which I experienced when His Royal Highness asked me if I would like to see the children; yes, he said, "the children," just as a loving father, who was not a mighty prince, would say it. In my highest expectations I had never anticipated such a pleasure. One with a soft voice, thinking doubtless that I might feel embarrassed, suggested that only some of the children should be brought; but I knew a few words of English, and I heard the Prince say, 'All, all.' I cannot express to you the joy which I felt when these sweet children entered the room, and saw them all put their arms round the Prince's neck and embrace him; and he, too, embraced them lovingly, lifting the little ones from off the floor to kiss them. At that moment my heart was full, and I prayed that the blessing of God might rest upon them. In manners they were so natural, so cheerful, so trusting; they sat down by my side with the utmost confidence—by the side of me, an Arab, whom they had never seen before; and I can truly say now, in reply to the question which His Royal Highness had previously asked me, that the most pleasing sight which I have witnessed in England, and that which hitherto has impressed me most, was to see this Royal English home. In fact, I almost forgot everything which passed at the interview except the picture presented by that bright and noble family—a picture which will never be erased from my memory. Moreover, I no longer wonder, since I saw the Royal boys clad in sailor's uniform, that the navy is the glory of England; and again I say, may the peace of God and his blessing rest upon Her Majesty the Queen and these her illustrious descendents."

WHAT BOSTON SAYS ABOUT MEDICAL EDUCATION IN SAN FRANCISCO.

The Boston Medical and Surgical Journal, of May 20th, says: "In regard to the medical department of the University of California, to which attention has been called of late in discussions on medical education, we learn that the school was formerly a private affair, one of the two medical schools in San Francisco; its head man was without high standing in the profession, but possessed of a big fortune and a great reputation in the country. His aim was to perpetuate his name, and he therefore offered his school to the university with the buildings, etc., on condition that it should be called its medical department, naming the building "Toland Hall." The regents soon found that they had received an elephant. The old faculty insisted on becoming the new one, and in it were two professors, one of whom could not write two words correctly; the other, an American, always declared he had a French diploma until some began to doubt it, and he then showed a German diploma, which ultimately proved to be counterfeit. The San Francisco *News Letter* got scent of the scandal, and brought it out in its true light, writing to the German university and finding out that no one of that name (Deane) had ever graduated there, and then publishing the letters in its issue. We regret to learn also that there are men in the State and city medical societies who have no diplomas and yet are tolerated and admired."

A Fact for Apothecaries.—The Apothecaries' Hall of Ireland has had to pay $1,500 as compensation to the family of a man who was killed through the explosion of some sulphide of antimony sold by the hall in mistake for oxide of manganese.

MY LITTLE ROOM

My little room hath two windows:
One on the bay looketh down,
And when I look from the other
I see the busy town.

Midway across the waters
Lies Yerba Buena's Isle,
While afar off, the dim Sierras
Stretch away for many a mile.

For hours stay I watching
The waves in their restless play,
The changing forms in the cloud-world,
And the varying tints of the bay.

And sometimes when a storm is storming,
And the wavetops are capped with foam,
I see the sails of the fishers
That steer for the lights of home.

O light that long ago led me!
Now, when all's stormy and drear,
Shine again over the dark lone waters,
That by thee alone I may steer.

R. E. W.

CARL SCHURZ

Papers to hand contain glowing accounts of a gratifying tribute of respect recently paid to Carl Schurz at Berlin, a city from which he was so long a political refugee. Nearly all the great officers of the Empire were present at a dinner given in his honor. Mr. Schurz's remarks, spoken in two languages, were brief and impersonal, and were devoted to showing the natural and indeed actual sympathy of the people of the United States with that of Germany, and the absence of any conflicting interests between them. In urging a reciprocal respect on the part of the Germans, it was of course necessary to look in the face the fact of our country's declining reputation abroad since the war, owing partly to rascality by which foreigners have suffered heavily, and partly to the free exposure of its vices by its own press and public men in their efforts to bring about a better state of things. This part of Mr. Schurz's speech was marked by his usual tact and delicacy, and it is certain that no other of our public men, had he stood in Mr. Schurz's place, could with the same grace and effectiveness have maintained the substantial soundness of the American character. On the other hand, there is scarcely a leader of that party which has heaped contumely upon Mr. Schurz as a renegade, from whom such a defense of his own countrymen before a German audience would not have seemed both impudent and ridiculous.

A GREAT BIBLIOGRAPHER

There is now living in Manchester a Mr. Crossley, who is perhaps the most complete specimen of the Bibliomaniac in this country. He has a library of 50,000 books, and actually knows what is in them. He has the only complete of all the editions of De Foe and sundry other and early writings, and the British Museum and other great public libraries are watching for his death. Mr. Crossley will answer any questions about any book or pamphlet ever published in England, give its date, tell anything special in it, and all without touching a volume. He is 80. He was a personal friend of Charles Lamb and other literary men of past generations; yet, with the exception of a few excellent papers contributed to the *Retrospective Review* in 1820, he has written nothing, and when he dies a great bibliographer will perish. The great roll and rush of commerce, the money-making urgency, seems to drive such men as these into themselves. They shut out the world and live in the past. They meet in one or two little clubs to smoke and talk. They find themselves making a little oasis in the great desert of hard, mountainous bigotry, ignorance, and worldliness.

Bismarck will stop at nothing; here is a case for France to demand fatherland to amend her code. Some felt hats, manufactured near Cologne, have been imported into France; a young man purchased one, which, being too small, he pressed from time to time down on his forehead; pimples appeared on his head, inflammation succeeded, and then loss of sight. The leather lining had been colored by a poisonous dye.

Many a man's vices have at first been nothing worse than good qualities run wild.

BROKER NO. 1.

James R. Keene.—The subject of our sketch is selected because of his prominence, and not because he is in any sense a type of our numerous fraudulent Brokers, who will be fully described hereafter. Mr. Keene is exceedingly smart in most of the ways of the street, but not in all of them. He can, for instance, be a most courageous bull, or a most savage bear, as best suits the occasion. Brave in both those characters, he yet has too soft a spot somewhere to permit of his plucking a pigeon with the cool and steady hand with which that operation is usually performed by your average broker. If the pigeon must be plucked, it must not be done within the sight of Keene. He is not averse to gathering up the feathers after the thing is done, but performing the deed with his own hands is more than his good nature can stand. He knows how to put up a big job, but he knows not how to become the hard-hearted robber of the poor man's all, and of the widow and orphan's mite, that so many of our brokers are, as we shall show before we are through with them.

Keene, as we have said, is, as occasion serves, a courageous bull or a most savage bear. Whilst in the latter mood he is something terrible to behold. Like the bear of the forest he scents his game from afar, springs upon it with unerring certainty, and never releases his grip till it suits him. Let us take a hasty glance at his *modus operandi*. He comes upon the street somewhat early, as bright as the morn and as gay as a lark. He has a nod and a wink for passing acquaintances, and enters into confidential confabs with those he sometimes uses as confederates. All this time he has stood back from the assembled crowd, and has appeared to feel no concern in the condition of the market; yet in point of fact no one has been more interested than he. Having come to the conclusion that prices are about high enough for this deal, he has recently been quietly unloading, not that he has appeared to be engaged in that operation. Far from it. He has been buying, or offering to buy, but for every share he has taken in he has, through his confederates, let out five. In this way he has fully discharged cargo, and is as empty as a ship just launched. In that condition he comes upon the street, and finds that things are rather sick; indeed they are quite panicky, the consequence of his recent operations. His opportunity has again arrived. He is now about to act the terrible bear. He springs into the arena, and offers any part of a thousand shares, say of Ophir, at several points less than the quotations of the previous day. The members of the Board are staggered, ask "What's the matter now?" inquire "If the Bank crowd are unloading," and so become demoralized. Meanwhile Keene is conqueror. Probably he has appeared to sell a portion of the thousand shares to a confederate at perhaps less than he asked for them, or he may even have effected a *bona fide* sale, for when he is in for a big deal he does not mind a small loss to begin with; moreover, before the day is over, but when the panic is still higher, he will probably have taken in, through a friend, the stock with which he broke the market in the morning, and what is more, will likely have made a profit by the transaction. This practice he will resume next day, and from day to day until he has taken Ophir down to the point at which he intends to begin to load up again. He still, however, continues to sell through himself, but buys through others. Directly he sells the fewest possible number of shares, whilst indirectly he quietly buys all that are offered, until he has got all that he can carry. Most likely he has had a number of wealthy allies with him, and "a pool" has been formed, which has corralled so large a proportion of the shares that the market, in regard to that particular stock, is really in their hands. Rumors become current on the street that "stocks will certainly soon be booming," and especially in regard to Ophir, in which there are "rich developments." Keene begins to buy, and keeps on buying all the time, but at the right moment his unknown allies are selling a dozen shares for every one that he takes in, and so the game goes on *ad infinitum*. When a panic has set in, and hundreds of terribly anxious men have congregated, fearful that before the day is over their margins will be uncovered and their all swept away, we have seen Keene stand during the whole day offering shares, as if he had a manufactory of them, and in this way knock prices twenty or thirty per cent. in a few hours. On such occasions the most unpopular man on the street was Keene. But often the time has arrived when his popularity hardly had bounds.

When he is inflating the market at the rate of ten or twenty per cent. per day, stock-lovers esteem him a king, whose shadow they hope never to see grow less.

Let us not be misunderstood. We do not describe these phases of the stock business because they are unusual or specially immoral. Quite the contrary: they are common wherever stock operating is carried on, and the immorality is precisely that of the trader who endeavors to buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market. We have chosen to speak thus far of the ways of Mr. Keene, because he is President of the Board of Brokers, and because his doings will be useful hereafter as illustrations when we come to consider the very different methods of the rascally operators with which California street abounds. Mr. Keene may not be the altogether perfect broker we are in search of, but if brokers were all to act up to his standard of fair dealing, the *News Letter* would not be under the necessity that is now forced upon it of focusing its strongest calcium light upon their dark ways. Mr. Keene has known something of the ups and downs of California street. Stock operators are something like lovers—they quarrel and then kiss and make up again. Keene's last quarrel has not been made up yet, but it will be some day. Baldwin, the lucky, will find it to his advantage to kiss and be friends. The misunderstanding arose in this way: Baldwin was very anxious to retain control of Ophir, but could not do it without 10,000 shares held by Keene. The latter naturally enough wanted to know what portion of the advantages arising from the control would fall to his share. Baldwin thought he ought to be content with the honor of voting in good company. Keene did not see it in that light, and took his shares into even better company, and placed them where honor and profit went together. Baldwin recently admitted he made a mistake, and soon they may be expected to kiss and be friends again. Mr. Keene has succeeded in acquiring a large fortune which is said to be in the neighborhood of five millions. Perhaps his sanguine temperament accounts for not a little of his success. It is a good thing to believe in a bonanza when there is really one worth believing in. Mr. Keene is credited on the street with acts of kindness in "carrying" many poor who else had lost their all. His purse is never shut to deserving charity. The public will be glad to know that the widow of the lamented R. B. Swain was comfortably provided for by this gentleman's generosity in carrying stocks for her without money and without price. Mr. Keene is a connoisseur of horseflesh; no other vices that we are aware of.

THE BARN-YARD OF THE DAILY PRESS.

To exhibit fairly the characteristics of our city daily press, there is no more suitable *locale* than the familiar, odorous barn yard. Without risking contact with the diurnally accumulated filth which has been gathering for years, we will first glance over the fence and for awhile watch the habits of the animals. The *Alta* we at once recognize in the dilapidated carcass of an old black and white cow. Never having possessed horns, her only means of attack and defence is her heels. Age has weakened the brute so much that she invariably seeks a quiet corner of the yard, and practices the tune "That the old cow died on." In a crib filled with straw is a drowsy, snarling cur; his mangy back at once identifies him as the *Bulletin*. Alike detested and detesting his neighbors, he keeps an uneasy eye forever directed towards the corner from which the cow watches his bed of straw. The ugly eyesore is most uneasy, even on his bed, and keeps the whole yard troubled by growls and perpetual barking at shadows. He sometimes shows a little regard for an old, blind, toothless horse, once used to haul the milk cart, which accounts for his name—*Call*. The dog and the horse fight in company. They have a common enemy, the hog, which they attack at every opportunity, claiming that he is a *Chronic* thief. And what is worse, his habits are so filthy that every spot in the yard reeks with marks of pollution. The cow, the dog, and the old, blind horse display some small regard for cleanliness, but the hog never. Of course the barn yard is not complete without the Quixotic gray goose. When not attacking some huge but unconcerned intruder, she rests upon one leg, and by this habit is always known as the *Post*.

No true woman will ever marry a man so tall that she cannot reach his hair.

THE ARCONA.

Unconcerned and mildly shining, like a maid at ease reclining,
Shone the moon upon the waters and the hills of Frisco's shore;
And our German maidens sleeping in their guardian angel's keeping,
Had no thoughts of ever weeping as they never wept before—
Had no thoughts of sorrow making pretty eyes with weeping sore—
But continued sound to snore.

Came a vessel on the morrow, which did bring both joy and sorrow
To the maidens, of whom mention I have made above before—
For the men were German sailors—men of war—not common whalers,
(Although some did look like tailors), and they came to our shore
To rig up their noble vessel, which was damaged less or more,
And some little things to store.

All the maidens now took measure, granting not a moment's leisure
To their fathers, brothers, cousins, husbands and their sweethearts, for
'Twas their innocent desire, these bold marines to inspire
With an ardent, loving fire, and each separate maiden swore
Not to be behind to welcome German sailors to this shore
Though she'd been behind before!

Forthwith then each fair-haired daughter of old Teut prepared for slaughter
'Mong the gallant German sailors soon as they'd set foot on shore.
And they came, and every girl felt her heart beat with a twirl,
Whilst a loving glance she'd hurl at the whiskered Captain, or
At Lieutenant, Mate or Cadet, or whatever charge *he* bore,
Till their eyes could look no more.

Then each maiden tried her very best in being just as merry
As her fond blonde heart would let her—nay, she even did far more,
For they did succeed, the darlings (after having laid their snarlings)
To entrap the German starlings, having got them on the shore;
And with smiles, cigars and coffee, did so much the poor boys bore,
Till they could endure no more.

Firm of purpose then the Teutons fastened their jacket buttons,
And upon July the seventh they did leave, for good, our shore;
And the maidens now are weeping when the evening shades are creeping,
And their hearts in vain are beating—they are gone to come no more;
Yes, they said that they would never come again to our shore,
And our maidens weep the more.

M. B.

MUCHLY MARRIED PEOPLE.

St. Jerome mentions a widow that married her twenty-third husband, whom in his turn had been married to twenty wives—surely an experienced couple! A woman named Elizabeth Masi, who died at Florence in 1768, had been married to seven husbands, all of whom she outlived. She espoused the last at the mature age of 70. When on her deathbed she recalled the good and bad points in each of her husbands, and having impartially weighed them in the balance, she singled out her fifth spouse as her favorite, and desired that her remains might be interred near his. This recalls the story of the widow in Chaucer's naughty tales of Canterbury, about which an innocent literary clergyman recently publicly asked if there was any impropriety in young ladies reading the poet? The matter was settled by the dirty old man on his deathbed, who bitterly regretted his prurient pennings.

While three boys and a little girl were sitting upon the parapet of the Thames Embankment, between Waterloo and Hungerford Bridges recently, a sudden gust of wind blew one of the boys on the pavement and the girl into the river. A cry for help was raised, and a gentleman who was passing slipped the collar from his Newfoundland dog, lifted him up, and dropped him into the water. The child at that moment rose to the surface, and the dog seized her by the collar of her cape, and, directed by his master, swam with his burden to the adjacent steps. The girl was taken home little the worse for her immersion.

THE CONDITION OF MEXICO.

The state of Mexico is, according to the New York *Herald*, at the present moment, "truly deplorable." The Mexicans seem to be getting tired of the comparative inactivity which has marked their political life for the last few years. The few spasmodic outbursts of revolutionary fervor which told that the political volcano underlying the Mexican Republic was slumbering, not extinct, threaten to develop into a serious revolutionary struggle. Cortina and his robbers occupy the line of the Rio Grande, and plunder with impartial zeal the Mexican and Texan populations living adjacent to that river. Hostile Indians make destructive raids on the northern frontier. San Luis Potosi, one of the fairest and richest States of the Republic, is a prey to revolutionists, and bands of insurgents in the Michoacan bid defiance to the Central Government. On the southern frontier the Guatemalans are mustering under one of those restless adventurers who curse the Spanish-American Republics to obtain a rectification of their frontier by force of arms. The unfortunate hostility existing between Church and State comes to further complicate the situation. On the other hand, notwithstanding these difficulties and complications, the Government, it is stated, is making "earnest and successful efforts to develop the material wealth of the country." Railways are projected for binding together the various States, and there is even some prospect that an international road may be established. "The two most pressing needs of Mexico are," says the New York *Herald*, "easy communication and a sound system of public instruction, and it is pleasing to know that the Government is making serious efforts to supply them." Mexico has, however, a few other little requirements, such as honesty, etc., which its Government will also do well to supply not forgetting, at the same time, the most pressing need of its creditors—namely, the money due to them.

THINGS WE DISLIKE.

We do not much admire Piper, yet, at the same time, cannot but disapprove of the manner in which his name is used with reference to his popularly credited wealth. The cry of pay the piper, evidences the innate venality of the criers. We object to the course the *Alta* takes with respect to Bidwell, of Chico. It is not a fair stand up partisan spirit of political opposition, but an acrimonious, personal snarling against certain peculiarities of manner and invective against the very natural perfecting title to property he had bought. We dislike those inflammatory photographs of actresses, where the artists (as the camera manipulators are called) are more favored by a view of the personal charms of the sitters than the public who pay their money on the promise of the picture. We can't bear to see men, whose experience in eating barely exceeds pork and beans, go to the Maison Dorée, or the Poodle Dog, and put on gastronomic frills, at the same time not only showing their ignorance but really feeling very sick afterwards. Another of our aversions, shared by daily sufferers, especially by ladies, is the rushing draft that escapes through the aperture which frames the face of the sad looking dispenser of stamps at the Post Office. He preserves the same gentlemanly impassiveness as he sees the stamps flying down the street, and listens to the wails of the stampless. We have no sympathy with the man who endeavors to get a book out of, or find one in, the Mercantile Library. We have a decided objection to the dust on Montgomery Avenue and to the way they pen up the passengers at the terminus of the Oakland boat; in fact, we object to Oakland altogether, and its sameness of sandy streets and dusty trees. We dislike the way people who build in Kearny street defy the city ordinances, and block up the sidewalks and roadway. We have no pity for those young ladies who wrap up their faces in veils like the Turkish women, and then rub half their apologies for bonnets off against a basket on the head of a Chinese washman.

If you want to bring an American boy up right, appeal to his centennial feelings. There is a lad in Boston whose mother cured him of a bad habit just by saying, "Willie, George Washington never cracked hickory nuts with his teeth."

THE ISLAND OF SONG.

I know whereon the sirens sit—
An island in a dark-green sea.
Oft at the wind's own will past it
I sail my boat delightedly,
While two fair damsels sing to me.

The color of their hair is gold;
Their eyes are like the sea-water;
But most the beauties manifold
Of their white limbs delusive are,
Tempting the simple mariner.

They sit on grassy brinks and sing,
And wanton with the great green sea;
Nor cease their song for any thing—
Their song that lures like destiny,
Blown down the listless winds to me.

But I am safe. Haply enough,
Old sea-dogs' yarns have warned me
(Still, that low-lying isle I love, [well.
And would I could go there to dwell,
Despite what glum seafarers tell.)

Some taste the lotus, and forget
What life it was they lived before;
And some stray on the seas and set
Their feet on every happy shore;
But I—I linger evermore.

Close by the flowery meads I drift,
With eyes alert—it is so sweet
To see the warm surf-ripples lift
The white sand round the singers' feet
Where the green grass and green sea meet!

The wind is like a mellow tune
That blows me round the siren's isle;
It is the fragrant lull of June
Becalms me for a little while,
Midmost their tuneful lure and wile.

What charm is this? It covers death,
The bones of victims whiten there;
Not any fruit the whole isle hath,
But music clings about the air,
And O, the sirens, they are fair!

Ah, charming isle in the warm green sea!
O sirens! tempting me to wrong,
What value have your meads to me?—
If I must starve your flowers among,
What care I for the gift of song?

—*James Maurice Thompson, in Appleton's Journal.*

THE TRADE OF SAN FRANCISCO AND SHANGHAI

A comparison between the trade of San Francisco and that of Shanghai is by no means to the advantage of the latter, and the figures are a little puzzling. San Francisco imported in 1874 some thirty-one and a half million dollars' worth of foreign goods, and exported about twenty-eight and a half. Shanghai imported of foreign goods as nearly as possible double the amount, in addition to a coasting import of over fifty millions of dollars. It exported goods to the value of some eighty-six millions of dollars, or as nearly as possible three times the export of San Francisco. Yet San Francisco thrives on its trade, and can afford to build marble palaces, while Shanghai sits down in mud and plaster. In one case the trade is of a progressive nature; in the other it seems to stagnate, and brings no profit to any one engaged. More than four thousand ships, with a burden of a million and a half tons, entered San Francisco during the year. Upwards of eighteen hundred, with a burden of eleven hundred thousand tons, entered Shanghai in the year 1873—so that San Francisco, while more than doubling the number of ships, reckoned only an extra tonnage of four hundred thousand. There must be certainly some reason why, with such statistics, the recent prosperity of the two sea-ports should be so different. The figures quoted for Shanghai, again, refer only to foreign trade in foreign ships—the large native trade is left out of account. The population of San Francisco is now some 240,000—living in one of the finest cities in the world. That of Shanghai, natives and foreigners, is about 300,000, of whom the greater number live in dwellings, which by no stretch of imagination can be called palaces.

A Cincinnati gardener named Louis Vollmer tried to kill a cat one day recently with a double-barreled shot-gun. After firing one barrel and only wounding kitty, he proceeded to finish her by clubbing her with the butt-end of the gun, when the other barrel went off, sending the entire charge into his thigh and severing an artery, from which he bled to death in a few minutes. Vollmer was married and father of a small family, the youngest of whom was born but a couple of hours before the accident. This may probably have soured his temper, and have caused the brutal assault upon poor puss which ended so badly for both. Our sympathies, however, are with the wounded cat.

LIVINGSTONE'S LAST DIARY.

The following are a few extracts from the diary of poor Livingstone, written shortly before his death :

"Poor Stanley used some very strong arguments in favor of my going home, recruiting my strength, getting artificial teeth, and then returning to finish my task ; but my judgment said, 'All your friends will wish you to make a complete work of the exploration of the sources of the Nile before you retire.' My daughter Agnes says (his wife had been laid to her last sleep in an African grave), 'Much as I wish you to come home, I would rather that you finished your work to your own satisfaction than return merely to gratify me.' Rightly and nobly said, my darling Nannie. Vanity whispers pretty loudly, 'She is a chip of the old block.' My blessing on her and all the rest."

But he did get fearfully homesick and heartsick sometimes :

"I am so tired of exploration, without a word from home or anywhere else for two years, that I must go to Ujiji or Tanganyika for letters before doing anything else."...."Received a note from Oswell (his second son) containing the sad intelligence of Sir Roderick's (Murchison's) departure from us. Alas! Alas!....the best friend I ever had, true, warm, and abiding, he loved me more than I deserved ; he looks down on me still. I must feel resigned to the loss by the Divine will, but still I regret and mourn." "Wearisome waiting this, and yet the men cannot be here before the middle or end of this month. I have been sorely let and hindered in this journey, but it may have been all for the best. I will trust in Him to whom I commit my way. 5th. (July, 1872,) Weary ! weary ! 7th. Waiting wearily here, and hoping that the good and loving Father of all may favor me, and help me to finish my work quickly and well."

And yet, while our eyes moisten, his noble spirit with abounding resiliency leaps out of this temporary depression, caused by delay and fever and loss of his medicines, causes enough to kill any common man, and we are borne on rejoicing by his resistless energy of purpose. That purpose was from first to last to open that magnificent interior of the lake region of Africa to civilization by discovering the navigable connections, and so to rescue it from the great and ancient curse of the slave-trade. The horrors of that business are depicted on these pages with a vividness that curdles the blood ; 70,000 slaves annually exported, and probably 500,000 slaughtered to get them to the coast market ! The tale of the fiendish cruelties that Livingstone witnessed, day after day, ought to rouse the indignant determination of the civilized nations that this awful and insulting blot on human nature should be wiped out. In beautiful contrast is the respect and confidence which this loving and heroic man won from the great multitudes of various tribes who came to know him in Africa, even the admiration, silent, if not confessed, of the slave-hunters themselves. These were the last words he ever wrote :

"All I can add in my loneliness is, may Heaven's
Rich blessing come down on
Every one—American, English or Turk—who will help to
Heal this open sore of the world."

CIVILIZATION AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

It seems almost doubtful whether civilization, in the common acceptation to the term, is a blessing or a curse. England has annexed Fiji, and as a natural consequence has introduced the *measles*, as they mildly term a virulent disease which has already laid low some fifty thousand natives. It is true that civilization, with its attendant footman, Christianity, are things which the heathen should jump at as eagerly as a bullfrog at a red rag. What native but is perfect without a sleek little missionary to pop in occasionally and see what there is for dinner? No properly constituted heathen could be happy without a plug hat and a bottle of rum. Civilization and Christianity bring these boons ; the only question is, do they weigh down the balance of small-pox, measles and other diseases too beastly to mention.

Query from the Studios : When a man marries a lady artist, ought he to become a model husband ?

TENNYSON'S LAST GREAT TRIUMPH.

Mr. Tennyson's drama, "Queen Mary," will take rank, it is safe to say, among the great books of the language. It is not Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, but her cousin Mary Tudor, who is the center of the drama; a woman hitherto unhonored by poet; without the charms and the loves of her cousin, and even more unhappy than she; the execrated "Bloody Mary." The time is the short period of her reign, between 1553 and 1558, an intense and tragic time in the history of England; when the people of England were in death-struggle with the powers of Spain and the Pope. Mary's character is offset in the drama by her half-sister Elizabeth's; Elizabeth in her youth and beauty, when the blood of Anne Boleyn was warm within her, and she was as liable to fall in love and no less ready to dissemble than in after years, when she played her part waywardly through her long rule in England. The material for a drama is admirable. The wretched Mary, the hard, sensual Philip, the bright, proud Elizabeth, Cardinal Pole, Cranmer, the light Edward Courtenay, the false Gardiner, Wyatt, unequal to his ambitions, Cecil, Alva, the crafty Renard—these are fine figures for the hand of an artist. Mr. Tennyson has used his materials with the acute perception of the dramatic artisan, and the broad comprehension of the dramatic poet. He has not so much sustained an assured fame as created a new one. There is little here of the Tennyson we have known. The "Idyls," which we have all read with delight, have momentary passages of dramatic picturing, but nothing to indicate the high skill and varied vigor of this poem. In truth, it is incorrect to use the term "poem" in relation to "Queen Mary," as a whole; it is so preëminently a drama. The dramatic purpose is dominant; the poetic beauty—and no work of the age holds nobler—is accessory. The *dramatis personæ* are made living, breathing individualities. None of them is a mouth-piece for Tennyson, as Browning's dramatic characters are for him. The verse, often broken, always strong, never involved, recalls Shakspeare oftener than anything of the poet's own previous writing; and, indeed, Tennyson is scarcely recalled to the reader's thoughts, except in two melodious songs, and one of these is more like Jean Ingelow than like the laureate—the exquisite madrigal of the milk-maid:

Shame upon you, Robin,
Shame upon you, now!
Kiss me, would you? with my hands
Milking the cow?
Daisies grow again, kingcups blow again,
And you came and kiss'd me, milking the cow.

Robin came behind me,
Kiss'd me well, I vow;
Cuff him, could I? with my hands
Milking the cow?
Swallows fly again, cuckoos cry again,
And you came and kiss'd me, milking the cow.

Come, Robin, Robin,
Come and kiss me, now.
Help it, can I? with my hands
Milking the cow?
Ringdoves coo again, all things woo again.
Come behind and kiss me, milking the cow!

which Elizabeth overhears, from her window in Woodstock, her prison, and comments upon, very much in character, thus:

Right honest and red-cheek'd; Robin was violent,
And she was crafty—a sweet violence,
And a sweet craft. I would I were a milkmaid,
To sing, love, marry, churn, brew, bake and die,
Then have my simple headstone by the church,
And all things lived and ended honestly.
I could not if I would. I am Harry's daughter:
Gardiner would have my head. They are not sweet,
The violence and the craft that do divide

The world of nature; what is weak must lie:
The lion needs but roar to guard his young;
The lapwing lies, says "here" when they are there.
Threaten the child; "I'll scourge you if you did it,"
What weapon hath the child, save his soft tongue,
To say "I did not?" and my rod's the block.
I never lay my head upon the pillow
But that I think, "Wilt thou lie there to-morrow?"
How oft the falling ax, that never fell,
Hath shocked me back into the daylight truth
That it may fall, to-day!

* * * * * * *

I must not dream, not wink, but watch. She has gone,
Maid Marian to her Robin—by and by
Both happy! A fox may fetch a hen by night,
And make a morning outcry in the yard;
But there's no Renard here to "catch her tripping."
Catch me who can; yet sometime I have wished
That I were caught, and killed away at once
Out of the flutter.

This is a good specimen of the verse; for others, see the picture Bagenhall, a Protestant gentleman, gives of the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey; or the description of Cranmer's burning; or the fierce utterance of Mary's half-crazed soul in the last scene. The picture of Queen Mary is a marvelous piece of close study and anatomy of character, and deep commiseration is the feeling with which the coldest reader leaves it. A vigorous picture is that of the self-seeking Gardiner, who changed his coat at every turn of the weather; and that of Reginald Pole, a gentle nature, unfit to face such times, as Tennyson shows him, is finely drawn. There are many things, necessarily, that remind one of Tom Taylor's drama, "Twixt Ax and Crown," which two English actresses have made familiar to the American public. The reminder, however, is mostly of contrast, Taylor's work being that of a playright, not a poet. The brave and devoted Courtenay of the stage play, however, is a more pleasing, if a less historic, figure than Mr. Tennyson's "featherhead," as Mary calls him. There is a strong flavor of "no popery" about the drama, which may serve, indeed, as a complement to Mr. Gladstone's tracts in enlivening the anti-Catholic sentiment. There are some fine things said in the religious discussions, as where Gardiner characterizes the Pope:

Crowned slave of slaves, and mitered king of kings!

or shortly before, where Cardinal Pole warns against persecution of heretics:

Seeing there lie two ways to every end,
A better and a worse—the worse is here
To prosecute, because to prosecute
Makes a faith hated, and is furthermore
No perfect witness of a perfect faith
In him who prosecutes; when men are tost
On tides of strange opinion, and not sure
Of their own selves, they are wroth with their own selves
And thence with others; then, who lights the fagot?
Not the full faith, no, but the lurking doubt.
Old Rome, that first made martyrs in the church,
Trembled for her own gods, for these were trembling—
But when did our Rome tremble?

PAGET.

Did she not
In Henry's time and Edward's?

POLE.

What my lord!
The church on Peter's rock? never! I have seen
A pine in Italy that cast its shadow
Athwart a cataract; firm stood the pine—
The cataract shook the shadow. To my mind,
The cataract typed the headlong plunge and fall

Of heresy to the pit; the pine was Rome.
You see, my lords,
It was the shadow of the church that trembled;
Your church was but the shadow of a church,
Wanting the triple miter.

We should not forget to speak of Mr. Tennyson's Shakspearean use of prose, wherever force and nature demand it. Sir Thomas Wyatt's address, inciting the people of Kent to demonstration against the marriage of Mary to Philip of Spain, is a fine specimen of nervous English; and the opening scene displays a rare and unexpected humor in the conversation of the people. The extracts we have given from *Queen Mary* indicate something of its poetic value, but for its dramatic power, the poem itself must be read. The London *Times* was not extravagant in saying that there was "more fire in it than in anything else which has appeared since Shakspeare's time."

MAGNETISM IN RAILWAY RAILS.

We learn from Appleton's Journal that M. Heyl, a German railway engineer, has discovered certain facts regarding the development of magnetism in railway rails that may yet prove of great significance either in favor or against certain recent methods of block-signaling. "I have observed," he says, "that all the rails are transformed at their extremities, after they have been placed in position a few days, into powerful magnets, capable of attracting and of retaining a key, or even a heavier piece of metallic iron. These rails preserve their magnetism even after they have been removed, but they lose it gradually." The production of this magnetism is attributed to the friction caused by the passage of trains, and, as suggested above, it may prove of importance to determine whether the flow of regular currents will be effected in any way by this magnetic condition of the rail along which it is proposed to conduct them. The "Journal of the Franklin Institute, commenting on this fact, also suggests that, should it be proved that these magnetic currents are stronger at the moment of the passage of the trains, the magnetism thus developed may exercise an influence actually beneficial upon the stability of the railway, increasing the adherence of the wheels to the rails. A third interesting problem suggested by this fact is that relating to the influence of this magnetism of the rail upon its physical structure, whether the metal is rendered either more or less tough by this change in its magnetic condition.

A MILITARY FANDANGO.

The strip of territory known as Lower California, the tail to our gigantic physical kite, has lately been the theater of a military fandango, characteristic in every feature. A high-toned warrior, General Davalos, with his richly-dressed staff, were attending a ball at La Paz, and while engaged in the voluptuous waltz with beautiful black-eyed, voluptuous women, a bandit warrior of scarcely twenty summers steps in and arrests Davalos and his fancy staff. The boy bandit threatened to blow the General to pieces if he made a move, and was also polite enough to make a forced loan of $2,000. The sum he procured, Davalos and his officers he imprisoned, and at latest accounts young Lieutenant Racilla, with a handful of ragged followers, was master of the situation in Lower California. Davalos was a General in the National Army of Mexico, and in command of the peninsula. His rule is represented to have been despotic and tyrannical. Suddenly did he fall from his lofty seat, instantly he was incarcerated, and now he chews his military cud within a bastile.

The punishment of Fernando Garcia, the Spaniard, recently arrested for cutting Murillo's famous picture, "The Appearance of the Infant Christ to St. Anthony," from its frame in the cathedral of Saville and selling it to Mr. Schaus of New York, was pretty summary. He was shot dead at Madrid, after his hurried journey from this country in charge of a detective, almost without the formality of a trial. Detective Davis of New York received $10,000 for capturing him.

[From the Town Crier Column of the S. F. News Letter.]

When upon the glorious Fourth of July, when a million hearts are thrilling with fire-crackerism and other bunkum, a young woman mounts the platform and begins like an American eagle on the rampage to screech a screech whereof the burden is "the red, white, and blue," what are unsophisticated newspaper men, admiring country visitors, and disinterested Fourth of July committees to think it is done for if not for patriotism. Yet in the teeth of George Washington's memory, in the very face of John Quincy Adams' memoirs, with the Centennial knocking at our very doors, Miss Fannie Marston sues the Fourth of July Committee for $250. It is too late to argue over the matter this year, but in anticipation of the early approach of next time, we beg to offer a resolution that a certain sum of money shall by set apart to be devoted to this patriotic young female, one portion of it to be devoted to the hiring of a man willing to undertake the task who will fold her neatly across his knee and spank her with the liberty pole till she be black and blue, the remainder to go towards the purchase of a flag big enough to choke her off till the celebration be over. People like to observe the national *fete* day with due decorum, but their tympanums are of some use in after life, and deserve to be protected.

Another picture of Abraham Lincoln has been given to the world. It will easily be distinguished from all others, because in the new one he holds the Emancipation Proclamation in one hand, rests the other on the Bible, and wears a pair of very ill-fitting trowsers. We had at first thought of submitting to the American nation that it would be nothing more than proper to strike off a medal and present it to the artist, as a reward for his daring originality. We were deterred by the thought that the various artists who pictured General Washington on his death-bed, looking somewhat as if trying to digest a mess of cucumbers, who invariably set the North American Indian to staring at the sun without blinking his eyes, and Henry Clay looking as if he were just saying, "take a chair, sir," have been equally unrequited." It is doubtless very nice to be great, but it is very foolish for a great man to allow his portrait to get into print. He likes to fill the expectations of the people, but there are occasions in life when the greatest man feels it incumbent upon him to lay down his emancipation proclamation, or other picture belonging, and what would be the consequence if some bosh artist should seize upon him at such a moment?

A melancholy man took the Stockton boat last evening, and struck gloom to the heart of every observer as he attempted, in a dejected and fagged out manner, to keep the run of some impossible number upon his fingers. An indignation meeting was held among the passengers, at which it was resolved that Messrs. Sharon, Ralston, Flood and O'Brien, and other stock magnates should be forced to deliver up their money toward the purchase of a library for the State Prison, and that they themselves should be compelled to abide henceforth and forever in the Almshouse as a meet and just punishment for having ruined one more poor fellow in stocks. At this juncture the unhappy creature was recognized as a reporter who had gone figure mad in the attempt to keep count of the number of branch conventions that spring up every evening, and in the endeavor to keep a tally between the number of men who wouldn't be a Mayor last year and who wanted to be one this time. The asylum gates closed on him as he gasped forth, "Friedlander, nine hundred and seventy-second."

The idiotic complacency which irradiates the countenance of a youth when he sees a woman looking at the first hair on his upper lip, is the nearest approach to the expression of a man criticizing a picture when he knows nothing about it. After a careful reading up of all the art journals, and a careful listening to all that was said, the art critics of San Francisco have delivered themselves of the opinion that the "Battle of Lookout Mountain isn't dirty enough!" There is perhaps a glimmer of sense in this, for all the mountains that we ourselves have ever climbed have not been cleaner than a washerwoman's home on wash-day, yet what a pungent criticism! Fortunately for General Hooker that little matter can be easily remedied. Let him but leave his picture in San Francisco a little while, that the critics may stand afar off and throw dirt, saying, Behold we are well stocked with it, and here is our opportunity.

Reportorial fine frenzies are all directed just now against the tie-backedness which distinguishes feminine attire. Nobody minds a little fling at the fashions. In an age when everybody writes, a man is entitled to crack a joke upon his own mother's tombstone, if nothing better furnish forth. We all enjoy a broad caricature when crinoline reigns, and a long one when sheath dresses prevail. But when the reporters attack the present style upon the ground of decency, we respectfully beg permission to be allowed to cachinate in the most demoniacal and maniacal manner. We can go to Woodward's and gaze unflinchingly upon the three-headed calf, the five-legged baby, the decapitated rooster. We have seen parsons with pious sons, stock brokers with consciences, hotel clerks with politeness, politicians with temperance pledges, but a reporter in a spasm of decency is too great a shock for our equanimity.

We hope that San Francisco is now endowed with the comfortable feeling that the American nation has snapped its fingers at the British Government, and made the right little tight little island feel its place. Call upon any American citizen for his Fourth of July subscription and his boiling patriotism falls down into his boot heels with a quiet simmer; call upon him in time of war and he will purchase a substitute; call upon him to carry his share of the national debt and he will repudiate greenbacks and publish the man to scorn who pays in that coin. But let a genuine emergency arise, let a well intentioned little Englishwoman make a harmless jest upon his holiday, how he comes to the rescue. The blood of all the Washingtons, Jeffersons, Adamses, and Jacksons rises within him. How he will hiss and sputter and war and make a patriotic ass of himself so long as it costs him nothing.

A young woman with a knowledge of music advertises for a situation as chambermaid. If we were not afraid of spoiling the young woman we would try to find a place for her. But as we should soon have a descent of the progressive grasshoppers upon us, with Mrs. Stanton, Dodge, and all the other old girls interested in the education of the masses, parading our chambermaid around as a living evidence of its good result, we forbear. We are, perhaps, further deterred by the fact that the advertisement omits to state whether the chambermaiden excels upon wind or stringed instruments, or whether she excels only in the time-worn slop-pail jingle and the broomstick rattle.

A young man in the southern country, who is being industriously sought by the officers, was last seen jumping ditches and fences, climbing trees and scampering around generally in such a way as to give him the reputation of being insane. Some stop should be put to the circulation of such cruel and groundless reports. The young man had just nobly and fearlessly cut his father in two pieces with the family wood-ax, and whatever may have been the relief to the immediate family of the deceased, such an unaccountable prejudice exists against such performances that we really incline to the opinion that the sanest thing the young man did was running. We give this paragraph freely, that no prejudice may arise against the young, such as frequently visits those unhappy ones who are afflicted with aberration of mind.

We view the descent of the editorial party upon this city with feelings of the most unmixed satisfaction. It is probable that if the seventy new ones and all the old ones around town will meet together in solemn conclave, and ponder the matter deeply, they may be able to get up a lie for the dailies. We have only had one for a long time, and that was such a shabby little affair that we blushed to own that the *Chronicle* was one of us. It causes us vanity and vexation of spirit to pay for the dailies these times, when out of sheer hunger for something good to read, we are compelled to drop the empty morning paper and take to our own back issues. It is not fair of the dailies to encourage our vanity in this wise.

A kind-hearted milliner has donated to the Protestant Orphan Asylum enough hats to cover the heads of all the little inmates. It would touch a heart of stone to look through the palings and see those dear little innocents all parading comfortably around the grounds dressed in those hats, and in the shoes which were presented a short time since. As well as we can make out from the donation lists, all the orphans this year are dressed in nothing but hats and shoes. Isn't it time some one was struck with a pinafore idea?

Our jeunesse doree are quite cast down of late, and driven into the shade by the avalanche of well-dressed and well-looking young men, who have descended upon us from the East. These young chaps, conscious of a certain superiority in the shape of their boots, and perhaps an extra touch in the cut of their coats, have a way of looking at our boys in a manner that causes them to feel that Sir Isaac Newton, Sir William Herschel, and Lord Bacon were duffers beside a man dressed in New York clothes. Upon such occasions it is the right and proper thing for the California youth to produce from his pocket a thermometer, to turn its wondrous figures full to the gaze of the emancipated salamander, to give a growl, copied as faithfully as may be from the growl of the California bear, and to ask him how the thermometer stands in his State in the month of July.

An aged and hitherto respectable parson has taken a new departure, of late, and has been observed fooling his time among the lambs of his flock. Now a parson, to Beecherize successfully, must be naturally following his bent; must neatly combine foolishness with godliness; must, in short, be born to his calling, like a poet. Any one who has ever enjoyed the privilege of seeing an elephant who had been made drunk on absinthe attempt to dance the cachuca, can have some idea of this old boy's success. Suffice it to say, after he had scared seventeen Sunday school maidens into duck fits, had enraged ten heads of families, been turned out of doors two or three times a week, and set some twenty-five women to cultivating the Elizabethan Court-room expression, it was discovered that the harmless old Bible whacker was only trying the latest dodge—to get his salary raised.

That Chinese beat has been the cause of envy, heart-burning and jealousy. So zealous is the heart of the average police officer that he yearns over the soul of his heathen brethren, and longs to be constantly with him to guide his feeble steps from the path which leadeth to the police office. We have wondered why the commissioners didn't let him yearn. Alas, a dreadful word has come up that the Supervisors, hearing that there was a good thing where they weren't in, have serious thoughts of holding their little private meetings in the Chinese beat. Good Heavens! Will not some philanthropist go to work and stuff these Supervisors with greenbacks or something till they are sick of money? No one else will get a show till they are gorged, and they can manage a pretty good stomachfull between now and the first of December.

The "Elaine" fever, which was successfully allayed for a time, has broken out again in wax in a Kearny street window. There is no doubt a certain harmony in the idea, but as the imaginative person who got up the article entirely forgot the water, the mind of the spectator is imbued with a harrowing wonder as to how "Elaine" is going to make the trip. An aviator or a balloon will suggest themselves to the mind, but even then one cannot help wondering how the ancient servitor would preserve his dignity in a gust of wind. Truth to say, the Kearny street man would much relieve a distracted multitude if he would concede to the unities by putting the whole thing in a basin of water.

Cardinal McClosky is going to Rome to have his hat put on once more, this time by the Pope, when it is hoped that it will stick. This journey gives some appearance of truth to the wild rumor that has been afloat which attributed the sudden cessation of weddings in high life to the circumstance that His Lordship the Cardinal was waiting to recover from a series of corns which embellished his head owing to the frequent official putting on of his hat. Let us hope that his Eminence will not return from His Holiness' hat placing with his head decorated with a bunion.

Some one is extensively advertising a pocket guide to San Francisco. The first-fatuous individual who attempted to travel by it came across a scaffolding when he sought a mammoth building, and, taking an inadvertent step, spent the night in a lime-kiln. Any one can travel through our city when she is not spewing forth old buildings. A pocket guide should post a man as to how he may avoid these spots, when it is probable "his mangled body may be forwarded to his bereaved family."

General Tom Thumb has taken thirty degrees in Masonry. Only one more for him to take, and he'll be as *high* as any of them.

ONLY A WOMAN.

Only a woman, shriveled and old,
The prey of the winds, and the prey of the cold!
Cheeks that are shrunken,
Eyes that are sunken,
Lips that were never o'erbold;
Only a woman, forsaken and poor,
Asking an alms at the bronze church door.

Hark to the organ! roll upon roll
The waves of its music go over the soul!
Silks rustle past her
Thicker and faster;
The great bell ceases its toll.
Fain would she enter, but not for the poor
Swingeth wide open the bronze church door.

Only a woman—waiting alone,
Icily cold on an ice-cold throne.
What do they care for her,
Mumbling a prayer for her,
Giving not bread but a stone.
Under gold laces their haughty hearts beat,
Mocking the woes of their kin in the street.

Only a woman! In the older days
Hope caroled to her happiest lays;
Somebody missed her,
Somebody kissed her,
Somebody crowned her with praise;
Somebody faced up the battles of life,
Strong for her sake who was mother or wife.

Somebody lies with a tress of her hair
Light on his heart where the death-shadows are;
Somebody waits for her,
Opening the gates for her,
Giving delight for despair,
Only a woman—nevermore poor—
Dead in the snow at the bronze church door.

—*Public Opinion.*

THE "KING OF PAIN" COMING TO SEE GIBBONS.

That law in Nevada against quackery is working admirably. The medical charlatan no longer finds relief and comfort among the miners of the mountains, but is under the necessity of rushing to San Francisco as a fitting abiding place in which to practice his dangerous wiles. Everybody hereabouts will recollect the "King of Pain," and those who knew him will not need to be informed that he was an ignorant pretender, who, in a few short months, managed to fool the stupid and ignorant of this community out of enough money to serve as a small fortune to a more economical man. A dispatch from Eureka (Nev.), dated July 15th, says: "J. J. McBride, the "King of Pain," who was arrested on Tuesday for violating the Quackery Bill, yesterday appeared in the Justice's Court and pleaded guilty. He was fined $50 and costs. He promises to return here next December, heeled with the proper sheep-skin, and to practice. He left for California at 10 o'clock last night by private conveyance." It is believed that the "Great King of Pain," as he used to call himself, is coming to see Gibbons to buy a diploma. He has read in the *News Letter* how Jackson, Allen and Baldwin obtained their diplomas, and it may be supposed, naturally enough, that he concludes that what money obtained for them, money will also obtain for him.

A doctor's wife attempted to move him by her tears. "Ah!" said he, tears are useless. I have analyzed them. They contain a little phosphate of lime, some chloride of sodium, and water."

[From the San Francisco News Letter.]

THE MEDICAL PROFESSION PROPER.

To the Editor of the News Letter :—I have, with much satisfaction, examined your MEDICAL DIRECTORY as well as QUACKS' PILLORY, and recognize therein evidence of much labor and care. I perceive that you, very wisely, simply record the claims on public confidence actually held by persons in this city seeking employment as medical experts, and leave it to the public to form their own opinion as to the relative merits of different certificates and diplomas issued both by reputable and disreputable, actual and *bogus* colleges and universities. Heretofore, no man in or out of the profession had any means of knowing what were the qualifications held by any other man. This caused a great deal of ill feeling in the profession; gentlemen refused to meet others because they did not know that they were not impostors, and consequently LIARS, unworthy to associate with honorable men. Thanks to you, there no longer exists any excuse for a mistake of this nature. The most humble gentleman in the profession is as fully entitled to courtesy and consideration as the most lofty, and will henceforth doubtless receive it. The medical gentlemen collected in San Francisco from "the four winds of heaven" have at this moment an excellent opportunity of starting a real medical and surgical society, and if they are wise they will do so. You have done your duty; done it nobly, and it now remains for the profession to do what is expected of it by the public and wherever the *News Letter* is read. We have had any amount of *bogus* medical societies. Let us now for variety have a real one; a society that it will not be disreputable to be associated with! There are two classes of gentlemen in this community that are, I think, very unfortunately circumstanced: The well-educated American, who has conscientiously labored for years to acquire a knowledge of the profession, and has, after due examination, been granted—from a reputable source—a license to practice and attend professionally his suffering fellow-creatures. This man is surrounded by a lot of ignorant impostors, some foreign, but by far the greater number native, who not only diminish his chances of practice, but actually bring national treatment into disrepute, and so drive the sick to seek relief from schemers professing to cure by superhuman means, by methods irrational and inconceivable. The medical student, the young man who, having received a liberal education, is unable from want of money to go elsewhere to acquire a knowledge of his profession, and who is driven into a course of deception and imposition by our disreputable University. His money is taken from him—he is simply swindled—and before it is possible that any human being can acquire any knowledge worth mentioning, he is shoved out into the cold with a *bogus* diploma, signed by *bogus* professors, and painfully conscious of his own ignorance, looks, poor fellow, as serious as he can, and begins his downward course. This is a cruel, infamous and unjust dodge to adopt towards young men, and those connected with such acts deserve to have their ears nailed to the pump. From the first the *News Letter* has made war against *shams* of all sorts and degrees, and unquestionably has done much to open the eyes of our people to *the fact that an impostor is a disreputable fellow.* There is no denying the fact that this is not as fully recognized as it ought to be, for we meet impostors wherever we turn. It seems to me that a large number of people do not possess the acute sense of honor, and that adequate amount of self-respect which instantly repels with scorn the insolence that prompts vulgar people to dub them "general," "judge," or "doctor," when they have no pretentions to any such title; they tacitly permit themselves to play a part unworthy of them; or from self-complaisance and smug vanity like to strut in borrowed feathers. The most innocent and least repulsive impostor of this stripe is "The Emperor Norton the First." More soap to him!

Finally, Mr. Editor, permit me to congratulate the tinkers, tailors, blacksmiths and shoemakers. No set of scheming men can open a University and turn out bogus tradesmen. A simple mechanical trade cannot be learned without years of labor, attention and natural ability, but "The University of the Pacific" can take the money of an ignorant clown and make a "doctor" of him right off. The tradesman works in the open sunlight, and thousands are capable of judging his ability; the bogus doctor gropes about, without mental light, in the darkness of the sick-chamber, where none are capable of judging of his ability, and the undertaker covers up his tracks.

STEADY.

A GOOD SELECTION.

It is stated that the Democratic Nominating Committee contemplate nominating Captain R. L. Ogden, of the Kimball Car Manufacturing Co., for Mayor. A better selection could not be made, nor one that would give more general satisfaction, irrespective of party. Captain Ogden is well known in the community, has filled positions of great responsibility and trust with ability and credit. There are several good reasons why he should be indorsed by all parties. Firstly, being no politician, and is independent in politics; second, he has the ability and social standing to do credit to the office; thirdly, he is not seeking it, and don't want it—the best reason why he should have it. Let the offices seek the men this time. The Democrats are giving evidence of good sense and a proper regard for the public interests. Let them set the example of nominating good men for office irrespective of political prejudices, and they will elect their ticket. The people are sick of party hacks, and want an infusion of fresh blood.

TOO PALTRY.

The leader of our Gutter-snipe press has been very much exercised because an English lady (whose name is too much respected by us to be named in the same page with such a sheet), now playing at the California Theater, happened to laugh at the manner in which a dog was decorated with our national flag. If there is any truth in the old adage which says "a cat may laugh at a King," surely a lady in a free country may laugh when and at what she pleases. The way in which white-washed Americans parade and belittle their newly acquired flag, has long been the laughing stock not only of Europe, but of all true Americans, who consider their flag too noble a thing to be hung around the necks of curs and otherwise made common. The paltry feeling which found vent in the sheet referred to, no doubt emanates from either a Fenian or other equally despicable source, and is in keeping in every respect with the paper which gave it a limited publicity.

The Ruby Mine Rascalities.---The important communication from London upon this subject is held over. The revelations therein are of so astounding a character that we hesitate to publish them until they have undergone careful revision by counsel learned in the law. The swindle, if it be one, amounts to enormous figures, and it is not the first one alleged against the parties, as the Melbourne affidavits show. Heynemann, of London, has been fully committed there to take his trial for participation in the alleged frauds. This State stands so much in need of foreign capital that it will never do to permit gigantic swindlers here to go unwhipped of justice or uncondemned by the press. If we do, we shall find when we come to borrow for water supply or other purposes that our credit is utterly gone. Besides, irrespective of selfish motives, right is right and fraud is fraud the wide world over.

The foundation stone of the new National Opera House on the Thames Embankment, at Westminster, will be laid in the course of three weeks or a month, and it is expected that the ceremony will be performed by the Prince of Wales. The building will cover a ground area of 190 feet in front by 200 feet in depth, and will be about one-third larger than Covent Garden. The interior dimensions are nearly the same as those of La Scala, at Milan.

It is the fashion in England now to name any new variety of flower that is produced after some personal friend of the ingenious cultivator. And thus we have nurserymen sending out catalogues of their newest roses with such descriptions as these: "Miss Hassard.—Beautiful delicate pinkish flesh color, large, full, and fine form, very sweetly scented." Imagine a customer ordering "half a dozen Misses Hassard!"

All efforts of the Russian Government to prevent the Mennonites from emigrating to this country have failed, and an entire colony of 40,000 are coming over.

SPECIAL BREVITIES.

A colored girl about seventeen years old living some miles from Leavenworth, Kan., was recently found to have been kept in slavery all her life and in utter ignorance that anything had happened to entitle her to freedom. She was kept in the house of a family named Allen who brought her from Missouri after the war, and who have kept other people away from her so sedulously that she never heard of emancipation till a few days ago. Meanwhile she has been worked almost to death, and was only liberated at last by a young colored man who casually learned of her situation.

Two Minnesota young men, who loved the same girl, and who were equally loved by her, having tried almost every method of settling the question, one of them offered to take $100 for his claim, but the other refused. Then he offered to pay $100 if his rival would relinquish his right. This was declined, but the price was finally pushed up to $160, and the bargain closed, the girl meanwhile being a witness to the negotiation. A note indorsed by the girl's father was finally passed, and the couple were married.

Mail Agent Osborne, of Pittsfield and the Housatonic Road, continues to yield himself to a sort of martyrdom for the advantage of his sister. Some time ago, her hair was caught by a shaft in a button factory where she worked and her entire scalp, as far down as the eyebrows in front, was torn off clean to the bone. She was subsequently removed to a New York hospital, and the experiment of grafting skin cut from her brother's body upon her head has been in successful operation. It is one of the most remarkable cases on record.

The Court of Alabama Claims, at Washington, has awarded to J. C. Merrill and others, owners of the whaling bark *William C. Nye*, the sum of eighty-five thousand (85,000) dollars. To H. C. Wright and others, owners of the trading brig *Susan Abigail*, eighty thousand (80,000) dollars. To Charles Hare, sole owner of the whale ship *Edward Carey*, sixty-seven (67,000) dollars, the above named vessels having been destroyed by the Confederate cruiser *Shenandoah* in the year 1865.

Cophetua wedded a beggar maid, and "Falstaff" Hackett married his servant girl, but neither of them attended to the bride's previous education. Lord Blank, a London widower, has been wiser. For some time, he has been the subject of scandal because of his intimacy with a parlor maid. The other day he married her, and it turns out that he has devoted every evening for a year to her instruction; the result being a tasteful, refined and accomplished lady, who easily takes her place in society.

The speed of trains in Germany is given by a recent report as follows: Greatest speed per hour, including stops for express and fast trains, 34 miles; for ordinary passenger trains, 25. Slowest speed were for express and fast trains 21 miles per hour; ordinary passenger trains, 16 miles. Average speed per hour, for express and fast trains, 28 miles; for ordinary passenger trains, 21 miles.

An excited mother threw her baby, three months old, out of an upper-story at Philadelphia, the other day, the building having taken fire, and somebody caught it on the fly before it had received any injury. This is not quite a safe thing to do, though baby was caught on the hop this time.

The Governor and Committee of the Hudson's Bay Company intend in their forthcoming report to recommend a dividend of 15s. per share, making, with 8s. paid in January, a total distribution of 23s. per share for the year ending May 31, 1875.

Sir Charles Dilke, the English radical politician, journalist and author, comes to America in September for another journey around the world. He will not linger in eastern United States, and means to devote most of his spare time to study of Japan.

An economical farmer's daughter in Massachusetts put off her wedding day because eggs were up to forty cents a dozen, and it would take two dozen for the wedding cakes and puddings.

In consequence of the unfavorable reports received from Cuba as to the condition of the coolies, the Government of China peremptorily refuses to allow further departure of emigrants.

YOUR NEWSPAPER EDITOR.

Dean Stanley has been creating a good deal of amusement among the cynical in England by making a speech at the Newspaper Fund dinner, in which, in the course of a glowing eulogy on the press, he compared the effort of writing a leading article "to the tension and energy compressed into the attitude of the crouching tiger," and the articles themselves to the chapters in the Koran called "Terrific Suras," because Mahomet's hair turned white while he was composing them, and some other matter of the same sort. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, writing on his speech in its best style, suggests to him that he is probably impressed so deeply by the difficulty of writing for the newspapers because it is work to which he is not accustomed; that the facility which journalists have in writing on a certain class of subjects at short notice is simply due to the fact that the subjects are those which occupy most of their thoughts, or of which their minds are generally full, and, in short, closely resembles the facility a lawyer has in taking charge of a case in court after a very short examination of his brief, which so often strikes laymen as very wonderful. It resembles also the facility with which a politician in Parliament maintains himself in debate on half-a-dozen subjects, at which nobody seems to wonder. In fact, there are but few persons who write with as much deliberation, and with as much familiarity with their subject, as a journalist of the best kind. The other kind, which is what a great many people have in their mind when they talk of journalists—that is, the man who, knowing little or nothing of any subject, is always ready to write at a certain rate of pay on all subjects—is hardly worth analysis, and plays a much smaller part in the conduct of the better portion of a newspaper press than is generally supposed. Though in San Francisco, with your MacCrellishes and Pickerings as proprietors, the ill-informed, the cheap and the nasty are accepted, if they will but consent to work for two-thirds of the pay accorded to a common policeman.

"LIES BY DAY AND LIES BY NIGHT."

We commend the Evening Bulletin to the citizens of San Francisco. It is a high-toned paper. It never lies. It never steals. It never takes anything back. It is particularly full—never more so—of trade information on the same days that the *Commercial Herald* makes its annual, quarterly and semi-annual appearance, the latter appearing in the morning and the former in the evening. It has the figures of two regularly employed statisticians, located opposite the Custom House, at full command, one of whom it takes more than an hour each day to record mining stock sales, and the other is constantly engaged in producing just such figures, for instance, about Coffee, Rice, Sugar and Tea as were published in its (the *Bulletin's*) issue of last Thursday. It arrogates to itself many virtues which the public cannot possibly know or appreciate unless revealed by its less arrogant compeers. It is modest to an extreme—cropping out in every direction—and, we must repeat it, is always Wright and extremely readable in its commercial department on the day the *Commercial Herald* is published—and it never takes anything back. It did make a slight mistake, though, in saying that the sales in the three stock boards for the *year* aggregate $175,000,000. Please refer to the *Herald* and correct.

A METHODICAL MAN.

Judge Martin Ryerson (formerly one of the Supreme Judges of New Jersey and a member of Alabama Claims Court, who was buried yesterday,) proved in his later days a singularly methodical invalid. For weeks, while confined to his bed, he had been directing his gardening operations by a map, showing the various plots for the different vegetables, which he kept by his bedside, and had been conducting a correspondence with friends as to the new varieties of early vegetables and best methods of treating them. When his death was merely a question of a few hours he thought it well to make a provision for his funeral expenses, so that the family might have no lack of funds before the executors were able to enter upon the regular settlement of the estate. He examined his bank account, thought he detected a slight mistake, sent to have it corrected, and then drew a check for what he considered a sufficient sum. Less than twenty-four hours afterward the end of his long illness had come.

THE EARLY COMMERCE OF CALIFORNIA.

From the date of the actual possession of California by Spain, commencing in 1768-69, when the first "Presidio" (garrison) and the Mission establishment were founded at San Diego, until 1823, when the Mission of San Francisco Solano was established at Sonoma, there was no commerce between the inhabitants of California and any other people than those of the Russian American Fur Company, whose principal establishment in North America was situated at New Archangel (Sitka).

The exclusive colonial system of Spain had extended its prohibitive policy to the remote shores of California. Stringent orders had been issued from Madrid to the Viceroy of Mexico, and by him to the Governor of California, forbidding absolutely the entrance of foreign vessels to the ports of California, excepting in cases of distress or want of provisions and water, or for making necessary repairs, and that after accomplishing these objects, all such vessels should be compelled to depart from the ports and anchorages of this province.

The subjects of Spain in California, being isolated from all intercourse with any other people than those who were employed in the Spanish service, were entirely dependent upon that Government for all necessary supplies indispensable for their maintenance and defense. Those supplies, consisting of money for the payment of the officers and soldiers serving in the four "presidios" of California and goods for the use of the same, and for the several mission establishments, were drawn from the royal treasury of Mexico and the Pious Fund, and were sent annually to California in Government vessels for such distribution. The Pious Fund of California consisted of certain valuable real estate situated in Mexico, and which had been bequeathed by various wealthy pious individuals to aid in establishing missions for the conversion of "gentiles" or the wild Indian aborigines of this country to the Catholic faith; for this object the rents and products of said property were employed.

During the continuance of those supplies the Spanish inhabitants of California had few wants. They knew little or nothing of foreigners or of foreign commerce. They lived in a primitive manner, without vices, under a Government which, although absolute, was tempered by the mild and moral persuasive force and direct personal influence of the sincere, zealous, indefatigable missionary fathers, with whom the Spanish officials cheerfully cooperated for the welfare and submission of all classes of the inhabitants.

The political convulsions that commenced in Mexico in 1810, and finally resulted in its separation from the dominion of Spain, caused a total cessation of the above mentioned annual supplies to California, leaving this province to its own resources. The Russian-American Company having explored the western coast of America between the river Columbia and California, established (in 1812) a post at the distance of about twenty miles north of the estuary of Bodega for hunting fur seals, sea lions and sea otters upon the Farrallone Islands and adjacent coast, and in order to facilitate their operations, they erected also a warehouse at Bodega, as a depot for the necessary storage of supplies and shelter for their servants, as also for the temporary place of deposit for the quantities of valuable furs taken by them in that quarter.

The vessels of that company soon began to open a trade with California for wheat and other products of the Missions, and by their punctual payment for those products, and the respectful, courteous deportment of their agents, or factors, to the people of California, they soon gained the confidence of the Missionary Fathers and Spanish authorities, who were all ready and willing to profit by the new branch of commerce thus established. Friendly relations with the Russians having now commenced, the necessities of the Missions and of the inhabitants in general were much relieved. Large barges were built and equipped with apparel at the Russian settlement beyond Bodega, for three of the Missions, and two wealthy land-owners bordering upon the bay of San Francisco, and for the use of the garrison. Ships of the company were dispatched yearly from Sitka to California, with all sorts of merchandise and Spanish dollars, for the purchase of wheat and other products of the country, thus giving an impulse to agriculture and trade, not only in the Mission establishments, but also to private enterprise. The high officers of the Russian company, attended by many subordinates, made friendly visits to California in their fine ships, commanded by rollicking officers of the royal navy, glad to

exchange the cold, humid and dreary climate of Sitka for the mild and healthful air of California. Even the half-breeds and Kodiac servants greatly enjoyed those visits, and held high carnival upon the shores of San Francisco bay in the abundance of fat beef and *aguardienti*. The Russian officers and factors being gentlemen, even under the influence of the enormous quantities of liquor which they used habitually (owing to the dreadful climate of Sitka), were always received as welcome guests by the military authorities and the Missionary Fathers. Those friendly relations were particularly intimate with the family of Governor Don Jose Arguello (who in 1814 had succeeded Arrillaga), one of whose daughters, Doña Concepcion, captivated the heart of a Russian officer of high rank, who solicited her hand in marriage; but this union was frustrated by the accidental death of that officer, during a journey he had undertaken to St. Petersburg, to solicit the Emperor's permission for his intended nuptials. When that splendid lady received the news of the untimely death of her lover, she made a solemn vow never to marry, and dedicating herself entirely to religious exercises, during many years of an exemplary life she faithfully observed that vow. She died in a convent at Benicia.

The independence of Mexico from Spain relieved California from the restrictive orders of the latter respecting commerce. Spanish merchants from Peru and Mexico commenced trading with the Missionary priests, exchanging merchandise for tallow, of the augmented herds of horned cattle. About the year 1824 an English commercial house at Lima, in Peru, sent an expedition to California for the purpose of establishing a branch house of their business at Monterey, for purchasing large quantities of tallow for the mines of Peru, but in consequence of financial embarrassments the project failed.

The most important commercial transactions in California after that period commenced in 1828, when Boston merchants sent vessels to this coast, with large assorted cargoes of merchandise, in charge of active agents, for sale and barter, to the Missions and traders of the country, receiving in exchange of said merchandise bullocks' hides, which were cured and salted by the crews of those vessels at the port of San Diego This commerce continued until the acquisition of California by the United States.

The foregoing notes will doubtless appear insignificant, in view of the vast amount of the agricultural products of this great State, exported in hundreds of magnificent ships that now receive their large cargoes of grain at warehouses, built where in former times the Russian and other vessels used to ride at anchor. Yet this reminiscence may be interesting, as embodying some historical facts.

OAKLAND POSTAL FACILITIES.

We congratulate the Oaklanders on the remarkable improvement in transmission of mail matter between that city and its suburb, San Francisco. A friend, who had grumbled at the reasonable consumption of four days time, called yesterday to say that it was all right now; the last application to borrow money from there came in *two* days. The deliberate transmission of letters has advantages; for instance, the party in this case said that he must have the money next day or "bust," and probably did, while the letter was in transitu, thus saving the recipient the disagreeable duty of declining the investment. The duties of the Oakland Postoffice are arduous. There is the run to keep of all the correspondence between lovers, the general charge of the correspondence of the community, and the handwriting of parties in communication; to watch the drop-box and grab the letters and read their addresses, as well as to keep the parties in their minds who dropped them; to retain all suspicious letters with unfamiliar addresses until the family history of the parties can be investigated and leisure found to scrutinize them thoroughly when they call. With all these occupations and pursuits, how is it to be expected that they can find time to make up mails? There's not so hard a worked office in the State. What right have the public to growl? If any more fuss is made about it, the ferry-boats shall be hauled off and all communication stopped. Governor Stanford has authorized us to do it, if we think best, and we shall, if people don't behave themseves and let the Oakland Postoffice alone.

A DREAM.

The sunshine fell with a softened ray,
At the dreamy close of a summer's day,
As I sat in the glow of the sunlight tide,
And dreamt that my love was by my side.

I thought, as her warm breath fanned my cheek,
As her eyes told love she could not speak,
That fired my blood like a draught of wine,
I'd barter my soul could she be mine.

Yet she was his by the cursed rite
That bound her to him by day, by night,
Through all the years of a dreary life;
Day after day his bonded wife.

His by the law but mine by love,
Yet I stranger e'er must prove;
And, chained like a convict in his cell,
I longed for the women I loved so well.

I could kill him as I sat there;
And his Saxon face and his Saxon hair
I hated with hate that devils know
For the Power above in their realms below.

The dream is past, and the moment's bliss
That came with that burning sweet love kiss
Is all that's left by memory's power
To cheer the pain of my waking hour.

Oakland, July 22, 1875. H. T. D.

THE KINGDOM OF WADAI.

The African traveler, Dr. Nachtigal, gave an interesting account of his experiences in the kingdom of Wadai at a meeting of the Berlin Geographical Society, the other day. He said that communication is now kept up with the interior of Wadai by merchants from the Nile, and that the whole of the country will probably be accessible to foreign traders within the next few years. The King's rule extends far beyond the limits of his own country, comprising the numerous desert tribes up to the land of the Niam-Niams. The area of his territory is about three thousand square miles, and the population Dr. Nachtigal estimates at about 2,500,000. The ground rises from west to east, and attains an elevation of from 1,000 to 1,500 feet above the sea-level. Numerous small streams flow from the eastern hights and fall into the two principal rivers of Wadai, the Bafa, and the Pepaka. The country is divided into seven provinces; the north district, the south district, the east district, the west district, the mountain district, the river district, and the meadow district. The religion of the people is Mohammedan, and their customs resemble those of most uncivilized Mohammedan countries. The King is looked upon as a sort of divinity; his mother must be of the dominant race, he must be without any physical or mental defect, always eat alone, and never drink beer. His word is sacred, and he must never break it, even if the most disastrous consequences were to ensue from his not doing so. The King's drinking vessels, and the wells from which they are filled, are covered with cloths, to protect the water against the influences of the evil eye, and the women and girls who take the water to the King's palace are always accompanied by a guard. The Royal insignia are a crown, a sun umbrella of ostrich feathers, and the family Koran. The King's harem consists of about five hundred women, and when the King dies his daughters are married at the expense of his successor, the sons, except the heir to the throne, being blinded with hot irons. The highest dignitaries of State, when they are summoned to appear before the King, always approach him on all-fours, with their eyes cast on the ground. The administration of the country is entirely in the hands of the officials, who are taken mostly from certain privileged families. A separate class, which is generally looked down upon, though for what reason does not appear, is formed by the smiths. To call a man a smith in Wadai is an insult which can only be atoned for by blood. They have a sort of king who has to

shave the real King's head once a week. This "king of the smiths" is also the surgeon of the harem, and performs the operation of blinding the King's relatives on his accession. One of the most profitable of the appointments in the civil service is that of "searcher." The duty of this official is to look for beer-drinkers. He has a number of spies under his orders, who go into each house to seek the forbidden liquor, and every man on whose premises it is found is liable to have his whole property confiscated and his wife's head shaved. Generally, however, the "searcher" is satisfied by the payment of a heavy fine. The taxation of the country is very heavy. Of every ten fish that are caught, eight have to be given to the King; he also gets as taxes every three years about 200 cwt. of ivory, 4,000 slaves, 5,000 camels, and 10,000 cattle. All the horses born in the country which are not required for breeding belong to the King, besides which he receives large contributions of skins, mats, honey, rice, ostrich and guinea-fowl eggs, water-jars, butter, and salt. The judge in all criminal cases affecting the Royal family and the higher officials is the King himself. Murderers are usually given up to the families of their victims, who may either accept compensation (usually consisting of 100 camels and 100 horses) or take the murderer's life. Theft is punished the first and second times with a fine, and the third time with death. The sentence in such cases is executed by the King's musicians. The penalty of death by shooting is inflicted on the higher officials only: other malefactors are either strangled or impaled. The army consists of 40,000 infantry and 5,000 to 6,000 cavalry. A third of the latter wear armor, and, although there are 4,000 muskets in store, only 1,000 of the troops know how to use them. In time of war the army is divided into three detachments, with the King in the middle. The battle is fought by the two wings, and when it ends unsuccessfully the King sits down on a carpet and calmly awaits his fate.

SCANDAL IN HIGH LIFE.

An English court, the other day, gave a preliminary examination to a scandalous outrage, that is exciting much comment. A lady of high character and connections, and possessing remarkable personal attractions, was riding alone in a railway compartment. At a wayside station, Col. Baker, Quartermaster-General at Aldershott, and brother of the well-known African explorer, Sir Samuel Baker, got into the compartment with the lady, and after a few words of conversation, attempted a criminal assault upon her in a most violent and outrageous manner. The lady made a gallant struggle, and managed to open the door and ride for five miles upon the sideboard. Those who are acquainted with the peculiar construction of English railway carriages will understand how dangerous the feat was. Her cries attracted the other passengers to their windows, and at last the noise reached the guard and the train was stopped, but not until the train had passed through a narrow tressel bridge that hardly allowed sufficient space for the lady's body, and if she had moved by ever so small a space to either the right or left, she must have been killed. After the train had been stopped, and during the excitement, Col. Baker made admissions that virtually amounted to a confession. During the investigation there was an immense audience, and the lady was three-quarters of an hour on the witness-stand, and subjected to an ordeal that no man would wish his sister to have to undergo. There was practically no defense, and the prisoner was fully committed to take his trial. When the amount of his bail was named, something like a dozen sympathizing rother officers stepped forward to tender it. In California the brother of the young lady would, instead of allowing her to be subjected to the annoyance of a public exhibition, would have met her assailant and "put a hole through him." A grand jury would in private have examined into the matter and have refused to indict the brother, the verdict of the general public would not only have been one of acquittal, but the protector of his sister's honor would have been the hero of the hour. We are not sure but that the Californian practice is the best.

A new weekly journal, entitled the *European Review*, has appeared. It is especially devoted to political and social matters on the Continent.

DELIGHTS OF THE CAMPAIGN.

The political campaign in this State is becoming lively. The Democrats are going along soberly and righteously as befits men dealing with the interests of the whole people. The Independents destroyed the Republicans, and now the Republicans are returning the compliment with interest. Personalities are now in order. United States Senator Booth commenced the bitterness, but if he likes the rejoinder he called for and for which he must hold himself alone responsible, then indeed must he be not only destitute of the finer sensibilities, but also of the feelings common to ordinary men. We are sorry to see him so unmercifully handled, but as impartial, non-political lookers on we cannot but say that he has brought it on himself. When he vouchsafes a reply it will be our duty to publish it. Mr. Geo. C. Gorham, Secretary of the United States Senate, spoke to an immense audience at Union Hall, in this city, on Thursday evening, and among other things said: "Mr. Booth has addressed the people of San Francisco, and says he objects to personalities. What are offensive personalities? Whence did the personalities emanate in this campaign? Was any disorderly remark heard from me in this hall on the 12th of June, or elsewhere? I addressed an audience in Sacramento, at which Governor Booth was present. I criticized in a general manner the expenses of the administration of which he was the head. I did not even make a slighting remark concerning him personally, and as soon as I had turned my back (I would have answered him on the spot and retracted any misstatement if he had had the courage or the decency to call upon me). But when my back was turned, he announced that he would reply to two specific charges made by me in my speech, and when upon the balcony over his store, on the following Monday evening, he gave vent to a tirade of gross and brutal personal abuse of myself—the first that had been heard in this campaign from mortal lips. He denounced statements of mine which he did not venture to contradict as extravagant expressions, and said they were as easy as lying. He discussed the State Prison affair to show to what base uses I had put my talents. He thought I ought to go to the State Prison. He implored God to help the 1,300 inmates of the Insane Asylum, unless I and others would agree that their keeping ought to cost as much as the asylums in five other States; and I could not pronounce the name of demagogue without blistering my tongue. He sneeringly designated me as "Citizen Gorham," intending to insult me as not being a citizen. He taunted me with poverty and with paying no taxes. I never kept a wholesale whisky store and violated the revenue laws, as his firm did. [Laughter.] If I had sold liquor at wholesale, I would have obeyed the laws and kept my account of sales as the law directs; and, I suppose, because he did not do this, the Government was defrauded. Men usually violate the law for that purpose. He said of me that 'his want of sincerity, his lack of appreciation of a just public sentiment in any political movement that appeals directly to the people makes his presence an infection, his touch contamination, his affiliation political death.' That is plagiarized from W. I. Ferguson, who first applied it to the proprietor of the Sacramento *Union*, in 1856. [Laughter and applause.] Some of Mr. Booth's friends apologize for his delinquency in making this personal attack on me by saying that at the time he was laboring under an infirmity from which he is known not to be entirely free. I know not whether that be so or not, but if it had not been so, and he had been a gentleman, I should have had an apology from him before this, and as I have received none, I made a reply to him on the following night at Oakland, and brought home to him some conduct that reflected upon his honor, and he has taken three weeks to debate which would hurt him the most, silence or an attempt to answer me. [Applause.] And he decided in favor of silence. [Laughter and applause.] The Independent party is advocated as a necessity to restrain the power of corporations. Mr. Booth enlarged upon the Credit Mobilier and the Contract and Finance Company. Now, I am going to show you this anti-railroad champion in his true colors. I had no time at Oakland to hunt up the record. A list of thirteen bills, voting subsidies to railroads by different counties, was supported by Mr. Booth in 1863. This city contributed a million of dollars, or compromised it for something less afterward, but Mr. Booth voted that you should subscribe, if a majority of the voters declared their willingness to do so, $600,000 to the C. P. R. R. Company, and $400,000 to the Western P. R. R., and before the Senate Mr. Booth de-

clared that if these county appropriations were not absolutely necessary they would not be asked at all. And he voted $1,611,000 for other roads not connected with this great work. This is a man who thinks it a crime to advocate subsidy to railroads. This is a man who declares that a minority of one is powerful enough to stop it. This is the man who tells you that an Independent party is necessary in this State to contend against both of the other two parties in order that this sort of thing may not go any further. The aid rendered to the Central Pacific Railroad was $1,150,000; Western Pacific Railroad, $800,000; Placerville and Sacramento, $300,000; Stockton and Copperopolis, $225,000; California Northern, $66,000; and Alameda Valley, $220,000. They passed a bill to grant $10,000 per mile for the first fifty miles of the Central Pacific Railroad. That was $500,000 from the State Treasury without any vote of the people. Mr. Perkins presented a bill to have the contracts awarded to the lowest bidder. Mr. Booth made a speech against the amendment, rebuked the author of it, eulogized the Directors of the Central Pacific Railroad Company, and said that the gift encumbered that way would not be worth having, and the amendment was voted down, and the bill passed without the amendment. Now I want to ask you to look back over the last two or three years and see what the Sacramento *Union*, and the *Bulletin*, and the *Call*, and Mr. Booth, and all their associates, have said in regard to a man who supports subsidies to that extent. Newton Booth has helped to vote $3,261,000 in subsidies. Have they declared that the men who did this were corrupt? Have they declared that it was *prima facie* evidence of a man's corruption that he supported these measures? What shall be said if I show you that the time Booth was supporting these measures he was deriving large benefits from the Central Pacific Railroad Company? Let their own logic be applied to them. While Mr. Booth was advocating subsidies, the wagons of the Central Pacific Railroad Company were backed up to every door of his store, carrying away provisions to supply the men who were constructing the road. 'I submit to you,' he remarked, 'that by all the arguments they make against others there never was in the Senate of the State of California a more unblushingly corrupt Senator than Newton Booth. [Applause.] And if a legislator ever stood in the capitol of your State with the colors of Leland Stanford worn into the bone, it was Newton Booth. I am sorry that I do not pay more taxes into your treasury, but I have not had the opportunities, as you have seen, that Mr. Booth had for acquiring wealth. I never dealt with the Contract and Finance Company of the Central Pacific Railroad Company, and, besides, my legitimate expenses have been larger than his, because I have six children to look out for, and every one of my children bears my name. [Laughter and applause.] Now, is it incontinence, or is it chastity; is it consistency, or is it fidelity; is it integrity or virtue, that gives this man Booth special privileges in this State to run through people and select those 'whose touch is contamination and whose affiliations political death?' I leave it to you, whose presence spreads infection throughout this State. So far as I am concerned, without thinking I am egotistical when I say it, as a man I can look down upon Newton Booth as a Senator, for I have more regard for manhood without office than for office without manhood. [Applause.] Why, a goodly element in this State, or a great portion of it, came of a stern old Puritan stock, and my ancestors date back six generations to Cape Cod, within twenty miles of Plymouth. They thought when they had selected Booth to rule over the State they had found a second Cromwell, and that they had about established a modern commonwealth; and when he stood in the market place soliciting support he did present that appearance. But after they had elected him the Puritan garb dropped off, and underneath, instead of the Lord Protector, they found a new Charles II. [Laughter and applause.] He has fostered as profligate a court as did Charles II. The traditions of the Capitol altogether tell us that the parallel might be continued, and that at the midnight revels in the palace of the King, over his grocery store [laughter], he did not lack the comfort of the Duchess of Portsmouth or of his Nell Gwynne. [Applause and laughter.] He cannot controvert what I have said to-night about him, and I challenge him to do it anywhere and everywhere with me or without me, and I commend his friends to infuse courage enough in him to accept the invitation. [A voice—He won't do it.] I say, if he does not controvert what I have said, then I have uncovered to you to-night a whited sepulchre. I have shown you an impostor and a fraud. [Ap-

plause.] I have stripped the mask from a political hypocrite and left him in his cowardly silence, naked in his ugliness. [Applause.] He seems to combine in his own person Bliffil and Black George, the blackleg and the Puritan. Let him meet his record, and let him prove mine, and hereafter when I am accused by any person holding any respectable position, I intend to meet him. I will give blow for blow. I have lived for eight years under the contumely and denunciations of my enemies in this State, because I thought it was not becoming in any manner to parade myself before you. It was not because I did not defy investigation long ago. I was a candidate of the Republican party in this State, and I invited my enemies to make specifications, and I now say to them, one and all, that everything in my public record and in my private transactions with men—aye, and with women—all is public property. [Applause.] I remove all injunctions of secrecy from all lips, and I invite Mr. Booth to do the same, 'and damned be he who first cries hold, enough.' [Loud applause.] If the Independent party is to stop the tide of corruption and to restrain party tyranny and corrupt greed, Mr. Booth is found too weak a leader for the occasion."

FOREIGN DOTTINGS.

The Fiji Islanders, who were recently reported better of their measles, have had a relapse, and are as badly off as ever. Typhoid fever is also very prevalent, and the mortality is great.——The number of persons who perished by the floods in Southern France is now estimated at fully 3,000, and the destruction of property will reach 200,000,000 francs.——Traveling under the title of the Countess Van Buren, the Queen of the Netherlands has arrived in England. Her Majesty, who landed at Woolwich on June 22d, has proceeded to Claridge's Hotel.——The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone has taken Manor House, Ham, late residence of Sir Gilbert Scott, and intends residing there for a time. Mr. S. H. Gladstone, his younger son, has obtained his Bachelor of Arts degree at Cambridge, with first-class honors in political economy.——Sir Moses Montefiore has again, in his ninety-first year, departed on a philanthropic mission to the Holy Land. Sir Moses is accompanied by Dr. Loewe, Dr. Edward Aiken, and Mr. E. Samuel.——Ex-Marshal Bazaine has taken 6 Royal Crescent, Ramsgate, as a residence.——The Swedish Government has issued a circular note to foreign powers to say that King Oscar's recent visit to Berlin had no political significance.——Municipal elections were held in Rome on June 20. Garibaldi, who received the support of all parties, heads the list of successful candidates.——It is stated in a telegram to the *Morning Post* that, at the Pope's repeated request, the Emperor of Russia has consented to re-open direct intercourse with the Vatican, and Councillor of Legation Kapnist is to return to Rome as diplomatic agent.——The last Hospital Sunday in London has yielded a contribution certainly upwards of £20,000, and, it is hoped, more than any hitherto obtained towards the fund of the London Hospitals.——The recent detention of Protestant books by the Customs authorities in Santander is believed to be a part of a coercive scheme to force active Protestants to leave Spain.——A London Council of Delegates from all Presbyterian churches in Christendom met on Tuesday in Regent square. Many representatives of American and Canadian churches were present.——The American squadron which has been visiting St. Petersburg has sailed for home. Admiral Wordon and his officers were brilliantly entertained during their stay. The Czar accompanied the Admiral to Cronstadt on his departure.——The French Assembly, after disposing of the budget, will take up the bill relative to the proposed tunnel between France and England. A private bill with reference to the same project has already passed the British House of Commons and is now before the Lords.——Serious floods are reported from the inland counties of England, with much damage to crops and property.——Major Fulton won the American Cup at Wimbledon. He made 133 out of a possible score of 150.——Carlists deny that their troops have entered France and that Dorregarray was wounded and has taken refuge at Canterets.——The Presbyterian Council, in session in London, has agreed that an alliance of all the reformed Presbyterian Churches in the world should be formed.

From the San Francisco News Letter.

OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM A COSMOPOLITAN FRIEND—NO. 10.

LONDON, June 26, 1875.

Dear N. L.:—I have not written you for some time, but do not wish to let this month pass away without sending you a line, although it is not very far from post hour. At the last sitting two days ago of the Foreign Loans Committee, the climax of information was obtained regarding the Honduras loans from the accountants who had examined the books, and it appears that out of the two million pounds sterling realized from the loans of 1869 and 1870, only 10%, say £200,000, reached the Honduras Government. Of the remainder, £872,120 went to Mr. Lefevre, who has wisely taken up his residence in Paris, and the balance appears to have been dropped in the pockets of Messrs. Bischoffshein & Goldsmidt and Don Carlos Gutieney, the Honduras ambassador. This beats the Tammany Ring hollow. Then only 35% went into the pockets of the conspirators here—and concocted in London. No less than 90%, minus necessary expenses, has been appropriated by the parties who *brought out* these two Honduras loans. To this must be added a very large amount made by these same individuals and their friends on the Stock Exchange.

The cable will have informed you that following the failures of Im Thurn & Co., Liordet & Co., the Aberdare Iron Company, and the discount house of Sanderson & Co., we have had that of Collie & Co., of Manchester, for three millions sterling, bringing down in their wake several smaller firms, who appeared to have thought it an honor to accept accommodation paper for Alexander Collie. This gentleman was the chief owner of the white-painted, low, free-board steamers that ran the blockade during your late civil war, and by which he was said to have cleared £200,000. Latterly, however, he has been shipping largely to the East and losing heavily, taking in his friends in so unscrupulous a manner, as is *now* discovered, that he is said to have absconded. The London and Westminster, the London Joint Stock, and the London and county banks are said to be very heavily hit, the first mentioned being credited with having £600,000 of Collie's paper, but all these banks have been too free in discounting, competing as they have done not only among themselves, but also with the so-called discount houses. As for the trade with the East, *i. e.*, with India, China, and Japan, it is simply rotten, and has been for some years past. I am sure that you could count all the *real* and *bona fide* solvent commercial firms in each of these countries on your fingers. It would be a blessing if a clean sheet could be made of all on the 30th instant, and let business begin anew. However, *that* East does not affect California, as you are importers of tea, gunnies, etc., and therefore the balance of your trade with those countries is *always* in *your* favor, in so far as outstanding debts are concerned.

You will see in the London papers of yesterday the report of a sad case of assault against Colonel Valentine Baker, of the Prince of Wales' Regiment, the 10th Hussars. It is very lamentable in all its features, and is the talk of the day. Colonel Baker is, or rather, I may say, was, a great companion of the Prince of Wales, through whose influence he obtained the Quarter-Master Generalship of Aldershot, for, oddly enough, he has always been in bad odor with the Duke of Cambridge, although reckoned one of the best cavalry officers in H. M. service. He is, of course, done for now, and one pities his poor wife and children. Adieu, COSMOP.

"One of the Thirty" was the recent title of a book professing to give a history of one of the pieces of silver for which Judas betrayed his Master; but a relic of even greater interest is said to have been bought for £500 by an American in Paris—the basin in which Pontius Pilate washed his hands. It is said to have belonged to the Emperor Constantine XIII, and to be of undoubted authenticity.

It is stated that when persons are arrested, whether innocent or not, and lodged in the City Prison, they are unable to communicate with their friends or procure the dispatch of any message outside the prison, except by paying a fee of $2 50 to a policeman. This, if true, is both a wrong and a swindle.

SLANDER.

The air scarce stirred
With the whispered word,
Yet the noisy city its import heard.
Can it be so,
That an hour ago,
That name was as high as it now lies low?
And friends were dear,
And lovers near,
And the haven of hope was shining clear?
Did eyes shine bright
With sweet delight,
And never a hint of the withering blight?
Is yesterday
So far away,
With its tender sighs and its laughter gay?
With the poison flung
By the shameless tongue,
The deep death knell of all hopes were rung!
And the tidings grew,
As they always do,
None caring to ask be they false or true.
Alone! Alone!
The friends have flown—
How weary and old the heart has grown!
The laughter's fled,
The heart is dead,
And crowned with sorrow the innocent head!
Never again
Will the cruel stain
Be washed from the soul so crushed with pain!
Till Death shall bring
Its kinder sting,
And the poor, tried heart stop sorrowing.
Heaven send
Death be a friend,
And this cruel life soon have an end! —*Graphic.*

BRO. CUNNINGHAM AND THE SAINTESSES.

The Rev. Mr. Cunningham, a local divine of medium physical ability, has been pouring out the gall and bitterness of his gigantic intellect upon the mother-in-laws of San Francisco and of the universal Yankee nation. Rash man to rush in where angels and newly married swains fear to tread. Bold and defiant expounder of the mother-in-law mystery, thou shalt have the hair of thine head pulled out by the roots; thou shalt be scratched, as if by cats, all over thy facial organ; thou shalt be scooted and hooted upon the public streets, the finger of wrath shall be pointed at thee, the ire of the outraged shall fall over thee as molten lead. Better that thou hadst attacked the lioness robbed of her cubs, the tiger driven to madness by hunger, or a patriot in search of office, than thus maliciously attack the mother-in-laws of our beloved country. Knowest thou not that he who uses his tongue against woman in California, save and except in kindness, is execrated in society? Hadst thou taken a stuffed club and applied it to the physical structure of every mother-in-law in this vast and mighty nation, long uffering sons-in-law would have applauded thine heroic efforts to reduce their mortal enemies to pulp. But thou didst bring everlasting disgrace upon thyself and thy holy calling by attacking the gentlest of animals, ye mother-in-law, from the pulpit throne. But 'twas all Beecher's fault; if he had not sinned, thou wouldst not have erred by taking his sin as a text for vile fulminations against the saintesses of our households.

The theological department of Universities in Germany is undergoing extraordinary changes. At the present session of the Heidelberg University there are nine professors, while there are only eight students to receive their teaching.

GEORGE K. FITCH.

The "Bulletin" has in its employ a mighty man of prowess with the scissors. He goes through many yards of exchanges every day, and makes a selection of the choicest pieces. He does his work well, and so makes the outer forms of the paper exceedingly readable. Among newspaper men he is familiarly named Sam Williams. Some of his pieces are so *mal apropos* to the paper in which they appear that it is more than a surmise that he writes them himself when in a humor for deviltry. The other day there was an article entitled "What Constitutes a Gentleman." There is one way, and one only, by which the ideas expressed in that article could by any possibility have entered any man's head. He probably sat in his chair munching the end of his quill, and wondering what he should write about next, when the proprietor of the *Bulletin*, George K. Fitch, came along, and wanted to know, in the manner peculiar to him, "what in h—— Sam was about, idling his time away in that fashion." Mr. Williams at once saw his way to a good subject, and soon struck off an admirable article describing a true gentleman, and making him out to be—as in fact he is—everything that Fitch is not. Admirably did he succeed, as the following will show: "It is almost a definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain. The true gentleman carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a bolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast; all collision of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or gloom, or resentment; his great concern being to make every one at ease and at home. He has eyes on all his company; he is tender toward the bashful, gentle to the distant, and merciful toward the absurd; he can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unseasonable allusions or topics which may irritate. He makes light of favors while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort; he has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. From a long-sighted prudence he observes the maxim of the ancient sage, that we should ever conduct ourselves toward our enemy as if he one day were to be our friend. If he engages in controversy of any kind, his disciplined intellect preserves him from the blundering discourtesy of less educated minds, who, like blunt weapons, tear and hack, instead of cutting clean, who mistake the point in argument, waste their strength on trifles, misconceive their adversary, and leave the question more involved than they find it." Bravo, Sam! We could not have done it better ourselves.

The constant recurrence of stage robberies is an unpleasant commentary upon our defective banking system. No where else but in California is coin, or its equivalent in transferrable currency, packed about so recklessly. By steamer, by rail, and unprotected stage coaches, thousands of dollars in gold and silver coin is sent daily from this city to the interior, and from interior coast towns to the city. We adhere most tenaciously to the primitive system of making exchanges in specie, rather than the safer mode of drafts. This is partly due to the crude ideas of commerce held by many untrained business men, who believe the goods are never paid for until they handle the shiners, or that their liabilities cannot be discharged without they hand over the coin. Doubtless the large number of country bankers, with but limited credit, tends to sustain the annoyance. What we want is liberal and comprehensive banking corporations, with agencies in every business center of the State. This would simplify our present plan of collection, starve out stage robbers, and reduce the expense of remittances. We have abundant capital in the city to launch the enterprise, and enough talent to make it a financial success.

It will rejoice the heart of every Welshman to hear that Mr. Disraeli has granted a pension of £50 a year to the widow of the late Rev. Morris William—better known in the Principality by the name of "Nicander"—in recognition of the eminent services rendered to Welsh literature by her late husband.

SPECIAL BREVITIES.

The worship of the dead (for it amounts to something very like worship) is one of the most singular traits in Parisian character. Sceptical, fickle as the sea, reckless of life, careless of the living, indifferent about his past and heedless of his future, often violent and sometimes ungrateful, the Parisian is in this one thing a model of steadfastness he loves his dead, and reverences the places where they are laid. In illustration of this *culte*, M. du Camp tells a deliciously French story. He had gone to Montmartre to lay a wreath on a friend's tomb, when a little way off he saw a young woman kneeling beside a stone, which she clasped with her hands, singing in a fine clear voice, as well as her streaming tears would let her, the well known but scarcely appropriate song, "Casta diva!" "I though she must be out of her mind," he remarks, "and I probably looked as if I thought so. For when she had finished she burst out sobbing, and exclaimed, as she walked past me; 'It's ma, and that used to be her favorite air.'"

Mr. Moncure Conway said with perfect truth, "There is now not a medium of any fame in London whose fraud has not been exposed to the satisfaction of all except the large class of those who wish to be deceived." And it seems likely that spiritualistic swindlers in other countries will soon be exposed in the same way. A famous spirit photographer in Paris has just been detected, the dolls and other paraphernalia by which he produced spirits on the negatives being discovered on his premises. And yet there are people who will go on believing in spiritualism, and who think that the dear departed have nothing better to do than obey vulgar mediums to enable them to get money from their dupes.

An English medical journal has accomplished what has always been thought an impossible task numbering the hairs of the head. It announces that there are from 160,000 to 200,000 hairs in a lady's head, and then computes their value by relating an incident which it says happened to Mme. Nilsson during her residence in New York city. She was at a fancy fair, and an admirer asked her the price of a single hair from her head. She said $10, "and in a few moments the Swedish songstress was surrounded by admirers, anxious to buy a hair at the same rate." The proceeds were given to the fair. At this rate the value of Mme. Nillson's hair is $2,000,000.

A horrible scene occurred recently at Narbon, near Middlesboro'. As is usual with Irish wakes, candles were lit in profusion and drink freely indulged in. A bed-sheet divided the room into two compartments, the coffin being in one. The wake was held upon the body of a daughter of a man named Rooney. After the visitors had gone, Rooney and a friend fell into a drunken sleep, and managed to set fire to the sheet. The bed was soon in flames. On a constable going into the room he found the two men asleep. The fire was got under amid a scene of great excitement. The corpse was literally roasted.

There is at present to be seen at Mill of Mains a sitting hen which has taken up a rather curious place for the hatching of her young, viz., the further end of a watch-dog's kennel. The two seem to understand each other so well that on the hen leaving or entering the house the dog rises and makes way, immediately resuming his position as soon as she has passed. Any attempt to abstract the eggs in the absence of the hen meets with the immediate disapprobation of the dog, who by a growl denotes his displeasure.

The use of ice in small quantities frequently repeated is very general in many diseases, but it is generally found to be a difficulty to keep it from melting, especially in small blocks. Dr. Schwartz recommends, to obtain this result, that the ice should be put in a vessel covered with a plate, which vessel should be placed on a feather-bed and covered with a feather-pillow or cushion, feathers being very bad conductors of heat. Dr. Schwarz states that by this plan he has been able to keep six pounds of ice for eight days when the thermometer marked summer heat.

Mr. Wyllie, "The Herd Laddie," has returned to Chicago to give the draught players of that city another idea of how easily they can be defeated. Lately he was in Indianapolis, where he played 174 games, of which he won 161, left 13 drawn, and lost one. His return to New York is eagerly awaited by a number of players, who think they are now able to make him know what it is to be defeated.

THE FACE OF THE CHRIST.

The Master vanished, but his Spirit swept
Across the East, and stirred to eloquence
The sad disciples in the truth's defence;
But year by year the Lord of Silence crept
Into their midst, and one by one they slept,
Till no man lived who had with reverence
Looked on the Lord Christ's shining countenance,
Or stood anear him while he prayed and wept!
Yet still his purifying spirit reigned,
And filled remoter souls with light sublime,
And conquered kingdoms by its tender grace:
Then many eager, thankful eyes were strained
To pierce the mists which touch the skirts of Time,
To gain one glance of the Redeemer's face!

And there were those, severe of soul, who said:
"Think not the Spirit of the Lord was vain,
And clothed itself with loveliness, to gain
The wretched homage of the knee and head;
Nay, rather, with uncomely front, he pled
For grace of soul; with heavy brows of pain
And shadowed cheeks, rebuked their fierce disdain
Whose pomp disturbed the Spirits of the dead!
Thus by pure force of Virtue men believed,
And gilded priestcraft wondered and was wroth;
So was the triumph of the Lord achieved—
He scorned the brilliant raiment of the moth,
Chose the rough pathway to the eternal goal,
The least in form, the mightiest of Soul!"

A chilled red rose, deprived of sunlight, dies,
And souls, for lack of Beauty's warmth, despair:
So there rose a cry: "The earth was bare
Till Christ appeared, like a divine surprise,
With God's light glowing in his rare blue eyes
And on his brow: like poured-out wine, his hair
Fell, a smooth current to his ears, and there
Rippled, like sunny clouds in summer skies!
Tall, with majestic presence, calm, and strong,
The splendid possibilities of life
Were perfected in him, and to the ken
Of troubled nations struggling under wrong,
And vexed with petty ceremonial strife,
The Christ revealed humanity to men!"

The controversy spread from race to race,
But no authentic vision blessed mankind;
Each from the subtle substance of his mind,
At some strong moment, shaped a marvelous face,
And called it Christ's, and for a blissful space
Bent low before it; thus were many blind
To his soul's beauty, in their haste to find
Some rapturous glimpse of transitory grace!
Still with a reverent desire, they dare
To seek the Master's presence, knowing well
That though they found his features less than fair,
The splendors of his spirit would compel
The mask of flesh to fall, and they should see
The perfect blossom of humanity! —*Wm. J. Milligan.*

The Sheffield Tichborne and Magna Charta Association is again espousing the cause of a Sheffield claimant. A man named Thomas Oldale lays claim to a large estate in the neighborhood which belongs to Lord Fitzwilliam, and a few weeks ago the president of the association and some of the members took possession of it in his behalf. On June 21st they entered a portion of the estate, cut the grass in a field, and removed it to Sheffield.

[*The Father of Lies giving his Instructions to the Gutter-Snipe Press of San Francisco, the "Bulletin," "Call," "Chronicle," etc.*]

LIES OF THE DAY.

A lie has no legs, and cannot stand; but it has wings, and can fly far and wide.—WARBURTON. With the adaptability of a lie, sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle which fits them all.—LORD BROUGHAM. A lie begets others; one lie must be thatched with another or it will soon rain through.—LORD THURLOWE.

"And the Parson made it his text that week, and he said likewise,
That a lie which is half a lie is ever the blackest of lies;
That a lie that is all a lie may be met and fought with outright,
But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight."—TENNYSON.

It is not true that seven perfectly sound good teeth were picked up on California street Saturday last.——That they were returned to the owner, a prominent stock broker, who remarked that they must have shaken out when he heard that —— *News Letter* was going for the brokers now.——That he gave the finder a pair of Mahogany sleeve links.——*Apropos* of the new deal all round in school-marms, that there has been an increased demand for mining stocks in consequence of the janitors and hash-slingers coming down on the market in great force to invest.——That any members of the Young Men's Central Democratic Club would own up to being thirty years of age.——That three in ten comb their hair with a towel.——That since there have been rumors of a fusion, a well-known Independent, who makes a living by pulling the ropes, may often be heard sadly humming, "*My darling are you true to me?*"——That when the fusion does take place there will not be "melting moments."——That the general verdict of the stockholders on the attempted hokus-fogus tricks of the Trustees of the Mahogany Mine is: "Wooden' do."——That the barkeeper of the Occidental Hotel did not grossly insult Mr. Jas. Morissey, one of the guests in the house.——That Manager McShane shows a knowledge of hotel business when he allows such things to take place.——That Abe Simson, *alias* "Ben Butler," has added a new phrase to his slang dictionary.——That the last improvement is "H—oly Wigam!" and is said to have originated in San Jose.——That the theatrical row about seats is not a good deal like "a grain of wheat in a bushel of chaff"—one real complaint and a hundred bogus ones, *cacothes scribendi* in fact.——That T. Fagan, on entering an oyster saloon on Market street, called for "corned-beef and cabbage."——That he requested fried potatoes and plenty of cabbage.——That Fred Henderson pays his board in Oakland.——That he is Woods' boy.——That J. B. M. still carries that heart in his pocket-book, or that he has found the wounded one, though he has searched the field.——That our friend Smith is thinking of taking his late conquest East the next time he goes.——That H. Shelden is paying particular attention lately to a certain young damsel on Montgomery-street hill.——That the eminent homœopathist of Marin County, adjoining the Richardson Ranch, has held an anti-Throck-mortem examination, diagnosed his case, and found the specific disease to be tape-worm, and recommends strong doses of Jaynes Vermifuge administered weekly at the *Land Office* through a *Reed*.——That Seward Cole has gone to "the Springs."——That Frank Walton entertains his friends when calling by trying on all the young ladies' shoes in the room.——That light pants are becoming to Warrie Davis and Harry Childs with their swallow-tails.——That Charlie Walton and Fred Doherty have given up society.——That, taking into consideration their ages, they should have done this long ago.——That

Ned Steel will refuse the office of Sire of the Bohemian Club when offered to him.——That G. W. Raymond looks urbane every time he sells a safe.——That J. M. Goewey knows the derivation of "Pipifax."——That the friends of Prosper May ever reverse his name.——That the young man who rooms at 205 Powell street is to be exhibited as a statue of "Naked Truth"——That Gen. Allen claims to be the most upright man on California street.——That John Morton only wants a tub to make him the modern Diogenes.——That John G. Hodge & Co. placed that hurdle in the Sacramento street door to try the mettle of the sports they keep inside.——That Calvert, Bob Risdon, Flip Klopenstein go to Oakland every Sunday to make "mashes."

THE NEWEST IN AEROSTATION.

A new steering balloon by Smitter is being exhibited, suspended in the middle of the Alcazar in Paris. The measurement is only six thousand cubic feet, but the balloon is so light that when filled with pure hydrogen it must float. A considerable sum of money has been invested in it, and great ability has been displayed in its construction. Although no practicable result in open air may be hoped for it is a wonderful piece of clockwork. In connection with this subject it is stated that for several months past a firm of engineers have been experimenting privately at the Crystal Palace with an aerial steamer of a novel and promising character, weighing one hundred and sixty pounds. Experiments are stated to have proved the capability of two vertical screws, each twelve feet in diameter, to raise a weight of one hundred and twenty pounds; the steam engine, with water and fuel, forming part of the weight so raised to the extent of eighty pounds. The power exerted by it is equal to two and half horses. The communication of motion is given by a verticle axis emanating from the car. [There is nothing new in the above, the same thing having been discovered and patented in California some three years ago.—ED.]

Wormlike, man crawls upon the earth,
His being self-abhorred;
The smallest hill he climbs with pain,
The streamlet he must ford;
While loathsome insects better far
For noble motion fitted are
Than he—Creation's Lord.

What man that panteth close to earth
Hath never known desire
To leave his heritage of dust,
His native filth and mire—
To cast his clayey bonds aside,
And upward rising, softly glide
On wings that cannot tire.

To see the glories of the earth
Spread out before his sight;
To have all climates at command
(According to his hight);
To need to pay no railroad fare,
To feel that in the free mid-air
No tolls would stay his flight.

Ah, could this be so, then our world
Would be no more the same!
And he who brought the change to pass—
God-like would be his fame;
The mouths of men in every clime
Would speak his praise throughout all time,
And bless his very name.

Between the American, German, Hungarian, and Polish students and artists good fellowship prevails in Munich. The great gathering place for them all is at the Cafe Maximilian, on the Maximilian strasse, where the groups occupy their respective tables. Once or twice a week some fifteen or twenty Americans and some Germans meet there and have a convivial evening discussing art, beer, wurst, and perhaps politics. The white marble tables present after such a gathering a very unique and artistic appearance. They are covered with scores of beautiful drawings and fancies, which unfortunately have to be washed off the next morning. Some of these tables have even been found worthy of being photographed, copies of which are in the possession of the proprietor of the cafe and are shown to visitors. There is a legend about one of these unique drawings having been preserved on the table for some days, and that thousands of persons came in merely to see the wonderful thing whose fame had spread all over the city. Toby Rosenthal, of San Francisco, was the artist; his production was a painting, not in oil, but in mustard, pepper, salt, beer, and rose leaves. It represented a fair-haired *kellnerinn* of the cafe, the face drawn in pencil, the hair painted in mustard, the dress in pepper and salt, with ornament of rose leaves, and the whole, with long trailing dress, filled the entire table.

THINGS WE DISLIKE.

We dislike exceedingly being obliged to struggle from one end of a bob-tailed car to the other, through a labyrinth of male and female knees, in order to deposit five cents in the fraud-preventive box; we dislike the frantic efforts to support one's self by the strap which pulls the driver's bell, and we cannot endure his savage glare through the window in consequence. We have no patience with the ancient dames of society who affect the manners of young girls; that which is wild exuberance in one is Circean vice in the other. We think it wrong for a writer to seek inspiration in drink; brandy may give momentary genius to a fool, but it kills genius in those who are really inspired. We are sick of politics, yet can not but express our contempt of that narrow republicanism, divided into two parties, who stand each on its own dunghill and crows at one another, whilst the democratic rooster pecks up the spoils of the political corn bin. For our part, we are satisfied the Democrats are going to win, but we care for neither; for us, the people rule, not only here, but in reality all over the world. We don't admire Boucicault selling that illustrated puff of his dramas and performances; he ought to give it away, and thank the acceptor. We can not see any sense in those stock brokers who affect an easy indolence of manner; they work like galley slaves in order not to look like laborers. Nor do we admire those cowards who begin by blustering; such men go upon the chance of the other party being like themselves. Gorham had no right to refer in his speech to his six children; it sounds so like "Bung for Beadle;" nor should he have said that they all bear his name, because let us hope the girls will lose it some day. It was very bad taste, however, in Bidwell to refer to Gorham's ancestors. We don't know who Bidwell's were, but of this we are convinced, that if the man who made you be noble or great he often prevents you making yourself.

SAVAGE SENTIMENTALITY.

His Reverence E. S. Davis, Pay Clerk, U. S. S. *Tuscorora*, has treated a homeopathic element of our *elite* population to a two-column gush about the Samoan Islands. The reverend gentleman had the bad taste to have his effusion printed in a morning paper of limited respectability. But the clergy have of late been doing this limited business in so many ways which passeth all understanding that we are inclined to grant a free and full indulgence to Rev. Davis for his error, especially since it has no immoral bearings. Then, again, this sweet scented soul is worthy of the lasting gratitude of all gentle Christians for the pure, beautiful, and virtuous picture he draws of the Samoans. He tells us that the men are temperate and the women chaste. O ye immortal gods! that Samoa is the Garden of Eden, where Adam and Eve, in their multiplicity, regale themselves beneath the stately palm, or sigh their lives away to the music of the waves, which dash upon coral-gilt isles. The missionaries are archangels, and the filibuster Steinberger the great I Am of the Samoans. Like all his brethren of the cloth, the Rev. Davis is a blatant sentimentalist, incapable of doing himself any great justice or others any great wrong. He seems to be the stool pigeon of "Premier" Steinberger the tooting-horn of the scheeming clique who are trying to give the Samoans a legal title of their native islands. Sublime generosity? Noble philanthrophists? In some way, only known to Providence, this Steinberger got into the good graces of President Grant, who did him the high honor of placing a war vessel at his disposal to proceed to the Samoan group. This it was thought meant annexation, but Steinberger has only created a mongrel government, with one of the high chiefs as king and he (Steinberger) as Premier. It will be a good deal like the Sandwich Island government a lot of white outlaws robbing and plundering the natives in the name of the Constitution and Jesus Christ.

The horse Doncaster, the winner of the Ascot cup, has been sold to the Duke of Westminster, and will shortly be taken to his grace's new breeding establishment at Eaton Hall.

THE RISING IMPORTANCE OF CHINA AND JAPAN.

China seems at last to have raised herself from her long sleep, and appears to be determined that the Mussulman shall feel that though her sword has rested in its scabbard its blade is still keen to avenge.

In many directions there is evidence that the energies of China are aroused. The latest advices show that a large force is proceeding to the attack of the Ataligh Ghazee, in Eastern Turkestan, with the avowed intent of recovering possession and revenging the slaughter made upon them in 1866. We are told that 400,000 Chinese and Kalmuks were massacred by the Mussulmans in the Kashgar territory; while Kuldja, so lately annexed by Russia as a base for her trade with China and Central Asia, had a population of 150,000 nearly all destroyed when the city was taken by the Moslem insurgents. If the Chinese regain this territory, the tragedy will be re-enacted—only the Mahommedans will be the victims; as happened when the Chinese were victors in Shensi and in Yunnan, not a Moslem of either sex or any age will be left alive. This is not only a war for geopraphical position, but a war of race and religion. Whatever degree of ferocity can be given to the conflict by political ambition and race hatred, intensified by religious fanaticism, we shall witness in operation. It will be a shock of two races and two religions, as well as two systems of government. The combatants will be free to wreak all the pent-up hatreds of a century over one of the fairest fields of Central Asia. A "jewel set in sand" was once the poetical but not untrue description of the valley of Kashgar and Eastern Turkestan until it was desolated by Mongol and Koord, by Buddhist and Moslem, in succession. Under its present ruler it has recovered some of its former beauty and fertility; but there are evil days before its present occupants. If the Russians do not intervene, the prospect is a bad one for Yacob Beg and his people; nor will it much improve if they do give effective aid, for the price of such service will not be light. Nor to Great Britain and her Indian Empire is it a matter of indifference what course Russia adopt. If Eastern Turkestan fall under Russian influence, not only will her commerce be shut out by Russian tariffs, but Russia will gain access to the slopes of the passes through Afghanistan. It will seem strange and new to many that any movement of the long-despised empire of China can bring danger upon England's Indian frontier, but, however strange it may be, it ought not to have been unforeseen by those whose business it is to be well informed on all matters affecting the security of her Indian possessions.

While China is thus moving, Japan is effecting an exchange of islands with Russia in the Pacific which may not be altogether indifferent to us in its results. The half of Sagalien opposite the mouth of the Amoor, long coveted and nibbled at by the Russians, has at last been surrendered, in exchange for the Kurile islands, which are not likely to be of any particular value to their possessors, whoever they may be. It is very natural that Russia should have desired the undivided possession of Sagalien, which in some degree commands the entrance to the Amoor and the adjoining ports on the coast. But it has no harbor, and in other respects is of no value, except in the possession of coal, a commodity which the Russians will turn to account as the Japanese never did. They do not want it, however, having abundant coal within their own islands. But it does not follow that, because it mattered little to Japan who possessed the southern half, or even the whole, of Sagalien, it is equally indifferent to other nations. To China it is not without a certain interest. Over the Pacific and along these shores will pass the great commerce of the future between East and West, and the whole of the southern islands, where the Australian empire is rapidly developing. This latest acquisition of Russia will give her the basis she wanted for a new development of her fleet on the Pacific and her trade in the China Seas, equally valuable in peace and war. Altogether, it is impossible not to see how rapidly both China and Japan are becoming countries capable of exercising great influence on European and American relations and interests.

The amount of liabilities, as given by the *Commercial Herald*, of the firm of E. E. Morgan's sons, is $1,100,000. Their assets are, we understand, nothing. From reliable information we learn that the liabilities are nearer $2,000,000. These are the Granger agents that the *News Letter* took so much pains to advise its readers to look out for and be careful of.

[From the "Letter Box" of the San Francisco News Letter.]

FROM OUR ANGLO-'FRISKY CORRESPONDENT.

GREENWOOD COTTAGE, READING, ENGLAND, June 28, 1875.

Dear Editor of the 'F. N. L.:—This beats Clachnacloonacheen all to rags. But stop till I tell you how it happened. You see, we were going to leave the dear old diggings, where we had spent so many happy hours, for indeed, since being put on the staff of the *News Letter*, our coffers have become quite dropsical, we have bags of gold and silver laying about in every corner, and so we thought we could well afford a higher rental, and were about to exchange from humble Greenwood Cottage to more pretentious Gordon Castle. Everything was packed and sent on before, we had hauled down our flag, never thinking it would proudly flutter on that pole again, hauled down the flag and raised the carpets; all was gone save my sturdy sea chest, a jolly old Noah's ark, which takes four railway porters to lift it, and even then they can't do it without cussing. We sat on this and drank our tea from mugs, wondering at how strangely our voices rang in the empty rooms. Well, it was all arranged, first, I was to run to Oxford to have a look at some setter puppies, then in the evening I should bring out a cab and we should start for the station, and thence to Gordon Castle, and a few weeks after, when the new servant had got used to the run of the place, when the best of nurses should be installed, and the best of doctors advised to hold himself ready at a moment's notice, then, and not till then, and in quite an orderly and leisurely fashion, you know baby was to be born. Alas, alas! I had just reached my own gate that evening with the sweetest little puppy ever you saw in each pocket, and I only gave fifteen g's for them and wouldn't take fifty from my own father, when, instead of my wife, who should rush into my arms but the doctor. "I'm happy to tell you," says he, "that it's all over." "What the devil are you driving at?" cried I. "A beautiful boy," said he, and he really looked as pleased as if the beautiful boy were his, and not mine; it ain't his though, not in this case anyhow. Now here was a pretty kettle of fish, and had I been a useless son of a gun of a soldier, instead of a sailor, I guess I should have been a little taken aback. But I wasn't. I sent round to the neighbors to beg, borrow or steal everything available on such occasions; I riffed a hammock in an empty room, and bought one of those new patent cooking lamps which is warranted to cook a dinner for six men in seven minutes, and wash up the dishes afterward, and lo! here I am. I say though, don't you forget to post that check you promised my infant 'Frisky, on his blessed little birth. Sharp is the word, quick is the motion. Isn't it a lark though, and my wife, poor little innocent, says she really couldn't help it, and she'll never do so again. Have you ever been a father? Now, here is a curious thing—little 'Frisky talked the very moment he was born. Fact, the doctor told me. He looked up in the medicine man's face, and wunk a wink, and "Look alive, old Paraphymosis," says he, "cut this blooming bobstay and clear away the wreck. "But he hasn't talked any since, only whenever you look at him he returns the stare with interest, and he puts his little thumb to his little nose, extends his little fingers and takes a little sight. In my next letter I may be able to give a few hints on the breeding and management of babies, which, I doubt not, will prove interesting to you forlorn 'Fornians. In the meantime you are no doubt anxious to know what the little beggar is like. His pedigree, I need hardly tell you, is A 1 in the stud book. He is a taking little chap, looks a good 'un and a *game* 'un, just plenty of head and no more, with well placed ears and plenty of puppy hair. He stands eighteen inches at the shoulders, does little 'Frisky, is wide through the heart, good stern and not leggy—not too much daylight under him, you know. He is in good show condition and in splendid feather, and just look here, sir, if that child can't tell a good fox terrier when five year old, and write a letter to you on your 77th birthday without anybody looking over his shoulders, I'll swap him for a bull-pup, drop babies altogether and go in for Mount St. Bernards.

There is something very sad, yet very comical withal, in the story of the poor Jack, whose ship arrived in port the other day, and who, as soon as his feet touched British ground, hastened to his mother's cottage on an adjoining moorland. Jack had not seen the dear old lady—who was a hen wife, mind—for three long years. Jack's mother was at the door, apparently all right, although Jack couldn't for the life of him make out why she

wore "such a thundering lot of petticoats." The next thing that struck him as queer was that she did not hasten to meet him with the accostomed maternal kiss and tearful embrace. "Mother," cried Jack, "don't you know your Johnnie?" "Cluck, cluck," said his mother, shaking her head; "cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck," and she hurried off cluck-clucking all the way, and Jack hurried after her just in time to see her ensconce herself, in the most business-like manner possible, in a large *tubful of eggs*, which she evidently meant to hatch. Jack sat beside his poor, mad mother all the weary night, but never a word he got out of her after all but "cluck, cluck, cluck." A sad but comical little tale, so likewise is that which reaches us from the green sister isle. About twenty acres of the fair city of Dublin has been destroyed by burning whisky. The blazing current—some 50,000 gallons—ran down several streets, setting fire to everything in its way, and a great many Paddies were found dead not far off next day, from having drunk too deeply of the blazing punch. Bacchus doesn't often get such an ovation.

News Notes.—The Court is at Windsor, and they drive and dine *every* day. It is moreover currently reported that the Queen pared her royal toe nails yesterday, and that the Prince of Wales had a visit the day before from his chiropodist. Are we on the verge of a European war?——The Sultan of Zanzibar, a brave, intelligent Arab chieftain, whose shoe strings the Shah is unworthy to tie, and who does not like somebody, buys £300 worth of lollipops and can't pay for them, is at present on a visit to this country.——A Scottish volunteer last week refused a "grey-beard" of whisky which he had won with his weapon at a match!!? Wonders will never cease.——We have our usual number of daily murders, heartless seductions, breaches of promise, elopements, and mad doctors, drunken parsons, genteel swindling, systematic begging, wife kicking, cock fighting, cannibalism, arson, and theft, in fact we're very lively altogether, but the weather is wet and gloomy, and a select assortment of the most vicious thunderstorms have been playing old Harry in our large towns.——A drover (Scotch of course) lives nineteen days without food.——Moody and Sankey prohibited at Eton.——Baron Grant bought the *Echo* for £30,000. ——The Queen goes back to Balmoral on Aug. 17th.——Prince of Wales to Abergeldie on the 23d.——The Marquis of Lorne has turned poet, and Sir Arthur Gordon has gone to Fiji, and the Prince Imperial has been attached to the G. Battery, 24th Brigade, Royal Artillery; but, bless you, sir, that doesn't prevent a Scottish farmer from being abducted by the fairies, nor a small-pox patient escaping and parading Birmingham for two hours in his shirt, nor three parties from being convicted of fighting hens, trimmed and spurred and all, nor Colonel Baker from indecently insulting a young lady in a railway carriage.

Yours, as much as ever, GORDON STABLES, M. D., R. N.

P. S.—The above's written atop o' my old sea-chest in the intervals of scraping the potatoes, cooking the chops, and minding the baby, so if there are any errors in my etymology, syntax or prosody, please scrape 'em out, or send them, with my love, to Cicero Bates for correction.

P. P. S.—Who's your *Town Crier?* The '*F. N. L.*, of June 5th, just to hand. I like his column better than all the rest, and always turn to it first. But there is plenty of spice, a *haut gout* of the devil, in every page of the punkey publication. Good-bye once more. G. S.

Geo. C. Gorham has been a greatly abused man. Senator Booth recently indicated that he ought to be sent to the State Prison, and said right out that "his presence was an infection, his touch a contamination, and his affiliation political ruin." Now, we know Booth, and personally we like him. We know but little of Gorham. But we like fair play better than either. Under the circumstances, Gorham was entitled to a rejoinder, and so we have printed it in another column. We shall do the same for Senator Booth, if he gives us the occasion. We regret that Gorham struck where he did, but who shall say that a man, bitterly and personally assailed, may not defend himself? Surely, the higher law comes in there. This also is true, the Republicans defeated Gorham, yet he remains true to his affiliations; they made Booth, and he is now doing his level best to smash them up.

UNEXPECTED LETTER FROM MRS. 'ARRIS.

Her Motive in Writing.—Serious Accident to Dr. Smallbeer.—He Lies at the Point of Death.—Mrs. Harris Lies, too.—Postscript by Sayrah.

SUCTION 'OUSE, 'OBOKEN ON THE 'UDSON, }
Or some such a river, July 6, 1875. }

Sayrah, says I, 'urry up, like a haggrawatin' 'uzzy as you can be when dispoged to be hobnoxious to your poor old missus, and hopen that 'ere cupboard, and you will find two bottles, both on 'em unlibelled, which the one it is 'ot Scotch as was but 'alf cooled off, as is more 'olesome and ain't nobody's business, and the other it do 'appen to be hink. Bring them both to me hinstant, and look for my pen among the rubbidge in my work-box, as I fancy is alongside of the flower-pots, which is filled with jaloponicas, heely-outropes, crysanthelums, likeways lilies of the walley. Gapin' and stretchin' 'erself that wulgar as would 'ave forbid the banns in church and led to breach of promise when engaged to a young man when I was a gal, but times is haltered and noways for the better, that hindolent and haggrawatin' gal 'ollers in an 'arsh whisper as sounded through me, as am grown werry nervous of late. "Wot's the 'urry, missus, you ain't that rash surely as for to try and write letters sich an 'ot day as this!" I ain't in no rash, says I, so 'old your himperence, leastways please scratch my poor old back, Sayrah, for I 'ave an 'orrible hitch, which is what them botanical chaps, as knows all about nettles and sich like, do call the prickly 'eat, so 'and me that bottle—not the hink, you hidjiot, but the holewater—for write a letter I must this 'ere weritable mornin', to tell the *News Letter* wot a 'orrible haccident 'as 'appened to Dr. Smallbeer, or that there Marriott, as is a werry good man in his way, but is hawful fond of layin' people out and writin' their posthumous 'istory afore they is decently exhumed on their dyin' beds, will be a-writin' of 'is heppitaff, but not if Mrs. 'Arris can purwent it, though prespiring 'orrid at this moment through the 'eat, vich is an 'underd and some wulgar fractions in the back-yard, for I do purpose Dee Wee, as the sayin' is, to do up poor Smallbeer's corpse in the hundertaker's wuss, as is called a helegy, as 'ave not dropped into poetry since I wrote the "Wayside Gushings," and 'ave almost forgotten the long metre 'n the 'im books, which is all gas anyway.

For you must know, my dear *News Letter*, 'ow it is that a female at my time of life is hobligated by haccident to take hup 'er pen once more, as 'oped she 'ad laid it down for the last time, but no one as knows Mrs. 'Arris but can say she 'as a feelin' 'art, and to see a Christian, not to say genus of an 'igh horder like Dr. Theophilus Smallbeer, a-lyin' on 'is back, as was shot off with fireworks on the Fourth, which came on the Fifth to mark that something 'orrible would 'appen, by some 'orrid boys as howed 'im a grudge for chasti-sin' of 'em for himperence, as did ought to be abolished, for the boys of New York is all of 'em 'orrid monsters, and no ways not nat'ral, but like so many young Judas Iscarrots, which most of 'em 'ave red 'air, and the perlice afraid to lay 'ands on 'em for fear of wiolence to their pussons or clothin', which the doctor do say the wound, if not fatal, not bein' in a wital part—the wital parts bein' all on 'em up 'igher will 'ave the heffect of purwenting poor Smallbeer from ever sittin' down again in this world, unless it should be upon a borrowed seat, which hindia-rubber ain't strong enough for 'im, as is "a man of an unbounded stummick," as the late lamented Shakspar used to say of one of the kings or queens of 'is time, and the only 'ope is if 'is be'ind can be copper-plated. 'Is groans, poor dear crittur, is that hagonizing you can 'ear 'im a block off. I am a-nussin' of 'im, and Sayrah reads to 'im, as asks frequent, "'Ave any *News Letter* come for me, Mrs. 'Arris? It is werry hodd. I s'pose I must be content for Sayrah to read me 'Arrison Hainsworth's novels and Gibbings's 'Decline and Fall.'" Sayrah, 'ollers I, if you let 'im fall, you will be 'anged for murder, for you know werry well he 'as nothin' to fall upon, 'avin 'ad it shot hoff by them murderin' small boys with their crackers on the Fifth of July, as should 'ave been the Fourth.

But, O Lor', the prespiration is now a tricklin' right hoff me into the 'ot Scotch cold, as is rekisite to keep up hexausted witality in the heppygastricks sich weather as this, so I will axe Sayrah to add a poskrip, and please hexcuge more from Yours, 'opin' to 'ear from you,

MATILDA JANE 'ARRIS.

N. B.—'Ow is that howdacious willain Sparerib, the pork butcher, as brought the haction against me? Do he still make sassiges as made heverybody hill?

POSTSCRIPT BY SAYRAH.

SUCTION 'OUSE, 'OBOKEN ON THE 'UDSON.

My Dear Mr. News Letter: Mrs. 'Arris do desire me to hadd that 'er prickly 'eat is took wuss since compojing her letter, and I hope my spellin' is correct, as Mrs. 'Arris did bring me up by 'and, and vishes me to himitate 'er style, vich a young 'aberdasher 'ard by 'ave 'inted to me that if I don't offend my missus by getting married permiscuous, I shall werry soon 'ave the pleasure of attendin' 'er funeral, and vake hup a hairess next mornin'. Ho! what hecstasy to me, as is unable to gush and gad about as she vould vish, but is purwented by 'er suckemstances, howin' to the meanness of 'er missus.

Dr. Smallbeer desires me to say that the 'orrible explosion vich took place in 'is back through permiscuous lettin' hoff of fireworks on the hannual hanniversary—vich the devil take it, says he, if that's the way their young ones "celebrate" on an 'armless Britisher's be'ind, of our national hindependence, vich he means to see the Board of Supperwisors for a silver-plated be'ind with galwanic pipes and fixtures, likeways Congress to pay his doctor's bill—will not purwent his writin' to you once a week, irregular as me and Mrs. 'Arris can 'old 'im hup on a hair cushion. So no more at present, as it leaves me. Yours disrespeckfully, with kindest love to the young man in your hoffice vith the 'andsome vhiskers and hazure heyebrows. SAYRAH.

LET 'EM ALONE.

Messrs. Pickering and Fitch, of the *Bulletin* and *Call*, "ma two papers, both daily," have taken charge of the political affairs of the city and State, and wish it distinctly understood that they will not allow any interference. Deacon Fitch has made up *his* mind what he will do about it, and, having shoved his hands a few inches further through his sleeves, has put himself in distinct fighting trim. The Deacon don't *look* as if he would fight, but appearances may be deceitful. A mouse will turn on your boot if you tread on its tail, and we are willing to award the Deacon an equal amount of enterprise and courage. Now Pa Pickering is a different sort of man. There is a dash of the bandit in *his* fierce looks and jaunty swagger as he swings along the sidewalk in the morning as he goes to his office. Little dogs and children shrink from his terrible aspect in terror and alarm. The truth is, neither Pickering nor Fitch have killed a great many men, and their private cemetery for their victims has eluded search, but nevertheless they are not to be trifled with, and notice is hereby given that all nominating committees will immediately call at the *Bulletin* office and settle, take their dose and instructions from the Deacon; swear fealty, and possibly obtain pardon for their temerity. Now we wish to nominate two good and true men for office—no matter what, anything will do. We name Pickering, the festive old boy, for Water Commissioner, for instance. If the office is not extant, create it. He would run well; he ran splendidly at St. Louis, and clear out on the plains. Now for the Deacon. Make him Chaplain to the Board of Supervisors. He would sit up there in his little chair with his little rod of correction, and when any thieving scheme for robbing the city cropped out he would lay it on—make it warm for them—until per force they became a *Standing* Committee of penitents. By all means let us have good and pure men in office. We claim a patent for the idea and for the selection. Who seconds the Deacon and who puts up Fra Diavalo? Come now!

Last Easter Monday in four hours a volcanic eruption covered a large number of the most prosperous country districts of Iceland with ashes, pumice, and scoriaceous sand, and the result is that nearly 15,000 of the inhabitants are rendered destitute and threatened with starvation. Nearly 3,000 square miles of land, which was the pasture of 40,000 sheep, 2,000 cattle, and 3,000 horses, are now a profitless waste, and less unfortunate districts are crowded with people who have fled from the volcanic districts. There has been no similar misfortune in Iceland since 1783, and the consequences, already appalling, will be yet more disastrous unless aid is extended to the poor people. Iceland makes a shivering appeal to the sympathies of Europe and America.

TALKING BY FLASHES OF LIGHT.

The new instrument, which Mr. Mance has called a Heliograph, but which might just as well be called a selenograph or lampadograph, since it enables the person who uses it to signal with any light bright enough to be reflected to the needful distance, is simply a little mirror, the inclination of which can be so altered, even by a hair's breadth, in any plane, as to enable the person who uses it to reflect a ray of light from its surface precisely in a given line of direction. It does not matter whether the place to which the message is to be sent can be seen at the moment or not. Of course, if the place be at all far off, and the message be sent by artificial light at night, it would be impossible to see the destination of the message. Still, if in the day-time, when the place was visible, the precise direction requisite for the ray to travel in order to reach its destination had been ascertained, there will be no manner of difficulty in sending it off in that direction, even at a time when you are quite unable to see the goal to which you are sending it. All you need to assure you of its arrival, and to obtain a reply, is the appearance of a star of light in the line in which you have transmitted your own ray—which star is perceived through a minute transparent spot of your mirror, from which the silver has been rubbed off. That signal once received, the communication is established, and nothing is easier than to converse with your distant correspondent. This is done by means of the system known as the Morse system of Telegraph, a system which expresses all the letters of the alphabet by means of different combinations of a dot and a line. When using light signals, the dot is represented by an instantaneous flash and disappearance of the star, the line by a somewhat longer apparition of it. And by the aid of this very simple language, any two persons whose mirrors can carry a flash over the distance between them may converse at will for any time during which their lights serve them. But how far can signals of this kind be perceived? The answer is, of course, that this depends very much on the light used. With a bright and a tolerably good altitude, there seems no sort of difficulty in conversing at the distance of fifty miles; and with strong mirrors and much more elevated stations, such as the tops of really high mountains, like Mont Blanc, for example, we can see no reason why a very much longer range indeed could not easily be attained. In India it appears that Captain Collette, deputy-assistant quartermaster-general, has reported from Simla that all "the reports of the work of the heliograph except one (to be noticed subsequently) are favorable, and all agree on the following points: (*a*) that signals given by it are perfectly clear and satisfactory; (*b*) that they can easily be used in ordinary weather, without telescopes, up to fifty miles."

THE NEXT GREAT DISCOVERIES.

The fertility of the human mind is not yet exhausted. We are on the eve of great discoveries. Soon we shall have a motive power without the aid of coal, and gas manufactured from the common atmosphere. These accomplished, we shall have innumerable flying machines, propelled with infinitely more safety than the locomotive is to-day. These are by no means visionary. It has long been known that the combustion of the atmosphere would generate steam. The thing has often been written about, described, and actually demonstrated on a small scale. Active minds are engaged upon the work of making the discovery practically useful, and at any moment we may learn that perfect success has rewarded their labors. It will as certainly be done as that the sun shines at noonday. Gas has already been generated from the air. Two years ago a street lamp in London was illuminated from air gas, but there was some difficulty in carrying out the experiment on a large scale. These difficulties will assuredly give way to further investigations. Then almost everybody knows, or ought to know, that there is no difficulty in propelling a machine through the air except the great weight of the motive power. Remove this difficulty and the thing is done. Make gas out of the atmosphere, or steam without coal, and flying machines will be the ordinary means of postal conveyance. There are thousands of men living to-day who will see all these three wonders fully accomplished.

THE RENDERED ROSE.

Into his hat she flung a rose,
Pledge of a friendship true and tried,
That storms and sunshine had seen disclose,
That tears and sorrow had purified.
Whether he threw it by that night,
In his worried mood of trouble and thought
Or garnered its leaves with a fond delight
It matters little, its task was wrought!

Into her coffin he dropped a rose,
Faded and sere, and sweet no more.
"Go," he said, "at the evening's close,
The gift of the noonday I restore!
When at the judgment-bar we stand,
Face to face in that awful hour,
Once again from her constant hand
I shall receive thee—a peerless flower!"

—*C. A. Warfield.*

A BALL AT THE RUSSIAN EMBASSY.

Speaking of the recent ball given by the Count Schouvaloff at the Russian Embassy to the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, the London *Times* says: Cheshamhouse never presented a more brilliant *ensemble*. The conveniently planned *suite* of State apartments, through the profuse liberality of the host and the carefully studied arrangements for the comfort and enjoyment of the guests, left nothing that good taste could desire. Since the Ambassador assumed his diplomatic functions as representative of Russia of the Court of St. James the house and State rooms have been entirely redecorated and furnished; in not mentioning that fact we should be overlooking one of the chief features which contributed to the splendor of the ball. The State saloons are on the first floor, and consist of the crimson drawing-room, a large ball-room, the panels and hangings of amber satin damask, and two boudoirs forming a quadrangle with a noble and handsome marble staircase in the center. The room which attracted most admiration was one of the boudoirs, the walls of which are hung with blue satin paneled out with embroidery and flowers in their natural colors, and although no pretense seems to have been attempted at style, yet the details and general effect were after that of Louis XVI. The crimson drawing-room, so called from the rich color of its figured satin drapery, contains a *chef d'œuvre* of Winterhalter in the portrait of the Dowager-Empress of Russia. The only paintings in the several rooms are portraits of the Imperial family of Russia. On the balcony leading out of the drawing-room a pretty little tent was erected, lined with mirrors, and tastefully carpeted and decorated. The ball-room was illuminated from three crystal chandeliers, and, like all the other rooms thrown open, was lighted by some thousands of wax candles. The entrance and grand staircase were profusely arranged with exotic plants and beautiful flowers, and the principal rooms were likewise adorned with groups of the choicest flowers.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, accompanied by Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, arrived at twenty minutes past eleven o'clock, attended by Lord Ramsay, Lady Susan Melville, and the Hon. C. Eliot, and on alighting from their carriages were received by his Excellency Count Schouvaloff and the several Secretaries and attaches of the Embassy—M. Davidoff, Count N. Alderberg, Prince Dolgorouky, General Gorloff, and M. Kopitoff—assembled in the entrance hall. The Ambassador handed to each of the Princesses a magnificent bouquet of white flowers—a graceful compliment he subsequently paid to the Princess of Wales on her arrival. On the entry of the carriages into the courtyard the Coldstream Guards' band struck up "God Save the Queen," and afterwards played the Russian National Hymn.

The third and fourth volumes of the Comte de Paris' "History of the American War" have been published in Paris.

[From the Town Crier Column of the S. F. News Letter.]

This village has more virtue, talent, and coin than any other place of its size on this green, revolving planet. Our women are Helens, our men are Apollos, our preachers are full of the marrow of chastity, our church members freighted down with the love of Christ. We have poets before whose sublime talents poor old Horace, the divine William, and the immortal Dante must hide their insignificant heads. We are freighted with coin, the bright, shining article, as a ship that goes out to sea with her bulwarks washed with briny waters. Verily, our lines have been cast in pleasant places, but, alas, there are dark shades to the brightest picture. Our street contractors are the terror of teamsters, our policemen the terror of honest men, our politicians the poison of political life, our lawyers the Messiahs of strife, our doctors kill more than they cure. We look in vain for the one thing perfect; we find it not except within our own immaculate bosom. There is peace, beauty, and blessedness all the day long and all the night long. Of all things that God has created in this mundane world what can compare with our immaculate self. The object of this paragraph is to prove that condensed egotism, when spiced with truth, has the rich flavor of sarcasm.

Messrs. Spaulding and Donovan, of the San Francisco School Department, have sat upon Mr. Murphy, also of that delectable system, and have decreed that the somewhat wheezy notes which rattle in his throat are not adapted to the musical needs of San Francisco children. While one cannot help contemplating with wonder all the silent forces of Nature which have converged in one grand freak to make a music teacher of Mr. Murphy, when the silent forces of Nature might have been very much better employed, one cannot also help floating in an opaline sea of amaze in trying to find out what the deuce Donovan and Spaulding know about it. Holy Mother, has it came to this! That as all the teachers must learn to draw, whether they be goggle-eyed, cross-eyed, cock-eyed, or otherwise incapacitated, our Donovans and O'Kellys must be graduates of the Conservatoire before they can become accomplished Directors. Out upon Mr. Murphy for a dullard! Why didn't you call yourself Murfino, and speak with the other accent.

Brigham Young is a widower. The heedless young thing who reads this sentence and remembers with a thrill that he now has the whole bed to thrash around in, that his marriage certificate is no more to him than a piece of paper around a cake of soap, that he can go to the lodge without explanations, or to the springs and leave his exact address, has but a limited idea of his condition. He may put crape on his hat and look interesting; he may permit himself to be petted and coddled by all the old hags in the country; he may allow eyes to be made at him by all the young ones; he may lay a foundation of letters for a breach of promise suit; he may take to religion as a consolation; but alas, poor boy, he cannot begin to taste the sweets and delights of complete widowhood until he has attended nineteen more funerals in the capacity of chief mourner. There must be a deal of wear and tear in being so much of a husband, but the ravages of such widowing our natural cheerfulness refuses to contemplate.

A deaf and dumb peripatetic picture dealer was heard to declaim loudly to his wife the other night against man's inhumanity to man. His feelings had been outraged in the grossest manner by a lady attempting to sympathize with him in the deaf and dumb alphabet, of which he was as guileless as a professional stump speaker. Our addresses to these unfortunates should always be tempered with discretion. It is never safe to ask a blind beggar to raise his shade and show you his sore eye. An armless beggar resents the intrusion if you request to see the stumps. Put no confidence in wooden or cork legs, but if you meet a beggar without any legs at all, it is safe to ask him what war he lost them in. To insinuate that they were blown up in a mine or run over by a truck is to insult the feelings of a man whose constitutional languor and aristocratic disinclination to work constrain him to rob you in the most feeling manner his sympathetic nature can suggest.

An enterprising parson has offered a prize of $200 for the best essay upon the subject of "why men don't go to church." In the first place,

the sitting room lounge is more conducive to a comfortable sleep than the back of a pew, whatever the style of molding. Some one must stay home and take care of the baby. Church time comes on Sunday morning and two sermons in a day after his "Saturday night out" are too strong a dose anyhow. He never has a new bonnet, and if he had, the natural viciousness of his character would make him put it on hind side before to cause a scandal. He don't like collection plates passed around by snuffy-nosed deacons. He likes to give the parson a chance to get his salary raised. He is an irreligious brute anyhow, and church time falls just at the most favorable hour for a game. Any unoccupied Bohemian who chooses to work these suggestions up into an essay will find us perfectly willing to divide the prize money with him.

The five young lady cousins of the King of Sweden are reported as a quintette of frisky damsels, who spend their leisure hours in going on sprees, during which they career through the streets knocking down omnibusses, overturning peddlers' carts, and behaving themselves generally not according to the accepted customs of young ladyhood. We don't know how they manage these things in Sweden, but if these young frolics took up their residence here for about a week, we would guarantee that their illustrious uncle would cool his heels in the halls of the Police Court, waiting to give bail for them, while the young ladies, down stairs, would luxuriate in the new sensation of a good spanking at the hands of the matron. Perhaps a liberal use of the slipper would answer just as well on the other side of the water.

Mr. Somebody or other of Marysville woke up the other night with a very unpleasant sensation. A bullet was waltzing through his ear and another trying to find a passage to the Polar Sea through his elbow. Before the amazed gentleman could express an opinion upon the subject, a slight shortness of breath convinced him that his left lung had been punctured and his right knee doubled up under him in the most aggravating manner. At this juncture he began to get mad, and when he felt a piece of shoulder-blade crashing through the mirror, he grasped the intruder by the throat and asked him what he meant. The reply is forever lost to the world. It is perhaps cruel to wish harm to any one, but we respectfully petition the intruder to return to his work. We confess to a ravishing curiosity to know how long this Marysville man could stand up under such firing, and where he must be hit to be killed.

The man who invented photography was doubtless a harmless and guileless fellow upon whose memory we shall cast no aspersions. If he deserved anything bad, he probably has it by this time. But the men who improved upon it, deserve to have their names handed down to the bitter scorn of a nauseated people. Every one likes to see a fine-looking young woman, but by the time she has been taken sitting, standing, and reclining, with her eyes rolled up and turned down, and peering out sideways, with her hat on and her hat off, with side face, front face, and three-quarter face, with no face at all, but a bounteous supply of back hair, in all sorts of rigs and all sorts of postures, the thought cannot help suggesting itself to a well regulated mind that in order to run the gamut, it only remains for her to be taken in an inverted position. Therefore photography is a baleful influence when it comes to that.

Any one who has ever laid his arm pathetically about a balky mule's neck, and entreated him for the love of heaven to move on, who has thrown the mule upon his honor when he wouldn't move, and who has belabored the mule when the spurs of honor have failed to prick, is probably the only man who has a vivid and realizing sense of the efforts of the American people to make Grant speak a piece about the third term. It will now become that individual to step forward and explain to Californians the futility of attempting to make Newton Booth defend himself in a speech. It is fast being borne in upon the minds of public men that the only true road to success is to nod, nod, nod like a daffy-down-dilly, with never a word to say. A dumb man's wisdom is incalculable.

We are flooded with a new batch of "stars" in the theatrical, musical and artistic world. They are of male and female mold. We have no objection to their existence, but we enter a protest against the effort now being made to prevent their owners from charging a little extra for the pleasure of hearing them. If the public ass is to be amused by first class talent, the animal should handsomely reward its riders.

The comfort of pedestrians is seriously interfered with of late by the bands of young women who have turned out apparently in concerted movement to prove to the world that this is a prolific country. A man might as well earn his living by dancing the sword dance as attempt to go from the Post Office to the Grand Hotel without running into two or three baby perambulators. One wouldn't mind if they didn't look so vicious about it. But they carry their heads high in air, and propel the machine at about the speed of the San Jose train, and if the sufferer allows the contusion of his shins to be reflected on his countenance, she looks at him as if he were mad because he hadn't a baby, and threatens to telescope him with the whole concern, infant perambulator and all. Thrice is she armed that hath a baby.

The reprehensible practice of throwing babies and other stuff into vacant lots has come into favor again. We do not wish to contest the doctrine that babies are sunbeams in the house, and joys forever, and all that sort of thing, but if parents about to discard their offspring would first provide the little dear with a certificate of vaccination, it would inexpressibly relieve the mind and contribute to the comfort of that ridiculous individual, the early bird, who gathers the babies. In fact, the whole proceeding would be materially improved upon his cremating the superfluous baby in the family oven with the corn bread. It must be a deal of trouble for an unwilling mother to hunt up an empty lot.

Mr. Skiffington threw his wife off a balcony, and settled up with the undertaker the first of the month. Since this fatal business there has broken out among the ranks of married men a melancholy predisposition to balconies. They all want to throw one out somewhere. They are willing recklessly to pluck out bow windows by the roots, to tear down mansard roofs, all but the railing; to eliminate the pantry from the dining-room system and substitute a balcony. This may be regarded as a mania, for surely the staircase affords equal facilities if the unhappy husband doesn't blunder, but counts every step when her head bumps and makes sure she strikes the last one. Try it, gentlemen. The carpenters are all on the Palace Hotel.

The invalidity of the title of Bidwell's ranch seems to point to a reasonable willingness on the part of Providence to settle in life a number of gentlemen whose ultimate fates are enshrouded in the deep mysteries of new parties. It strikes our feeble judgment that after life's fitful fever a ranch would be just the thing for these worthies. One bought and paid for after the accepted fashion would be as nauseous as a genuine pill without a sugar coating. But, while the title hangs fire, let them jump in and squat upon all they can. Our word for it, Higgins, Gannon, Chute, Zeke Wilson, and Nap Broughton could make a very jolly town of Lobbyville.

Some enterprising individual advertises for a staunch Protestant to take charge of a bakery. This may be considered a direct and fatal blow at the very foundations of Popery. There really is no knowing when a good sound Catholic may take a notion to perform transubstantiation upon a whole batch of the best dough, and people will be gobbling away at a Sunday lunch without knowing it. It now only remains for some daring individual to do away with all signs, emblems and types, by dismissing all cross-eyed men from the business.

Man is a strange mixture. He can war like a lion, bellow like a bull, grunt like a hog, bray like a jackass, coo like a dove, sing like a nightingale, crow like a rooster, cackle like a hen, howl like a fiend. He can be cunning as a fox, slimy as a sneak, harmless as a lamb; he can love to-day and hate to-morrow. Poor devil, he may, within forty-eight hours, be afflicted with gripes, lumbago, piles, vomit and yellow fever. But he is plucky; he never dies before his time comes. We refer to man as developed in California. In the insignificant outside world he is, of course, an insignificant nothing.

Boyton life suits are all very well for sea-faring men, and the inventor no doubt merits the thanks of all persons intending to be shipwrecked, but commend us to the benefactor of his race who will invent some kind of a flea-proof garment. Fleas are without doubt the curse of California. Scratching only increases their already ravenous appetite, and catching them is almost out of the question. Will no one offer a reward for the invention of a flea-proof suit?

GRANGERS.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 23, 1875.

To the Editor of the "News Letter."—SIR: Pardon me, a poor laboring man, for asking you to publish a few remarks I am going to make. I have been a constant reader of your paper for the last five years, and believe it to be the true exponent of public feeling, although I do not agree with it in some of its religious views; but one thing I do like about it is its fair play. You must excuse any inaccuracies I make, as I am not a scholar. Now, sir, to come to the point, (if I ever can) I want to talk about a subject of vital interest to this city, and that is the Granger movement. When that movement first started, I as a laboring man, felt a warm interest in it, and did what little I could do to help it along, as one of its principles was my motto—fair play. Now is it possible that a set of knaves, or, worse still, a set of fools, have obtained the possession of the chief offices of what was supposed to be the great benefit to the producer. Now, sir, I am not good in figures, but I think, if I remember correctly, that the firm of E. E. Morgan's Sons, agents for the Grangers, failed, according to a report in a New York paper, for some $1,200,000, and their assets were nothing. This I consider a pretty good failure, so long as the Grangers can stand it. But the point I want to make is this: Is it fair play on the part of the farmer to hold back all his wheat in the face of a fleet of 70 vessels in port, brought here by their own representations? Consider, Mr. Grangers, these vessels came here in good faith, and looked for *fair play*. Most of them loaded coal at Sydney or Newcastle simply as ballast, and I understand from good authority that it does not pay them the original cost. Some of these vessels have been lying in this harbor for nearly 12 months, and yet Mr. Granger says: More ships are coming; freights will go lower. Has not the Granger on the sea as much right to fair play as the Granger on the soil? Now a word of warning. Grangers are understood to mean men who are bound together for a purpose that is good to all. Is it right, after getting these vessels to come here, to take advantage of them? Do you consider the risk you run? Coal is the principal cargo they bring to this coast. As a reasonable man, I suppose the owners will say, after they once get clear from San Francisco: No more Pacific Coast for us. What will be the result? Coal and bags will advance 100 per cent. The farmer will have his wheat on hand, and no ship to take it away, paying interest month after month, and as he does so will say: "I wish I had dealt in fair play."

Now, Mr. Editor, in regard to the management of the Granger lodges, whether the managers are knaves or fools is a pretty hard question to decide, judging from last year's experience. I think they must have been fools to advise men to ship wheat to Europe in the face of a dead loss, when they could have obtained good prices here. And now, when the farmer has a chance to sell his wheat at 2c., out go the circulars from the Granges saying "don't sell." Of course the poor farmer thinks he is in good hands, and follows the advice given, and before he knows that the weather has changed in England, down comes the price; and then the wheat or produce is handed over to the Granger's Association to sell, and then God pity the poor producer. I confess, Mr. Editor, there does seem something rotten in this management to me. Of course, not being a business man, I ought not to know; but one thing I do know, and that is this: That Mr. Walcott, of E. E. Morgan's Sons, has again made his appearance on the street, and smokes the finest cigars. Do the poor farmers pay for them, or are they some of the assets not made over to the receiver? You will please excuse me, Mr. Editor, for troubling you to read such a long rigmarole, but if you will print any part of it so as to do good to my fellow citizens and the State at large, (and here I must say that I think the subject of such vital importance to all that I wish some one with an able and masterly pen could write it), you will oblige,

Yours obediently, LABORER.

The cigar manufacturers of the country have made out a strong case against the proposition of the government to affix a stamp to each cigar. The makers say that the labor of affixing would be great and would have to be entrusted to subordinates; the stamps might be stolen and not affixed, inspection would necessitate the examination of the contents of every box, the stamps would either drop off or else injure the cigar in removal, etc.

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"WHY MEN DON'T GO TO CHURCH."

Nineteen. Not nineteen square, and I might be
"The Book of Sermons."

It is said that the Rev. Henry Morgan, of Boston, offers one hundred dollars for the best essay on this subject. Although I consider the chance too slim for my taste, I cannot refrain from offering my own personal opinion on the theme, and essay a solution of the question: "Why won't men go to church?"

In brief, I need not say, for more I would not, an investigation of the current meaning of the question. As it confronts one it is: Why intelligent men are restless, and many of the worse ignorant are regular. I am not a man to devote my energies without compensation except the love gentlemen wished to confer upon me. For this reason, I could have the best will in the world to the enterprise, and yet refuse to answer the question to the satisfaction of the Rev. Henry Morgan, of any number, and myself.

"Why don't men go to church?" A most pertinent question, indeed. It presumes that the best undergraduate education has been conferred, the many best studied minds, having already reached some definite opinion, have considered the question unanswered. Had the Rev. Henry Morgan not propounded it, I would never have asked myself, "Why should men go to church?" Does he think so? The question itself implies that Rev. Henry Morgan, who attracts the most able, as to speech, it appears to himself that eminent company we go to church. Now I belong to the select few, and am therefore somewhat interested in the question: "Why don't men go to church?"

Because there are "things undreamed with" heaven and with the faculty of judging right from wrong.

Because it is their duty as men to battle against corruption, falsehood, and oppression. Because they know that all sanctified modes of labour promote any progression. Because they know that good results can never be obtained by bad means.

Many more reasons could be given, but I consider the above quite sufficient for me to show to the Rev. Henry Morgan. Why men don't go to church.

There are, of course, a great many male persons who do not go to church, but these are no men. They go either because they desire some monetary benefit by seeing it, and such persons are hypocrites, or because they are in search of amusement and excitement that their proper purpose in the dissolute atmosphere to which such persons are liable. Just men, upright humans, scientific and thinking men, don't go to church.

When mankind was in its infancy it was very naturally frightened at the phenomena of nature, such as thunder, lightning, earthquakes, etc. Having at that time no knowledge of nature, what was easier than to suppose the cause of such things to be supernatural? Imaginations, which are always strongest when possessed by ignorance, at once set to work, and created the idea of a Deity, and the many of mortal days on earth knew differently that Him was summoned by different methods.

The simplest epoch in religious history is that of Jesus of Nazareth, who was called to the throne for spreading wisdom and truth, and afterwards declared a mode of commanding conduct to all nations and to all times.

But, instead of following the precepts of universal love and forgiveness, instead of accepting all men into communal companionship and love, man hired and asked us that always Sick Shepherd the Spirit of the universe no less than before, for it is blasphemy to suppose that sublime being whom we call God with our petty views and grievances. "Give us this day our," etc. It is blasphemy to suppose we are able to understand Him. It is blasphemy to suppose and believe that we are the special objects of his attention—care and love, the objects as to say of a Divine act, entitled, "A set to provide for all mankind during life upon earth, and afterwards in Heaven," etc.

How our modern augurs and soothsayers laugh at the classical fables of mythology. How they scorn the idea that Zeus, or Zeus as He was called in those times, assumed the shape of a man, and paid a loving visit to a woman on earth, who in due time gave birth to a demi-god—Hercules: or that Zeus, transformed into a swan, impregnated a young lady and made her mother of two maiden ladies, each of which contained twins, thereby furnishing the world with the arithmetical proverb: twice two is four.

Yes, our gospel expounders are ever ready to ridicule such stories, and to prove them false, whilst in the next minute they would spit fire and flames should any one dare to doubt the deity of Christ, the fathership of the Holy Ghost in the shape of a dove, or the veracity of the sentence—thrice one is *one*.

Enough of this nonsense. It has been introduced with great pains all over the world, and (since the majority of mankind is ever ready to believe the greatest impossibilities and the most palpable lies sooner than listen to reason and truth) has taken such firm root that many a pen—the only effective weapon against it—will be spoiled before this nonsense will appear in its true light to all.

Rome took the lead in its propagation; there stands its cradle, and the holy Roman Catholic Church is the mother of our modern "Christian" religions. They are all essentially alike, although they differ in some points of doctrine, and their relation to each other is best expressed by a modified Josh Billingsism: "One religion iz az bad az anudder, and a durned site wurse!" The houses wherein religion, viz., nonsense is sold all over the world are called "churches." How, then, can a sensible man in our century so far forget himself as to ask, "Why men don't go to church?"

And now are you answered, Rev. Henry Morgan of Boston? I hope you are. I hope sincerely that you have enough reason left to see the truth when it appears naked before you. I hope that you have enough manliness about you to answer truthfully whether you do see it or not. And if you do, then throw away your clerical apparel, wear a turn-down collar and a necktie of gladness. Throw all religious humbug overboard, and adore the Deity as every upright man does; adore Him as the Being of whose powers you know nothing, and of whose substance you can form no idea. And should this be too abstractive for you, use the formula:

$$(X + Y + Z)^{150}$$

and be happy. Remember that the great Schiller did not belong to any religious sect for religion's sake, and go and do likewise.

Are you answered? Do you comprehend my meaning? If not, read this once more, and then, perhaps, these few lines will not have been written for nothing, although I greatly doubt that the grapes have sweetened so quickly. "Why don't men go to church?" What a question! Hal, what a question!

MAX BETZEL.

A BREACH OF CUSTOM.

We take this opportunity of assuring visitors from Idaho and other remote territories that toothpicks are cheap, gratis to all who pay a long bit for a short drink, or who hand out fifty cents to pay for a three-bit lunch. The necessity of this bit of special information was suggested last Monday at noon, while standing at the corner of California and Montgomery streets; a man stepped out of a well known saloon in that quarter, with a look of fixed determination on his face, drew from a side pocket a sheath-knife nine inches long, opened it, grasped the horn handle nervously, looked anxiously up and down the street, then turning his eyes to heaven, sternly pointed the gleaming blade towards his throat! Quicker than thought his hands and arms were pinioned by more than one terrified bystander. "Hold him! stop him! help!" they cried. The bewildered look of the supposed suicide was interpreted as a sign of madness, which swiftly vanished when the astonished stranger asked to be allowed "to pick his teeth, and he would tell them all he knew of Silver City lodes!"

Word comes from the Pennsylvania oil region that many of the old wells are still active, and that recently nine new wells have been started by old operators. The Stewart well, struck near Titusville, a month ago, has yielded 2,000 barrels, and has since been drilled deeper, and the indications are that it will be a large well. A great demand and competition for leases on other farms, in which eight old operators took part, has thus been stimulated.

A CAKE OF SOAP.

The following beautiful little poem was written by a gentleman of this city, ("Caxton,") and read by him at the last "High Jinks" of the Bohemian Club, when Col. William Harney officiated as Sire:

I stood at my washstand one bright summer morn,
And peeped through the blinds at the uprising corn,
And mourned that my summers were passing away
Like the dew on the meadow that morning in May.

I seized for an instant the iris-hued soap
That glow'd in the dish, like an emblem of hope,
And said to myself, as I melted its snows,
"The longer I use it the lesser it grows."

For life in its morn is full-freighted and gay,
And fresh as the rainbow when clouds float away;
Sweet-scented and useful, it sheds its perfume
Till wasted or blasted it melts in the tomb.

Thus day after day while we lather and scrub
Time wasteth and blasteth with many a rub,
Till thinner and thinner the soap wears away,
And age hands us down to dust and decay.

O, Bessie! dear Bessie, as I dream on thee now,
With the spice in thy breath and the bloom on thy brow,
To a cake of pure Lubin thy life I compare,
So fragrant, so fragile, and so debonair!

But fortune was fickle, and labor was vain,
And want overtook us with grief in its train,
Till worn out by troubles, death came in the blast;
But thy kisses, like Lubin's, were sweet to the last.

[From the San Francisco News Letter.]

ROB YOUR NEIGHBORS AND SERVE THE STATE.

To the Editor News Letter—SIR: In the *Morning Call* last week I read a paragraph that ought to be headed "Startling Intelligence," but it was presented to the public as ordinary news, and did not create a sensation. The paragraph contained an account of Charles Pfeiffer, a notorious thief, convicted of six robberies. It was discovered that he had two or three thousand dollars in the bank, and the Judge fined him $200 for each offence. The dull-souled *Call* says "it was a heavy fine." It was a disgrace. When the State descends to profit by the knavery of the people, it is ruined, and they are lost. The administration of the law in this case may be regarded as bad advice to the patriotic people. The true interpretation of the law is simply this: *Rob your neighbors and serve the State: what you take from them in booty, the State takes from you in fines.* I am utterly amazed! In this "free country" I have discovered that *the law* says: *The prison is a place reserved exclusively for poor thieves!* In the law of England there is no clause that protects the white-handed rich thief. In that country the merciful Judge remembers that poverty is sometimes an excuse for petty larceny, but he never forgets that the wealth of a rich thief is a witness for the crown. Here—but why should I presume to compare this "free country" with old-fashioned England. I shall not do so even though I am an Irishman. But I may venture to say this: If Mr. Charles Pfeiffer had been convicted of six robberies in any part of the United Kingdom, all the gold in the Bank of California would not save his white hands from the stone hammer, nor his fine hair from the prison shears. In a free country——. It is time to stop.

I am, yours truly, G. A. E.

Trade Frauds.—This subject is being actively followed up, and within the next week or two we shall begin to make startling disclosures of what we eat and drink. The eminent chemist, Mr. Alfred Paraf, whose laboratory is at Brannan street, between Seventh and Eighth, has kindly consented to act as our analyst. We know that he is a very able one, whose conclusions we shall, if necessary, be able to maintain in courts of law.

PICTURES NOT ON VIEW AT THE LAST EXHIBITION.

NAUGHTY JONES.

No. 18. This life-like picture is by far the best of its kind that has come under our notice. The scene is laid in the office of Falkner, Bell & Co. that used to be, now known as the den of Jones, Brown & Robinson. It represents Walker, who has lately returned from the East, hauling little Jones over the coals. Jones is down on his knees, the tears trickle down his fat, rubicund cheeks, and he seems to be saying, "Let me off this time; I won't do it again." Walker looks stern and uncompromising, and is evidently, to use a slang phrase, giving the kneeling abject little transgressor "fits." A book lies open upon the desk, in which one can plainly read a long list headed, "Insurance Policies Lost Since Dave White Left." Lying on the floor is a large document with "Hathaway's Wharf" written on it in large letters, while on another is seen the ominous word "Settled." We cannot speak too highly of the artistic grouping, strong outlines, and bold yet true coloring of this picture. The background alone is a first-class work of art, as the grinning faces of the clerks peeping through the door show plainer than any words can. How pleased they are to see the self-inflated little lump of pomposity brought to account for his many mistakes. The painting has been purchase by a lot of insurance clerks, who have clubbed together for the purpose, and is to be sent as a present to the home office of the Imperial.

MONTGOMERY AVENUE.

No. 19. This is a somewhat satirical picture. It is painted by a local artist, and portrays with striking fidelity the wretchedly unfinished state of the great dust funnel of the city. Partly demolished houses, half hidden by clouds of dust, piles of old bricks, and debris of every description, give the observer a true idea of the wretched condition of the much-vaunted avenue. This picture has been presented to the Board of Supervisors by the inhabitants of that dust-begrimed neighborhood.

TRUE PATRIOTISM.

No. 20. This elaborate painting, which is somewhat larger than the picture of "Lookout Mountain," represents a group of patriots making out their little bills for the Fourth of July Committee. A prominent figure in the group is that of an adiposé songstress, who is quietly writing down "$250 for songs sung." Space does not permit of our giving descriptions of the numerous figures and their occupations and prices, but the whole is a most glorious portrayal of the kind of patriotism which now distinguishes all active participators in our national holiday ceremonies.

FACTS ABOUT BROKERS.

How many brokers at one time or another have failed to meet their engagements? We think the frauds of this kind will bear even a larger proportion to the true men than do the quacks to the true physicians. We shall soon be able to tell, for we are preparing a list of past, present, and probable future lame ducks, the two first for publication and the last for such special remarks as they may seem to require. We take the position that a broker who buys on commission has no moral or legal right to fail in his engagements with his customers; that, in fact, he is a thief, who ought to be expelled from the Board of which he is a member, and be deemed for ever thereafter, until he has made good his stealings, an unfit associate for honest men. That is the true morality of the position, and difficult as the task may seem, we shall nevertheless have an active public opinion with us before we are through. Some brokers will have to go across the Bay, others will have to be expelled the Boards, whilst all will have to live upon a higher plane of honesty than at present regulates the gigantic operations of stock buying and selling. We know our own earnestness; we are beginning to get an insight into the monstrous evils we propose to expose, and we know that at the bottom the sentiment of this community is sound. The people here may be slow to act against common evils, but when they do move, their march is irresistible. We shall move them. Never fear! The frauds we shall bring to light will come home too near to their breeches pocket to be lightly disregarded.

We say the broker who buys on commissions and fails to keep his engagements with his customers is a thief. A broker may also be an operator on his own account, and may, through an unexpected decline in the market, fail to pay the seller and yet remain an honest man. But that is just the kind of thing he seldom fails to do. On the contrary he usually endeavors to make good such engagements, and that at the expense of his innocent customers, who have deposited with him their money and their stocks. His stock having been purchased from a broker, he is bound to make good the purchase money or lose his seat. Moreover that nice little nest-egg that a seat is valued at protects brokers against one another. The man who pays a high price for his seat is that much weaker towards his outside customers, whilst he is that much stronger towards his fellow brokers. He keeps straight with them even if he has to steal the stock and money of outsiders to do it with. He would rather run the risk of going to San Quentin than that of being expelled from the Board. Then he has a strong hold upon his customers, so strong indeed that it has proved up to this date almost irresistible. He says, "I will pay you when I can, but if you push me I shall be deprived of the power of making restitution." The customer sees the force of this, he gives time, and in about one case in ten profits by his forbearance. Was there ever a worse species of robbery? You get your customer's confidence and then rob him. Yet there are scores of brokers who to-day are rich and hold their heads high who have engaged in this swindling operation, and some of them have gone through it again and again. The public has a bad memory and wants to have it jogged occasionally. We shall put an indelible brand on many places, where it will do the most good, before we are through. We shall from week to week give pen and ink sketches, taken from life. Next week we shall tell of one man who has failed several times and grown rich by the process. We had expected to have that sketch ready this week, but we go slow in order to go sure. Whilst our private inquiries are going on, two or three public ones are in order.

A. W. Whitney.—Will this person tell us why he lost his seat in the old Board, and by what whitewashing process he became fit to enter the new one? Will he tell us how many times, if any, he has failed as a commission broker, and what arrangements he made in each case to make good his deficiencies. Will he tell us how many, if any, poor women lost their all by reposing confidence in him? Will he explain what he did with Harry Hugg's shares of Savage, whether he broke the market with his customer's property, what the Board did about it, and what settlement he finally made? Will he furthermore vouchsafe a satisfactory assurance as to the means by which he will not in the future, as he has so frequently in the past, find himself unable to meet his engagements?

G. W. Smiley.—Will Mr. Smiley tell us why he ceased to be Caller of the Old Board, and why thereafter a pledge was exacted from its Caller not to deal in stocks? Will he tell us, or the public, what he knows about the stock of the American Co., and explain his transactions in connection therewith, and so save us the trouble of doing it for him?

W. C. Budd.—Will Mr. Budd tell us whether he has ever failed to meet his engagements to his outside customers, and if so how he holds his valuable seat in the Old Board, and whether he fully paid his creditors, if any, before he began to enact expensive scenes like that at the "Poodle Dog" the other night, which we shall hereafter describe?

Mark L. McDonald.—We had a whole column of inquiries to put to this gentleman, and not a few absolute statements to make in regard to him, but at the last moment we learned he was absent from the State. They will therefore have to keep until he returns.

R. C. Page.—This person is a broker who has failed more than once; he has been declared bankrupt within a week or two, but nevertheless he holds his seat in the Board. Will he tell us how that is done? Has he paid all, or nearly all, his owings to his fellow brokers whilst his outside customers have been left to suffer? Has he mortgaged his seat? If so, to whom and for how much? That he has fraudulently made away with his customer's property is a certainty. Will he tell us why he should not go to San Quentin?

From the San Francisco News Letter.

LETTER FROM THE PIOUS JONES.

YOKOHAMA, June 23, 1875.

Dear News Letter:—Having just finished finishing what I was about to finish, I will begin by asking you if you have read the Hon. T. A. Bingham's letter to the *Alta*, dated March 5, 1875. If you have not, you have missed a great treat, for a greater amount of "high-faluting" bosh contained in a small space it has rarely been my lot to come across. O ye Gods! to think that a serious man can deliberately sit down and write such childish nonsense. I wonder where he gets his big words from, and —no, I cannot continue; I am overcome; shade of Longinus? "Tragedy will indeed by its nature admit of some pompous and magnificent swellings. Yet even in tragedy it is an unpardonable offense to soar too high; much less allowable must it therefore be in prose-writing, or those works which are founded on truth." O that he would commit to memory these words, and not again shock the æsthetic sensibilities of his readers by soaring so high that, like the rocket, naught but the stick comes down. But enough of this. He is not the only one guilty. All writers in the *Alta* are equally bad, if not worse.

For ourselves, a few more failures, a dull, rainy sky, storms of wind, and torrents of rain tend to enliven the otherwise dull monotony of our existence. It is true that now and then a theatrical representation, lawn tennis, canoeing, cricket, and a few other social amenities wake us up from our lethargic sleep, but only for a short time, when we relapse again into slumber. O that gold would rain down from heaven and fill our empty pockets! But alas! So far from mending, matters are getting worse; the turning point is not yet reached. Fortune, that fickle dame, is playing us a sorrow trick. But let us cheer up. There are people in this world worse off than we are; that is one consolation.

We had a most delightful trip on board the *Challenger*, dredging, dancing, and that sort of thing. One little cuttle-fish was brought up from the depths of the sea, much to the delight of a female savante. Sir Harry Parkes had on a tall hat that would not blow off, much to my regret. Several impossible Japanese Governments came on board, and were received with due honors. The Dai Jo Dai Jin, the chief swell, was so imperceptibly small that nothing of him was visible but his hat, and yet he sat for his photograph. O vanity! Of course it rained all the time, which spoilt Sir Harry's hat. He had a leather bag with him, to which the marines present arms, but what was in it no one has ever been able to make out. Here is a mystery. Altogether it was very jolly. Professor Weavil Thomson's lecture the night before was most interesting, only we could not understand it, being mere molecules, and not up to so many scientific terms, such as "Reginavaginooze," "Spermagoraiolekitholagchanopolis," and other expressions of like nature very amusing to hear, but difficult to remember. The Professor does not like water as a drink. A glass was placed before him during the lecture which he avoided. A very Rev. gentleman acting as his second, knowing that the water was diluted with gin, drank it. The Professor was very thirsty, but still water had no charms for him, and it was not till after the lecture that he knew what a loss he had sustained. It was surely very wrong on the part of the Rev. gentleman to be guilty of such a crime, but a thirsty man has no conscience. Time is, time was, etc., and it is high time to close this epistle. Therefore, farewell for the present. From your PIOUS JONES.

Duncan, Sherman & Co.—In 1864-5, F. H. Grain & Sutherland were the agents of the Bank of British North America in this city. About that time Mr. Grain was charged with making many and excessive loans on whisky and other merchandise to Brooks & Co., and while investigating a $50,000 loan to this bankrupt concern by Mr. Grain, he went to New York, and before the completion of this examination Mr. Grain received a proposition from Duncan, Sherman & Co. to enter their bank, which he promptly accepted. The question now arises, if the same party has not been pursuing the same liberal mode of advances East upon cotton, railroad stocks, etc.? The record is not yet clear as to the cause of the heavy losses of millions incurred by this Wall street banking house.

[From the San Francisco News Letter.]

DR. PAUL M. BRENAN.

This fellow is one of the bad class of quacks we have had to show up. He has had prominent notices like unto editorials in the *Post*, and has wormed his way into the Democratic ranks as a politician. He is now a prominent candidate for Coroner, and shows a list of what he claims are pledged votes, which if true, would indicate that he is sure of the nomination. He has long been in our quack list, and we have heretofore denounced him in most unmistakable terms, as our readers know. Our paper exchanging with the *Springfield Republican*, than which there is no more responsible paper in this country, a prominent *attache* of that journal felt it his duty to write us in regard to the fellow. Shortly after the receipt of that letter we learned for the first time that the fellow was a candidate for the Coronership of this city. Our duty was plain. We never for a moment doubted that we should have to publish the facts, but as a matter of justice to Brenan, but more especially as *a matter of safety to ourselves*, we sent for him and informed him of our intentions, stating at the same time that we would gladly hear, and, if necessary, print, his explanation. We handed him the letter, except the last page containing the signature of the writer. After getting about half through he made off in great haste, stealing the document belonging to us. Yesterday we swore out a warrant for his arrest. Upon its being served he denied that he had the letter, but upon search being made it was found upon his person. He will have to answer in the Police Court this morning. Last evening the little *Post* tried to be funny at our expense, and described the fellow whom it so frequently puffs as "a more or less distinguished physician of this city, and a prominent candidate for Coroner." Before we are through we shall give a good account of the *Post's* friend. So long as he confined himself to private practice we refused to publish the many letters that came to hand respecting him, and contented ourselves with publications descriptive of his lack of legal qualifications. Being now a candidate for public office, the conditions are altogether changed. We begin by quoting a copy of the letter he stole:

SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN OFFICE, July 16, 1875.

Editor News Letter:—DEAR SIR: Paul M. Brenan spent some time here in the Fall of 1868, when his associations and habits were low and dissipated, and his practice understood to be largely on unclean diseases, but there were no definite rumors of anything criminal in his conduct. On November 16th, however, he was taken to New Haven, Conn., to answer to a charge of rape upon a young woman, Mary A. Sheehan, who had been one of his patients the Winter before. He was then in company with Dr. Hebbard, a physiological lecturer, and Miss Sheehan, according to her dying declarations, had visited him one evening suffering from neuralgia; he had given her a potion, ostensibly to relieve her, and had outraged her person while she was half insensible under the influence of some drug thus administered. She kept this a secret until she was confined, about three weeks before Brenan's arrest, and then, sinking rapidly under the effects of the labor and the shame together, she told the facts to the physician, Dr. Paul C. Skiff, a homœopathist and a man of unblemished reputation, and to her uncle, Mr. John McCarthy, a man of property and character, and to his wife. They neglected to obtain this declaration in the form of an affidavit before her death, which occurred the night previous to Brenan's arrest. Under the circumstances, the dying declaration of Miss Sheehan was decided inadmissible as evidence, and the prosecution had no other to offer, except that of H. Chickering, agent for Hebbard and Brenan, who stated the latter had spoken of Miss Sheehan as "a stunning woman," and added, in the coarsest language, that "he *meant to ruin her*." Brenan, who, by means of postponement, had been kept in prison under $10,000 bail, was discharged between thirty and forty days later, and came back to this city, where, however, he was so coldly treated that he staid only a short time, leaving us January 6th, 1869. While he was in Hartford, he had the audacity to propose to Olive Logan a business partnership: she to lecture, he to doctor and manage matters. Alex. Calhoun, the theater manager, spoiled his game.

Since his departure from Springfield, the *Republican* has followed his career with such paragraphs as Mr. Burrows sent you. It cut short his

stay in Troy, I have heard, and has been inconvenient to him in several places. All that I have included in this letter has been printed in the Springfield *Republican*.

Brenan's reputation was extremely unsavory wherever he staid long. City after city got too hot to hold him. He was publicly whipped in Philadelphia for presuming to address a leading actress. There are stories more or less definite, of fast life and wickedness, in Providence, Hartford, and Worcester. A young woman in Providence, to whom he had paid many attentions, committed suicide one morning after a visit to his office the previous night. In a card which he published in one of the New Haven papers, Brenan alluded insolently to this story, classing it with the others as a falsehood, invented by his enemies. And a young woman of the same city offered the New Haven Chief of Police to testify that he tried the same thing on her that succeeded with Mary Sheehan. In Worcester he was called "The Count," and married a young woman there. I do not know what became of her; he had no wife. He always claimed to have graduated at Jefferson College, but at last he had to confess he had no diploma. Signed, * * *

WHO KILLED THE BROKERS' COCK ROBIN?

The brokers' cock robin has been killed, and there is no question whatever as to who did it. With our first shot we brought down the bird. Last week we pointed out how that nice little nest-egg that a seat is valued at protects brokers against one another. The man who pays a high price for his seat is that much weaker towards his outside customers, whilst he is that much stronger towards his fellow brokers. He keeps straight with them even if he has to steal the stock and money of outsiders to do it with. He would rather run the risk of going to San Quentin than that of being expelled from the Board. Then he has a strong hold upon his customers, so strong indeed that it has proved up to this date almost irresistible. He says, "I will pay you when I can, but if you push me I shall be deprived of the power of making restitution." The customer sees the force of this, he gives time, and in about one case in ten profits by his forbearance. This week there have been several excited meetings of the San Francisco Stock Board, and although they very improperly have all been held in private, yet we are in a position to state that a resolution was arrived at that for the future outside creditors should have an equal claim upon the value of a delinquent broker's seat with an insider. That is our triumph number one. Hitherto the brokers have gone through thick and thin to resist this reform. They sent money and skilled lobbyists to Sacramento to prevent legislation looking to this and similar improvements, and they succeeded. The prettiest bird in the covey is now dead and the *News Letter* killed it. That is not bad for a beginning, but we assure all parties it is only a beginning. We have hardly got into fair shooting trim yet. With a little more practice we shall let fly with both barrels and bring down a bird with each every time.

OUR TEMPERATE, TRANQUIL PARADISE.

Terrible earthquakes in South America, destructive floods in France, and frightful tornados in the Great Western basin of the United States are among the great convulsions of nature lately reported. Verily, to exist outside our California Paradise is to experience the miseries of the infernal regions as contrasted with the joys of heaven. In New York they are now enduring a sweltering heat, and people cry out in despair for an invigorating breeze. Here we are fanned into a delicious feeling by the magnificent air current sweeping down from the Arctic world. Nor have we to recount of sad loss of life by earthquades, floods, or tornados. The gods of fire, water, and air all minister to our comfort instead of our destruction. To be permitted to exist in such a country, and in such a climate, is to have drawn an invaluable prize from the lottery of Fate. Admitting that a man has a plethoric bank account and a good appetite, with climate and country thrown in, we fail to perceive why California should not produce the lustiest two-legged animal in existence. Yet some people growl about California. Are there not asses who growl about their mother-in-laws?

THE IDEAL AND THE REAL.

You shall not know her—she who sat
Unconscious in my heart all time
I dreamed and wove this wayward rhyme,
And loved and did not blush thereat.

The sunlight of a sunlit land,
A land of fruit, of flowers, and
A land of love and calm delight;
A land where night is not like night,
And noon is but a name for rest;
Where conversations of the eyes
Are all enough, where beauty fills
The heart like hues of harvest-home;
Where rage has grown, where passion dies,
Where peace hath her abiding-place....
A face that lifted up; sweet face
That was so like a life begun,
That rose for me a rising sun
Above the bended seven hills
Of dead and risen old new Rome.

Not that I deemed she loved me. Nay,
I dared not even dream of that.
I only say I knew her; say
She ever sat before me, sat
All still and voiceless as love is.
And ever looked so fair, divine,
Her hushed, vehement soul filled mine,
And made itself a part of this.

O you had loved her, sitting there
Half hidden in her loosened hair:
Why, you had loved her for her eyes,
Their large and melancholy look
Of tenderness, and well mistook
Their love for light of paradise.

Yea, loved her for her large dark eyes;
Yea, loved her for her brow's soft brown;
Her hand as light as heaven's bars;
Yea, loved her for her mouth. Her mouth
Was roses gathered from the south,
The warm south side of paradise,
And breathed upon and handed down
By angels on a stair of stars.

Her mouth! 'twas Egypt's mouth of old,
Pushed out and pouting full and bold
With simple beauty where she sat.
Why, you had said on seeing her:
"This creature comes from out the dim
Far centuries, beyond the rim
Of time's remotest reach or stir.
And he who wrought Semiramis
And shaped the sibyls, seeing this,
Had bowed and made a shrine thereat,
And all his life had worshiped her."

I dared not dream she loved me. Nay,
Her love was proud; and pride is loath
To look with favor, own it fond
Of one the world loves not to-day....
No matter if she loved or no,
God knows I loved enough for both,
And knew her as you shall not know
Till you have known sweet death, and you
Have crossed the dark: gone over to
The great majority beyond.

—*Joaquin Miller, in Appleton's Journal, July*, 1875.

IT STINKETH THOUGH NOT QUITE DEAD.

The little Hawaiian Kingdom appears to be in a bad condition financially. A late private letter, from influential sources, informs us that His Majesty Kalakaua is completely at the mercy of the clique of "renegade Americans," who are now the power behind the throne there. Kalakaua loves ease, luxury and American coin; he is fond of show, pomp, and all the glitter of courtly shams. The renegades humor him by planking down the cash, but in doing so they are sinking the petty Kingdom head and ears in debt. "Chief Justice" Allen, United States Minister Pierce, the blande ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs, "Bro." Harris, and others too nasty to mention, are His Majesty's advisers, directly or indirectly. Through the scheming of the renegades the last Legislature borrowed $200,000 to run the Government in a high-toned style; the sum was squandered away, and now the receipts per annum do not cover the expenditures by $100,000. Mr. Bishop, head of a bank at Honolulu, is now in Europe trying to negotiate a loan of several millions, and will have to mortgage the great crater of Kilauea before he secures it. The planters are impoverished, and like a celebrated personage in history, are waiting for something to turn up. The reciprocity treaty is not yet in working order, but to counterbalance this everything is in disorder. King David, from whom so much was expected, is a complete failure. While indulging in personal ease, his Kingdom is afflicted with national misery; while gobbling delicious wines, his subjects are sucking sour poi, and perishing at the rate of 1,000 per year over the increase. Our correspondent of former times used to write glowing accounts of David's intellectual ability; but, alas, philosophers can be deluded like less privileged mortals. We are sorry for Hawaii Nei, for David and the renegades—sorry for anything that stinks before it is quite dead.

Robert L Edwards was connected with Page, and dabbles in stocks. He lives high, resides at the Occidental, and splurges around generally in great style. He paid Murphy, Crocker & Co. and Coursen checks for stocks sold by Page, and when presented were refused payment.

From the San Francisco News Letter.

OUR WORK.

As the result of the "News Letter's" labors, the San Francisco Medical Society has recently been bestirring itself to introduce irresistible reforms. The task has been somewhat obstructed by the Gibbonses, who have unfortunately too many obedient votes at command. Some eight or nine members received their diplomas from Gibbons, and at least six have no diplomas at all. These men he holds in the hollow of his hand. Still the good work is being forced onward. The society is not yet out of the difficulty caused by the lack of diplomas on the part of some of the members, but it is getting on with that question bravely. A new Constitution has been incubated in a sub-Committee, hatched in Committee of the Whole, and, being nearly matured, will soon constitute the rule of the whole body. It announces, among other things, that the aim of the association will hereafter be to "elevate the standard of medical education," and "to separate the regular from the irregular practitioners." To carry out these most honorable intentions it is declared (Article 3) that the following shall be the standard of membership: The members shall be regular practitioners of medicine and surgery in the city or its vicinity; they shall be proposed in writing at a stated meeting by two members of the society; they shall exhibit to the Committee on Admissions a diploma from some regular medical institution or a license to practice granted by such legal authority as requires a regular medical education, and give satisfactory evidence that such diploma or license was granted to the applicant, who may be elected by ballot, on a unanimous or majority report of the Committee, as hereafter provided, at any stated meeting subsequent to the one at which they may have been proposed. Thus far the work is excellent, and shows that the efforts of the *News Letter* to elevate the profession have not been without avail. At the last meeting the above was adopted, and then arose a difficulty about admitting reporters. The elder Gibbons runs a medical journal, and desires a monopoly of medical news. He also fears that if reporters are admitted to the meetings of the society his own balloon will be too often punctured, letting the gas escape, and the attraction of gravitation bring him to the terra firma of common sense with dangerous rapidity. With shrewd malignity he injected the following into the by-laws while the document was *in ovo:* "The proceedings of the Society shall be reserved for the profession and the medical press. Reporters from non-medical journals shall be excluded from the meetings of the Society; and any information requested by the press shall be furnished only by the Secretary, with the approval of the President."

The satanic appendage appears in the tail of this article. Inasmuch as the younger Gibbons is the President of the Association and has a filial regard for his sire, Gibbons Tyrannus, that is fairly Chinese and patriarchal in its intensity, it naturally follows that the public would only be allowed to know through the press such things as the father allowed to be dribbled out through the filial conduit. Many sensible members objected to this, on the ground that they had nothing in the society that they cared to conceal, and that the press, not caring for mere matters of anatomy or pathology, would never think of cumbering its columns with doctors' business not of great general interest. It has been plain for some time that a large majority of the intelligent members of the association actually desired the presence of reporters at their sessions when topics were discussed in which the public felt an immediate concern. Dr. Beverly Cole said that by excluding the press the association gave the people to understand that it was afraid to have light poured in on its proceedings. He had himself suffered from the press more than any one present, but he did not fear it. By adopting the article of by-laws in question, they gave to the President and Secretary a power that they denied themselves. It was much better for reporters to be present and make correct records of the meetings than to have members seeking out representatives of the press and giving them garbled reports afterwards. He thought the reporters understood their trade, and would not care to print anything regarding the business of the society except what was of general interest and regarding which the public had a right to be informed. Dr. Glover, of course, spoke, and of course said nothing worth reprinting. Dr. Ayres made a speech of some length in favor of having the meetings of the society reported. He thought if reporters were

present it might exert a healthy influence on those inclined to personality. Dr. Robertson said he had just come from the mountains, and hoped to be excused for using mining figures of speech. Dispensing the proceedings of the society through its officers seemed to him like making them a tail-race, which he hardly deemed advisable. He thought it was well to have reporters present at the meetings. The constitution was finally amended so as to admit reporters, and its further consideration went over to the next meeting.

From the San Francisco News Letter.

FACTS ABOUT BROKERS.

The swindling of California street stock brokers has often been sneered at by the *Call*, prated about by the *Bulletin*, laughed at as a good joke by the *Chronicle*, and often defended by the *Alta*, but all these papers together have failed to make the slightest impression upon the gigantic evils that so urgently needed to be reformed out of existence. Why this failure? Is not the reason plain? Being afraid of such good advertising patrons, they either winked at the wrong or touched it so gingerly as to hurt neither themselves nor the wrong doers. The thing having grown too grievous to be borne, the *News Letter* tackled the monster, and in the very first encounter has won a signal victory. Cause why? Just this and nothing more: we probed one of its tenderest spots to the bottom. We mentioned facts and names with the utmost explicitness, disregarded advertising patronage, laughed at threats, defied contradiction, and, being entrenched behind the truth, we cared not for the arrows of the law. We spoke of men and things as they were, hurting none because they were insignificant, and fearing none because they were great. It was but our first shot, and was as nothing compared with those yet to be made, still it made terrible havoc. By 11 A.M. on Saturday last the newsboys had carried load after load of *News Letters* to California street, and they were all eagerly bought. The inquiry in everybody's mouth was, "Have you seen the *News Letter* about the brokers?" There was speedily consternation in the ranks of the lame ducks, and demoralization has ruled supreme ever since. The week has been to them one of worry, toil, and trouble, and we fear that with our appearance to-day there will come no balm to heal or anodyne to soothe the sick and weary souls. Long have they been breaking the hearts of confiding customers. Their turn has about arrived, and already many are on the ragged edge of despair. With one sided rules of business, a complacent press, and a disunited constituency, they have gotten up wild-cat schemes, bought for their victims in the highest market and sold in the cheapest, conspired with one another to swindle the outsider, and at the right time have failed in order to enrich themselves by stealing their customer's all, and until now there has been no hand raised to prevent them or voice to cry, "*Hold, enough!*" But the times are favorable for a change of all this. There are competitors, some of whom are honest, in the field. The Legislature will soon assemble with a disposition to legislate stringently in regard to this business, and last, but hardly the least, the *News Letter* is on the track of deviltry in stock manipulating. Some brokers will go to San Quentin, others will be expelled the boards, and all will have to live and move upon a higher plane of business integrity. The fact will come to be recognized in the intense sense in which it is true that the broker who buys on commission and fails to meet his engagements is a thief. In that unquestionable sense, fully one-half of the brokers of to-day are thieves, yet they hold their heads high, and not a few hope to repeat the operation. But it is going to be a very different operation in the future from what it has been the past. At the London Stock Exchange members sometimes fail in regard to their own speculations. When they do, the President tolls a huge and solemn-sounding bell. All voices are hushed, and presently he announces that "Mr. So-and-So has failed to meet his engagements." From that moment Mr. So-and So is financially *dead*, and never again, until he pays every farthing he owes with interest, is he allowed to engage in business in the Exchange. If he fails in regard to stocks bought on commission, he forthwith goes to prison. That is the standard of morality that will ere long exist here. It is a necessity among a people who so largely invest in stocks. To that end we shall labor. During the week several angry meetings of the San Francisco Stock and

Exchange Board have been held, from which members of the press have been excluded. The time will come when brokers will court publicity rather than shun it. That public which trusts them so implicitly have a right to know what they are about. A portion of one important resolution arrived at has been given to the press, *but not all of it.* It is announced that for the future outside creditors will have the same claim upon the value of a member's seat that an insider has. That is all right, and as it has hitherto been resisted, it is fair to claim that the reform is largely due to the *News Letter's* showing upon the point. But we are informed that there is a proviso not given to the press which neutralizes the resolution. The advantage referred to is only given to the outsider on condition that he signs an engagement not to take legal proceedings against the defaulting broker. What is the sense of that? If the broker has other estate or has committed a criminal act, why should he not be proceeded against? Evidently these men cannot yet abandon their habit of making one-sided rules. They remain unmindful of the fact that the public, who find the money, have some rights that ought to be respected. A society of stock buyers formed for the purpose of mutual protection is now in order.

Robert C. Page.—It has been not the least of the complaints against this person that he allowed his estate to be forced into bankruptcy, so as to get rid of his creditors when there was no necessity for his doing so. There was no judgment against him, and no suit had been commenced. Now comes Mr. W. T. O'Neale, who desires us to make explanation that he, acting with others, made Page an involuntary bankrupt. That is true, with an explanation. Mr. O'Neale is a principal creditor, who hopes to get out whoever may be kept in. His little game was to get rid of the other creditors, and then carry Page during the good times now immediately in prospect, and so meet with his reward. Mr. O'Neale and all others may as well understand this fact once for all, Page has either got to make good the stock he has made away with, or go to prison.

H. H. Noble has become rich in an incredibly short time, which is all right if he never had to do with affairs like that of the El Dorado, South. He arrived from White Pine dead broke; he got his start by borrowing from a friend, who afterwards he cinched in said El Dorado. His operations in this stock are well known on the street. His friends bought in at from $10 to $15, and he made a big clean up. Noble will do to bet on, if you see his book. He has a partner named Epstein. They make a good team. If there are any eye-teeth in sight, they may prepare for extraction. Noble is very obliging when your account is on the right side. He is building a $50,000 mansion out of what his partner calls the "brofits." We are not sure that Noble sells his customers stock without orders.

J. B. Burtsell.—Will this gentleman tell the public what his present status is in the Board, and whether he is under any pledges to that body; if so, what is their nature? How often has he failed to make good his engagements? What guarantees of responsibility can he at this moment offer to the public that he will not in the future do what he has in the past? We shall amplify next week in regard to this gentleman.

The Ruby Mine Swindle.—This is a fair specimen of the schemes by which the bloated British capitalists is swindled, and which the press, in the interest of the State, ought to frown down. Our foreign credit cannot be too sacredly guarded. We have not time or space to give the whole of the particulars now; a few of the principal points will suffice. H. Heynemann, of Sansome street (who was intended to be one of Deacon Fitch's Council of Ten, but was somehow jostled out of the position by a little doctor of the same name), together with his brother in London, some time ago sold in that city the Ruby and other mines located at Eureka, Nevada, for the sum of £280,000, payable partly in money and partly in stocks. The mines cost the Heynemanns a merely nominal sum. The English purchasers, thinking that as Mr. H. Heynemann was on the spot and knew most about the mines, he was the best person to act as their agent and trustee, and in that capacity he received and expended a further sum amounting to about £80,000, upon which of course he received a commission. There being no appearance of the favorable returns promised by the Heynemanns, the English proprietors became concerned, "wanted to know, you know," and money was not sent along as fast as formerly, and very suddenly H. Heynemann allowed the property to be sold for an insig-

nificant debt and became indirectly himself the purchaser. Shortly after that the mines began to pay, and Heynemann is in receipt of dividends therefrom averaging one thousand dollars per day. Observe how the account stands. Heynemann & Co. received in money, stocks, and remittances to work the mines altogether about $1,800,000. Notwithstanding this enormous payment, the Heynemanns are still the owners of the mines, and are in receipt of one thousand dollars per day therefrom. The Heynemann of London has been fully committed to take his trial for fraud in this transaction, and it is therefore certain that Heynemann of this city will not emigrate to England.

W. C. Budd.—In regard to our strictures upon this broker, it is alleged by himself and friends that we have nothing to do with the orgies of any man at the Poodle Dog or elsewhere. This would be true, were the circumstances different. If there is an exhibition along the streets at an unseasonable hour calculated to disturb peaceable citizens, it may be fairly commented upon. Furthermore, if the man belongs to a calling that is fenced around with a number of exclusive privileges, and he fails to pay what he honestly owes, it is a fair criticism that he should make restitution before throwing away thousands of dollars in such saturnalias as Mr. Budd indulges in.

G. F. M. Glover.—Will this gentleman tell whether he has failed twice within the past three years? Does he know the statements that one Hutchins is making around the streets about his business transactions, and are they true? Does he know a Frenchman, who took steps to have him arrested, and if so, upon what terms was the matter hushed up? We shall be more explicit next week.

Geo. T. Knox.—Will this broker tell us how often he has failed to meet his engagements, and what guarantees he has to offer that he will not do so again? Has he an ugly suit pending just now?

THE LATEST IN DRESS.

The Paris correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* writes: "Our latest novelty in the way of female luxury is eminently characteristic. It is now the fashion for ladies, like snails, to travel about with their own houses—not exactly on their backs, but with their trunks. Several *grandes dames de par le monde* have had constructed bathing machines, or rather bathing cabins, which can be taken to pieces and put together again in a few minutes. They can be packed up in a box like a telescope umbrella or a camp stool. These fastidious females have had their houses built of varnished wood, and their monograms engraved on the street-door. The inside is lined with white leather or wadded damask, and provided not only with every imaginable toilet luxury, but also with a small stool. I have seen some bathing habiliments, so elaborately adorned with braid as to resemble the costumes of the young ladies who disport themselves in burlesque. Now, if there is one place more than another where coquetry is unnecessary, it is in the water. It is true the French *baigneuses* seldom allow the sea to come up higher than their knees, and that they often have to walk half a mile from their cabin into the water. It is to be hoped that their new temporary cabins will not fall to pieces at the first gust of wind. If this catastrophe were to happen, the ladies would have to adopt the plan I once saw pursued at a small watering place in Spain, where they donned and doffed their bathing costumes at home, and walked valiantly through the streets dressed *a la* Mrs. Bloomer.

Mr. Alfred Paraf's Chemical Laboratory, Assay Office and Metallurgical Works, Brannan Street, between Seventh and Eighth Streets, San Francisco.—The building of this establishment has just been completed, and is fitted up with all the new and improved apparatus necessary for chemical investigations, analysis, assays, and every kind of metallurgical work on small and large scales. The exclusive services of a thoroughly competent assayer have been secured, but Mr. Paraf will superintend himself all orders confided to his care; said orders will be promptly attended to, and may be left at Room 1, over London and San Francisco Bank, with Wm. D. Garland, Esq., or at the laboratory on Brannan street.

RENDER TO CÆSAR, ETC.

The Empress City of the Golden West
Sits on her throne of sand, beside the sea,
The fairest city of her years on earth.

Three decades scarce have passed since she was but
A dusty, sleepy little settlement—
A place for drowsy monks, siestas, laziness,
That lay and basked and blinked across the sea,
As if she never could wake up to life.

And whence has come the change, unparalleled
In all the wondrous annals of the world?
Some, surely, of the praise is due to those
Who, first endured the hardships of the land—
The Pioneers who carved the hills of sand,
And bravely made the wilderness their home.
But though they sowed the seed, the crop had been
But scanty, but for other, mightier aid.
The land was so remote that months of toil
Were needed ere the emigrant could rest.
Fruits of the earth and of the cunning hand
Could not be used at home nor sent abroad.
To settle here was as a burial
From all the dear familiar things men love.

Then strong hearts rose, and cried aloud, Behold,
We will connect you with the outer world,
We will bring commerce to your very doors,
Increase your numbers, bring you luxuries,
Give you great wealth, make you as other men;
Give us your aid and we will do all this.

Aid was not freely given; ne'ertheless
As years went on a level iron trail
Crept slowly toward the city in the West,
Until at length the East and West were joined.
Then commerce came, and with it strength and wealth,
And days became as hours, and all the world
Was wonder-struck to see what had been done.

Can any doubt to whom the praise is due
That our young city lifts her proud young face
Amid the mighty cities of the earth
And finds herself the fairest of them all.

AN IMPOSING CEREMONY.

Twenty-five years ago Archbishop Alemany was inaugurated at Monterey. One year later he was transferred to San Francisco. When he arrived there were but two priests in this city, and but a few here and there at the Missions. To-day the Archbishop is at the head of three bishops, over a hundred and twenty priests, with a congregation of nearly a quarter of a million Catholics, worshiping in a hundred churches, and he has been instrumental in founding many schools and hospitals. The pontifical high mass at St. Mary's Cathedral was attended by all the bishops and nearly all the Catholic clergy of the State, by the children of the various schools, and by a congregation reaching into the street. Colonel Peter Donohue made him a present of a carriage and splendid pair of horses, his priestly brethren endowed him with a magnificent set of ceremonial costume, a purse of $6,000 was handed to him, and a stream of his flock paid him congratulatory visits the whole day. Archbishop Alemany has borne his faculties so meekly, and has so patiently and earnestly labored in his fold, that he well deserves the spiritual ovation offered him ast Thursday.

Joseph W. Winans has been elected to succeed Gibbons, Senior, as President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. This displeased the old diploma broker so much that he resigned his position as Trustee. Selling diplomas is not popular nowadays.

[From the Town Crier Column of the S. F. News Letter.]

There is a certain class of young men in this city who pride themselves upon their wonderful powers of fascination. One look from their weak eyes is supposed to take any ordinary woman clean off her feet. The good breeding of this class is about in equal proportion to its good looks. No lady can pass them without running the gauntlet of their insulting stare, or being the subject of some coarse remarks, meant to be at the same time witty and effective. Stationing themselves on some prominent corner, they delight in blocking up the road and making themselves conspicuously annoying. On matinée days they turn out in great force and inspect the ladies coming and going with all the brazen effrontery of an old-time slave dealer. These concentrated essences of puppyism, known in their own slang as "mashers," do not, as one would suppose, belong to the hoodlum fraternity; some of them are young men holding good positions, and come of stock which would blush to see their ungentlemanly conduct. A few good sound thrashings from "big brothers" would teach these youths that the wearing of a good coat does not give them the privilege of staring modest women out of countenance. We presume that long association with a patronizing *demi monde* has turned the heads of these sardines, whose names we shall some day be under the painful necessity of making public.

Honi soit qui mal 'y pense, is a pretty good motto, though not one usually accepted by the general public, advanced ideas tend to show that the "mal 'y pense" rather gets ahead of the "honi soit," and that the "qui" is the latch key so proverbially immoral. Let this be as it may; we never saw the "honi" stick out so much as it does in those statues exhibited on Bush street. That woman, despite her loveliness, is infirm, is generally acknowledged; but who ever saw such a complication of evils concentrated in one individual as is exhibited in a standing advertisement before the doors of this institute? For God's sake, let us dream of woman in all her loveliness. Do not dispel the dream. Let us at least form an ideal in our own minds which no rude surgical application can dispel. No one can ever dream such a dream who once gazed upon these surgically perfect women, and no one can go home perfectly contented in the idea that he has married one of God's subsidized images, who has once looked at and examined the conspicuously pointed out faults of women as exposed so ruthlessly on Bush street.

The more we read over ancient history, the more we deplore the condition of the present. In other days some men were great. In our days, man's littleness is our only theme. Now a man can never be great until he has stolen enough from his fellow man to make him rich. Then, and then only, is he great. In the days of yore men grew great from the subordination of the love of gain to the love of right. Now men trample on right, and proudly show the stained feet, which mark their ascent of the dirty ladder. "Money" is now the cry—how got, it matters not; so long as the coin is there the creature is worshiped. Never did sacred history, despite its labyrinths of fiction, point out a truer moral than when it drew the telling picture of the one error of Aaron's life in erecting that golden calf. The worship of that calf, despite all the warnings of ages, is now carried on to a greater extent than Aaron ever dared to contemplate when he ran that little opposition show to the Almighty.

Our boarding-house across the bay has been unusually quiet during the past week. This will not do. Oakland must wake up and give us the usual weekly sensation. Let us have some new elder brought forth, who will practice the delicate art of trying to assassinate himself, or launch out with grave accusations against some other minister of the gospel. Repeat that highly-colored drama of morality which occurred at the Point some time ago, or trot out some Rev. Pope whom we can either stone or canonize, according to our whims. Life is too brief in Oakland to be stupidly dull. We don't wish that our rural boarding-house should go down in an earthquake or be engulfed in a tidal wave from Lake Merritt; we simply want something new, interesting, and decidedly startling, worthy of a first-class and fashionable lodging. If something of the kind does not occur soon, we shall be unable to pay that respect to Oaklanders which has always been one of the greatest joys of our existence.

Beecher has at last vouchsafed to let the public know what he thinks of his own situation. It is kind of the old man to condescend so far; not that it will in any way turn the tide of opinion, but that it shows up god-like egotism in its proper form. Beecher says, "The fact is, gentlemen, that about 1870 and 1871, and for three or four years, I had to go through pretty deep waters at times, but I kept it to myself." Now no one would dispute his going through waters, nor would they for a moment question their deepness. All the public know is, that he trod upon and turned religious somersaults upon a most dangerous precipice's brink, and that his fall over this brink has only been staved off by the blind confidence which has led his worshipers to infer that "a lie for Beecher is no lie at all." Of course a church congregation which erects a golden calf, and falls down in worship of the same, can never afford to go back on that God, no matter what paps it may vouchsafe to suck.

Target practice is now all the go. Any little sardine that can ring the bell in a Dupont street gallery now fondly imagines that his forte lies in the use of the rifle, and that sooner or later he will wrest valuable prizes from European competitors. That every man who can ring a bell at the distance of five yards is neither a sharpshooter or a proficient in the use of firearms was painfully proved last Sunday. A dapper little youth, armed with and staggering under the combined weights of a large rifle and a huge probosis, wended his way to Harbor View, intent upon demolishing one target at least. On the road he saw a seagull dabbling in the mud. To slay it was his first instinct. In order to make doubly sure, he put three bullets into his muzzle-loading rifle. The seagull flew away, but poor little Poggins is now laid up in a room on Pine street with a mutilated nose, a discolored optic, and a shoulder whose stiffness relenteth not, though nectar be placed before the hand which flops helplessly at the other end of it.

Dennis Jordan is a dangerous man to have working around one's house. He thinks nothing at all of letting off eight kegs of blasting powder in the immediate vicinity of a house, and feels rather amused than otherwise when a twenty-four pound rock goes crashing through the roof. Two little trifles, weiging a hundred and thirty pounds between them, created quite a sensation by appearing suddenly through the roof of Dolan's soap factory, while another little pebble killed a horse. On the whole, we think Jordan is just the man we should like to employ to make excavations in our mother-in-law's garden. Some wretch with no soul had Jordan's foreman arrested, but of course he will soon be at liberty again, with powder *ad libitum*.

Never did the weakness of the Mormon Church so flaunt itself before the public as it is doing at the present moment. The Mountain Meadows massacres are slowly but surely proving that "murder will out;" that besotted bigotry sticks at nothing; that ignorance is the only ground on which Mormon despotism can ever hope to disport itself, and that even Brigham Young, the "Apostle of God," has, when money is the game played for, to go back on his self-made, self-instituted laws, and claim the only true marriage of his life to have been made and consummated in Ohio. We did think that "Old Brig" would die game, but time and many wives will tell on the strongest constitution.

We have often heard of whisky making bears of men, but we were not aware of its baneful effect upon the animal itself, till the other day. Of course, the Eastern editors now on a visit here must see all our sights, and of course they were bound to see the Sacramento bear drink whisky. This was all right, but editorial curiosity led one of the party to pull the bear's ear, in order, we presume, to see if it was as long as one of his own. This Bruin very properly resented, but, unfortunately, took hold of the bartender's hand instead of the inquisitive ink slingers. Probably it was a good thing, for the results would certainly have been fatal to the bear.

Mr. Wilkes, of the "Spirit of the Times," has been very busy for some time knocking spots out of Shakspeare. Of course, Shakspeare is nowhere, compared with Mr. Wilkes, whose paper was always noted for its wonderful dramatic criticisms and true accounts of horse races. We feel sorry that such a mighty intellect as that of Mr. Wilkes should lower itself to the level of such a despicable fraud as Shakspeare. It seems sad, very sad. We regret, however, that Shakspeare's plays are to be quite driven off the stage by Mr. Wilkes, as we have found enjoyment in a few of them.

Mrs. A. E. Lukin is the sort of mother-in-law one reads about, but fortunately so seldom sees. John Cane was mean enough to marry her daughter, much to the old lady's disgust. This was bad enough, but when another daughter insisted upon visiting Mrs. Cane, the dear old lady's soul was up in arms. Probably she thought that Cane might marry her, too, and turn Mormon. Anyway, she braced up and went for Cane as well as she was *able*. Exclaiming, "I've been a *lookin'* for you," she let him have one in the left eye. It was straight from the shoulder, and will probably cost the dear old lady a twenty dollar piece.

No one admires a proper proportion of cheek more than we do. In these days, cheek is as necessary to a man as his head, but we must say that "Carl Pretzel," of Chicago, beats for right down cool cheek any government mule we ever came across. The way in which he steals whole articles from the *News Letter*, localizes them and publishes them as original, would suggest the propriety of his taking a few thousand copies with *Carl Pretzel's Weekly* for a heading instead of the *News Letter*. For a moderate remuneration we shall be glad to let him have some each week sent post free to Chicago. Take Alsace, take Lorraine, but don't suck the brains of San Francisco.

That John the Baptist has to give way to John the Chinaman, is evident to all who may happen to wander up Washington street. The church once occupied by pious Baptists will, in a few short weeks, be filled with the Mongolian horde. Inch by inch the Chinese are encroaching upon the white quarters, till the question will soon arise, "Shall San Francisco be entirely given up to Chinamen?" Sooner or later some bold steps will have to be taken, or the consequences may be graver than many of us imagine.

Water, water is now the universal cry. Lotta has, or rather will, give us this useful fluid. On the corner of Market and Kearny, a fountain is shortly to be erected. Long have the sportive winds met and embraced each other on this corner. Long have the half-poisoned, wholly stupefied bummers trifled with the heaven sent handbills which love to woo the pausing traveler. But "Lotta," the immortal "Lotta," has stepped out of the depths of the unknown and has planted her receptacle for refuse.

Coroner Swan has handed in his little yearly list, by a perusal of which we find that eighteen murders have been committed, while fifty-eight persons let themselves out of this vale of tears. There are also eleven cases of manslaughter. The list is not a cheerful one, nor does it show that man's love for his fellow man is at all on the increase. The long looked for millenium, when two Irishman can get drunk without fighting, and pistols will only be used for candle molds has not yet arrived.

In medias, Reese, tutillimuss ibis, came into mind as we saw the muss between Michael and Massey. Massey had undertaken to whip Michael, and if Michael had been in the middle of the street, instead of on the sidewalk, he would not have ran against Massey. In the middle course is safety.

An old subscriber wishes to know why it is that San Francisco, which has the reputation of being an enlightened city, supports so many quacks? We have politely replied by asking him why it was that Lazarus was covered with sores? Both conundrums remain unsolved.

We want to find a man who ever saw a street car full, that is to say, so full that the conductor would take no more passengers on board. If we can find such a man a splendid chance will be offered him, and his fortune is a certainty.

The Stock Brokers' organ says "the brokers need no defense." No, certainly not! They have not needed to defend themselves in the past, but our word for it, they will have to do so in the future, and defense, or no defense, some will go to San Quentin, others will be expelled from the Boards, whilst the remainder will have to live on a higher plane of business morality than has been common to them hitherto.

The broker who buys on commissions and then fails to make good his engagements to his customers is *a thief*. We shall repeat that until it is read and taken to heart by all interested in stocks.

THE WOUNDED CURLEW.

[BY CELIA THAXTER.]

By yonder sandy cove where, every day,
The tide flows in and out,
A lonely bird in sober brown and grey
Limps patiently about;

And round the basin's edge, o'er stones and sand,
And many a fringing weed,
He steals, or on the rocky ledge doth stand,
Crying, with none to heed.

But sometimes from the distance he can hear
His comrades' swift reply;
Sometimes the air rings with their music clear,
Sounding from sea and sky.

And then, O then his tender voice, so sweet,
Is shaken with his pain,
For broken are his pinions strong and fleet,
Never to soar again.

Wounded and lame and languishing he lives,
Once glad and blithe and free,
And in his prison limits frets and strives
His ancient self to be.

The little sandpipers about him play,
The shining waves they skim,
Or round his feet they seek their food, and stay
As if to comfort him.

My pity cannot help him, though his plaint
Brings tears of wistfulness;
Still must he grieve and mourn, forlorn and faint,
None may his wrong redress.

O bright-eyed boy! was there no better way
A moment's joy to gain
Than to make sorrow that must mar the day
With such despairing pain?

O children, drop the gun, the cruel stone!
O listen to my words,
And hear with me the wounded curlew moan—
Have mercy on the birds! —*Christian Union.*

PICTURES NOT ON VIEW AT OUR LAST EXHIBITION.

No. 21. "Morality of our County Jail."—This painting is meant to show to the public the shameful way in which women are huddled together in our County Jail. How the poor child who as yet has only trod upon the threshold of crime, is subjected to all the evil influences of the hardened old sinner who has wallowed in vice like a sow in a dunghill. The picture represents one of the cells. Crouched in a corner are two poor girls, some sixteen years of age, while a pair of gin-blossomed viragos are having a polite interchange of choice oaths varied by the occasional use of twenty dirty finger-nail. We should advise our prison commissioners to inspect not only this picture, but the sadder reality, and then tell us if they think that young girl should be huddled up with creatures whose only semblance of womanhood lies in their petticoats.

No. 22. "All Aboard."—This graphic sketch of one of our street cars is well worth examining. The car is so crowded that men, women and children are hanging on as best they can. Still the conductor wants more passengers, and pulling his bell still shouts, "All aboard." The look of agony upon all the people's faces is most faithfully portrayed, and the way in which the conductor is stowing away a parcel somebody has forgotten is a caution to travelers, and at once suggests the propriety of taking down the number of the car you ride on. The price asked for this picture is a moderate one, and we have no doubt that it will soon be sold.

TRADE FRAUDS.

Milk for Babes, and How it is Adulterated—A Serious Question for Mothers.

We have told, for two or three weeks past, how we propose to initiate a lively time for the fraudulent tradesmen of high and low degree who abound in our midst. Your sniveling Pecksniff, who turns up his eyes and thanks God that he is not as other men, but who yet waxes rich and grows fat and rubicund upon the profits of the adulterated and perhaps poisonous meat and drink he has sold to the poor, shall be dragged out into the daylight so that he may be beheld by all men, and we shall perform our task even if we have to enter the Temple of Righteousness and march to the front pew in order to lay hands upon the rogue. This is a work that is going to make no ordinary demands upon us, but we know our strength. If we needed any references as to our capability the quacks could supply them. In their cases we had to apply to the colleges of the world, but we successfully fought it out on that line, though it took a whole year to do it. The extraordinary results are now pretty well known by all men. In the exposure of the perpetrators of trade frauds there is much expense as well as immense labor involved, but we shall go right straight along supplying the one and performing the other. Public opinion shall be aroused, and better laws for the suppression of such evils shall be passed.

We begin this week upon the most simple, yet one of the most important, articles of human diet. In a country where pasturage is extensive, and land comparatively cheap, there is no excuse whatever for the adulteration of milk. Furthermore, it is the food of babes not yet hardened against the vile admixtures which in mature age are often swallowed with impunity. It is possible that an impurity not being more than the smallest part of a grain, may cause a tender babe to sicken and die, which would have no effect upon an adult. We know of the death in one block of six infants during the present month, all, as the doctors say, from teething. That is a very convenient way that medicos have for accounting for that which to them is otherwise unaccountable. But who shall declare that impurities in their principle article of diet was not much more certainly the cause of death? It is a matter that must be guessed at in either case, and certainly the latter probability is at least equal with the former. That being so, how monstrous is the fraud that may have here sent thousands of innocent little ones to premature graves!

A few days ago we sent a reliable agent to procure samples of milk direct from the leading dairymen, as they came into the city at an early hour in the morning. Of course our object was unknown to them. We knew that a worse showing might be made if we sent to some of the small retailers. We shall catch some of these by and bye. We preferred to begin with persons of more pretentions. The samples were duly marked for identification and then sent to our very able analysist, Mr. Alfred Paraf. The results might have been worse, but they are bad enough in all conscience. When we think of the many stagnant pools that exist in the neighborhood of farms, and reflect that the water used to increase the volume of the milk, and the amount of the dairyman's profits almost certainly came from these, mothers may well feel alarm for their little ones. Even if the water used be inocuous, which we do not believe possible, still the dairyman has been guilty of selling water for milk, and if our laws were what they ought to be, and what they *will be* before we are through, such men would meet with their fitting punishment. That is plain speaking, but having the proofs that we have, we are under no necessity of talking as with bated breath. We shall reach much worse cases and higher men as we proceed, and shall not fail to put our stamp of FRAUD on the places where it will do the most good. We proceed to give the results of our first attempt:

"I hereby certify, and am ready to make oath when necessary, that at an early hour on Tuesday and Thursday mornings last, I obtained the samples of milk numbered as under, from the parties named, they being unaware of the purpose for which they were to be used, and that I handed them to Mr. Alfred Paraf, Analyst: No. 1. Charter Oak Dairy, 2086 Buchanan. No. 2. Charles M. Hawes' Dairy. No. 3. Simon E. Regli, Saucelito Dairy. No. 4. Bay Forest Dairy, San Mateo. No. 5. Mission Dairy, L. Regli & F. Nager. No. 6. German Dairy, August Loewe.

No. 7. Noe Valley Dairy, Collins Bros. No. 8. F. Gallagher Dairy. No. 9. Guadaloupe Valley Dairy, E. Thurber.

—— H. Burrows Limstrom."

Alfred Paraf's Chemical and Assay Office, Brannan street, bet. Seventh and Eighth.

I certify that the following is a true chemical examination, for water, of the samples of milk handed to me: No. 1 contains no water in excess of the normal condition, and is very rich milk. No. 2 contains 7 per cent. of added water. No. 3 has 5 per cent. of added water. No. 4 has 5 per cent. of added water. No. 5 contains 2½ per cent, of added water. No. 6 is entirely free from added water. No. 7 contains 5 per cent. of added water. No. 8 contains 5 per cent. of added water. No. 9 contains 3 per cent. of added water. Signed, Alfred Paraf.

This shows that seven out of the nine samples obtained from the principal dairies were adulterated, and contained from 2½ to 7 per cent. of added water. We await with impatience for such defense as the seven wrong-doers may think fit to offer. But the wrong is proved to absolute demonstration, and if the law was what it ought to be, they should be arrested to-morrow. This is largely a mothers' question, and they may well wonder what is the matter with their babes. So much for our first attempt; look out for our next.

TRYING BACK.

The extraordinary discussions that have taken place thoughout the length and breadth of the land during the past two years in regard to social morality, consequent upon the Beecher disclosures, have done much harm, but ought now to do some good in leading the mind of the nation back to the better principles and practices of our forefathers. Certain it is that, after the breath of the wild whirlwind of scandal shall have died out of the land, there ought to be a return to the good old paths in which our fathers found safety and peace. Already we begin to experience a revival of the old-fashioned earnestness and straightforwardness in matters of morals. There may have been lacking in former generations something of the brilliancy of these latter days, but there was an honesty of life, a tenacity of purpose, and an ever-present self-respect which is well worthy of our imitation. Theirs was a homespun piety, but it was masterful for good, and did a grand work in its day. If, through the dust and glare of our later experiences, we shall return to the commonplace virtues of our ancestors, the scandals of to-day may turn out to have been blessings in disguise. We have refined away, unconsciously, perhaps, the rugged honesty of act and word that once distinguished the American people, and now we can see just where the departure was made. There is safety in a return to the ancient paths. The signs of the times are auspicious for such a reconstruction of society as shall bar out of our homes the pestilential heresies which have threatened social disorganization. Hereafter he who shall dare place his hand upon the sacred ark of the family should be treated as a moral leper, no matter how seductive may be the sound of his words.

The Directors of the London and Westminster Bank have resolved to declare a dividend at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum on the paid-up capital of £2,000,000, for the half year ending the 30th June. The net profits for the six months, after making the usual appropriations and provision for ordinary bad and doubtful debts, amount to £252,000, of which the dividend absorbs £100,000, the balance of the above profit being carried to the Rest account, or reserve fund, which would then amount to £1,167,000. In view of the exceptional losses and frauds during the half year, the directors have thought it prudent to transfer the sum of £500,000 from the Rest to a special suspense account, which sum they consider more than sufficient to meet all contingencies. After the foregoing deduction the reserve will stand at £667,000.—*Monetary and Mining Gazette.*

The Redington Quicksilver Mining Company have declared a dividend of $10 per share, payable to-day.

ANIMA ANCEPS.

Till death have broken
Sweet life's love-token,
Till all be spoken
That shall be said,
What dost thou praying,
O soul, and playing
With song and saying,
Things flown and fled?
For this we know not -
That fresh springs flow not
And fresh griefs grow not
When men are dead;
When strange years cover
Lover and lover,
And joys are over
And tears are shed.
If one day's sorrow
Mar the day's morrow—
If man's life borrow
And man's death pay—
If souls once taken
If lives once shaken,
Arise, awaken,
By night, by day—
Why with strong crying
And years of sighing,
Living and dying,
Fast ye and pray?
For all your weeping,
Waking and sleeping,
Death comes to reaping
And takes away.
Though time rend after
Roof-tree from rafter,
A little laughter
Is much more worth
Than thus to measure
The hour, the treasure,
The pain, the pleasure,
The death, the birth;
Grief, when days alter,
Like joy shall falter;
Song-book and psalter,
Mourning and mirth.
Live like the swallow;
Seek not to follow
Where earth is hollow
Under the earth.

—*Swinburne.*

A NOVELTY IN BALLOONING.

Fritz W. Schroeder, who for some years has lived in Baltimore, is constructing a large balloon, to which will be attached a propelling and steering apparatus, worked by a caloric engine. He expects to have the balloon ready by the 5th of August, when he will leave for New York, and on the 10th of August he states he will start for Europe. He proposes to reach London in fifty hours in his new flying ship. Mr. Schroeder is a German, of military education, who served as an officer in the British army during the Crimean war, and was afterwards in Africa. He came to the United States in 1858, and was attached to Professor La Mountain's balloon corps in 1861, and made many ascensions with the balloon "Saratoga." The propelling apparatus which will be placed in his new balloon has been invented after fourteen years devoted to the subject, and he had it patented on the 7th instant. He is backed by several German capitalists, who have faith in the value of his invention, and who believe the enterprise will prove a success. Mr. Schroeder is quite sanguine in the matter, and believes he will revolutionize the present system of travel, and will be able to carry the mails, not only across the ocean, but also throughout the country, with an expedition never before thought possible except by balloonists. His residence is at No. 485 West Baltimore street.

A New York paper has had the curiosity to overhaul the supply bills of the last quarter century, and copy out the items relating to the compensation of the President. It finds that the average yearly vote of money under Taylor and Fillmore, including salary, furniture and repairs, pay of White House door-keeper, watchmen, etc., was $34,066. Under Pierce, $41,996. Under Buchanan, $46,575. Under Lincoln, $52,196. Under Johnson, not given. Under Grant (first term), $104,726. Under Grant (second term), $119,289. Since the inauguration of the present chief magistrate, the aggregate sum voted for the maintenance of the executive office has been $766,772.

Dr. Truesdell is benefiting his fellow-man (and woman) at twenty-five cents a head. Cheap and—may we say—nasty!

A LAST LOOK.

They say the years since last we met
Have wrought sad change in thee;
That it were better to forget
Our youth's fond history.
And yet I fain would clasp that hand,
Would meet those eyes once more,
One moment by thy side would stand,
As I have stood of yore.

They say the very tones that thrill'd
My heart, and dimmed my eyes,
Now by the cold world's blighting chill'd,
I scarce might recognize.
And yet I long to hear thee speak,
Repeat some bygone strain,
Although the charm I there should seek
Were listened for in vain.

I would not wish the years roll'd back,
Could such a choice be mine,
Nor falter in the onward track,
Though severed far from thine.
But pilgrims may, from hard-won hights,
Receding homes survey,
And give a sigh to past delights,
Yet, sighing—turn away.

HAS CHEATING BECOME A VIRTUE?

The dishonesty of your godlike Granger, who has for the last three years been amusing the world with his horror of the wickedness of railroad stock and bond holders, seems likely at last to be, in some degree, arrested by the law. In Illinois, as in other States, the holy man has for some time past made a practice of issuing town and county bonds for all sorts of purposes. Sometimes they were to help him to get railroads made in the vicinity of his farm, sometimes for other local improvements. After getting the railroad he has been very apt to refuse to pay the bonds, on the ground that he had no right to issue them, that he did so thinking the railroads were public institutions, but, having found out that they were strictly private corporations, he felt awfully sorry, and must solemnly repudiate. Sometimes, if this plea did not avail him, he would begin to weep and wail and say that the stock was dreadfully "watered," and that he felt that he owed it to posterity to default both on his interest and principal. In other cases, however, in which he received the money, he has refused to pay a cent simply because paying is not pleasant. Several counties in Illinois actually refuse to pay their creditors, not because they are unable, or they have any complaint to make of the manner in which the debt was contracted or the money spent, but because they won't. They have been sued and judgment obtained, and the supervisors have refused to levy the necessary taxes and set the creditors at defiance, to the delight of their pious constituents. At last an attempt is being made to hold the officers personally liable for refusing to do their duty. The supervisors of Macoupin county have been fined for failure to obey a mandamus. The county paid the fine, but the Court handed the money over to its creditors on account, and attacked the supervisors again, and now civil suits for damages have been begun against them for negligence. There is thus a fair chance that the rogues will at last be brought to justice, and these extraordinary communities receive a practical lesson in ethics which may prove of inestimable value to them. We advise all bondholders or investors at home and abroad to watch these cases. They are really to them of vastly more importance than statistics about corn or hogs or coal-lands.

FRAUDULENT LAND TITLES.

Certain unscrupulous land grabbers are loud just now in their denunciations of Mr. Bidwell's land title as null and void; and they hold up their hands in well-feigned horror at his monstrous injustice to the United States Government in withholding due payment for said land, and to the honest settlers by depriving them of their peaceful homes, etc., etc. Mr. Bidwell's title may be bad, and, of course, to be classed with those fraudulent titles which have been manufactured and engineered through our courts, the United States Surveyor General's office and the general land office at Washington, until United States patents have been obtained for immense tracts of land that were never held by genuine Mexican titles for the quantities of land thus surreptitiously obtained. We intend to publish a list of fraudulent land titles, procured by the land grabbers, their confederates, agents and colleagues, with such irrefragible evidence of fraud as shall show them *all* up in their true colors.

A BORN DOCTOR.

A Negro Who Cures the Sick "Wid dis yere Right Han'."—Upon the examination, yesterday morning, before the recorder, of Morris Taylor, accused of administering poison to Mary Ann Tolden, in a glass of soda water, Dr. Thomas Taylor, a colored "gem'man," was called to the stand as a witness for the State. The doctor is a small-sized individual, is slip-shod, walks with a cane, has a small head, scant of wool, solferino eyes, mouth cut biased, and the look of one who has an eye to the main chance.

The doctor hobbled up to the stand, and proceeded to answer the questions put to him by the court thusly:

BY THE COURT—What is your name?

DR. TAYLOR—Dr. Thomas Taylor.

COURT—What is your trade? What do you do for a living?

DR. TAYLOR—I'se a doctor—er fissian (physician).

COURT—Under what school of medicine do you study?

DR. TAYLOR—Hey! Didn't study 'tall. Cum into to de wurl a doctor. Was borned a doctor. You see, boss, I cures people wid dis yere han', dis yere right han'. I jes puts it on 'em, and does a little summen to 'em, and dey gits well; I does. I was worth more ter my old masser dan all de oder niggers he had. I'se a doctor, I is. (Here the witness surveyed the audience with a great deal of gravity and importance, hitched up his pants, and turned again to the court.)

COURT—Do you know Mary Ann Tolden? If you do, state what was her condition when you saw her, Sunday or Monday last.

DR. T.—I knows her. Well, boss, you know, last Sunday or Monday, I disremember which, I was called in 'fessionally to see de young lady. I found her in 'vulsions and 'plaining of things worrien' 'bout her heart. Says I, "Mary Ann, what's de matter?" Says she, "Doctor, I feel things wurkin' round my heart." I put dis yere right han' on her and she got still. I saw her sorter swelled out and felt things a wurkin' round in dere, and I knowed she mus' have sum varmint in dere. So I gave a tablespoonful of fresh milk, and den I took a speckled chicken—a real, natural chicken—and cut it open and put it on her right side, jes' over whar the heart beats. I kep' it dere for sum time, may be half hour. De treatment fotched 'em out; cured her up.

COURT—Have you a license to practice medicine?

DR. TAYLOR—Yes, sir! (Here witness produced a city license, issued January 1, 1875, signed by Mayor Hurley, authorizing him to carry on the occupation of a physician from January 1, 1875, to July 1, 1875.)

COURT—Can you read?

DR. TAYLOR—No, sir; I don't need ter. I'se de sebenth son of de sebenth son. My nollige was born wid me.

COURT—Have you a license from the county board of physicians?

DR. TAYLOR—No, sir! What for I want to go to dem for? I'se a doctor, I is. I cures people with my han'—my right han'. I don't give no doctors' stuff. (Here witness looked disgusted, as though to insinuate that to go before the common board were a great insult.)

COURT—Do you get pay for your visits and doctoring?

DR. TAYLOR—Pay? Pay? In course I does. I'se no fool, I'm a doctor, I is. 'Course I gets pay. I charges 'em $25 for every case, and I make 'em pay me, I does. I'se a doctor, I is.—*Galveston News.*

Extract of a Letter from Tom Hood.—"DEAR DILKE: I burn without getting warm. I wish I were the ham between the two buttered slices of bread, well mustarded—that seems like warmth. But this wind is keen enough to *cut* sandwiches. I could cry with cold, only I'm afraid of the icicles. I wish that in settling other *Eastern* questions they had deposed this wind. I confess for two nights past I have wished for a little 'warm-with,' but the only bottle I am allowed is at my feet, and even then only warm water—without. I almost fancy myself a gander sometimes, and web-footed. My stomach is like a house where the washing is done at home—all slop, hot water and tea. So I stop. I'm so cold and washy, I'm only fit to correspond with a frog. Give my love to all, but you had better *mull* it."—*Papers of a Critic.*

THE FADED VIOLET.

You gave it me long years ago,
In the shadowy evening time,
While the clouds stole round the mountain side,
And the bells rang out a chime.
The blossoms listened at our feet,
The trees stoop'd from above;
You said, "This flower will say for me
All that my heart says—'Love.'"
'Tis long ago; but I have yet
That little faded violet.

And life was at its blithest then;
The world ne'er seemed so bright;
For the sweetest story ever told
I listened to that night;
And often, often, when alone
I've kissed my violet blue,
And said, "E'en as I keep my flower
So will my love be true."
Ah, me! I have it hidden yet,
That little faded violet.

We parted long, long months ago,
With not a sigh to tell
That once, in far-off happy days,
We two had loved so well.
We parted with few cold words—
We two who oft had said
Not all the world should come between.
Ah, well! the love was dead—
The love was dead: but yet, but yet,
I keep my fatal violet.

N. B.—The Blue Violet is the emblem of Love.

READ IT OR NOT, JUST AS YOU PLEASE.

From the dross, dirt, and filth, manufacture them; from the reeking dens of pestilence and the pits of infamy, drag them forth; from the murderous caverns of the Barbary Coast and the assassin dens of the City Front, drag them out; from the sinks of shame and the haunts of corruption, tear them forth; from the ranks of thieves, scoundrels, and cutthroats, select them; from the reeking atmosphere of the jails and penitentiaries, snatch them bald-headed—for verily the harvest is ripe, and the gleaners are not few, but many. "What does all this mean?" asked the venerable chief of the *News Letter*. "It means," replied Mephistopheles, "that our local patriot politicians are manufacturing American citizens in so shameless and infamous a manner that I weep for the future of my beloved country. I see the depraved and the debauched swearing allegiance to the starry flag. I see poor, ignorant men, drugged and made stupid from doses of vile whisky, hauled by the coat collars to swear fidelity to the banner. I see American citizens manufactured from the haunts of vice and infamy, from the ranks of murderers and assassins. I see men who pretend to political position and respectability swear that they have known candidates for naturalization for a number of years, when they have not known them for so many days. The party shoulder strikers who are engaged in this nefarious work should be arrested for cruelty to animals, tried, found guilty, and sentenced to prison. But sir, seriously, what is to become of the Goddess of Liberty if it is of such stuff that her defenders are to be manufactured? What is to be the result of such hordes wielding the power of the ballot at the dictation of corrupt politicians." "Is universal suffrage a farce—is it such a degradation that the degraded must be dragged, in a drunken condition, to accept it?" "Sir, go to the naturalization bureaus, and look upon the shameless manner in which the bulwarks of American liberty and independence are created. No test of education, honor, or manhood required to become a citizen of the greatest republic on the earth. The most ignorant and besotted of foreigners will find politicians to swear them into the civil rights and possessions of the most cultured and refined native American. And this is Liberty. How long will it last?" cried Mephistopheles, as he retired, calmly puffing his Havana.

The "Graphic."—The place once held by the *Illustrated London News* as the first illustrated paper in the United Kingdom is now usurped by right of superiority by the *Graphic*. Besides the usual number of excellent illustrations, it gives us a table showing the war strength of each European power, naval as well as military. The reading matter is, as usual, fresh and vigorous—useful as well as newsy.

"DOCTOR" PAUL M. BRENAN.

This quack, who gets prominent puffs in the *Post* like unto editorials, and is a prominent candidate for Coroner, we have had occasion to show up. As a matter of safety to ourselves, we adopted our usual custom of interviewing the fellow, in order to discover what, if any, defense he had to make. He took advantage of the occasion to carry off *in et armis* a document addressed to us from the *Springfield Republican* office. We had him arrested. We have commented elsewhere upon the misdirection of law by which he was allowed to escape. The following is the *Chronicle's* very accurate report of

THE TRIAL:

"Dr. Paul M. Brenan, the oratorical disciple of Esculapius, was examined yesterday in the Police Court on a charge of petit larceny preferred by Frederick Marriott of the *News Letter*. The aggrieved proprietor testified that he had received numerous letters from the East containing statements of Brenan's conduct there. In accordance with his usual custom, he sent for the doctor to ascertain whether anything could be said by him in defense. "The fellow read the letters," said Marriott, "and bolted with them." On cross-examination he stated that he would have published a refutation from the doctor, but he only said it was "a —— lie."

Counsel—Well, what more did you want?

Marriott—I wanted facts, sir. I wanted evidence; that's what I wanted. If somebody said that you were a sound lawyer, the mere statement wouldn't make it so, would it?

Counsel—Well, no. It would be open to objection. Did you ever ask him for money?

Marriott—Never. Money was not once mentioned.

The witness then drew a small note from his paper and commenced to read: "I have never asked for or accepted one cent"—

Counsel—Hold on there—hold on.

Marriott—Stop a minute. It won't take long. (Reads.) I have never accepted one cent in regard to the crusade against the quacks. Many thousands of dollars certainly over $7,000 have been at one time or another offered me by medical pretenders, but I declined at all times to accept any money whatever. I might also have filled up my paper with quack advertisements, and charged any price I pleased, but under no circumstances have I consented to receive one. On the other hand attachés of the office have been engaged in this exposure, and I have expended $6,000 in it, without any other reward than the increased demand that has legitimately arisen for the paper. That demand, I admit, has been very great.

Counsel—Give me the name of one physician who has ever offered you money.

Marriott—I won't do it. I shan't tell you one of them.

The question was not pressed and the patriarchial Marriott was excused.

The defense offered no testimony and asked a dismissal. The Court granted the request and the case was dismissed. The disputed letter was returned to the doctor, from whom Marriott will be obliged to recover it by a civil suit if he wants it.

THE LETTER.

According to Mr. Marriott's paper, the letter in dispute, dated "Springfield *Republican* office, July 16, 1875," alleges that Paul M. Brenan was charged in New Haven, Connecticut, in 1868 with outraging a young woman, Mary A. Sheehan, after having given her a potion, but that she died before Brenan's trial; that he was publicly whipped in Philadelphia for presuming to address a leading actress; that a young woman in Providence, to whom he had paid many attentions, committed suicide one morning after a visit to his office the previous night; that a young woman of New Haven offered to testify that he had attempted with her what had succeeded with Mary Sheehan; that in Worcester he was called "The Count," and married a young woman there; that he first claimed to have graduated at Jefferson College, but afterwards admitted that he had no diploma, and that his reputation has been extremely unsavory wherever he staid long."

A picture of Morse, the adapter of lightning to telegraphy, has been destroyed by lightning in New Orleans.

BEYOND THE TIDE.

We read that beyond Death's dreary tide,
Is a land so light that it needs no sun;
Where the gates of pearl stand open wide
Through a Sabbath day that is never done.

We read that no pain can ever smite
The dwellers upon that glorious shore;
No dying is there, nor sin's sad blight,
And their tears are wiped for evermore.

It is very lonely this side the flood,
When those we loved had meekly died;
And in the silence of our abode
We listen for sounds beyond the tide.

We know that their home is a wondrous land,
And we stand on the river's stormy side;
Oh! say, if upon this earthly strand
There may float no sign from beyond the tide?

Where is the angel who rolled the stone
From the sepulchre? Is the gulf so wide
That they only cross to the Holy One,
And never again from beyond the tide?

MR. GINGHAM ON JAPAN.

The following letter has been written by the Hon. John A. B. C. D. E. F. Gingham to the *Alta California*. *Alta* is the Spanish for tall, and the writing in that paper is very tall.

TOKIO, Japan, March 5, 1875.

We occupy a flat-roofed barn built on a great mud-flat, whose dirty waters wash alike the people of Japan and the citizens of the You-nighted States, the largest planet in the solar system, bigger than the sun himself, chaster than the moon, brighter than the stars, more brilliant than a comet, and the foremost land in the blue vault of heaven. Eighteen hundred and seventy miles away, in the dim vista of the past, looms grandly the sacred sugar-loaf of Japan, Fussy Yamer, looking down into our dining-room window, now dressed like a sentry in light marching order, now like a sentinel in the clouds thinking of his doom. It is grand, lovely, comical and some punkins; it has made its pile, and has a lift for the musk scented daughters of the moon. Thousands of loafers visit it daily for the snow on the summit to cool their drinks with; indeed, the 30,000,000 are objects old in story telling and older in telling stories, ever changing, ever new. I vegetate and take great interest in the snakes, the sky, the rivers, the lakes, the tea, the dark, blue, purple, green, russet seas.

A lifetime is too brief, and it is too long between drinks to say what I think of this people, and what I have seen of their powers of sleeping I cannot but think that an ornithologist who had studied the bird of freedom in our country, upon seeing the manners and the custom-houses of this country, would conclude that the latter are descended from the former and both from red Indians.—*Japan Punch.*

A marvel of mediæval calligraphy and writing has been recently sent to Paris by an English bookseller, who bought it for 36,000 francs, and is on the look-out for a purchaser at 42,000 francs. It is a psalter from the monastery of St. Hubert, in Ardennes (Luxembourg), and is known as the psalter of Louis the Good. It is written in gold uncials; and contains verses in honor of the King to whom it was presented. The binding is on one side of ivory, admirably chiseled; on the other of wrought silver, representing the King who owned the manuscript. This psalter was described by Mabillon in the seventeenth century, and since the end of last century had been considered as lost.

The lame organ of the lame ducks says "if the *News Letter* does not mend its ways its sale upon the street will be stopped." Not much! Thieves would like to disband the police. But honest men take care they d on't.

[**From the Town Crier Column of the S. F. News Letter.**]

The Town Crier has had the following inventions submitted for his approval by local inventors. Some of them possess merit, some none. An invention for keeping Judge Louderback awake while Leander Quint pours forth his rushing torrent of indifferent English and shaky rhetoric. —*Colonel Dudley.* COMMENTS OF LEADING LAWYERS—"A first rate idea, but just a little rough on the Judge."—*W. H. Patterson.* "If Louderback can stand having his left ear half yanked off every two minutes, the invention is bound to be a complete success."—*Sol Sharp.* "Just what the Judge wants to wake him up a bit." —*Bailiff Englander.* An invention for floating doubtful stock on the market, and swindling, through the bankruptcy whitewash system, any conflicting customer not likely to buck. *R. H. Page,* COMMENTS OF WELL KNOWN STOCK OPERATORS—"Just what we want to protect us from the howling crowd of idiots generally known as 'the public.'"—*S. F. Board of Brokers.* "A splendid idea, right into my hand."—*W. T. O'Neale.* "Calculated to benefit us all"—*Seamen.* "I'm *blowed* if the idea isn't a big one."—*Budd.* An invention for hoodwinking the public, evading direct or positive assertions, and for retaining a comfortable seat on the *fence,* no matter how severe the political storm. *Loring Pickering.* COMMENTS OF PROMINENT JOURNALISTS "One of the noblest and most elevating ideas that has ever taken a substantial form, and an invention calculated to reform the press, not only of San Francisco, but of the world. The greatest feature in a great man's life."—*G. K. Fitch.* "Just such an invention as we should have looked for from such an unmitigated, doubly dyed, absquatulating, absconding, umbrella-dodging fence percher as that old bilk Pickering."—*Charles De Young.* "Like the darned old fool." *Henry George.* "My opinion upon most subjects are not strong, yet I have a very *decided* opinion that Pickering's method of describing things in general would be the best one to apply to Deacon Fitch's visits to Czapsky." —*Fred MacCrellish.* The *T. C.* has lots more inventions, which will be brought before the public next week. N. B.—The patents for all the above have been obtained.

The thirst after Christianity, which exists among our youths in the interior, was beautifully and pathetically exhibited last Tuesday. A youth, whose sunburnt face, blue overalls, and neatly fitting peach-colored coat at once proclaimed him from the country, rushed breathlessly into a Montgomery street bookstore. "Let's look at a Bible!" he shouted. The polished young gentlemen behind the bar -we beg his pardon, counter- blushed as he left a nice looking lady customer, and after casting a look of ineffable contempt upon the gentleman from the rural districts, demanded in his most frigid style, "What price?" "Somewheres about a dollar, I guess," said the freckled youth, plunging one hand into a pocket which seemed to reach down to his boots. The Holy Book was produced, examined, and purchased by the stranger, who, as he left, and to the disgust of the polished young gentleman, thus gave vent to his glee: "Them kivers'll make first-class gun wadden, and my girl Cordelia says there's no paper like this here for curl twists." Now we city folks allow our Bibles to accumulate dust, feed worms, and adorn our shelves, while our country cousins really value the good book for what it is worth.

An Oakland Adonis, who prides himself upon the sweetness of his voice, walked three miles down the San Pablo road one night this week to serenade the object of his affections. For upwards of an hour he sweetly warbled. She did not appear at the window, but he felt certain that his flood of song had been appreciated by sundry movements of the window blind. He met her on the boat the next morning, and as she did not allude to his musical performance he ventured to ask her how she slept the night before. Smiling sweetly, the charmer replied: "Them tarnation cats kept a mewing most all night, and I didn't sleep worth a cent; drat their carcases." The Oakland Adonis has ceased to take lessons in singing, and is now a more silent but a wiser man. "Darling, I am Growing Old" no more disturbs the slumbering frog on the shores of Lake Merrit.

Some of our pushing photographers advertise "photographs in miniature." The idea is quite a good one, and should not only take but bring grist to the camera. Nearly all of us have friends of whom the less we see the better we like them.

A new paper has been started in England by the undertakers; it is aptly called the *Obituary*. We should like to send a few of our local newspaper men to London with strong recommendations. We are certain that they would be an immense success on such a paper. Fancy the tears which the *Alta's* Brevity man would draw from the bereaved. Imagine the solace which the afflicted would draw from those refreshing verses which the *Call* man always has on hand, and which begin:

"Darling Tommy, thou hast left us,
And thy loss we deeply feel."
* * * * *

We should all be sorry to lose "Tommy," but it is really a pity that so much light should be hid under a bushel of mush.

Senator Booth dwelt with much gusto at Union Hall on the successful and vigorous school system in California, but what can we say for the agent who deliberately penned, or the compositor who dared to set up, such atrocious sentences as the following: "There is only about twenty trees in this grove but nearly as large as those of Mariposa and Calaveras." "The largest trees, the most picturesque scenery, and by all odds, the best roads, is the Calaveras, Big Trees and Oak Flat or Hutching's route to Yosemite." We should blush to give the name of anybody connected with the circular, and sincerely hope that our Eastern friends may never get hold of a single copy.

Mrs. Shea, of Springfield, Mass., has won for herself a lasting fame. She has produced a twenty-pound baby. Imagine the joy of Mr. Shea on beholding himself reproduced in the shape of a twenty-pounder. He is, indeed, a "heavy father." Since Mrs. Shea's immense success in the baby line all the Springfield doctors attending such *interesting* cases are requested by expectant mammas to bring a pair of scales in their pockets. However, despite much margin given by kind doctors, no mother has yet succeeded in getting nearer to Mrs. Shea's *chef d'œuvre* than twelve pounds. Spurred on by rivalry, the good work still continues, and Springfield may yet boast of a twenty-five pound infant.

Pitch has been very much troubled of late about his dear old friend Pickering, so much so, in fact, that the worthy deacon has deemed it his duty to write to inquire the character of his *confrere*. The reply he publishes in one of his papers, "both dailies," and it is one of the weakest attempts at a "whitewash" we ever saw. Some fellow who is probably himself as deep in the mud as the doubly-dyed old rogue, writes to say that the rumors are unfounded. We rather imagine that if such had been the case "the rogues retrospect," published weekly in our sheet, would have long ago furnished abundant matter for a libel suit. No deacon, you can't fool us this way. We're too old for such chaff.

Whoever has read the "Offices of Cicero" must have risen from the intellectual feast a wiser and better man. Whoever read the late debate on the morality of "dives," between Mayor Otis and Supervisor Block, must have felt a certain unnamable nastiness crawl all over his physical territory. The Supervisor's truth about the management of oyster saloons, and the sly hit made as to the immorality practiced in such places, reflect great credit upon the practical experiences of that gentleman. If the Mayor and the Supervisor will now join the Young Men's Christian Association they will find they do not know everything about dives and oyster saloons.

Will no one go after the enterprising stomach-ache merchants who make a fruit market of the Washington-street sidewalks? Will no kind, patriotic friend suggest to the police that clambering over piles of melons, and threading one's way through labyrinths of boxes, in no way enhances the pleasures of pedestrian locomotion? Will no daring spirit arise from among us, who will make a test case of one of the most flagrant offenders? Till we visited the genial city of San Francisco, we were foolish enough to imagine that sidewalks were meant to walk on. One has to go West, however, to learn what is what.

That was a nice social and cheering little interview between Frank Pixley and ex-Supervisor Tim McCarthy in the Occidental Hotel barroom the other evening. Humble pie was eaten with great apparent relish by the gallant General. The *Chronicle's* guns have been neatly spiked by the ex-Supervisor.

A correspondent, writing from San Francisco to the *Spectator*, says: "After breakfast, as I walked down to the Santa Barbara boat, I saw some pretty little retriever pups hung up in the market for sale with their throats cut, I suppose for the Chinese." Now this is just a little too good. If this lately arrived Britisher cannot tell kids from retrievers, the sooner he returns to the land of his birth the better. At any rate, if he has spent all his money in riotous living at the "International," from which fashionable house he writes, for God's sake let him give up corresponding till he has studied natural history a litle more, and depend upon his "remittances" for an existence.

Whatever doubts we had as to the truth of the scientific assertion that "heat generates motion," are entirely removed. We placed our lighted cigar upon the seat of a Fourth-street car in order that its fumes should not incommode the ladies present, when a small boy entered hastily and sat right square on the stinkerado. We watched the results with all the ardor of a scientist, and when that boy jumped up and rubbed that part of his person least exposed to the sun, we felt sure that heat does generate motion, and pretty quickly, too.

Ladies whose husbands eat heavy suppers must sleep with one eye open. An old gentleman of New York lately supped off blood pudding, dreamt that he was killing a cat, and woke in the morning to a realization of the sad fact that he was a widower, and that the cat he had killed was his wife. It is somewhat doubtful whether the jury will take a night-marish view of the case or not, but the old gentleman's ingenious excuse suggests most painfully the dangers of wives whose husbands are dyspeptic.

Once more Caleb T. Fay appears as a candidate for the office of Tax Collector. We forget exactly how many times this cadaverous old gentleman has tried for office, but we feel sure that if he lives long enough and still perseveres, about A. D. 2000 his patient persistency will be duly rewarded. The present generation will then have forgotten his numerous follies, and as, by all present appearances, a breed of fools is now in embryo, it will appreciate and hail him as one of them.

The good Mr. Pickering is engaged in writing his autobiography, and giving the readers of the *Call* daily doses. The author is doing his level best with the subject, but it is fearfully uninteresting. We regret that as yet he has robbed no hen roosts or orchards, nor cut down any cherry trees with his little hatchet. O no; the boy Pick was after something bigger, and couldn't think of eggs, chickens, or melons when there were millions in sight, and all for giving the pen full sway.

A stern decree of the School Directors has forced all the lady teachers to learn drawing. Hitherto they have confined their efforts in that direction to drawing their salaries. This they are said to have done with wonderful fidelity. Some notable additions to our art galleries are looked for, and labels are being prepared explaining the subjects drawn. As, for instance, "This is a square;" "this is a house."

Centennials are all the go. Why can't we get up one here? Why should not Madame Anna Bishop and Carl Formes celebrate theirs in a grand concert? Jamauschek, Ristori, and De Murska must be at least a hundred years old. Why don't they celebrate their centennials, too? Every one respects age in wine, why not in women?

Louderback has returned from his vacation, and once more balances the scale of justice. He does not look well—looks pale and anxious; but who could sit in that poisonous atmosphere half a day at a time and look like anything but a strip of boiled tripe, supporting a pair of spectacles? We pause for a reply.

The new Custom-house and Post Office bids fair to be a most noble structure. Several thousand tons of *old* bricks have already arrived, and more are expected, so soon as some old houses in the vicinity are either pulled or fall down.

Paul Brenan, the letter-grabbing quack, has bought a little gun. It takes two bottles of whisky, six friends, and several cartridges to make it go off, and even then it does not do half as much harm as one of his own pills.

ORIGIN OF SPELLING-BEES.

[RECENTLY DISCOVERED ADDENDA TO THE LOST TALES OF MILETUS.]

To Jove, Olympus-throned, from lunch refraining—
Ambrosia o'er—Minerva came complaining:
"My Gracious Liege!" she said, "this is my mission,"
To bring you to a sense of your position.
Your over-leniency, dyspepsia breeding,
Allows the gods too much of over-feeding,
By which their palates check their brains' progression,
And dull their intellects by retrogression.
And seeing this, O Jove, I crave permission
To counteract it by direct attrition,
In order thus their intellects to strengthen,
Their minds to polish, and their memories lengthen.

Permission given, straight Minerva took
Out of her pocket Webster's Spelling-Book.
Around the circle test-words quickly hied,
Which each Immortal missed as soon as tried.

On "trousseau" Juno weakened, Mars on "foes,"
While pouting Venus came to grief through "beaux."
On "occult" Pluto, Vulcan on "crescendo,"
While gray-beard Neptune caved on "innuendo."
Bacchus with "reeling" made a perfect funk,
At which Minerva tartly cried, "You're drunk!"
One "a" in "messenger" gave Mercury trouble,
And Ceres, weeping, bit the dust on "stubble;"
Apollo stoutly tried his luck on "rooster,"
And then, appealing, said he spelled by Worcester:
On which the Graces held, as referees,
He was "so nice" he might spell as he pleased.
Jove, last of all but than the rest no better,
In spelling "empty" lost a needed letter.

Then the whole circle begged her to give o'er;
The gods all called her spelling-bee a bore.
The ladies said "blue-stocking!" and "a fright!"
And the three judges held such language—right.
Pluto said: "Nervy, let's to Hades go
And try this latest torment down below."

Straightway Minerva rose and closed her book,
And 'round the circle cast a withering look:
"Immortal Gods!" she said, "henceforth the schools
Shall better call you all Immortal Fools!
Olympus"—here she wept—"so glorious once,
Is now fit only for the dullest dunce.
Down to the earth I'll go, and quickly mass
The suffering nations in a spelling-class.
Thus I'll reform the world, and as for you,
Degenerate Deities, for awhile adieu!
I shall return, and till that time—ah, well!
I'll leave Olympus for a little spell."
So saying she turned, nor longer deigned to stay,
But glided swiftly down the milky way.

Minerva thus her earthward journey took,
And from her pocket drew her awful book.
America soon gave the chance she sought,
And a new "Battle of Lexicon" was fought;
Fierce grew the conflict, quick the test-words flew—
Ponderous six-syllables and puzzling two.

And thus we wrestle while, serene and still,
Minerva sits enthroned on Learning's Hill.
And, till she wearies, thus, I fear, shall we
Still be a-spelling at a spelling-bee!

The law says, stolen property *must* be given to the owner. Judge Louderback orders it to be returned to the thief.

O'CONOR, THE IRISH POET.

The "Pall Mall Gazette" (which is edited, I may tell you, by Mr. Frederick Greenwood, the brother of James Greenwood, the "Amateur Casual") has just done a very kindly thing. It has called attention in glowing terms to a little volume of patriotic verses written by a humble Irishman, Mr. O'Conor. Mr. O'Conor is, it seems, a working man settled at Deptford, and is at present trying to gain a very minor post in our school board. That he has considerable poetic instinct is certain. Take, for example, his "Backwoods Song:"

"We camp beneath the tall pines,
We're trappers true and tried;
From early dawn till shadows fall,
O'er hills and dales we ride.
At evening in the clearing
Dear Ireland's hills we see, [well
Where freedom fell through striking
For God and Country.

The shades of night are falling,
But light or shade falls to blind
The broken-hearted exile
From the land he left behind.
But a truce to grief! Let's pledge
Every home and altar free! [toast—
And be our boast, our backwoods
For God and Country!

For God and Country!
For God and Country! [boast,
Boys, be our toast and proudest
For God and Country!"

Is not that very inspiriting? I can fancy I hear that chorus given by half a dozen brawny Irish immigrants. How it would echo among the pines! Again, the following lines on "The Vanithee," a good old housewife, have surely the true lilt:

"Let some go praise our maidens
To me a jewel rich and rare, [fair—
A gem, a priceless gem to me,
Is Ireland's pride, the Vanithee.

When winter nights were cold and
long, [song
Who cheered our hearts with jest and
Till laughter shook the old roof-tree?
O who but Ireland's Vanithee.

Who oft on feast of Hallowe'en
Made glad the heart of each colleen,
And burned the nuts? '*He'll cross the
sea,*'
And '*She'll get wed,*' said Vanithee.

'Twas sad from Erin's hills to part,
But O, what mostly broke my
heart
And made it grieve to exiled be
Was parting with the Vanithee.

She's dear to me, and, by the day!
You may believe the words I say:
Were I a king, a queen should be
My dear old, brave old Vanithee.

Come, fill we to the brim each cup,
And froth it up, boys, froth it up!
Here's Ireland o'er the deep blue sea!
Here's Ireland's pride, the Vanithee!"

WHAT THE ALTA SAYS ABOUT THE NEWS LETTER.

The "Alta California" says: "The *News Letter* has for some time been making a lively war upon the quacks. Practitioners without diplomas have been published in a black list. A complete directory of the qualified men, together with the names of their Colleges, has been prepared, and with the black list circulated gratuitously throughout the city and other parts of the State. The whole of the expense of this good work has been incurred by Mr. Marriott, and on Tuesday, he swore in the Police Court, as follows: 'I have never accepted one cent in regard to our crusade against the quacks. Many thousands of dollars, certainly over $7,000, have been at one time or another offered me by medical pretenders, but I declined at all times to accept any money whatever. I might also have filled up my whole paper with quack advertisements and charged any price I pleased, but under no circumstances have I consented to receive one. On the other hand, the attachés of the office have been engaged in this exposure, and I have expended $6,000 in it without any other reward than the increased demand that has legitimately arisen for the paper. That demand I admit has been very great.'"

A vein of ore has been struck near Palisade (Nevada), which bids fair to rival anything on the Comstock Lode. A party of gentleman, of whom L. I. Hogle is prominent, has visited the spot, and have brought in a number of specimens which, under assay of fire and acid, have indicated surprising returns. The assayer of Eureka pronounced it $700 per ton. In any event it is a big thing, and some specimens containing gold were worth $4,500 per ton.

SURPRISE.

If in a dust-heap hidden I should find
A priceless gem, or ring of virgin gold,
To beauty's worth I would be strangely blind
If I disdained the lovely thing to hold
Because mid vile surroundings it had lain,
Itself unsoiled by any touch of stain.

If after years of struggle and defeat,
Or fruitless toil and unadvantaged pain,
There came to me an hour of perfect sweet,
An Eden islet in a stormy main,
How strangely thankless would my spirit be
If it refused the radiant thing to see.

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

TWINS—A NEGRO AND CHINA BOY AT A BIRTH.

On Wednesday last, as was mentioned in Thursday morning's papers, Mrs. Zubriski, of 799 Van Ness avenue, was safely delivered of twins. Both mother and children were then doing well. Not one of the morning papers, in mentioning this, made the slightest reference to a peculiarity about the children, nor to a little unpleasantness which might have resulted fatally but for the intervention of special officer Merrylegs. The doctors have furnished us with a long account of the peculiarities of the children, which may be summed up in a few words. One was a little China boy, the other a little negro. Mr. Zubriski was engaged in his office on California street at 2 o'clock Wednesday afternoon, conversing with Michael Reese about a new line of telegraph, when Mr. Newcome brought word of the increase in his family. Mr. Zubriski, in a very excited manner, took a naval revolver from his safe, and rushed home. On reaching his home he rang the bell, when the door was opened by George, his negro coachman. Mr. Zubriski presented his revolver, and would have shot him on the spot had not special officer Merrylegs, who followed Mr. Zubriski from California street, interposed. Mr. Zubriski then rushed into the kitchen and tried to strangle Sam Kee, the Chinese cook, but fortunately Mr. Merrylegs ran in and saved the Celestial. Mr. Zubriski then gave Mr. Merrylegs his word of honor, as a stockbroker, that he would not use any violence until the doctors arrived. At twenty minutes after 3 o'clock, Drs. Czapskay and Czarvash arrived. Dr. Czarvash, after making a careful examination of the children, gave his opinion that it was *a singular freak of nature*. Dr. Czapskay said it was the most painful circumstance of his life to have to differ from his learned friend, but circumstances compelled him to do so; his opinion was that this was *a plural freak of nature*. Mr. Zubriski was quite satisfied with the medical explanation. It is only just to state that Mrs. Zubriski had, previous to the events just mentioned, been reading Bayard Taylor's Travels in China and Africa. Both doctors give it as their opinion that books like these are dangerous to put into the hands of a lady in such a condition. One of the children is now at the Chinese Mission, the other is at the Colored Orphan Asylum.

STRETCHING.

A society for the encouragement of the use of India rubber yardsticks is about to be organized in this country. It is demonstrated that the present uncompromising yardsticks is frequently a great inconvenience, causing anything to measure less than is desirable. It appears also that the yard measure now in use is absurdly kept at a particular standard, so that it cannot be varied to suit the occasion, and that we borrowed the ridiculous idea from the effete monarchies of the Old World, where it is not to be expected that we should find anything suited to our advanced civilization. Wood is the worst possible material to make yardsticks of because it is liable to be wanted for fuel; but India rubber is just the article, on account of its great flexibility, which secures a yardstick that will measure anything, from a man's nose to his whole figure. For further particulars *vide* our proofs of stretching by some of our conspicuous dealers in dry goods which will shortly appear.

[From the San Francisco News Letter.]

ANOTHER LETTER FOR BRENAN TO STEAL.

Before Brenan, whom the *Post* calls "a physician and a prominent candidate for Coroner," recently stole our letter from the Springfield *Republican* office, we had received several of the same kind. They still come, and here is the latest:

"I think it is two years this Summer that Brenan was in Springfield, Ill., and he sent his advertisement to the Quincy *Herald*, published at Quincy, Adams Co., Ill., saying Dr. Paul M. Brenan would arrive in a certain train, would be met at the depot by a band of music, and escorted to the Quincy House, where he would cure all kinds of incurable diseases. The appointed time came, but the Dr. did not. Next morning's *Herald* stated that the celebrated physician had been arrested for assaulting a chambermaid in the Leland House and was held for trial. Rumor afterward said he was fined $400, and it was also reported that Mad. Taylor had him arrested for using obscene and abusive language to herself and inmates of her house, while visiting there. She lives in Springfield, also. He finally came to Quincy, but people were shy of him. His reputation had preceded him, and he hung around the Quincy House till they ordered him to vacate. While there, the St. Mary's Hospital had a fair, and Dr. Brenan proposed to recite "Shamus O'Brien" for the edification of the visitors, but the committee declined the proffered kindness. The Quincy *Herald* was publishing scandalous reports of the doctor nearly every day at that time, copied from exchanges in different parts of the country where he had been and left a bad reputation behind him. While in Quincy a woman came there, called herself his wife, and people believed it, from her forlorn looks. When he left Quincy he went west on the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, and lectured on temperance at some of the larger towns, to make a stake to get out of the country. He was then shabby, poor, and a total wreck. There are two other parties in this city besides myself who know these things to have been published in the papers at that time. With great respect for you, and hoping that truth and justice will prevail, for you are in the right, I am, very truly, yours, ***

A ROMAN EPISTLE.

The following is a correct translation of an epistle sent by Publius Lentulus to the Roman Senate: "There appeared in these days a man of great virtue, named Jesus Christ, who is yet among us; of the Gentiles accepted for a prophet of truth; but his disciples call him the son of God. He raiseth the dead and cureth all manner of disease. A man of stature somewhat tall and comely, with a very reverend countenance, such as the beholder must love and fear. His hair the color of a chestnut full ripe, plain to the ears, whence, downward, it is more orient, curling and waving about his shoulders. In the midst of his forehead is a stream or partition of his hair, after the manner of the Nazarites; forehead plain and very delicate; his face without spot or wrinkle, beautiful and with a lovely red; his nose and mouth so forked as nothing can be represented; his beard thick, in color like his hair, not over long; his look innocent and mature; his eyes gray, quick and clear; in reproving he is terrible; in admonishing, courteous and fair spoken; pleasant in conversation, mixed with gravity. It cannot be remembered that any have seen him laugh; but many have seen him weep. In proportion of body, most excellent; his hands and arms delectable to behold; in speaking, very temperate, modest, and wise—a man of singular beauty, surpassing the children of men."—*Foster's Cyclopedia of Illustrations.*

The novelty of the London season will be monograms worked upon dresses. The Princess of Wales has inaugurated this strange style on an Edinburgh cloth dress by having her monogram surrounded by a garland of flowers, and crossed with the crown, with three plumes; the same work was bestowed upon the waist. The initials are not only embroidered with endless arabesques, but have also the principal elements of the wearers' crests mingled with many-colored designs, as in mediæval missals.

NIGHT RIDE IN FAIRYLAND.

All night the great elms shook for fear
And writhed as if in pain,
Between the pauses of my sleep
I heard the gusty rain;
Quite sick of this world and unmanned,
I rode away to Fairyland.

All night the bellowing of the storm
The crazy chimney rocked and shook;
Till, weary of this sound of woe,
Weary of pen and ink and book,
A bridle snatched with careless hand
And rode an hour through Fairyland.

I heard still, as I flew along,
The old oak's branches shake and shake,
Yet weary of this stubborn heart,
That throbs and throbs, but will not break,
I sought for Oberon and his band,
And rode long leagues through Fairyland.

I found the court; in love and dance
I whiled away the summer hours;
Lances I broke, and quaffed the cup,
Where fell a rain of crimson flowers.
They all obeyed my proud command,
Those little folks of Fairyland.

I won the Fairy crown at last,
And built a castle tall and proud:
The roof was sunshine, and the walls
Were formed of rainbow and of cloud;
I bade the goblins own my sway—
A shout—I woke, and it was day.

—*All the Year Round.*

THE LATE PROFESSOR CAIRNES.

The most accomplished and the ablest of living economists, Professor Cairnes, died on Thursday morning, July 15th, at the age of 51, after a most lingering and painful illness of several years. He was, however, much more than an economist—a politician of very great breadth and grasp of thought. His book on *The Slave Power* did more, at the time of the American Civil War, to turn the intellectual elements in England against the South than any other literary effort of the period. The only bit of political mischief which, in our opinion, he ever did, was the use of his great influence amongst Liberal Members to overthrow Mr. Gladstone's Irish University Bill in 1873. His was a most realistic and graphic, as well as a most logical mind, and no one who studied his works was ever tempted to think that phrases were an adequate substitute for things, or to use glibly formulæ to which he could assign no concrete interpretation. His type of mind was even better suited to the successful study of political economy than that of his friend, John Stuart Mill himself, who, with his usual generosity, was the first to recognize Professor Cairnes's higher power. Though he had long been an invalid, his intellectual influence was exerted, and exerted powerfully, almost up to the last day of his life.

The college sports at Saratoga closed with the athletic games at Glen Mitchell, which were very successful, and no one can say that honors were not quite easy. Amherst won the one-mile run, and added the three-mile run. Williams scored to her credit the one-mile walk, little Union can glorify over the one-quarter of a mile run. Yale's swiftness and skill won the half-mile run and the hurdle race. Harvard's pluck and muscle took in the seven and the three-mile walks, surfeited Cornell added to her victories the 100-yard dash, and plucky Wesleyan, through her pluckiest graduate, won the seven-mile graduate walk.

From the San Francisco News Letter.

LOUDERBACK'S LAW.

We have said many a kind word for Judge Louderback. We have done so because he appeared to support the police in their duty, and because we highly esteemed the manner in which he endeavored to suppress hoodlums, and to send hardened offenders to their right place. We believed there was so much good in him that we turned deaf ears to many allegations as to justice in the Police Court being blind on one side when politicians or other "useful" persons were before it, and when influential men had interfered. But we are constrained very reluctantly to say that we cannot discover any common sense reason or principle of law to justify him in a course he took this week, which we find is scoffed at by all members of the bar with whom we have come into contact. We charged the man Brenan with larceny, in having carried away from our office *vi et armis* a valuable document and with having appropriated it to his own use. The uncontradicted testimony was that it was of great value to us, to wit, $500. It was also a fact that when arrested Brenan denied he had possession of the document, but upon a search warrant being put in force it was found upon his person. In that state of facts, no witness being called for the defense, Judge Louderback dismissed the case, and denied the motion of the Prosecuting Attorney to have the document delivered to its proved owner, but ordered it to be given to Brenan, who had not, and did not pretend to have, any claim to its ownership. As we understand Judge Louderback's most extraordinary explanation, he decides that the taking away of such a document does not constitute larceny; that the paper was in consequence illegally in the Court's custody, and that therefore he was bound to hand it to the person from whom the officers took it. Was there ever such balderdash and nonsense spoken by a Judge? Bacon, on criminal law, is a somewhat better authority than Louderback. That able jurist says, at section 1,003: "Larceny is the taking and removing by trespass of personal property which the trespasser knows to belong either generally or specifically to another, with the intent to deprive him of such general or special ownership therein." At section 783 he further says: "In all cases if the indictment describes it as a piece of paper of a given value, then there may be a conviction for stealing this piece of paper, viewed, not as a chose in action, *but as mere paper.*" Can anything be more clear than that the document in question was one the stealing of which constituted larceny? Then as to giving up the custody of the paper to the thief, hear what our own codes say upon the subject. Section 1,408 reads: "On satisfactory proof of the ownership of the property, the magistrate who examines the charge against the person accused of stealing or embezzling it *must* order it to be delivered to the owner." There is no doubtful language in that section. Moreover, a constant practice has arisen under it by which Judge Louderback himself every day orders property to go where it ought; namely, into the possession of its owner. If there was any new difficulty about the thing, we should cheerfully believe that the Judge had simply committed an unintentional error. But when we know that he is often acting upon this section a dozen times a day, we confess we can find no explanation for his failure in this case, that is consistent with the good opinion we have hitherto held of Judge Louderback. Why should his sympathies run in the direction they evidently did? And why should he, in defiance of law, be so eager to give the document to a man who did not so much as pretend to own it? The Judge availed himself of the occasion to carefully read it; he saw that it came from the office of the *Springfield Republican*; he knew that that paper is a high authority, incapable of falsifying such grave matters; he knew that Brenan was a candidate for Coroner, and no one better knows than he the duty of a public journal to publish such facts as the letter contained, and to retain in its possession its own proofs which are necessary for its protection. We confess we are amazed. People come to us and whisper many causes for this failure of justice. They tell of mysterious connections of old standing between Brenan's counsel, D. J. Murphy, and Louderback. They tell us that Brenan, who is quite a plausible ward politician, is now busily engaged canvassing for the Judge. It is pointed out that there are three hundred very wrathful quacks in our list, who have perhaps as many more friends. Six hundred votes are useful just now. We turn, however, from all these suggestions,

and prefer not to believe them. Yet we can find no others that are satisfactory to contemplate. Our exposure of the death-dealing quacks is dangerous enough in all conscience. That we should be met with a decision that is a defiance of the law and an outrage upon common sense, is what we will not stand and the public will not endure.

THINGS WE DISLIKE.

We dislike this concealment of party principles under specious adcaptandum names. We dislike this chaotic nomenclature, such as "Citizens' Convention," "Temperance Reform Party," "Committee of Ten," "Young Men's Association," etc., when eventually the whole will fuse under three heads—Republicans, Independents and Democrats. Out of these three possibly an amalgam may be extracted. We abhor quacks, yet at the same time we only esteem real doctors when we are sick; how are we to regard them when we are well? Much as we dislike personal invectives at election time, we equally dislike personal compliments to opponents, Denio, for example. It is merely a polite lie, and in many cases the more refined the utterer the more difficult is it for him to put the base coin in circulation. We think it bad taste in the newspapers, especially those which pride themselves on paragraphic notabilia, to draw prurient attention to the present style of ladies dresses. It is certainly more elegant and becoming than the falsities of crinoline and poufs, and in this modern style of painting and theatrical performances, there is no longer anything left to conceal from the curious. We dislike those strolling orators who sally forth at a time like this and scour the country. Their mouth lies generally in their nose, and they can only mystify those pudding-heads who have not the sense to perceive that they are impostors. We dislike that Presbyterian conclave sitting in judgment over one of their ministers who has dabbled in stocks and *lost;* that which was a crime a month ago, when they were low, would be only a subject of approval or envy to-day, now that they are high. We don't like to be obliged to go out in the streets early in the morning and before the city is dressed. One sees it in all its dirt and deformity of garbage, and unswept dissipation of the night, with the reeking odors that steam up from cellar saloons. We don't like each and every member of convention declaring that he does not belong to any ring. Some of them may think they do not; many of them secretly hope that they may; but sooner or later they get sucked into the vortex, and go along with the stream.

A GREAT INVENTION.

A sporting boat, which will enable a couple of tourists to row down the Rhine, or go safely on the Spree, which costs only £6, weighs but 35 pounds, and can be folded in so portable a form that it can be carried under the arm, is an invention of the greatest benefit to society. The inventor of this boon is the Rev. E. L. Berthon, and the Admiralty have adopted them for the present Arctic expedition. Trials of these boats have been made on the Thames—one to Blackwall and back, and the other off the Victoria Embankment, and it was successfully demonstrated that this small pocket book could be expanded in a minute to the carrying capacity of four men. She is composed of convas, particularly studied for her demands, and has been so thoroughly tried by the Admiralty that no doubt as to her stability can exist. Her ribs are ash, and cut against grain, so that you may jump in her without the slightest injury. She expands with air of her own accord, simultaneous with the dropping of the center, She is stiff and taut, and you cannot sink her. The inventor intends bringing one of the large ones round from Southampton, to show her sea qualities.

The Delaware peach-growers have appointed a committee to confer with the American steamship company, and see if it will not fit up steamers with refrigerators, for the shipment of peaches to Liverpool at reasonable freight charges, as they are confident the fruit could in that way be transported across the ocean without spoiling.

LADY FRANKLIN.

The following song, in Jean Ingelow's "Supper at the Mill," is supposed to refer to the late Lady Franklin :

When sparrows build, and the leaves break forth,
My old sorrow wakes and cries,
For I know there is dawn in the far, far north,
And a scarlet sun doth rise;
Like a scarlet fleece the snow-field spreads
And the icy founts run free,
And the bergs begin to bow their heads,
And plunge and sail in the sea.

O my lost love, and my own, own love,
And my love that loved me so!
Is there never a chink in the world above
Where they listen for words from below
Nay, I spoke once, and I grieved thee sore;
I remember all that I said,
And now thou wilt hear me no more—no more
Till the sea gives up her dead.

Thou didst set thy foot on the ship, and sail
To the ice-gelds and the snow;
Thou wert sad, for thy love did not avail,
And the end I could not know;
How could I tell I should love thee to-day,
Whom that day I held not dear?
How could I know I should love thee away
Whom I did not love anear?

We shall walk no more through the sodden plain,
With the faded bents o'erspread;
We shall stand no more by the seething main
While the dark wrack drives o'erhead;
We shall part no more in the wind and the rain,
Where thy last farewell was said:
But perhaps I shall meet thee and know thee again
When the sea gives up her dead.

A KANAKA ITEM.

One item of news brought by the last steamer from Honolulu will have a depressing effect on the great liquor interests of the United States. It is reported that His Most Serene Majesty, the King of the Kanakas, has ceased getting outside his usual gallon of whisky before breakfast, whereupon his subjects, loyal and disloyal, walked up to the royal hut and signed the pledge, for periods lasting from ten months to ten years. The depression produced in our beloved country by the noble conduct of His Most Serene Majesty and subjects will, we hope, be brief; but such Christian practices will have a most disastrous effect upon the budget of the Kanaka Kingdom, as the revenues derived from the sale of liquor and body-destroying *awa-awa* were always large. We have not heard whether the King's brother-in-law, little General John O'Dominis, has signed the pledge. If he has not done so, we venture to say that he will get away with whisky enough to more than compensate for the noble abstinence of His Most Serene Majesty and subjects. The General has one of those cast-iron stomachs that would neutralize hogsheads of the most deadly rot-gut ever dispensed over a Barbary Coast counter.

The Turquie, a semi-official newspaper published in French, at Constantinople, announces a discovery, unique of its kind which has just been made in Syria. The local administration have found out that there are twenty-one large and rich villages in existence, which up to this time were unknown to the authorities and have never paid either tributes or taxes!

OUR QUACK POUND.

Why flutter your wings, you sweet little ducks?
You cannot get out of our pound.
You should be more content with your neat little home
With its border of black all around.

You say it's monotonous—why, my dear quacks,
Your lives surely should n't be dull;
Your position is public, you 're advertised free;
To pass time you can grin at the skull.

But quack away bravely, you sweet-smelling frauds;
You 'll be silent before we have done;
We intend, *deus volens*, to take you in turn;
And choke you all off one by one.

TRADE FRAUDS LEADING TO PRISON.

Last week we began with milk, the food of babes, and showed how seven out of nine samples analyzed were largely mixed with water. Since then we have had the water extracted and examined under the microscope, and wonderful, indeed, are the disclosures. It is evident, as we suspected, that the water was taken from stagnant pools, common to farms, for it is literally alive with animalculæ. Such frauds are absolutely horrible to contemplate. Up to this week we were not aware that the law here provided for the punishment of such deviltry. But through the kindness of one of our Judges our attention has been called to Section 382 of the Penal Code, which reads as follows: "Every person who adulterates or dilutes any article of food, drink, drug, medicine, spirituous or malt liquor, or wine, or any article useful in compounding them, with a fraudulent intent to offer the same, or cause or permit it to be offered for sale as unadulterated or undiluted, and every person who fraudulently sells or keeps or offers for sale the same as unadulterated or undiluted, is guilty of misdemeanor." There is no mistaking that law. The seven dairymen and all others yet to be detected are plainly liable to a fine or imprisonment. We have submitted the facts and names to the Chief of Police, and called upon him to do his duty. We have every confidence that he will. Upon us rests the burden of proof. This week we have collected samples of spirits from thirty of the *leading liquor houses* in the city, and on Thursday afternoon submitted them to our able analyst, Mr. Alfred Paraf. He has already supplied us with a progress report, but as we desire to publish the developments in their entirety, the full exposure must stand until next week. But we may say this, that the results thus far obtained are astounding. All the samples, except three, are from 5 to 13 below proof. 28 contain sulphuric acid, and some of them have it in very large quantities. Nearly all contain glycerine, piperin (oil of pepper), fousel oil and arsenic acid. How injurious to health, and even dangerous to life, some of those mixtures are every man knows, or ought to know. Let it be understood that these are neither from middle men nor retailers, who in their turn still further add poisonous compounds. They are, on the contrary, from the principal wholesale houses. We have said that we shall, if necessary, enter the Temple of Righteousness and march to the front pew in order to lay hands upon the rogue. Already that task seems to be upon us. We shall perform it without flinching. The full facts, when ready, will be simply astounding. Our prisons would not hold half the cheats we shall name before we are through; fines, therefore, must be imposed. The benefits to the public will be incalculable. It looks pretty certain that we shall prove the assertions with which we set out, that nearly everything it is possible to buy is a cheat. There is, as we have said before, fraud in every article which enters into the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under foot; fraud in everything which it is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell or taste; fraud in warmth, light and locomotion; fraud mixed into whatever comes pure from the earth, on everything that arrives from abroad, or is produced at home; fraud in the raw material, and on every fresh value that is added to it by the work of man; fraud in the sauce which pampers man's appetite, and the drug that is intended to restore him to health; in the ermine

which decorates the judge, and the rope which hangs the criminal; in the poor man's salt, and the rich man's spice; in the materials of the coffin and the ribbons of the bride. At bed or board, couchant or levant, we must pay for fraud. The schoolboy learns from his fraudulent text-book; the well-to-do citizen manages his spavined horse, with a bridle badly made and upon a fraudulently constructed road. The dying Californian, pouring his adulterated medicine into a silver spoon largely mixed with base metal, flings himself back upon a bed that is a fraud, and expires in the arms of that worst of frauds—a doctor without a diploma—who by fraud has put him to death. His whole property then passes through fraudulent hands. He is carried to the grave by undertakers—who are extortionate cheats—and followed by a cortege weeping false tears. His virtues are handed down to posterity on marble, in words that are false, and he is then gathered to his fathers—to be, so far as we know, defrauded no more forever.

LONDON SKETCHES—AN ARTIST'S STUDIO

There passed a-tiptoe wing-capped Mercury,
Apollo, pensive, smiling lingered here;
There stately Pallas stood, with brooding eye,
Full armed, and grasped the *ægis and the spear. —*Lytton.*

Leighton is the beau-ideal of an artist, very handsome, with curly beard, good, straight nose, and laughing, brilliant eyes. I went with the C——s to his studio one Sunday afternoon. The room was full of Persian tiles and all sorts of lovely Eastern things, carpets, leather work, etc., besides, of course, lots of sketches of his own and others, and studies of single heads in his pictures; last, not least, there was a glorious picture he is painting of young men and maidens singing a hymn to Apollo, walking in procession, headed by the most beautiful of the Shebah youth crowned with laurel. It contains, as Leighton said, "everything one can want to paint, landscape, light, youth and beauty; my heart is indeed in it." While we were there, Rhoda Broughton (did you ever read her "Red as a Rose is She?") came in, and let people see she thought herself somebody. She fished hard for an invitation to his sculpture studio, but with the most perfect courtesy he clearly showed her he did not mean her to go there.

*Ægis. A. M. W.

From the San Francisco News Letter.

A WORD OF APPROVAL FROM CAMBRIDGE.

We are constantly in receipt of letters of approval from all parts of the world in reference to our exposure of the quacks. The following is a sample:

EDITORS NEWS LETTER—Gentlemen: California has produced many startling natural wonders, but none to equal that of your "Medical Number." We of the regular profession of medicine have settled down to regard quackery as an incurable disease, like cancer and consumption; but you deal death blows that tell for the good of San Francisco and the whole world. I thank you for your fearless, truthful stand, for your triumphant defense before legal tribunals, etc., etc. I saw enough of the profession in San Francisco in 1871, during the meeting of the American Medical Association, to satisfy me of the low estate of the *esprit de corps* of the profession. Deal out your blows stoutly and freely, and you will have done a deed fully as valuable as your treasures of gold.

Respectfully,
July 26, 1875. EPH. CUTTER,
10 Roseland street, Cambridge, Mass.

The estate of the Earl of Elgin, it is said, came into the family in this wise: Two ladies were joint tenants of an opera-box in London. An elderly gentleman in a box opposite used to bore them by staring at them through his opera-glass so much so that his attentions became a joke among them. In due time the admirer died and left an estate to Lady Bruce; and the strangest part was that he intended to leave it to the other, but somehow got their names mixed.

REAL ESTATE TRANSACTIONS.

Recorded in the City and County of San Francisco, Cal.

Compiled from the Records of the Mercantile Agency of Hope, McKillop & Co., 317 California Street, San Francisco.

Thursday, July 1.

GRANTOR AND GRANTEE.	DESCRIPTION.	PRICE
Rob't Allen to Cornelia Bovet.....	W Stockton, 83 s Pacific, s 27:3, etc	Gift
Webster St H'd Asn to S Laughlin	N Cal, 78:3 w Webster, 26x82:7½	1,600
Jas McKeown to L Peri.....	Ne 29th av, 200 nw J st, 25x100.....	150
Jas Ambrose to Mich'l Kelly	Lots 1, 2, 3, blk 1, Belle Roche City	2,500
John Sweeney to C P Robinson...	Und ⅓ s cor St'nson and Annie, 46x57:6	5
Gustave Stein to Rob't Stein.....	N Hayes, 137:6 e Laguna, 35:1½x120....	7,800
F M Hooper to E F Hall, Jr.....	N Pine, 91:8 w Davis, 45:10x137:6	45,000
City and Co S F to J C Meyer.....	W Alabama, 130 s 24th, 52x100.....	....
O F Cem'ty As'n to A Schweigart .	Lot 25, Central Sec Plat 5, O F Cem'ty..	83
Henry L Dodge to E F Hall, Jr ...	Nw Pine and Davis, 91:8x137:6	110000
Wm Hollis to A Dwyer.....	Sw York and 24th, 104x100	4,000
T H Hatch to John Parrott	Ne Front and Commercial, 55x100.....	90,000
Simon Hoffman to Levi Kowalsky	E Mason, 85 n Eddy, 25x68:9	100
L Gottig to Wm F Milton.....	S Post, 112:6 w Mason, 25x86:6	7,250
Andrew Bisiet to John Wright....	W Polk, 65 n Wash'n, 27x100.....	3,200
Lloyd Tevis to Geo W Gibbs.....	W Beale, 183:4 n Mission; 45:10x137:6...	1
A Bull to Rob t Sutherland	N Bay, 228 w Leav'th, 40x137:6.....	2,000
Wm Hollis to John C Smith.....	S 19th, 37:6 w Jessie, 37:6x85.....	6,000
Same to Frank Spearman.....	N 14th, 90 e Howard, 25x108.....	4,250
A Bull to Jas Ross	N Bay, 188 w Leav'th, 40x137:6.....	2,000
J Schunhoff to A T Schunhoff.....	N Temple, 160 w Castro, 41x114.....	Gift
M Shloss to H L Bossemer.....	S Turk, 131:3 e Pierce, 25x137:6	1,750
M Dore to J H T Wohrden.....	Se Bryant, 100 sw 9th, 85x90.....	5,300
Wm Scholle to Wm Hollis.....	Sw Gough and Post, 412:6x275.....	1

Friday, July 2d.

John Collins to Edw Fennon	Nw Perry, 177:6 ne 3d, 20x80	$4,000
Same to A Maraschi.....	E Jones, 80 n Turk, 27:6x107:6.....	5
Julius Baum to E T Anthony	Und ⅓ s Comm'l, 110 e Sans'e, 100x73:8	17,500
Thos Magee to Louis Chely.....	E Howard, 97 s 21st, 28x122:6	2,300
Frank Cullum to Mary Fogarty....	Lot 244, Cobb Tract.....	310
I L Farnsworth to S M Briggs.....	Lot 22, blk C, R R H'd	150
John Reynolds to N K Masten	Precita Valley Lots 342 and 344	10
M Gately to John Von Glahn	Sw McAllister and Gough, 27:6x60	3,500
Albert Miller to E H Miller, Jr	W A blk 543—Wash'n, Clay, Baker and Broderick.....	28,500
W J Lowry to Peter Hansen	Se R R and 7th aves, s 106:5½, e to sw cor McMahon's Tannery, etc	1,600
Jos R Prevost to R Wegener	S Sutter, 82:6 e Franklin, 40x120	7,000
Anna M Stone to Ann W Stone ...	N Sac'to, 65 w Mason, 25:10x120; also, lots 1410, 1411, 1437, 1438, Gift Map 3..	5
Paul T'ct H'd As'n to C McIntyre.	Lot 9, blk 51, Paul Tract H'd	500
B Ernst Tittel to L O de Andrade..	Nw Folsom, 80 ne 3d, ne 25, nw 160, sw 20, se 55, sw 5, se 105 to beg.....	12,500
D F Marquard to Jane Seaman....	N Wash'n, 157:6 w Stockton, 20v77:6 ...	6,400
Tobias Stolz to Rosalie Levy	E Van Ness, 75 s Geary, 45x109.....	20,000
G Woodward to Chas F Schiller...	S Filbert, 235 w Taylor, 20x137:6.....	2,450
A R Woodruff to L Stanford	Sw 4th, 80 se Mission, 25x75.....	27,000
Susan Stevens to Edward Bangs ..	W Dame, 125 n Randall, 50x125.....	500
R B Lovejoy to Aaron Rieser	W Vermont, 10 s Eldorado, 80x52:10....	1,000
Jas P Pierce to Jas F Nesmith....	W Capp, 225 n 17th, 50x105	4,000
Chas Davis to Jane L James	Und ⅓ e Laguna, 100 s Tyler, 75x100...	2,000
Sam'l Hancock to Chas Davis.....	E Laguna, 100 s Tyler, 75x105	6,000

Saturday, July 3d.

S B Segnns to W H White	Lot 11 and w ½ lot 4, blk E, P S H As'n	$1,800
Pat'k King to Gertrude Dietz	N Fu ton, 82:6 w Franklin, 27:6x120	3,250
College H'd As'n to T H Haley	Lot 10, blk 6, College H'd	300
Thos H Haley to Peter McGowan	Same	....
Hale Rix to Wm H Miller	W cor Mission and Potter, nw 100, sw 100, nw 25, sw 44:11, etc	1,100
A W Von Schmidt to L H Foote	Com at a pt in center of 23d ave, 720 n Cal'a, n 318:7½, etc	1
Wm Waddell to Eliza I Waddell	N cor 4th and Tehama, 57:6x80	Gift
John Cunningham to J P Mulhall	S Russell, 120 w Hyde, 20x60	450
J Hammersmith to S Hammersmith	N O'Farrell, 157 e Mason, e 6:10 x 100:11	154
A w Vigoureux to C H Aikins	W Jones, 68:9 n Post, 68:9x137:6, subject to mortgage $15,000	15,000
M Hastings to S C Hastings	All the real estate conveyed by 2d party to 1st parties 795 D 31	$42200
S C Hastings to Thos P Madden	All his real estate in City and Co of S F, except 50-vs 1199, nw cor Vallejo and Leav'th. In trust for wife and children of 1st party	1
M Dore to E Peterson	Sw 9th, 100 nw Bryant, 125x100, subdiv M B 44	10,000
Geo R Vernon to Peter Dean	W Harrison, 425 n 21st, 100x122:6, subd M B 53	4,500
N G Kittle to Wm R Doyle	S 11th, 100 n w Harrison, 5x ne to Nevada	500
W G C Meyer to F Nachtingall	N Post 33 w Broderick, 57x55	4,500
Benj Wheaton to W H Wheaton	W Devisa, 137:6 n Oak, n 137:6, w 412:6, s 275, e 206:3, n 137:6	2,000
Phenes Mish to Paul Rouseet	N 8th av, 120 e M st, 50x100	5
Peter O'Neill to Rose O'Neill	Se Bryant, 275 ne 6th, 75x75	Gift
Maurice Dore to Herman Royer	Und ½ sw Beale, 188:6 se Folsom, 40:10x137:6, subj to mort $8,000	7,850
Aaron Dond to Chas H Bryan	Lot 331, Gilt Map 3	5
J H Seaders to Thos H Allmon	Ne Mission and 19th, 30x80	300
Rody Doyle to Louis Hilmer	Und ½ s Cal'a, 183:8½ w Battery, 20x89, subject to mortgage	4,500
A D Moore to John Gawne	S Clay, 168:9 e Pierce, 25x127:4½	31,000
Wm Hollis to Simon Morris	Ne Howard and 14th, n 27, e 91:4, s 1 deg 13 m:n, e 27:0¾, w 90:1½ to com	3,750
Same to Nicolas Cousin	S cor 11th and Howard, se 329, sw 87:6, se 21, sw 50, nw 52, etc	9,000
Maria Hayes to Nathan K Masten	Sw Stockton and Chestnut, 28x74	50,000
Wm Jordan to Jas Hendy	Und ½ ne 22d and Dolores, 122:6x117:6	1,900
John Allman to Chas Murray	N Clay, 65 w Dupont, 20x70	2,250
Geo L Smith to Lucie A C Journet		6,450

Tuesday, July 6th.

Wm Hollis to Philip Abraham	W Mission, 245 n 20th, 25x90	$5,780
Chas Murray to Delia E Meeke	N 22d, 92:6 e Dolores, 25x122	1,250
Thos Donnolly to T C Donnolly	W Mason, 62:6 s Green, 75x110:6	1
D Gonzales to John W Porter	Lot 4, blk L, R R H'd	300
Mary McMahon to Mary Rodgers	S Turk, 62:6 w Hyde, 50x82:6	10,500
Wm Hollis to Chas E Heise	N Vallejo, 125 e Leav'th, 25x137:6	5,250
P J White to John Kelly, Jr	Sw Valencia and Brosnan, 380 s Ridley, 120x30	12,500
David P Ash to Mary Ann Ash	Lots 43 and 44, blk 54, City Land Ass'n	1
F W Permier to Ernst A Goetze	N Lombard, 70 e Mason, 27:6x137:6	2,900
Wm Fraser to L C Levey	S Oak, 30 w Laguna, 25x80	2,000
Chas Nutsen to Jos Habergarton	Nw Silver, 225 sw 3d, 25x75	3,506
Thos Brady to C W Lemperle	S Columbia, 205 w Church, 50x114	1,100
Jas Ambrose to C W Pope	S Liberty, 105 e Noe, 50x114	600
L Gottig to College of Notre Dame	S 16th, 68 e Dolores, e 50, s 110, w 43, n 50:3, w 7, n 59:9 to com	4,000
A P Procureur to Jos Scherr	N Hayes, 125 w Franklin, 25x120	7,600
Mary J Blair to A Bull	N Bay, 137:6 w Leav'th, 137:6x137:6	5
Chas D Olds to Samuel Grosh	Nw Waller and Pierce, 412:6x137:6	10
G Mercandier to Arthur Bailly	Ne Mason and Union, 57:6x25	3,500
Peter Donahue to Wm F Garratt	W Howard, 160 s 22d, 100x245	18,000
Pat'k Gorman to G Mitchler	N Tyler, 55 w Polk, 27:6x120	6,200
Wm Bosworth to Peter Lemperle	W Prospect av, 281 s Coso av, 25x122:6	400
W O M Berry to J P Treadwell	Nw Francisco and Fillmore, 137:6x120	2,000
Maurice Dore to Ellen J Tierney	Nw Bryant, 105 ne 10th, 25x85	1,560
Isaac Newman to Wm Bosworth	E Cal'a av, 250 s Coso av, s 98, etc	3,000
Masonic Cem Ass'n to W Waddell	Lot 8, Sec 16, N A Masonic Cemetery	177
J T Milliken to Mary Murphy	S Eliz th, 101:9 w Sanchez, 50:11x114	650
Same to Wm Bell	E Eliz th, 152:8 w Sanchez, 50:11x114	650
Wm Hollis to Mich'l A Smith	N Vallejo, 135 w Jones, 25x137:6	5,250
Same to Wm I Black	W Mission, 160 n 20th, 35x90	6,500

Wednesday, July 7th.

Wm Hollis to Ferd C Mosebach ..	E Guerrero, 118 s Ridley, 21x90....	4,250
Tide Ld Com'rs to C E S McDonald	N Folsom, 300 w 5th, 25x60	16
City and Co S F to D J McCarthy.	E Valencia, 130 n 26th, 65x117.6	....
Laurel Hill Cem Asn to A M Shaw	Lot 2134, Laurel Hill Cemetery	90
P J Hall to Mary A E Walsh	Nw Mission, 132 sw 1st, 24x99:6	5
Jos Hall to same	Same	10,000
Jno Sedgwick to Jas Whartenby..	N Ellis, 55 w Jones, 52:6x120—50-v 1094, subject to three mortgages	25,000
Jas M Ellis to C Wolf	Lot 55, West End Homestead	1
M Wolf to Moses Heller	Same	400
Wm M Seaton to Patrick Redmond	N Point Lobos R'd 175, w Cook, 25x120	350
F H Wing to Thos Donahue	Nw Howard; 147 w Jane, etc	5
Wm S Rainey to Georgiana Hewitt	Nw Sacramento and Broderick, 77-6x110	1,300
E D Farnsworth to F B Austin....	S Pine, 233:9 w Franklin, 30x120	4,000
San Fran Sav Union to P Hansen.	Lots 1 and 16, blk 368, S S F H R R Asn	2,200
Mary Liesenden to E W Burr	S Pine, 157:6 e Powell, 20x68:9	3,300
Gilbert Smith to F H Wooster	N B'dway, 137:6 e Buchanan, 110x137:6.	4,000
J C Duncan to M L McDonald	W Folsom, 172 n 18th, 75x122:6	4,500
Mary Ann Waller to F P Dann ...	Lot 14, blk H, Eureka H'd	....
Henry S Welch to Jas C Flood....	S Pine, 137:6 e Montg'y, 27:6x137:6	10
S and L Soc'y to A Rittore	S Greenwich, 222:3 e Stockton, 32:9x137, 50-vara 467	3,600
J B Danos to Frank McCoppin....	Ne Waller and Laguna, 137:6x137:6	17,109
Fenton Behan to L Martinovich.	Lots 787 to 796 inc, Gift Map 2	600
Folsom & Howard P U to L Shaw.	E Shotwell, 100 n 18th, 48x122:6	2,000
Jas Cahill to Peter D Jessen	Nw Howard, 200 ne 6th, 25x85, subdiv'n 100-vara 220	6,500

Thursday, July 8th.

Tide Land Com'rs to D Lydon	Lots 1 to 4 and 13 to 16, block 824, Tide Lands	$ 92
Geo Hyde to John O'Kane	Se Market, 200 ne 4th, 25x100	55,000
F S Wensinger to M T Gallagher .	W Kimball; 100 n Sac to, 37:6x79:6	500
Eugene Crowell to John Parrott ..	W Montg'y, 90:10½ n Cal'a, 46:7½x76 ..	120000
S C Hastings to Chas McLaughlin.	Sundry lots in various portions of city; also, land in Solano Co	1
D F McDonald to F W Barker	Und 1 acre McDonald Ranch	1
Maurice Dore to Chas Watson .	Sw 9th, 75 se Bryant, 25x100	1,850
Same to Peter A Smith	Sw 9th, 50 se Bryant, 25x100	1,850
Julius C Reis to C G Moxley.....	Nw McAllister and Franklin, n 137:6, w 137:6, s 56:11, etc	3,300
W G Oliver to Edw Hennix	S 17th, 45 e Capp, 25x100, subj to mortgage for $3,200	4,000
Geo I Burnett to Teresa McKinna.	E Nebraska, 175 n Yolo, 50x100	800
Pat'k King to F Reckenbeil	N Fulton, 137:6 e Buchanan, e 27:6x120, subj to mort for $1,500	3,000
Jas Roche to Virginia Roche.....	Blk b d by Channel, Carolina, Alameda and De Haro	Gift
Wm C Wood to John Kennedy....	W Larkin, 118:9¾ n Filbert, 27:6x100...	2,450

Friday, July 9th.

Thos Gossman to John Torrence..	Sw 11th, 35 se Mission, 22:6x90	$ 5
John Torrence to Gerhard Muller.	Same	3,000
J P Fuller to Henry Mourad.....	Lot 15, blk 181, Haley & O'Neil Tract ..	250
M Dore to Pat'k Hoffmann.....	Sw 9th, 25 se Bryant, 25x100	2,000
Francis Roland to Peter H F Nan.	W Montg, 87:6 n Greenwich, 50x137:6 ..	1,000
Same to John Cathbert	W Montg, 62:6 n Greenwich, 25x137:6 ..	500
Ferd Bibend to Gustav Stolle	N Lombard, 68:9 e Polk, 31:4½x137:6...	1,500
Peter Donohue to Marg't Vance ..	Nw Minna, 150 ne 2d, 33x80	1
Wm R Wheaton to Albert Miller..	W Capp, 295 s 16th, 50x105	9,500
Gustave Huetes to Jos Flach, Sr..	Ne 16th and Dolores, 57:6x80	3,700
Peter Hansen to Thos McMahon ..	S 7th av, 75 w N st, 25x100	450
A W Vigoureux to Chas G Baxter.	Und ⅛ of s ½ of sw ¼ Sec 24, and n ½ of nw ¼ Sec 25, cont'g 320 acres	5
Chas Willmott to Garrett Riordan.	S 25th, 50 e Castro, 30x114	300
J H Grindley to Thos Roche	E Bartlett, 125 s 26th, 25x75	675
John M Moore to T B C Murphy..	Nw Polk and Vallejo, w 184:6, n 122:6, w 79, nw 46, ne 218, etc	16,500
Jas M Parker to same	Same	1
Maurice Dore to Solomon Gump ..	Sw 9th, 275 se Bryant, 50x100	3,650
Wm Hollis to W D Johnston.....	Nw Geary and Gough, 110x27:6	11,400
Same to C H Finck	W Mission, 50 s 19th, 30x90	6,000
M Dore to David Almon	Ne Dore, 115 se Bryant, 25x85	825
Jas M Batchelder to L M Briard...	Lot in Laurel Hill Cemetery	1
Dorcas Bell to I Friedlander.....	Und ⅛ se Chestnut & Montg, 412:6x137:6	50,500
Christoph Hartman to C Donohue.	S M st, 50 e Guerrero, 25x114	800
H Steinmann to Owen E Brady....	Nw Valencia and Columbia, 25x100.....	2,560

Saturday, July 10th.

John Barkeloo to O M Wozencraft	Lot 43, South Park	$ 70
Wm Willby to Geo Ruttledge	5 acs com at a pt n 30 deg e 7.07 ch fr n b'k of Lobos Creek, at se cor of tract conv by S Woodbury to F Armstrong	5,000
Chas F Webster to A E Patridge	Lots 17 and 18, blk 1, Fairm't Ex H'd	660
P J Hall to Mary A E Walsh	N w Mission, 132 s w 1st, 24x99.6	2,000
Nathan Leigh to C E Joy	Und ½ 9 75-100 acres Ryan Tract; also, 8 acres Woodbury Tract; also, 5 acres Parker Ranch	2,000
Geo Wood to C F Dohs	Nw Harrison, 192:6 ne 6th, 27:6x85	4,300
Tide Land Com'rs to Geo Hummel	Lots 1 to 8, blk 829, Tide Lands	111
Peter Sweeney to Marg Sicotte	N 24th, 55 w Shotwell, 38x90	1,700
Jas Burkley to Chas Murray	Ne Dolores and 22d, 122x117:6	300
G Raisch to same	Und ½ same	2,800
Wm J Gunn to Jas Tole	N Valle, 125 e Dolores, 29x114	525
Chas Willmot to John Murphy	Se 25th and Castro, 50x114	850
Eugene Vicot to Mathilde S Vicot	N Oak, 178:6 w Van Ness, e 21x80	Gift
Jos M French to James M Roche	N Pacific, 68:9 e Laguna, 68:9x137:6	1
Sav & L Soc to A A Louderback	Lot 8, blk 323, Hunter Tract, S S F	382
Same to Mary J Lynch	Lot 6 and 7, blk 323, same	675
Same to Same	Lots 1 to 6, 11 to 16, blk 362; also, all of blk 361, same	6,277
J C Flood to Thos Magee	S 16th, 92:6 w Hoff Ave, w 1:5x87	1
Thos Magee to I A Goldman	S 16th, 92:6 W Hoff Ave, w 1:5x122	50
Masonic Cem Assn to John G Gay	Lot 12, Sec 18, N A Masonic Cemetery	102
J G Gay to Thos Magee	Same	102

Monday, July 12th.

Alicia Duffey to G Woodward	W Taylor, 155 n Filbert, 29:8x90	$3,000
J Regensburger to B Regensburger	S Sac'to, 104:8 w Webster, 25:6x132:7½	1,595
Webster St H As to J Regensburger	Same	1,505
Garden T'ct H As to C Boysen	Lots 10 and 11, blk 4, Garden Tract H'd	700
S and L Soc'y to John Daley	S 22d, 50 w Columbia, 50x104	1,500
Henry Blaizer to Jas Behrens	E Stockton, 112:6 s Lombard, 25x50, subj to mortgage for $1,500	10
N D Porter to H C Staniels	Por 50-v 456 - 407 D 327	1,000
Henry Felker to Thos J Pritchard	N 14th av, 25 w P st, 50x100	800
Same to Thos D Jones	Nw 14th and P st, 25x100	500
Marg't A Miller to Chas Forbes	Lots 70 and 71, Silver Terrace H'd	200
J J Scoville to Chas H Killey	S Pacific, 125 e Webster, 30x117	5
Robt White to Jas Gibb	E Avery, 75 n Geary, 50x54	850
Sav and Loan Soc to J Finnegan	Sw 29th and Dolores, 80x114	1,246
Paul Corno to Geo Middleton	Lots 1 to 11 inc, blk 17, Fairmount	5,125
H Cunningham to J Downing	N 17th av, 150 e R st, 25x100	500
J Downing to H Cunningham	N 17th av, 100 e R st, 25x100	500
Wm Hollis to John C Stubbs	W Mission, 50 n 20th, 30x90	6,100
Same to Jos E Williams	N 14th, 115 e Howard, 25x121:9½	4,435
Wm Bosworth to Chas F Lang	W Prospect av, 256 s Coso av, 25x122:6	400
Thos Magee to Geo Kennedy	S Cal'a, 25 e Deviso, 55x110	2,200
Caroline Wood to Chas F Dohs	Nw Harrison, 162:6 ne 6th, 27:6x85	1
John Rosenfeld to Jno Schafer	S Turk, 106:3 w Steiner, 75x137:6	10
S Lowenberg to C S Barron	N Hill, 251:6 w Church, 50:11x113	300
M Dore to N P Perine	Ne 6th, 100 se Bryant, 25x90	3,700
John B Chapman to Mary Russell	W Mason, 20 e Vandewater, 20x68:9	1,000

Tuesday, July 13th.

Wm Hollis to Anton Koch	S Creek Lane, 90 e Howard, 35x108	$3,250
Same to Chas J Robinson	S 19th, 37:6 e Jessie, 37:6x85	6,100
Amasa Thayer to J J Thiesen	Ne ¼ of lot 38, Tiffany & Dean Tract	1
J J Thiesen to Amasa Thayer	Sw ¼ same	1
J J Baxter to Hugh Baxter	Lots 784 and 785, Gift Map 2	500
M Welton to Bartlett Doe	Sw Sutter and Larkin, 165x120	45,000
Willett Culver to Wm Bryan	N McAllister, 137:6 w Lyon, 50x137:6	2,000
J S Alemany to Cath Toner	S Pt Lobos av, 75 w Wood st, 25x125	371
Same to Francis T McCann	S Pt Lobos av, 50 w Wood st, 25x125	365
Alfred Shephard to Luigi Cuneo	E Powell, 49:10 n Greenwich, 20x67:6	3,000
Excelsior H'd As'n to T Costigan	Lot 8, blk 70, Excelsior H'd	300
F Cunningham to P Leisenfeld	Same	600
J Crowninshield to Peter Dean	S Duncan, 101:10 e Douglass, 132:9x114; also, n Clipper, 203:8 e Ch'h, 30:11x114	1,000
Anna Friel to J P Laninger	W Kearny, 109 n Broadway, n 28:6, w 137:6, s 45:6, e 57:6, etc	4,500
T B C Murphy to Thos Magee	Nw Polk and Vallejo, n 275, w 98, sw 218, se 46, e 79, etc	
E Livingston to Wm Bosworth	Lot 77, Haley Map 1	
Atkin & White to same	Lot 19, same	
Wm Bosworth to Jno B Lewis	Lots 19 and 77, Haley Map 1	10

Wednesday, July 14th.

T P Riordan to Simon Green	E Vermont, 150 n Nevada, 25x100	$ 59
Isabel E Figel to Jos Figel	E Stockton, 137:6 s O'Farrell, 24:6x75; also, e St'kton, 112:6 s O'F'rell, 25x96	Gift
Wm Hollis to H B Angell	S Eddy, 137:6 e Scott, 25x134:6	3,200
Nicolas Cousin to Wm Hollis	N 14th, 90 e Howard, 25x208	1
Sam'l Hancock to Geo Miller	Mw Mission, 225 sw 3d, 55x100; also, sw Horner and Fair Oake, 117:6x61	32,000
H S Calef to I O Red Men's H As'n	N Post, 175 w Stockton, 7x138:6	5
Rich'd Ives to A J Bryant	Se Stevenson, 435 sw 3d, 20x70; also, se Stevenson, 455 sw 3d, 20x70	11,006
J W Shanklin to Martin Kunstle	Nw Folsom, 125 ne 4th, 47x80	11,560
Wm S Fitch to Fanny Eliaser	Se Silver, 525 sw 3d, 25x80	3,750
Alex Allen to Rich'd Bailey	W 21st av, 390 n Clement, 50x240	1
Mary Fogarty to Thos Cronin	E Valencia, 395 s 24th, 25x117:6	1,700
M L R Wind to M B Murphy	Nw Clary, 325 sw 4th, 25x80	4,150
Judah Boas to Wolf Bloom	W Buchanan, 87:6 n Fulton, 50x87:6	1
David R McKee to Elizth Romanes	Lot 4, blk S, R R Homestead	350
P J Kennedy to Jennie Kennedy	E Taylor, 55 s Broadway, 35x120	Gift
Lizzie Brundage to D J Talbot	Lot 948, Gift Map 2	100
Jas Dods to Wm Hollis	S California, 68:9x137:6	3,700
E A G C Tittel to B Ernst Tittel	Undivided half of Kearny, 137:6 n Sutter, n 36:6x60:5	40,000
Wm H Adams to Frank Tillman	S Harlan Place, 179 w Dupont, 23x61	5,000
Same to Emma McKenna	S Harlan Place, 202 w Dupont, 21:6x60, subject to mortg for $1,000	3,525
J A Blackburn to J J Rey	N Commercial, 115 w Davis, w 40x55	6,000
Jas Harney to Danl McLeod	E Gough, 95 n Oak, 25x75	3,000
Milo Hoadley to A J Pope	Nw Pine and Baker, 275x412:6	1
G Berretta to Wm Bosworth	Lots 3 and 4, blk 1, adjoining S S F Hd	1,500
Grove Adams to J W Brown	N Pine, 137:6 e Taylor, 82:6x55—50-varas 633, 634	30,000

Thursday, July 15.

B Richardson to R J Graham	W Leav'th, 54:6 s Ellis, 73x56; also, se Ellis and Cohen Pl, 18x34:6; also, w Cohen Pl, 34:6 s Ellis, 104x50	18,000
W F Land Co to C J Hathaway	N 6th av, 275 w I st, 25x100	750
G Capelli to D Paolinelli	S Bernard, 160 e Leav'th, 23x64	1,900
H Lampman to Sarah Lampman	E Howard, 225 n 18th, 50x122:6	Gift
Thos Nelson to John Jones	N Broadway, 50 e Laguna, 30x137:6	3,000
Lewis Coffey to J E Purdy	N Bush, 102:6 e Battery, 45x91	1
S A Earle, Jr, to Marg Gorman	S Oak, 165 w Laguna, 27:6x120	6,000
Geo Tait to Wm H Morton	S Cal'a, 81:3 w Buchanan, 25x137:6	1,400
H Casebolt to H H Ellis	N Pine, 88 e Octavia, 20x137:6	3,190
Stephen Roberts to John Pforr	Ne 4th, 25 se Minna, 22:6x75	15,000
John Pforr to Marg't Rey	Same	16,000
Fred'k W Gill to E P Batchelor	Sundry properties in various p'ts of city	291
Sam'l Furter to B Hermann	S Geary, 208:1½ e Gough, 23:6½x120	3,100
E Eisenburg to A Eisenburg	N Hill, 76:3 w Church, 25:6x114	350
Flint T'ct H'd As'n to H M Kittle	Lot 6, blk 6, Flint Tract H'd	1
H M Kittle to N G Kittle	Same	1
F M Pixley to Harriet E Topping	N Vallejo, 50 e Octavia, 30x137:6	Gift
Jacob Friedberg to N S Friedberg	Lots 43 to 48, blk 93, O Neil & Haley Tct	10
Anna R Galvin to Anna Ressegine	W Wetmore pl, 60 n Clay, 31:6x50	Gift

Friday, July 16th.

Wm Hollis to Rose O'Brien	W Steiner, 25 s O'Farrell, 22:6x92:6	$3,750
Alex Coney to Wolf Bloom	N Tyler, 70 w Larkin, w 33:9, n 137:6, e 103:9, etc, subj to mortg for $5,500	8,000
Jno Baumeister to Gustave Erlin	Se Natoma, 250 sw 6th, 25x75	2,500
Chas Boutard to A Coney	Ne Hayes and Laguna, n 120x100	15,000
Thos H Smith to Margery Bradley	Se Clary, 550 sw 4th, ne 37:6x75	5,000
E A Lawrence to Ernst Warner	Minnesota w, 275 s Nevada, s 100x200	300
Gustave Reis to Eliza P Lawrence	Same	1
D Van Denburgh to Wm J Gunn	S Fell, 82:6 e Webster, 55x120	4,400
Wm J Gunn to P H Burnett	Same	1
Cot Sav and Hd Asn to W H Finch	S Fell, 110 e Webster, e 27:6x120	395
Jas Winslow to Oliver McAvoy	S Jackson, 42 e Larkin, e 40x68:9	75
D J Tallant to Francis Bernard	W Hyde, 112:6 n Jackson, 25x137:6, being 50-vara 1308	5
John Grant to Morris Sperling	Se Howard, 180 ne 3d, 25x80	10,500
Adelle Lyons to David Morris	N Post, 132:6 w Webster, 26x137:6	1,700
O F Vohn Rhein to Thos Navin	E Stevenson, 110 n 20th, 25x80	1,000
Wm Hollis to Wm A Cunniff	E Jessie, 85 s 19th, s 25x75, subdivision M B 67	3,125
L Taussig to Jos H Redmond	Sw Stewart, 56 se Mission, 16:6x45:10, B & W 659	3,500

Saturday, July 17th.

Tide Land Com'rs to M Freeman..	Nw Clary, 400 sw 4th, sw 25x80	$ 8
Robt Kincaid to Mary Kincaid....	N Tehama, 380 w 1st, w 25x80	Gift
Warren Hubbard to Henry Hinders	E Larkin, 107 n Cal, n 30:6x100	6,500
H C Adams to Fred Hoswill.....	S Sutter, 55x75 —50-vara 560	700
C H Mead to Jno Anderson.....	Se Santa Clara st and Pennsylvania Av, e 349:8, etc; also, lots 9, 10 and por of 4 to 8, 11, 13, blk 315, Tide Lands	8,000
Lone Mt Cem Co to H Lampman..	Lot 1250, Lone Mt Cem	65
Geo H Sanders to Jno Wright	S Jackson, 106 w Polk, 31x127:8	1,600
Geo Mearns to same et al.....	W Polk, 92 n Washington, n 35:8x100..	7,000
Caroline Hawes to M J Douglass..	Ne 10th, 253 nw Bryant, 22x100, being M B 44	1,500
Geary St Ex Hd to J B Goldstone.	W 16th avenue, 221:1 s California street, s 50x120, O L	700
Jane Goldstone to same.....	Se Howard, 275 ne 7th, ne 25x110	1
E E Harvey to Wm J Gunn	S Vale, 203 w Guerrero, 51:4x114	930
J Burnham to same	N Valley, 126 e Sanchez, e 51:4x114	570
E T Anthony to Leopold Kahn....	S Commercial, 104:7 w Battery, s 73:11x61	3,000
Leopold Kahn to E T Anthony. ..	S Commercial, 64 w Battery, w 40:7, s 73:11 e to a pt, n 73:6 to com	5
Julius Baum to same	Same	1
Marcus Silberstein to Wm Koch..	Se Folsom, 75 sw 2th, sw 25x90	6,100

Monday, July 19th.

G V Castro to Jas Adams.....	Blk 402, bounded by Steiner, Francisco, Pearce or Grant and Bay:sts	$4,000
J J Herr to J C Flood et al.....	E Drumm, 100 n Jackson, n 20x137:6...	2
L Livingston to Henry Lehrke....	Ne Mariposa and Minnesota, 25x100	600
Allan Rutherford to G Williams..	S Bush, 27:6 w Steiner, 27:6x100	1,600
Alex Katz to Jno Lutgen.....	Sw Van Ness and Fell, 24x82:9	6,000
Francis Smith to F H Wulzen	S 23d, 250 w Guerrero, se 23d and Fair Oaks, s 61, e 139:7, n to 23d, w 146:6 to commencement	5,000
J Rosenfeld to Margaret Conway..	S Turk, 156:3 e Pierce, 25x137:6	10
Margaret Conway to Thos I Read.	Same	4,500
J Mastick to Frank F Taylor.....	Lots 784, 776, 778, Gift Map 2	5
Jos Schroder to Isaac H Cory....	N Oak, 112:6 Laguna, e 25x120	6,500
Wm Murray to E J Krafft.....	N Pine, 81 e Fillmore, e 27x87:6	1,200
Leopold Kahn to E P Maisson	S Commercial 104:7 w Battery, 60:7x73:11	15,000
F J L Edwards to Bernard Duffy..	E Bartlett, 88:3 s 23d, s 22:6x125	1,125

Tuesday, July 20th.

Wm Hollis to James Drury.....	N California, 180:9 w Webster, 25:6x132.	$5,250
Same to Edwin Goodall	W Mission, 130 n of 20th, 30x90, Mission block 67	6,300
J Regensberger to Mis'n St Ld Co	8:17:100 acres Rancho Canyada de Guadalupe la Visitacion Rodeo Viejo; also, 8:30-100 acres in San Mateo Co; also sundry other properties	5
Mary A Cashman to A Ducher	Ne Fulton and Broderick, n 137-6x68:9.	....
A P Pike to J T Gray.....	Lot 21, blk C, Miss'n and 30th Street Hd	100
Odd Fels Cem Asn to O Krenz....	Lot 28, Central Section plat 5, Odd Fellows Cem	72
Robert Murdoch to C H Brockhoff	N 23d, 5 w Bryant, w 35x100	1,350
Geo T Leon to Robt Domluth.....	E Stevenson, 160 n 20th, 25x80—Mission Block 67	1,000
Patrick Kedian to Jno F Kennedy	Ne Harriott, 200 se Howard, 25x75, being in 100-va 228	4,750
F H Day to Clara Day.....	Lots 223, 227, 229, 231, Gift Map 1	1
Jno Kingston to David O Ellis....	N Kingston, 85 w Mission, w 26, n 104:10, e of 26, s 104:5	450
B J Shay to A McManus	S of Elizabeth, 155 e Castro, e 50x114—H A 160	400
Martha B Hunt: Geo T Leon....	E Stevenson, 160 n 20th, n 25x80—Mission Block 67	125
Jos Napthaly to S Martinovich....	Se Union and Leav'th, 137:6x120, subdiv 50-vara 882	7,000
Janett Dorr to Maria A Thorne....	S Sutter, 94 w Mason, 23:6x87:6, 50-vara 590, subject to mortgage	14,050
D Carroll to Theresa Kenny.....	E Cemetery av, 80 n Ir nw cor Hoadley claim, 80x100	791
Julia J Haste to L Shilling.....	Se Geary and Taylor, 87:6x87:6, subdivn 50-vara 996	1
H R Haste to same	Same	600
C Valencia to B O Williamson	Sw 17th and Guerrero, 250x80, subdiv'n M B 79	Gift
Wm Hollis to S Silberstein.....	W Gough, 27:6 s Post, 27:6x110	4,100

Wednesday, July 21st.

Jane Duffy to Mary E Macauley...	W Howard, 212:6 n 22d, n 25x122:6.....	Gift
Sav and Ln Soc to S H Merritt....	W Church, 156 s 23d s 26x117:6—Horner's Addition 86	600
Peter J McGovern to P Guilfoyle..	Se Shipley, 75 ne 9th, ne 25x75	1,370
Wm Howard to Robt Danziel.....	S 24th, 100 e Sanchez, e 25x114	400
Mary S Elliot to Robt Bright.....	Ne Polk and Broadway, e 101:6x61:3 ...	4,500
Same to Ernst Dunker.....	N Broadway, 101:6 e Polk, 26:6x137:6...	2,000
Lau Hill Cem Ass'n to W Arington	Lot 2052, Laurel Hill Cemetery.....	646
Same to A Dolet et al	Lot 2129, same	168
Jno G Ayres to L Stanford et al..	Ne Sutter and Polk, e 60x90.....	30,000
A Meeker to Henry Kohler.....	S of Green 80, w Kearny, 40x60, being 50-vara 242.....	4,500
Jno Finnegan to P H Sullivan	S 29th 61 ft. w Dolores, 28x114.....	562
Same to Jno Tarry.....	S 29th 32, w Dolores, 28x114.....	562
W Hastings to Geo H Winterburn	Sw Washington and Priest, w 21:3x57:6	161
G V Castro to Marian Hill.....	Block 396, bounded by Steiner, Green, Pearse or Grant and Union	2,000
Mary E Newell to City and Co S F	Undivided 1-8th Geary, 117:6 w Jones, w 20x68:6—50-vara 1091.....	81s
Margaret Newell to same	Same	6,500
D P Newell to same.....	Undivided 3-8th same	2,437
Wm Hollis to Samuel Deal.....	W Mission, 25 n 20th, n 25x90, being in Mission Block 67	5,600
A W Vigoureaux to Chas G Baxter	Undivided half of 300 acres, s half sec 24 and n half of nw ¼ sec 25, with sundry other properties	5
Geo Miller to D S McNamara.....	Sw 23d and Fair Oaks, s 16x117:6.....	3,500
Jno Baumeister to Nathan Cohen.	Nw Howard, 275 sw 6th, sw 28x100, being in 100-vara 240.....	9,500
Pierre Frontier to Yee Hing Tong	N Commercial, 68:9 e Dupont, 34:4x60 ..	16,000
P H McGovern to Stephen Mariani	Se Columbia and 23d, e 25x104, being in Mission Blk 150.....	4,075
Geo Daum to Wm Hollis	Sw California and Middle, w 108x87:6...	5,000

Thursday, July 22d.

H B Bartol to E G Scott	W Howard, 125 n 22d, 30x122:6.....	$ 100
John F Boyd to J M Goewy.....	Ne Van Ness and Fell, 100x137:6	20,000
M Dore to F F Speckman.....	Ne 6th, 125 se Bryant, 25x90.....	3,675
Camilo Martin to Geo Hyde.....	Sundry lots in various parts of city.....	45,000
Chas Gallagher to Thos Brady	Nw Folsom, 250 ne 7th, 25x80.....	3,750
H H Wood to P E McCarthy.....	N Clipper, 30 e Diamond, 50x114.....	500
Paul Tct Hd Asn to W McCormick	Lot 3, blk 43, Paul Tract H'd.....	500
Jas M Brady to Geo Lamb	Sw Stockton and Sac'to, 40x40.....	875
Jas S Brady to Edw Murphy	N 24th, 125 w Diamond, 103:4x114	208
Edw Murphy to Mark Gribbins ...	N 24th, 202:6 w Diamond, 25,10x114	475
M Dore to M S Cohen.....	Ne 8th, 150 se Bryant, 25x90.....	3,750
Fred'k Mason to Susan Murphy...	Und ½ P N blk 97—Alameda, Nebraska, Eldorado and Utah..	15,000
S and L Soc'y to John Hinkel.....	Sw Feil and Laguna, 35x85	5
Wm Hollis to J Genster.....	N 18th, 24 w Capp, 23:6x92.....	3,860
Same to H Judge	N Eddy, 23 e Deviso, 21x93:6.....	3,822
Same to O P Allen	N 18th, 125 e Mission, 24x92.....	4,636
John Miller to Wm Jacob	Nw Howard and 20th, n 153:2, w 122:6, s 8:2, w 122:5, s 145, e 245 to com.....	27, 00
Sav and L'n Soc to Eli B Burr	S 21st, 90 w Folsom, 32:6x35.....	3,500
Same to Gustav Harshall.....	Se Howard, 355 sw 4th, 45x85—100-v 139	15,000
F Clay to Barbara A Smith.....	E Larkin, 112:6 n Jackson, 25x137:6....	Gift

Friday, July 23d.

Stephen H Merritt to Jno Walker	W Church, 156 s 23d, s 26x117:6.....	$1,850
Hugh Foley to Anson Goldsmith..	Undivided 1-12th ne 4th, 20 se Folsom, se 20x57:6—100-vara 45	1
Leander Cox to Annie Lewis.....	Along w line Noe, 101 s Elizth, s 25x105	Gift
Isaac T Milliken to R McAdams..	N 23d, 50:10 w Sanchez, 25:5x114.....	375
H P Gallagher to L Larsenceur	Nw O'Farrell and Broderick, 137:6x100.	3,350
E W Burr to Trus M E Church....	Sw 9th, 81:3 se Mission, se 50x113:4	8,000
Edward D Donnelly to F Tilford..	N Bay, 137:6 w Hyde, w 137:6	3,500
Jno M Morton to Andrew Birrell.	S Sutter, 25 e Octavia, e 23x110.....	7,100
Elizth Douglass to City and C S F.	Sw Drumm and Commercial, s 59:9x25.	40
Jas McElroy to Pat Hartigan.....	Nw Howard, 175 sw 1st, sw 25x85—100-v 28, subject to mortgage.....	7,000
L L Treadwell to J P Treadwell...	Und ½ same, subject to mortgage made by Fales and wife	2,500
F W Voll to C E McNear.....	Nw Post and Buch'an, w 137:6, n 137:6, w 27:6, s 137:6, etc.....	5,560
F Livingston to Bernhard Triest..	W Powell, 137:6 s Filbert, 4x137:6	5
Martin Scheper to John Wessell..	Und ¼ lot 8, blk B, Pacific S & H As'n, to correct error	500
John Wessell to John D Doscher..	Same	600

Saturday, July 24th.

F T Maynard to Jos Robinson	Fillmore w, 79:6 s Sacramento, 26:6x106	$ 20
Richard Ivers to M Teschirner	S Washington, 117:6 w Leavenworth, s 26:6x106:3	3,000
Thos Magee to Chas F Webster	S California, 107:6 e Deviso, 30x137:6	1,500
Same to M J Welsh	S California, 80 e Deviso, 27:6x110	1,100
M Brandhofer to Alfred C Newson	E California Avenue, 310 n of Esmeralda, n 25x70	350
S B Hanson to Jas Dows et al	Ne 11th, 225 se Folsom, se 100x205	1,919
Solon Pattee to Jos Winans	Nw Valencia and 14th, 70x236—Mission Block 26	5
Joseph Winans to Wm Hollis	Same, subj to mort for $7,000	5,500
Solon Pattee to D P Belknap	N 14th, 236 w Valencia, w 155:6x70, being M B 26	5
D P Belknap to Wm Hollis	N 14th, 236 w Valencia, n 70, w 143:8, sw to 14th, e 155:6 to commencement, subject to mortgage for $4,000	2,000
Wm Geimann to Jno McCormick	Mission w, 1157:6 n Dale, n 51, w 142, s 52, e 132 to commencement	2,100
Wm Hollis to Wm White	N 18th, 47:6 w Capp, 23:6x92	4,083
Same to Louis Weule	Capp w, 113 n 18th, n 21x122:6	4,077
Same to Conrad Fink	Capp w, 92 n 18th, n 21x120	4,196
Abel Guy to Hib Sav and Ln Soc'y	Ne Steuart, 183:4 nw Folsom, 45:10x137:6 bay and water lot 726	19,209
A J Young to Jno Harbourne	S Columbia, 155 w Guerrero, 25x114	3,000
Wm Hollis to Julius Lambla	Capp w, 134 n 18th, n 21x122:6	4,105
A Berson to Geo Tait	S Cala, 156:3 w Buchanan, 25x137:6	1,400

Monday, Jul 26th.

Tide L'd Com'rs to A Rosenfida	Lots 9 to 22, blk 838, Tide Lands	$ 200
Silver Ter H'd to Mary A Miller	Lots 70, 71, Silver Terrace Hd	641
H Eastman to Albert Miller	Yerba Buena w, 95 s Clay, s 20x80	1,700
R E Associates to Chas H Richards	S Clipper, 240 w Noe, 40x114	500
G F Page to Joseph Becht	Lot 14 blk 4, Mission and 30th Street Hd Union	5
Ludwig Mahlke to Eliza M Smith	E Larkin, 80:6 s Pine, 64x82:6	4,650
Jas Coleman to C G Mayer	S 14th Ave, 200 se N st, sw 100x37:6, sub blk 290, O N & H Tct	1,000
J A Baner to Stefano Garassino	Lots 1 to 6, blk 11, West End Map 2	5,000
Jos H Jennings to Hugh A Gorley	Lot 2, blk 106, University Ld	500
H A Gorley to Albert O Hamilton	Same	500
Julius Jacobs to Leopold Loupe	N Sacramento, 125 e Van Ness, 75x127:8	13,500
Jeremiah Callaghan to Mary Baily	Nw Boyd and Chesley, 40x60	Gift
A Levine to Hib Sav and Loan Soc	Sw 10th, 100 nw from Folsom, 100x102:6	7,777
W Bolton to Sav and Loan Soc	N Bush, 30 e Mason, 25x120	8,950
Sav and Ln Soc to M I Lindner	Same	10,000
W H Schneider to Amalia Medan	S Sierra, 25 e Vermont, 50x100	400
P H Canavan to F O Wegener	Ne Ellis and Franklin, e 70x120	10,500
C T H Palmer to same	Same	1
Thos Magee to Wm Smith	Polk w, 32:6 n Vallejo, n 30x84:6	1,550

Tuesday, July 27th.

J Buchanan to Hib Sav & Ln Soc	Se Howard, 95 ne 2d, ne 30x85	$6,906
Edwin Lord to Jacob Radstone	Ne Harriet, 175 nw Folsom, 25x60	2,550
Mary A E Walsh to James Lough	Nw Mission, 132 sw 1st, 24x99:6	10,000
Tide Land Comrs to M L Citron	Lots 10 to 19 inclusive, block 707, Tide Lands	132
Same to same et al	Lots 9 to 20 inclu, blk 1034, Tide Lands	230
Same to M R Roberts	Tide Lands	986
Moses Selig to M Silberstein	Mission w, 60 s 15th, 50x107	7,900
Geo S Dana to Wm H Coddington	Nw Gough and Greenwich, 68:9x237:6	100
J Johnson et al to same et al	Same	20
J McAuliffe to Geo Clark	N California, 110 e Baker, e 55x132:7	1,400
C Rosendahl to Theodor Moding	Lot 39, blk 166, Central Park Hd	2,000
Elijah Clough to Cath D Stevens	Sherman w, 220 n 20th, n 55x125	1,500
Pablo Baca to F A MacDougall	Undivided Precita Valley Lands	1
Same to same	Undivided half sundry Tide Lands	1
S Johnson to Harriett E Johnson	House and barn No 321 7th st	Gift
Eugene Lies to H Barroilhet	Nw Broderick and Washington, 137:6 x 127:8	....
Wm Hollis to Robt Roy	N Vallejo, 220 w Jones, 27:6x137:6	5,350
Same to Jacob Luchsinger	Nw 18th and Capp, 24x92	5,200
Jno F Kennedy to S Kohlman	Ne Harriet, 200 se Howard, 25x75	5,200
Sidney M Smith to Reese Llewellyn	E Beale, 137:6 n Howard, 45:10x275, subject to mortg for $12,000	22,000
Robt F Morrow to Jno Landers	S Pine, 137:6 e Hyde, 44x137:6	7,500
Sav and L'n Soc to L O de Andrade	Se Guerrero and Elizabeth, 94:6x93	....

Wednesday, July 28th.

Jas M Braly to Belden R Gwin....	S Sacramento, 40 w Stockton, 20x40....	$ 27[6]
Nathan Leigh to C E Joy.....	Eight acres Woodbury Tract: also 5 acs in nw qr sec 1, tp 2 s. r 6 w.....	1,000
Same to same.....	9:70-100 acres Ryan Tract.....	1,000
R C Rogers to W J Stoddart.....	N Kate, 81:3 w Webster, w 37:6x120....	1,550
A G McHenry to Adeline McHenry	Se Louisa, 197:6 ne 4th, ne 45x69.....	1
A M McHenry to Jno F McEntee..	Same.....	4,500
M M Cook to George D Shadburne	N Jersey, 101:9 w Sanchez, 50:11x114; also, s of M street, 101:10 e of Noe, e 50:11x114.....	700
Geo D Shadburne to A Hartenstein	N Jersey, 101:9 w Sanchez, w 50:11x114.	600
Michael Owens to Mary McLeod..	N Freelon, 205 sw 4th, 25x80	2,050
Henry A Crane to Jos H Cording..	Undivided ½ lots 6 to 11, inclusive, blk 113, S S F Hd and R R Assn	1,500
E E Hastings to Geo W Frink	Sundry lots in S S F Hd and R R Ass'n.	3,300
Patk Kearns to Daniel Toomey ...	Nw Clary, 160 nc 6th, ne 22:6x80.....	2,600
Jno Maloney to Howard Brown...	½ of lot 10, blk 6, Fairmount Tract....	200
Geo C Potter to A F Parquette....	S 18th, 110 e Dolores, 28x112.....	350
A F Paquette to H S Dorland.....	Same.....	600
R C Rogers to Sarah A Franklin..	N Kate, 118:9 w Webster, 37:6x120.....	1,500
Vitus Wackenreuder to J Mulcahy	Precita Valley Lands.....	500
Same to Jas Smith.....	S Precita Ave, w Adam, s 51:2, etc.....	800
Wm Hollis to Simon Popper.....	N Bush, 115 e Octavia, e 30x120	4,800
Francis Mellus to C Landis.....	E Minna, 225 e 2d, 50x80, re-record	1,500
W G Doolittle to Chas Joost	Lots 17 and 18, blk 559, and 7 to 15, 36, 37, blk 360, Bay Park H'd	3,250
B Nathan to Francisco Pinto.....	S Post, 37:6 e Larkin, 25x137:6.....	15,000
H L Davis to Peter Dean.....	Ne Fulton and Buchanan, 116x120.....	10,000
Peter Dean to Pat'k Kearns	N Fulton, 85 e Buchanan, 25x520.....	2,272
John Kingston to Mathew Teahan	W Mission, 85 s 30th, s 27, etc.....	800
Same to C O'Brien.....	W Mission, 122 s 30th, s 27, etc	800
Jas Sullivan to Derre & Clerc....	S Havens, 157:6 w Leav'th, 20x60	350
J Guironan to Jos Koestler	N 25th, 215 e Douglass, 25x114	530
Wm Hollis to Claus Schilling.....	W Steiner, 115 s O'Farrell, 02:6x137:6 ..	4,000
Same to G L Smith	E Guerrero, 42 n Quinn, 21x90.....	4,250
Same to John W Stevenson	N 18th, 100 e Mission, e 25, n 113, etc....	4,600
Eliza Nagle to Louisa Gordon....	Sw Sutter and Laguna, 62:6x50	2
Isaack Kohn to L Englander.....	N Tyler, 220 w Franklin, 28:6x120	4,500
M Nagle to Louisa Gordon.....	Sw Sutter and Laguna, 62:6x50	2,200
H H Word to Chas Mitchell	W Bryant, 140 n 26th, 22:6x200.....	1,000
F Theuerfauf to Thos Connell	E Fair Oaks, 244 n 24th, n 32, etc.....	1,250

Thursday, July 29th.

Jno Hughes to Peter O'Neil.....	Lot 113, blk 140, Central Park Homestead	
A G Kinsey to Maurice Dore.....	Nw Harrison, 2:03 ne 5th, 68:8x85; also, w Guerrero 210 s 25th, s 50, w 250, etc	$1.480
M Dore to Jno W Coleman.....	Same.....	22,000
Same to George Burkhardt.....	Sw Park Ave, 75 se Bryant, se 100x75...	22,000
Same to Geo T Watterson	Se Bryant, 90 ne 6th, 75x75.....	4,600
Pt L Av & Pk Hd Asn to J Heeney	Lot 26, block 338, Pt Lobos Avenue and Park Homestead	7,700
More Dore to M S Jeffers.....	Ne 6th, 50 se Bryant, 25x90.....	299
Same to City and County S F.....	Se Bryant, 145 ne 6th, ne 35x275	3,750
Wm McKibbin to T B Kent.....	Nw Folsom, 225 ne 2d, ne 25x80.....	1
T B Kent to E C Boobar.....	Same.....	198
Jas McMenomy to Mary Boardman	Howard w, 97 s 19th, 58x122:6.....	1,000
C J Janson to Albertina J Boyson.	E Valencia, 110 s 20th, 40x92.....	6,250
Jno Miller to L Stanford et al	Ne Sutter and Polk, e 60x90	5
Wm Reinhardt to C Stolze et al....	Nw Mason and Broadway, 80x40.....	10,000
D McLaven to L Stanford	N Pine, 110 w Powell, 27:6x137:6.....	3,000
E Davis to same	Nw Pine and Powell, n 137:6x110.....	78
L S Welton to Jas S Lofteous.....	Webster w, 55 s Sutter, 27:6x93.....	246
P S Van Reussalaer to Jno Allyne	Sw Steuart, 229:2 nw Folsom, 45:10x137:6	135
Jno R Coryell to A N Drown.....	Jones w, 73:6 s Clay, 64x68:9.....	11,000
Peter Shall to Jno R Coryell.....	Same.....	4,100
City and County S F to J Phillips.	Portion M B 78.....	2,500
E S Winning to Anatolio Anzar...	N Bernard, 137 e Leavenworth, e3x60...	2,000
W H Hernden to Sutter St R R Co	N California, 206:3 w Fillmore, 50x132:8	6,000
W Schmidt to L G Morehouse	Nw Octavia and Oak, 68:9x80	11,750
John Myers to J V de Laveaga....	Se Taylor and Eddy, e 80, s 137:6, w 20, n 55, w 60, n 82:6 to com.....	45,000
Frank McCoppin to T G Taylor...	E Valencia, 100 s 19th, 50x100	5,800
T P Riordan to Chas Mayer.....	S Hill, 130 e Guerrero, 25x114	1,150
S F Sinclair to Frank Cunningham	Lots 137, 139, 141, Gift Map 2.....	300
F Cunningham to A Overholsen...	Lot 137, Gift Map 2.....	100
Jos Reed to Leon Pieper.....	Folsom w, 175 n Prospect Place, 25x160.	1,300

Friday, July 30th.

Flint Tract Hd Asn to J W Jordan	Lot 8 to 13 inclusive, blk 1, Flint Tct Hd	$ 1
Same to same	Lot 1 to 5, blk 5, same	1
Same to same	Lots 41 to 44, blk 12, same	1
Same to same	Lot 33, blk 9, same	1
Same to Emily N Jordan	Lot 7, blk 1, same	1
L S Welton to Louisa Gordon	Sw Sutter and Laguna, 62:6x75	200
M A H Berry to M V Russell	E 15th Ave, 143 n B st, 48x127:8	500
Wm Miller to Mary Vagto	Leavenworth, 97:6 s Broadway, 30x60 – 50-v 1196	Gift
Jno R Robinson to L A Robinson	Along Old San Jose road, 357:6 fm Precita Creek and being the ne cor land sold by Noe to G S Hall, 295x137:6	Gift
City & Co of S F to M Hoadley	Nw Washington and Baker, n 197.6, w w 393:1, w 16:6, sw to Lyon, s 209:1½ e 412:6 to com	....
Wm Parsons to Wm S Bell	Undivided one-eighth of one acre Woodbury Tract	500
J J Marks to D F Harrington	Corner Everett and 3d, nw 30x75, being in 100-vara 34	5,500
D F Harrington to A M Marks	Sw 3d, 30 nw Everett, nw 30x75—being a part of 100-vara 34	1
Jos Kemp to Bridget Finegan	E Stevenson, 85 n 20th, 25x80	....
T Meetz to Sophie Ettinger	S Sutter, 187:6 w Webster, 52x187:6	1,000
M Hoadley to Thos Magee	50-vara 4 blk 460, se corner of California and Devisadero	3,500
Thos Magee to Jno G Beck	Se California and Deviso, 25x110	1
T J Chadbourne to B Healey	E corner Precita Avenue and Bernal st, ne 120, se 50, sw 131, nw 50 to com	1,500
Augusta Cazneu to Bridget Cohen	Lot 40, blk 27, Fairmount Hd	400
Daniel Sweeney to City R R Co	E 1st Ave, 95 s 14th, s 80x84	3,000
M Dore to David Drady	Ne Dore, 90 se Bryant, se 25x85	800
Dexton Damon to A Paddock	Lot 16, blk 1204, Felton Tct Homestead	175

Saturday, July 31st.

Chas Murray to Stephen H Merritt	E Chattanooga, 208 n 22d, n 78x125; also, w Chattanooga, 234 n 32d, n 55x125, subject to mortgage for $1,500	$3,250
M Dore to Daniel Sweeney	S corner 9th and Bryant, se 25x100, being in M B 43	3,500
J H McCrorey to C E Joy	Nine acres Ryan Tract; also, 8 acres of Woodbury Tract; also 5 acres Outside Lands near Mountain Lake	1,000
C Hosmer et al to same	Same	6,500
George H Moore to H L Dodge	Lots 499, 500, beach and water lot survey	5
Wm Ryan to Mary A Ryan	N Lombard, 115 e Leavenworth, e 22 x 137:6, being in 50-v 679	300
Theo Le Roy to Moses Ellis	N Commercial, 125 e Drumm, e 75x119:6	29,000
H H Wood to Robt Kelly	Bryant w, 162:6 n 26th, n 22:6x200, being in Mission Block 178	1,000
Jno Apel to Mary A Apel	Nw California and Stockton, n 57:6x60, 50-v 127	Gift
Alfred Shephard to Stefano Cuneo	E Powell, 69:10 n Greenwich, n 24, etc.	3,000
Mary A Miller to Geo Miller	Sw Mason and Pacific, 22x68, subject to mortgage for $2,650	4,500
Patk Murphy to Mary McCormick	Se Shipley, 125 sw 5th, 25x75	....
Francis McCormick to same	Same; also, lot 1 block 16, Noe Garden Homestead; also, e Fell, 110 w Franklin, w 27:6x120	Gift
Bridget Rearden to Wm Warren	N Pine, 165 w Broderick, 30x137:6	800
N J Stone to V A Torras	Pennsylvania Ave, 75 n Butte, 50x100—P N 304	1,900
Noe Gar Hd Assn to F McCormick	Lot 1 blk 16, Noe Garden Homestead	500
David Cruden to Jno Boyhan	S 20th, 150 w Guerrero, 50x114—Mission Block 76	2,200
B Belloc to Jacob Stutz	Lots 1 to 10 inclusive, blk 28, West End Map 1	2,500
M Grimes to Martin Finley	Nw Natoma, 100 ne 9th, 25x75	1,850
Wm Winter to Peter T Seculovich	Se San Jose road, 660 s w Precita Avenue 62:6x200; also, lots 430 to 439 inclusive Gift Map 3	4,800
G Ferrea to A Ferrea	S Vallejo, 124:2 e Dupont, e 13:4x34	....
A Ferrea to G Ferrea	Undivided half w Boudoin, 100 n Burrows, n 50x120—subdivision block 51, University Mound Survey	300
G Ruffal to L Kahn	W Sonoma Place, 119:6 s Union, 39x37:6 50-varas 377 and 387	1,000

Monday, August 2d.

Peter Dean to Anna Flanigan	W Harrison, 200 n 21st, n 25x122:6	$1,300
City and Co S F to L P Dormitzer	Ne Sacramento and Baker, e 137:6x127:8	....
Jno Amos to Jno Temple	N Sutter, 137:6 w Laguna, w 68:9x137:6—subj to mortg of $2,500	8,500
Elisha C Skinner to T D Worster	N 26th, 212:6 w San Jose Ave, 25x1 0; also, n 26th, 212:6 w San Jose Avenue s 30x25	800
Same to to Carmi Reynolds	Same	70
Noe Garden Hd to Ed Campbell	Lot 7, blk 10, Noe Garden Hd	1,000
Mary A Watkins to Alfred Wright	N Folsom, 275 e 2d, e 25x75	106
Martin Waterman to R Jordan	S Tyler, 108 w Van Ness, 71:9x120	24,000
Cezilia Uhn to Jos Deuwel	N Greenwich, 75 e of w line of 50 vara 500, thence e 20x90	3,000
Jas L Martel to Sam Yik	S Washington, 97:6 w Dupont, 12:6x62—50-vara 57	7,500
Thos Green to L M Kellogg	Ne 1st, 251 nw Folsom, 24x137:6	6,500
Lewis Hellman to Zilli Hellman—	W Front, 91:8 n Washington, n 45:10 x 100; also, ne Harris and South, ne 200 v, n to Hubbell, sw 200-va, se to beg.	....
Marion Hart to A Borel	S Cal, 27 w Webster, 54x87:6	3,000
E V Hathaway to Lewis Hentrich	N Washington w Front, 43:10x137:6	26,000
Elizth Marks to Albert C Marks	Se Taylor and Green, e 130, s 1, 129, etc	5
P A Eakins to Thos Jackson	Lots 13 and 14, blk 310, Pleas View Hd	400
L L Brown to C E Joy	Und 1-8th acre Ryan Tract; also, 8 acres Woodbury Tract also 5 acres O L	600
Jos Keeks to Annie Fenlon	W Prospect Ave, 221 s Coso Ave, 35x122	600
Herman Bendel to Jas O'Connor	Se Howard and 19th, s 65x122:6, Mission Block 57	7,600
A C Corbett to Geo McGullough	N Greenwich, 137:6 w Stockton, 29:8x55:5—50-vara 489	2,537
Wm Carlin to C S Capp	N Pacific, 171:6 w Sansome, 57:6x21	5,000
J McLeod to Rudolph Ruckwardt	E Chattanooga, 106 s 22d, s 25x125	2,420

Tuesday, August 3d.

H P Coon to Howard St Pres Ch'h	E Howard, 185 s 21st, s 60x122	$3,000
Michael Begley to Jas Magennis	Sherman, 247:8 n 18th, 49:4x125	1,600
M Dore to Patrick Murphy	Ne Dore, 160 nw Brannan, 25x85—Mission blk 43	750
City & Co S F to Nat G Bk & T Co	Shotwell w, 65 n 22d, 90x122:6	....
Marion J McDonald to Ed M Fry	S O'Farrell, 192:6 w Larkin, 27:6x137:6	13,000
Harry DeGroot to G M Condee	Lot 14, blk 641, Pt Lobos Ave Hd	200
C T H Palmer to W Hale	S Post, 81:6 e Webster, 50x137:6	1
L S Welton to same	Same	3,000
H Petit et al to Robt Davis	N Bush, 137:6 e Broderick, 40x137:6	2,000
Daniel Leary to Margaret Morrissy	Scott w, 125 s O'Farrell, 25x90	900
Wm Hollis to A Packsher	S Sacramento, 106:3 e Steiner, 25x132:6	4,000
Same to Ellen Higgins	N Eddy, 44 e Deviso, 21x93:6	3,860
W Fleisher to Lot D Slocum	N Post, 137:6 e Hyde, 26:9x137:6	12,500
Thos Magee to Margaret Doyle	N Bonita, 134:6 w Polk, w 25, etc	950
Bridget Murphy to Patrick Lynch	S McAllister, 192:6 w Larkin, 36:8x120	8,200
H Lampmann to Sarah Lampmann	Lot 1250, Lone Mt Cemetery	Gift
Maurice Dore to Wm Hollis	Sw Park Ave, 175 se Bryant, 100x75; also, ne Park Avenue, 125 se Bryant, se 150x75	11,000
Jno Miller to Jno G Ayres	Ne Sutter and Polk, e 60x90	30,000
Lewis Levison to P H Kraner	Eight acres Woodbury Tract	1
Tide Ld Comrs to Margaret Byrne	Ne Garden, 230 nw Bryant, 20x75	6
M M Rundell to W Dodge	S Bush, 137:6 w Taylor, 34:4x137:6	20,000
J B Schoor to E P St John	N California, 102:11 w Steiner, 25:10x120	1,050
Thos Nelson to Michael Short	Ne Broadway and Laguna, 137:6x50	5,000
Jas Atkinson to David Atkinson	Lot 10, blk L, Railroad Hd	250
Chas Emslie to T Merry	W Dale Place, 97:6 s Tyler, s 20x60	1,900
Edwd Phillips to H S Dorland	E Dolores, 89 s 18th, s 29x110; also, sw 18th and Fair Oaks, 112x26	1,400
City & Co S F to Margaret McKeon	N 24th 225, w Folsom, n 49:11x122:6	....
Samuel Fisher to Jno Judge et al	S Turk, 181:3 w Steiner, 25x137:6	1,750
C W Lemperle to Jno Kelly	S 20th, 80 e Church, 25x114	1,425
C Bartlett to C W Stupp	Same: S line Eagle av, 56 w fr Lafayette, w 52x125	
Dan'l Weintraub to A Schroder	N Pacific, 103:6 e Stockton, 34:4½x117:6, subject to mortgage of $4,500	10,000
Donald McLea to K Thompson	S Green, 125 e Polk, 40x122:6	100
Leopold Loupe to Julius Jacobs	N Post, 110 w Larkin, 25x120	11,250
Paul J Roberts to Hiram A Sheldon	N Lombard, 137:6 w Kearny, 137:6x137:6 50-vara 530, subject to a mortgage of $7,200	7,000
L S Welton to B N Cousens	Sw Webster and Sutter, 27:6x93	200

Wednesday, Aug. 4th.

C H Killey to Jno M Morton	Se Pac and Webster, e 55x117	$5,500
Emma Toy to Harriet Toy	Und 1-10th ne Powell and Ellis, 105x30, 50-vara 938	1,250
W H Rhodes to Ad de Flers	S Sacramento, 87:6 w Front, 25x91:8—bay and water 226, 227	....
Wm B Latham Jr to E Bartlett	Lots 1 and 2, blk 269, Geary St Ex Hd	150
Mary Bosat to H Epstein	Scott w, 91:8 n Eddy, n 45:10x115	2,000
Adam Rudolph to Geo Jancovich	S 16th, w Rondel Place, 32:5x47—Mse'n Block 40	2,300
Jno C Piercy to Robt Piercy	E York, 208 n 24th, n 26x100	500
Sav and Ln Soc to Mich Donovan	N Day, 114 w Dolores, w 30x114	540
Wm Hollis to Jesse Gelb	Steiner w, 92:6 s O'Farrell, 22:6x137:6	3,900
Same E P Rieux	N Vallejo, 160 w Jones, 25x137:6—being in 50-vara 873	5,250
Same to E H Weise	Steiner w, 47:6 s O'Farrell, 22:6x92:6	3,750
Mark Hopkins to L Stanford	Sw Powell and California, s 275x206:3—50-varas 151, 348, 180 and 347	1
L Stanford to Mark Hopkins	Se California and Mason, e 275x206:3—50-varas 345, 346, 180, 347	1
Michael Hyde to Jas McGrath	Ne Laskie, 253:6 nw Miesion, 21:6x56—100-vara 502	5
August Kaese to Jno Fairchild	N John, 60 w Powell, w 10x62:6—being in 50-vara 161	4,200
V B Read to City and County S F	Ne 4th, 170 se Market, ne 275 x se 35—100-vara 27, re-record	....
Peter McDonald to Jno Pindel	Sw 8th av, 150 nw M st, nw 50x100—sw half lot 40, blk 166, Central Park Hd	1,500
J Dunkerly to W Winters	Nw Beach and Larkin, 91:8x68:9	3,000
Thos Magee to Edward McCarthy	Polk w, 46:6 s Green, 46x846	2,200
J Dunkerley to F M Farwell	Commencing at ne cor Western Addit'n blk 38, s 183:4x68:9	6,000
Wm Winters et al to J M Luco	Nw Beach and Larkin, n to Jefferson x w 68.9	15,000
Thos Magee to Rodger Curry	N Bonita, 159:6 w Polk, w 25, n 2:3, etc	550
Same to Patrick Gately	N Bonita, 109:6 w Polk, w 25, n 93:3, etc	750

Thursday, August 5th.

John Carroll to John Kelly, Jr	Sw Valencia and Brosnan, 420x30	$ 500
John Conly to J H Thomas	Sw 22d and Church, 250x130	1
Milo Hoadley to M H Turrill	So Cal'a and Lyon, 137:6x127:8¼	4,500
Chas H Killey to W P Wilkins	E Fillmore, 87:6 n Union, 25x87:9	937
F Nobmann to G B Dondero	Sw Powell and Greenwich, 25x70	6,400
Peter Dean to Peter Flynn	N Fulton, 60 e Buchanan, 25x120	2,400
M H Benjamin to Leo Ash	S Post, 137:6 e Gough, 37:6x120	15,750
E O'Reilly to Frank Cunningham	Lots 1539 and 1540, Hift Map 4	30
F Cunningham to C M Hooker	Same	150
Silver Ter H'd Ass'n to E Kower	Lots 478 and 479, Silver Terrace H'd	1,146
Wm Hollis to L L Dennery	S Clay, 118:9 e Pierce, 25x127:4½	3,700
Same to L Goldschmidt	S Clay, 143:9 e Pierce, 25x127:4½	3,550
Wm Hollis to J G Hucks	E Miesion, 70 n 18th, 23x100	4,600
F J Locan to John Blood	N Franc'o, 80:2½ w Dupont, w 103:1½, n 91:8, e 91:8, s 22:11, etc	10,000
Seth Pinkham to Geo L Jordan	Ne Broadway and Van Ness, 100x137:6, subj to mortgage for $10,000	1
J D Hooker to A Borel	Fair Oaks, 152 n 22d, n 61x117-6	1,000
Jas M Haven to Richard Hellman	N Cala Ave and w line of lot 106, th n 100x30, subdiv lot 106, Precita Valley	500
C A Krygen to Chas C H Wiese	N Bush, 82:6 e Baker, 27:6x137:6	1,000
Jas Johnson to L Kuennecke	Sw Mose, 150 se Howard, 30x75, being 100-vara 248	4,250
A D Grimwood to P Mich	Nw Devieo and Oak, 210x137:6	1
Victor Koppel to Wm Clarke	S Fell, 166 e Octavia, e 27:6x120	6,000

Real Estate Transactions--Alameda County.

Reported by G. W. McKeand, Searcher of Records for Alameda Co. at East Oakland.

GRANTOR AND GRANTEE.	DESCRIPTION.	PRICE
J B Scotchler Est to H de Fremery	Oakland: 115x179 sw cor west 14th and Poplar	$3,035
C W Keene to V Moore	Same: N line west 5th, 25 e from Lewis, 25x70	700
A McGann to J B Kelley	Same: S line Laurel, 370 e f'm Telegraph av, e 50x119	900
J B Scotchler's Est to L Burgelin	Same: S line west 14th, 76:8 e f'm Kirkham, e 38:4x103	525
Wm Cotter to H W Burckes	Same: 100x162 ne corner San Pablo ave and 34th	2,000
Annie A Smith to J P Raymond	Same: W line Louise, 100 n from 28th, n 100 x about 100	300
J A Folger to L Hufschmidt	Same: S line R R av, 80:7 e from Wood, e 50x200:8	2,600
Sam'l Merritt to Ella E Parker	Same: W line Madison, 300 s from Lake av, s 87:6x150	12,500
S V Blakeslee to L Janin	Same: 100 w line Webster, n from 14th, n — by 150	8,200
S E Colby to J E Whitcher	Same: E line Washington, 75 s f'm 10th, s 25x75; also, s l 10th, 75 e fr Wash'n, e 50x100	10
Bigelow & Gilcrest to W Shipley	Same: B'd by Peralta, Atlantic, Campbell and Pacific	1,500
A G Abell to S Silberberg	Same: Ne line east 12th, 150 se f'm 12th av, se 25x150	1,250
J R Keene to Delia Girot	Same: 125x125 sw cor Railroad ave and Center	3,200
H A Palmer to John Conlon	Same: E line Linden, 144 s from 3d, s 25x125	350
C V D Hubbard to C W Gilbert	Same: N line 8th, 98 w from Willow, w 32x86:9; also, n line 8th, 64 w fr Willow, w 34x82	3,550
J B Scotchler's Est to H Althof	Same: 110:3x38:4 sw cor west 12th and Union	900
Maria Callaghan to A E Sutton	Same: N line 6th, 62:6 e fr Washington, e 12:6x100	1,250
H Durant to J E Fitzgerald	Same: W line Center, 200 s from R R av, s 25x141:4	500
Central Land Co to Lanoche et al	Same: N line Brown, 466 e from West, e 50x120:3	2,100
W K Rowell to A L Leopold	Same: S line Taylor, 177:6 w from Willow, w 25x135	650
Same to Chas W Keene	Same: N line 8th, 67 e from Willow, e 27 x — to Chase	800
Sexton & Stevenson to P Remilard	Same: N line Laurel, 500 w from Grove, w 50x100	....
J Ireland to T H Selby's Estate	East Oakland: Lots 32 to 35, in blk 89, N'n addition to Brooklyn	3,500
W D Thomas to H Boehn	Same: Sw line Jackson, 50 se fr Pierce, se 50 x — to Estuary	10
J V Webster to B & F V R R Co	Same: A strip of land	1
L W Kimball to L M Dettenrieder	Oaklad T'p: 100x50 (lots 6 and 7) Kimball Tract	500
C J Robinson to H Magner	Same: Lots 67, 68 and 75, same	500
J B Kelley to A McGann	Same: 122x125, se cor 36th and Adeline	1,800
G E Whitney to Wm P Harrison	Same: 40 acres part plot 77	15,800
H Rheinhardt to R Rheinhardt	Same: Lot 1 in blk 4, S U H'd T't, No 4	Gift
L Stearns to C A & T F Stearns	Same: Lot 19 in blk 2111, Alden Tract, Temescal	1
W P Harrison to G C Butler	Same: ½ int in 40 acres part plot 77	3,500
M Kellogg to E C Brockaway	Same: ½ acre at Berkeley	550
N Shoemaker to T Redmayne	Brooklyn T'p: 120 on Fruit Vale x 396	1,000
J P Smith to J Hendy	Same: 8 acres	3,000
Bamber's Ex Co to Whitney Ex Co	Alameda: part blk 81 near High st	2,000
E H Miller, Jr, to Wm E Brown	Same: 69 acres, b'd n by Central ave, w by Fitch T'ct, and s by S F Bay	5
W E Brown to E H Miller	Same: Same premises	5
Jas Timothy to W & T Nash	Same: S line San Jose av, 100 w fr Willow, w 100x150	50
Phoenix Ins Co to Mary B Baker	Same: 791x225 nw cor Buena Vista ave and Walnut	17,700
A Kochler to J Jensen	Same: N line Pacific av, 150 w f'm Oak, w 100x152	2,500
Nathan Porter to F A Walton	Alameda: N l Santa Clara av, 370 w etc.	

G M Walters to S Salz & Co	Washington Corners: Lot of land	300
Same to B D T Clough	Same	300
S Levy to J S Hagan	Same: 80x264	300
United States to G Buttner	Near Livermore: 173 acres	....
W Mendenhall to Trustees L S D	At same; Lot of land	....
A J McLeod to A P Francis	Livermore: The "Livermore Hotel Lot"	600
United States to Rob't Carr	Near same: 80 acres	....
P S Levy to H Levy	Livermore: Lot 5 in blk 15	175
W A Jordan to Coates & Finley	Pleasanton: Portions Lots 1 7 8 in blk A	1,400
S R Bernal to J A Libena	Near same: 1-6 acre	5
John Dabner to J T Fash	San Leandro: Lots 12, 13, 14 and 15, in Dabner's Addition	400
Adam Hein to A Richter	Same: 25x100	125
A Richter to A Heim	Same: 50x120	291
T Le Roy to A Richter	East San Leandro: Part blk 4	750
United States to M Henriques	Near Mission San Jose: 1-5 acre	....
M Henriques to J Sundner	Same	800
G Bernal to J A Rose	Near Pleasanton: 537 acres	11,000
Same to H G Pratt	Same: N line w 16th, 180 w f'm Cypress, w 50x104:9	400
Sacket & Gladding to D Geiger	Same: W line Willow, 81 n from Chase, n 27x102:6	....
J B Kelley to R M Burgiss	Same: W line Chestnut, 236:6 n fr 24th, nw 27x122	250
Schreiber & Howell to P M Collins	Same: 125x100 ne cor R R av & Filbert	3,400
P M L I Co to Schreiber & Howell	Same: Same premises	1,500
Dennis Twoney to Marg Twoney	Same: S line Elm, 150 w from Grove, w 100x100	Gift
J Kimball to G M Blair	Same: 75x150 nw cor Grove and 1st	3,550
John Miller to Leland Stanford	Oakland: 30 acres, part of Plot 23 near Lake Merritt	10,000
Henegar and Ferguson to L Ohleson	Same: W line Magnolia 150 n from 28th n 25x133:3	200
B F Ferris to J & J Caspar	Same: Same 75x100 se corner of 2d and Jefferson	3,400
Burr & Dean to Sav & Loan Soc'y	Same: S line of Seward 75 e from Pine, 47:6x135	550
J E Caine to J McMullan	Same: 40x110 sw corner Brush and 18th	4,500
H P Meader to Mary Gallagher	Same: N line Atlantic 124:3 e from Willow, e 75x100:7	1,050
J Rickard to S A Perry	Same: E line of Harrison 25 n from 7th, n 25x75	3,000
Jos Luger to P R Borein	Same: 38:4x100 ne cor West Tenth and Kirkham	5
J Robinson to P J O'Connell	Same: 33:4x95 sw cor Grove and 9th	4,825
S F Gilcrist to Ann Winn	Same: S line West 3d, 50 e from Filbert e 75x94	1,350
Woods & Boise to J Chase	Same: A strip 15 inches wide 100 feet along Division W of Wood	10
M Curtis to same	Same: 50x80:4 sw cor 22d and Curtis	500
Worth & Clement to J E Abbott	Same: S line 3d 75 e from Alice e 125 x 100; also s line of 3d 220 e from Alice, e 25x100	5,000
S B Scotchler's Est to W B Elwood	Same: 103x38:4 se cor of west 14th and Kirkham	800
Same to Carlos White	Same: Along w line of Union 160:3 s fm west 12th s 135x115; also n line west 12th 115 w from Poplar, w 38:4x110	3,180
Same to Kate Fitzgerald	Same: E line Kirkham, 224 n from west 12th, n 38x115	546
Same to John E Miller	Same: E line Kirkham 110 n from west Tenth, n 38x115	700
Same to Mary Y Wexhern	Same: Along w line of Poplar 148 n from west 12th, n 76x230	2,310
Same to Carlos White	Same: Along w line Poplar 111:6 s from west 12th s 76x115; also e line Kirkham 116:6 s from west 12th, s 229:6x150	5,590
J B Scotchlers Est to Jos Luger	Oakland: 38x110 ne cor west 10th and Kirkham	905
Same to John Wilson	Same: S line west 12th 115 w from Poplar, w 76x111:6	1,360
Same to John Grady	Same: E line Kirkham 103 s from west 14th s 38x115	545
Same to Wm Lambert	Same: Sw corner west 12th and Poplar, 76:8x111:6	1,775
Same to Jean Robert	Same: W line Union, 110:3 s from west 12th, s 50x115	940
Same to M Kane	Same: 111:6x38:4 se cor west 12th and Kirkham	895

Bigelow & Gilcrist to A J Snyder	Same: 53:3x176:7 nw corner R R Avenue and Willow	1,s50
A J Snyder to C B Rutherford	Same: Same premises	5
C E Pearson to J W Pearson	Same: S line Lincoln 140 e from Willow e 50x85	....
J B Kelley to T N Henderson	Same: S line Laurel 370 e from Telegph Avenue, e 50x117	800
P G Buchanan to D E Martin	Along w line Harrison 706 n from 14th n 100x150	8,000
Martin Clark to Jos Morris	Same: W line Linden, 158:6 n from 26th n 104x264	800
J Bavery to Joanna Harlihy	Same: W line Peralta 149:10 s from 9th, s 25x1000	750
G G Briggs to M Laursen	Same: 106:6x28:3 sw cor 3d and Adeline	650
F Warner to G M Janvein	Same: E line Filbert, 200 s from 30th, s 50x125	950
Kelsey and Merritt to A Drosbach	Same: N line Elm 240 e from San Pablo Avenue, e 50x100	900
Ellen Donolly to B D Donnolly	Same: S line of 6th 37:6 w from Clay, w 37:6x100	....
R V Lawson to W M Taylor	Same: Along w line of Jefferson, 25 n from 2d n 25x75	400
J Barry to D & C McLoughlin	Same: S line west 8th 111:4 w from Peralta, w 50x128:3	2,300
E Hugunin to R Hugunin	Same: 50x50 sw cor Jefferson and 10th	Gift
Wm Street to B Street	Same: 37:6x100 ne cor Franklin and 11th	Gift
John Gray to Ernest Schuler	Oakland: N of line Seward 30:7 w from Wood w 27:6x100	1,325
J W Mastic to R B Donnolly	Same: S line of 6th, 37:6 w from Clay w 47:6x100	2,365
Simon Held to Flora Campbell	Same: S line 5th 75 e fm Linden e 25x94	500
B F Ferris to Jos Boardman	Same: 32:6x15:9 se corner Campbell and 20th; also 190x228, sw corner 20th and Wood; also w line Peralta 100 s from 24th s 451:8x180	1,400
W K Rowell to City of Oakland	Same: S line 8th, 111:8 e from Willow, e 50x156	....
B F Ferris et al to W Koenigsberg	Same: 100x180 sw corner 34th and Peralta	255
W Koenigsberg to Jos Boardman	Same: Same premises	255
Alex Peterson to F Roux	Same: N line 12th, 200 w from Adeline w 56:6x146:3	1,500
Real Est Union to S J Wythe	Same: (Contract to sell) w line W 33:4 s from 10th s 33:4x80	4,200
E L Wetmore to Thos Barnes	Same: 27x112 ne corner Adeline and 3d	700
J Zeigenbein to Catherine Tuchs	Same: E line Chester 650 n from 8th n 50x125	3,150
J Smith to Obbe Jans	Same: Along w line of Union 160 s fm 8th, s 32x214:2	1,200
F M Stratton to M Hogan	Same: Along w line Filbert 95:6 s from 14th s 96x125	4,750
C Boardman to J B Kelley	Same: 75x100 ne cor 6th and Franklin	4,500
H Phelps to Mary Moyles	Same: N line 5th, 25 w from Chester w 25x96:3	575
The Central Land Co to M Mason	Same: 120:3x116 ne corner Walton and West streets	1,550
J B Kelley to E J Kelley	Same: (Contract to sell) 100x75 ne cor 6th and Franklin	900
F Warner to Chas Keller	Same: 50x125 sw cor Filbert and 30th	900
J Smith to S Stephens	Same: S l West and 116:6 w frm Union w 50x160	2,300
Thos Casey to Isaac Lankershim	N Jessie, 100 e 5th, 25x75, subdivis'n 100 vara 129	4,000
J W Smith to L Bisagno	Oakland: 56:6x125 sw corner Union and west 8th	2,550
Same to same	Same: 9x125 sw cor 8th and Union	5
N J Welby to C Partenscky	Same: S line west 13th 104 w from Kirkham, w 104x110	1,600
J R Flemming to John T Wright	Same: 300x100, bounded e by Harrison, s by 9th and w by Webster	1
J T Wright to J R Flemming	Same premises	1
T C Banks to J Ziegenbein	Same: Lots 1 to 6 in blk 554 and lots 1 to 4 in blk 555 Gibbons' Tract	15,000
Berk L & T Imp Asn to J Benning	Oakland Tp: Lot 14 of blk 78 in Tract B of the Ass'n lands	300
J E Whitcher to Albert & Miller	Same: 98 acres near Lake Merritt, plots 23x24; also e line Washington 100 n fm 8th n 25x75 in Oakland city; also, s l 10th 75 from Washington, in Oakl'd city, being 50x100	32,817

J B Kelley to L Whiffler	Oakland Tp: E line Adeline 200 s from 36th, s 25x122	300
L Whiffler to H Brewer	Same: Same premises	300
C L Chamberlin to J W Brumagim	Same: 60:7x165 in the Brumagim Tract, near Temascal	1
J W Brumagim to M Smith	Same: Same premises	385
Ahern & Toohig to J Young	Same: 50x141, lot 25, White House Plot near Temascal	5
Berkely L & T Imp Asn to C Glass	Same: Fractional block 127 of Tract B of the Asen lands	1,475
J Brumagim to C Reis	Same: Various lots in the Brumagim T't near Temascal	5
P Ham to D C Gaskill	Same: Lots 19 and 20 in blk A of Berkeley Hd Tract	250
John Hansen to Jessie M Hansen	Same: Lots 1 and 22 in blk 107 of Tract B of the Asen Lands	Gift
Samuel Percy to J E Kline	Same: East half of Plot 79	Gift
Hiram Tubbs to Jas Cobbledick	East Oakland: 100x150 s corner Madison and Benton	3,000
R V Pfister to Thos Richardson	Same: Nw line Beton 75 sw from Lacey sw 75x150	1,500
B McGinnis to Alexander May	Same: Nw line Jackson 50 se from Polk se 100 x — to Estuary	2,500
F Reis to same	Same: 50 x — to the Estuary, s cor Jackson and Polk	3,000
F S Wensinger te J Quinchard	Alameda: 104x125 sw corner Santa Clara Avenue and Parn st	1,000
F A Walton to Nathan Porter	Same: N line Santa Clara Avenue 370 w from Prospect, w 100x130	1,000
Jas Spiers to H Trambe	Same: S line R R Avenue 96:10 e from Euclid, e 100x200	3,750
F S Wenfinger to J O'Keefe	Same: S line Santa Clara Avenue, 50 w from Cottage st, w 50x100	420
P A McDonnell to B Benedict	Same: 14 acres Bay Farm Island	4,200
F S Wensinger to A C de Net	Same: 50x125 sw cor Santa Clara Avenue and Cottage street	590
Same to A Harmonie	Same: Along w line Paru 225 s fm Santa Clara Avenue, s 100x204	1,240
C Bartlett to Cecelia Mel	Same: 125x30 nw cor Buena Vista Ave and Schiller	280
H Carpenter to M & A Hall	Same: 217:6x492 bounded by Pike, s by Central and w by Leviathan	....
United States to W P Keenan	Near Livermore: 160 acres	1
W B Kingsbury to J D Smith	Livermore: Premises of the Livermore College Institute	3.000
J M Aguayo to R M Baraona	10 miles s from Livermore: 160 acres	190
M Mendenhall to E M Hart	Near Livermore, 1¼ acres	150
United States to E P Brogdon	2 miles, n from same: 160 acres	....
A D Spilvalo to N Maguire	At Livermore: Lot 4 in blk 11	100
Thos Thomson to S Zimmerman	10 miles ne from Livermore: 160 acres	750
United States to W Soote	Three miles se from same: 80 acres	....
United States to R McGlashan	Three miles se from Livermore: 160 acs	....
Same to E J Robinson	Three miles se from same: 168	....
Same to Thos Thomson	Ten miles ne from same: 165 acres	....
Same to Thos Ryder	Six miles ne from same: 160 acres	....
H G Ellsworth to E L Beard	Near the Mission San Jose: 570 acres of marsh land	8,250
D Smith to W Milton	Road from Centreville to Mission San Jose: 400x100	....
W Milton to M E Smith	Same: Same	....
W D Smith to W Milton	Same locality: 1 acre	....
United States to J S Scribner	Six miles east from Mission San Jose: 154 acres	....
P Wiggins to H & L Lauz	Alvarado: 15 acres, 50x100 and 50x100	1,900
F P Dunn to W F Nelson	Same: 5 acres	250
Hayward Park Hd to G E Smith	Haywood: 100x150	250
Same to G Holmes	Same: 100x150	250
J A Feno to M S Machado	Same: 200x200	900
R P Watkins to D McClure	Same: N line Caledonia av, 129:3 e from Grove, e 100x145:2	4,000
Gilcrest & Bigelow to W Rowell	Same: 50 x about 37 nw cor Peralta and Atlantic	600
W K Rowell to M & E Kennay	Same: Same premises	650
W N Furlong to A W Gates	Same: 100x150 sw cor 13th and Franklin	14,000
Rogers & Chapman to A Miller	Same: Various lots in Oakland V H'd, near Lake Merritt	5,274
C A Low to G W Phelps	Same: Nw cor west 12th and Chestnut, n 130x130	7,600
C J McDougal to E L G Steele	Same: S line 6th, 75 e from Jackson, e 25x100	700

Wm Barry to Thos & E Dorgan...	Oakland: S line west 8th, 125 e fr Campbell, e 32x103:6	$ 700
Jas Croke to Peter Johnson	Same: W l'e Adeline, 163:6 n from 24th, n 100x128	2,000
L G Cole to 1st M E Ch of Oakland	Same : 200x100 b'd w by Clay, n and e by 13th and 14th	10,000
Z Kelly to L V R Holman	Same: E l West, 50 n fr 10th, n 75x75...	3.300
1st M E Ch of Oakland to L G Cole	Same: 100x100 sw cor 9th and Wash'n .	10,000
W D Rutherford to T B Bigelow ..	Same: N l 10th, 100 w fr West, w 40x100	1,200
Place & Berry to Jas P Treadwell.	Same: 136x127:6 ne cor Adeline and 16th; also, w l Chestnut, 70 n fr 16th, n 66x127:8; also, 130x250 ne corner 18th and Chestnut	1
J W Smith to J E McDonald.....	Same: S line west 8th, 56:6 w fr Union, w 60x160; also, w line Union, 125 s fr west 8th, s 35x56:6	6,350
A C Brown to B Sullivan.....	Same: S l Logan, n'r Teleg'ph av x 120.	1,600
Sewell Knapp to F L Taylor	Same: S line Sycamore, 350 w fr Grove, w 50x100	2,500
F L Taylor to Sewell Knapp.....	Same: E line Webster, 1097 n fr 14th, n n 55x150	2,500
C A Barnes to Eliz'th Robinson ..	Same: 110x50:9 ne cor Market and 18th..	1,500
A Koenig to A Peterson.....	Same: 140x112 ne cor Wallace & West..	1,500
B F Ferris to C Camden	Same: 578:9x380 bounded n by 22d, e by Campbell, w by Willow, and s by 20th	1,230
J S Drum to E C Sessions	Same: W line Market, 75 n fr west 8th, n 50x125	1,530
B F Ferris to A J Snyder	Same: 270 x about 500, e by Peralta, n by 28th, and s by 26th; 380 x about 80, n by 20th, e and w by Campbell and Willow: 237x140 nw cor 26th & Wood	2,720
J C & Jane Mires to J B Kelley....	Same : W line Filbert, 144 s from 3d, s 50x125	2,000
J B Kelly to J C Mires.....	Same: 100x132 nw cor Chestnut and 34th	1,800
S C & J P Raymond to Z Manvais	Same: 100x150 ne cor Harrison and 13th	7,000
J Ziegenbein to Chas Ska.....	Same: W line Center, 389 n from Middle, n 30x134	1,450
B F Ferris to J Ziegenbein.....	Same551:8x380 nw cor 26th and Willow.	1,230
J Zeigenbein to R R Craig	Same: E line Chester, 379:4½ n f'm 8th, n 50x125	1
R R Craig to J Zeigenbein	Same: E line Chester, 429:4¼ n f'm 8th, n 50x125	1
T B Bigelow to M Hogan	Same: W line Filbert, 95:1½ s fr 14th, s 96x125	1
E N Stratton to same	Same	4,750
Toland Land Co to Jas Norcross ..	Same: W line Willow, 81 s fr Lincoln, s 54x90	1,000
G & M Jeffrey to B R Sacket.....	Same: Center line Brush, 130 n fr 20th, n 50 x about 75	2,350
J S Drum to Henry Harris	Same: Und ½ int in s line 12th, 100 e fr Broadway, e 75x100	5
H Harris to J S Drum.....	Same: Und ½ int in 50x150 se cor 11th and B'dway; also, 50x50 in rear thereof	5
C W Reid to M Bankhead	Same: 62½x100 ne cor 4th and Castro ..	2,550
L G Cole to W A Loring.....	Same: 50x110 se cor 15th and Castro....	2,000
A J Snyder to E A Bush	Same: S line 28th, 172:8 e from San Pablo av, e 25x100	125
Alex Peterson to R H Jones	Same: B'd s by 16th, e by Center, and w by Peralta	600
Geo E Fogg to Geo H Fogg.....	Same : W line Broadway, 75 n from 2d, n 25x75	1,000
C Boardman to J F W Sohst	Same: 75x100 se cor 7th and Franklin ..	4,250
H L E Schroder to C W Reid.....	Same: W line Franklin, 100 n from 14th, n 100x150	7,100
Same to C Schreiber.....	Same: E line Broadway, 150 n from 14th, n 25x150	4,500
Same to Ann Wacho.....	Same: E line Broadway, 100 n from 14th, n 25x150	5,300
A Snider to J W Pearson	Same: 134x139:3, between 11th and 12th, and Linden and Chestnut	6,000
M E Quimby to C Warnholz	Same: E line Center, 54:9 n from 15th, n 50x110:4	625
J B Kelley to Jacob Klem.....	Same: W line Filbert, 144 s from west 3d, s 50x125	1,800
Marg't Sheridan to A Henseler....	Same: S line Cross Road, 805 e from San Pablo av, e 50x106:8	900
C L Sawyer to H R Stoeten.....	Same: Se corner west 5th and Henry, e 50x113	900
H Lacey to A Borel.....	Same: S line 9th, 75 e from Broadwey, e 75x100	100

J Rickard to Union Sav Bank	Same: Ne cor 7th and Harrison, 25x75	1
B F Ferris to E J Crane	Same: 57.8:9x380 b'd n by 22d, e by 20th, e by Willow, w by Wood	1,230
H L E Schroder to R Dalziel	Same: E line Broadway, 125 n fr 14th, n 25x150	4,200
Geo Jeffery to Wm Frost	Same: Center 20th and Brush, n 80x153	900
F L Taylor to J H Dreyer	Same: N line 7th, 81:3 w fr Harrison, w 18:9x37½	1
W B Hardy to J H Dreyer	Same: Nw cor 7th & Harrison, 37:6x100	1,500
P H Sumner to Emma A Sumner	Same: W line Union, 211:6 s from 24th, s 52x230	Gift
J B Kelley to G P White	Same: W line Chestnut, 126:6 n fr 24th, n 56x122	500
Edw McLean to E M Scotchler	Same: ½ int 13 acres n'r 20th & Peralta	1,500
H L E Schroder to Blake & Moffitt	Same: 51:3x100 se cor 15th and B'dway	9,225
Same to Chas L Taylor	Same: E line Broadway, 225 n from 14th, n 50x100; also, s line 15th, 100 e from Broadway, e 25x101:3	7,825
J Wedderspoon to G M Fisher	Same: E line Filbert, 300 s from west 10th, s 150x125	5
T Hawkins to James Heath	Same: 95x100 sw corner Everett or 13th and Willow	5
Wedderspoon et al to H Craig	Same: E line Everett, 230:9 n from west 12th, n 40x125	1,400
Warren Hubbard to T D Young	Same: Se cor 28th and Adel'e, 264x210:6	3,500
J B Scotchler to Mary S Smith	Same: S line west 14th, 38:4 e f'm Kirkham, e 38:4x103	535
Same to Henry Cook	Same: N line west 10th, 115 w fr Poplar, w 38:4x110; also, n line west 10th, 38:4 w from Poplar, w 38:4x110	1,710
Same to A Campbell	Same: E line Kirkham, 110 n from west 12th, n 38x115	550
Henry Cook to Geo Babcock	Same: N line west 10th, 38:4 w fr Poplar, w 38:4x110; also, n line 10th, 76:8 e from Kirkham, e 38:4x110	5
Carlos White to Wm Lambert	Same: W line Poplar, 111:6 s from west 12th, s 76x115	1,600
Geo Babcock to C Williestun	Same: N line west 10th, 38:4 w fr Poplar, w 12x110	270
G M Fisher to Mary J Furber	Same: E line Filbert, 360 s fr west 10th, s 30x125	4,220
H L E Schroder to B P Smith	Same: E line Broadway, 200 n from 14th, n 25x125	3,850
Edw McLean to Jas Woodall	Same: S line west 3d, 175 e f'm Chester, e 25x100	325
H L E Schroder to Maurice Dore	Same: E line Broadway, 175 n from 14th, n 25x150	4,050
J B Kelley to E J Kelley	Same: ½ int in 75x100 ne corner 6th and Franklin	900
H A Palmer to Wm French	Same: S line Atlantic, 75 w fr Willow, w 25x100	400
Toland Land Co to A Schuter	Same: S line Lincoln, 90 e from Willow, e 25x135	525
J O'Connor to E Gross	Same: N line 3d, 125 e from Broadway, e 25x100	1,500
S E Whitcher to J E Whitcher	Same: 95x100 nw cor 8th and Grove	6,000
Wm Watts to H C W Bode	Same: W line Chestnut, 150 n from 34th, n 50x132	300
Same to R W Douglas	Same: W line Chestnut, 100 n from 34th, n 50x132	300
Same to Wm A Allen	Oakland T'p: 100x123:2 sw cor Adeline and 36th	750
T M Antisell to Jas E Boyce	Same: 30x134 at Berkeley	200
T L Com're to Heywood & Jacobs	Same: 20 acs Tide Lands, about 3 miles n from Oakland	30
Same to same	Same: 83.59-100 acres same	125
Martin Kellogg to Eliz'th N Sill	Same: 125x225 w l Bushnell st, Berkeley	937
T Schmidt to Thos Jones	Same: 6 acres 4 miles n from Oakland	2,700
A Larouche to C W Reid	Same: 100 x about 250 on Telegraph av, at Temescal	1,200
Chappelet & Berryman to W Aplin	Same: 4 acres at Berkeley	3,200
F & A Rhoda to B & F V R R Co	Brooklyn T'p: 50x100 near n end F V av	300
Alex G Abell to C Gilardin	East Oakland: Ne l Washington, 50 se from Polk, se 50x150	2,500
Sarah Larue to Cath Appleton	Same: Ne line Washington, 150 se f'm Rroadway, se 25x140	500
Sam'l Newson to G R Williams	Same: N line 8th av, 150 w fr east 17th, sw 50x100	4,200
G E Chittenden to W Harrington	Same: 150x150 se cor H'rison and Taylor	3,000
W Maxwell to A Rider	Same: Nw l Pierce, 100 ne f'm Madison, ne 50x100	1

J W Northern to L Yablonsky....	Same: N line Encinal av, 300 w fr Walnut, w 50x150	350
T B Bishop to G W Osborn.....	Same: 920 x ab't 200, b'd by Oak, Clinton av, Park, and S F Bay; also, 550 x ab't 150, b'd n by Clinton av, e by Willow, and s by S F Bay; also, 450 x ab't 200, b'd n by Clinton av, w by Willow, and s by S F Bay	4,500
G W Osborn to G R Driggs.....	Same: S line Clinton av, 400 e from Willow, e 50x240 to S F Bay	350
Same to Ladd & Harnden.....	Same: W line Park, 100:4 s from Clinton av, s 50:2x100:9	250
A S Barber to Mrs M P Woods	Same: 50:4x110:2 on Broadway	500
C Bartlett to L Ensinos.....	Same: S line Union, 125 n from R R av, n 50x108	420
L Ensinos to Jos Brooks	Same: E line Union, 125 n from R R av, n 25x108	210
F S Wensinger to C C Bruntsch....	Same: Se cor Jefferson ave and Cottage st, sw 125x100	1,050
The Sheriff to Henry Winkle	Same: 2 acres on s end of West End av.	944
Henry Winkle to E Kower	Same	1,000
T L Com'rs to same.....	Same: 2.95-100 acres Tide Lands	29
G W Osborn to S F Patterson	Same: E line Oak, 50 s from Clinton ave, s 50x100	250
L H Nolte to B Benedict	Same: 60 x about 180 near s end of Versailles ave	1,500
T S & M A Fitch to C W Matson..	Same: Se cor R R ave and St George, e 50x100	800
G W Osborn to J A Frost	Same: S line Clinton av, 150 e f'm Willow, e 50 x about 182	250
F Trask to A N Greenman.....	Alameda: Ne l Santa Clara av, 132 se fr Everett, se 80x100	730
G W Osborn to H R Lewes.....	Same: W l Park, 200:7 s fr Clinton av, s 50 x about 194	550
C C Bruntsch to J Quinchard.....	Same: 125x100 se cor Jefferson ave and Cottage	1,050
T B Bishop to V Boulogne.....	Same: S l Santa Clara av, 50 w f'm Willow, w 50x217:8	550
Same to same.....	Same: 50x217:8 sw cor Santa Clara ave and Willow	625
R M & J W Mastick to M A Fitch.	Same: 600x300 b d by R R av, St Paul, Jefferson av and St George	1
G W Osborn to J J Whitver	Same: W l Park, 301 s fr Clinton ave, s 50:2 by about 86	250
A Borel to W Kinley.....	Same: S line Alameda av, 150 w fr Oak, w 50x150	475
Same to J M Smith.....	Same: S line Alameda av, 300 w fr Oak, w 50x150	475
W Mandenhall to M Wallenbaugh.	Livermore: Lots 7, 8 and 9, in blk 32	250
United States to A Weymouth	4 miles n fr Livermore: 160 acres	....
Alex Allen to R Barley.....	Livermore: 1 acre near Ladd's Hotel	1
United States to S Laughlin.....	5 miles ne fr Livermore: 160 acres	....
P Mariante to F C Zalnecki.....	Haywood: Lot of land	500
W Watts to M Costello	Oakland: W line Magnolia 300 n fm 34th s 100 x about 104	50
N R Lowell to E J Fitzgerald.....	Same: N line of 16th, 115 w from West street, w 25x103:9	650
P Bradley to E Herget	Same: S line 17th 90 w from West street w 50x103:9	1,000
C H F Braun to Wm Wittland...	Same: N line Railroad Avenue 100 e fm Campbell, e 24:6 x about 37	400
B F Ferris to P S Wilcox.....	Same: Block bd n by 24th, e by Willow, s by 22d, and w by Wood; also, block bd n by 24th, e by Campbell, s etc; also, se cor 24th and Campbell 190x400..	2,860
H L E Schroder to Ellen Koenig..	Same: Sw cor 15th and Franklin, 42x100	3,025
G M Yard to C W Keene.....	Same: Sw cor 20th and Grove, 100x51:10	1,100
W Watts to T A Leighton.....	Same: W line Adeline 200 n fm 34th st n 100x123:3	675
G B Bradford to A J Pope	Same: Nw corner west 12th and Union, n 479x230	15,600
E McLean to J McInnis.....	Same: E line of Chester 150 n from west 3d, n 31:3x125	500
J Ziegenbien to M Detels.....	Same: Along w line Chester 339:1¾ n fm Middle n 40:6x118; also, w line of Chester 543:1¾ n from Middle n 41x86	4,000
Y A Coursen to H J Borie	Same: S line 11th 150 e from Clay, 60x100	5,000
J B Scotchler's Est to Geo H Fogg	Same: S line 16th 132:3 w from Kirkham w 50x104:9	460
L Hamilton to G Dinsmore.....	Same: E line Alice 100 n fm 13th, 50x109	6,250

Delia Girot to J F Von Glahn.....	Same: Sw corner Railroad Avenue and Centre street, w 25x100.....	1,100
E C Snook to C H Hawley.....	Same: S l Seward 130 e fm Willow 30x90	550
Stevens & Bigelow to A Milwain..	Same: Sw cor Birnie & Franklin, 40x150	4,250
Armes & Sather to N Carmichael..	Same: S line Railroad Avenue 125 w fm Filbert w 25x107.9.....	400
R & F Willis to F L Stark	Same: 400x150	1,675
J Schneider to F Beiler	Same: Lot of land.....	1,000
N Rasmussen to N Palozzi.....	4 miles se from Haywards: ½ acre.....	25
John Garvin to Jas Coleman.....	San Leandro: 4 lots in Durnan's Addit'n	600
M P Wiggin to J H McCracken ...	E l Oakland and San Leandro R'd, near Fitchburg: 270x100	483
A Bernal to Duerr & Nusbaumer..	Near Pleasanton: 44 acres	1,500
F Henderson to John Decoto.....	Decoto: Block T	300
J B Thomas to S Meeder.....	R'd fr Brooklyn to San Leandro: 10 acs	5,000
T S Denison to C M Brooke.....	All interest in estate of S S and Maria J Denison, dec'd.....	Gift
J S Derby to John Comings.....	San Antonio: Various lots.....	1
L Gregory to D H Beck	Centerville: ½ acre.....	650
L W Winn to F Schweer.....	Pleasanton: Lots 12 13, p't 51 in blk A..	560
G Johnston to V M Johnston.....	Same: 100x150.....	700
T LeRoy to Mary Ann Blood.....	San Leandro: Blk 40	1
Jas Hagan to M Simpson	Washington Corners: 84x264 Mission st	900
A Wetherbee to H S Raven.....	Pleasanton: 109 x about 85	500
Armes & Sather to R W Getty	Same: S line Railroad Ave 150 w from Filbert w 25x107:7.....	400
J Hill Jr to Chas A Mahn.....	Same: Along w line Willow 54 s from Taylor, s 54x102:6.....	1,400
E L Varnell to E Higham.....	Same: N line Walton 116 w from Grove, w 50x120:3.....	600
Geo F Coffin to John S Stacy.....	Same: Se cor 15th and West, 45x95.....	550
B F Ferris et al to W A Smith....	Same: Blk 551x380, bounded n by 26th, s by 24th, e by Campbell, etc.....	1,230
J Pearson to J T Craker.....	Same: S line James 47½ w from Willow, w 17:6x145	850
Graham & Block to M S & R Key..	Same: N line 15th 90 w from Harrison, w 30x100.....	1,650
P Wren to John Dorgan	Same: N line Middle 40 e from Peralta e 20x145	500
John Reilly to Bridget Kelly.....	Same: S line west 3d 50 w from Myrtle, w 25x94.....	650
Wedderspoon & Co to M L Morris	Same: Se cor west 14th & Myrtle, 60x125	2,250
M Watts to John Higgins.....	Same: Along w line Ettie 300 n from B street n 195:9x266	800
J Caperton to W H Johnson.....	Same: 25x95:10 se corner Railroad Ave and Myrtle.....	295
W H Fountain to Dennis Feely....	N line Locust 150 w from Grove, 100x100	1,400
H L E Schroder to D Stuart	Same: Along w line of Franklin, 200 n from 14th n 42x115	2,275
Margaret J Jones to D F Smith..	Same: Ne cor 6th and Webster, 100x150	6,200
Chris Bagge to Ernst Tietze.....	Same: S line 16th 180 w from Cypress w 25x104:9.....	275
G M Fisher to Delia Young.....	Same: E l Filbert 420 s from 10th, 30x125	4,250
J M Sharp to J Ziegenbein.....	Same: Along w line Chester 273:1¾ n from Middle n 50x130	1,300
M Ritchey to E Bigelow.....	Same: S line 8th, 75 w from Webster, w 75x100	1,700
A C Niles to R G Brown	Same: Along w line Jackson, 1672 n fm 12th, n 100x170, with the house thereon, furniture, etc	17,000
P Wren to Wm Allen.....	Oakland: N line Middle 60 e from Peralta, e 20x145	500
Central Ld Co to Elizth E Varnell.	Same: N line Walton, 166 w from Grove w 50x120:3	600
C Engelman to John Mayer.....	Same: N line 11th 122 e fm Alice, 28x100	2,500
H A Palmer to A Vintoswartz	Same: 25x100, se corner of west 3d and Chester	400
Wm Hollis to Carlos White.....	Same: N line west 12th 76:8 w from Poplar, w 38:4x110.....	675
Mason and Huff to Albert T Abbot	Same: S line Park 140 e from West st e 50x90	480
Samuel Merritt to W H Cook.....	Same: 87:6x150, nw cor 15th & Madison	15,000
J B Kelley to A M Arnold.....	Same: E line Adeline 100 n from 34th, n 100x122.....	1,300
J S Henderson to Oakld Bk of Sav	Same: Lots 65, 66, 69 and 70, Academy Homestead.....	1,200
W K Rowell to Chileon & Booth..	Same: Along w line Campbell 54 s from Taylor s 54x102:6.....	1,300
M P Wood to A S Barber	Alameda: 50 w l Broadway x 150:2.....	500

BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

San Francisco.

Capital, - - - $5,000,000

W. C. RALSTON . . . . PRESIDENT.

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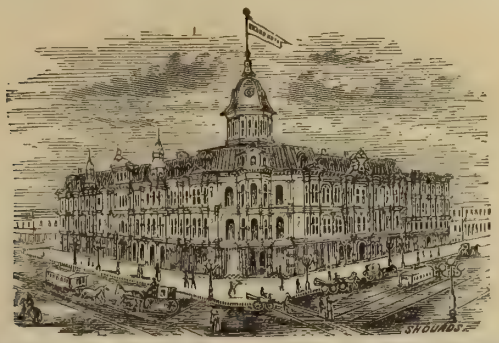

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Fire and Marine Insurance Company. Capital, $800,000. OFFICERS.—J. F. Houghton, President; George H. Howard, Vice-President; Charles R. Story, Secretary; N. B. Eddy, Marine Secretary. H. H. BIGELOW, General Manager. DIRECTORS.—San Francisco—George H. Howard, F. D. Atherton, H. F. Teschemacher, A. B. Grogan, John H. Redington, A. W. Bowman, C. S. Hobbs, B. M. Hartshorne, D. Conrad, Wm. H. Moor, George S. Johnson, H. N. Tilden, W. M. Greenwood, S. L. Jones, George S. Mann, Cyrus Wilson, W. H. Foster, Jr., Joseph Galloway, W. T. Garratt, C. Waterhouse, A. P. Hotaling. Oregon Branch—P. Wasserman, B. Goldsmith, L. F. Grover, D. Macleay, C. H. Lewis, Lloyd Brooke, J. A. Crawford, D. M. French, J. Lowenberg. Hamilton Boyd, Manager, W. L. Ladd, Treasurer. Marysville—D. E. Knight. San Diego—A. H. Wilcox. Sacramento Branch—Charles Crocker, A. Redington, Mark Hopkins, James Carolan, J. F. Houghton, D. W. Earl, Isaac Lohman, Julius Wetzlar; Julius Wetzlar, Manager; I. Lohman, Secretary. Stockton Branch—H. H. Hewlett, George S. Evans, J. D. Peters, N. M. Orr, W. F. McKee, A. W. Simpson, A. T. Hudson, H. M. Fanning; H. H. Hewlett, Manager; N. M. Orr, Secretary. San Jose Branch—T. Ellard Beans, Josiah Belden, A. Pfister, J. S. Carter, Jackson Lewis, N. Hayes, Noah Palmer, B. D. Murphy, J. J. Denny, Manager; A. E. Moody, Secretary. Grass Valley—William Watt, Robert Watt. Nevada—T. W. Sigourney. Feb. 17.

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San Francisco, July. 1875. July 31

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THOS. GRAY, President; J. C. DUNCAN, Secretary. March 27.

ODD FELLOWS SAVINGS BANK.

Dividend Notice.---The Board of Directors of the Odd Fellows Savings Bank have this day declared a dividend at the rate of nine and one-tenth (9 1-10) per cent. per annum on permanent deposits, and of seven and three tenths (7 3-10) per cent per annum on short deposits, for the semi-annual term ending June 30, 1875, payable on and after the 20th inst. JAMES BENSON,

San Francisco, July 7, 1875. [July 10.] Secretary.

THE ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN BANK (LIMITED).

422 **California street, San Francisco.---London Office, 3** Angel Court; New York Agents, J. W. Seligman & Co., 21 Broad street. Authorized Capital Stock, $6,000,000. Will receive Deposits, open Accounts, make Collections, buy and sell Exchange and Bullion, loan Money, and issue Letters of Credit available throughout the world. FRED. F. LOW, IGN. STEINHART, } Managers.

Oct 4.

MASONIC SAVINGS AND LOAN BANK,

6 **Post street, Masonic Temple, San Francisco. Guarantee** Capital, $150,000. Moneys received on Term and Ordinary Deposit. Dividends paid semi-annually. Loans made on approved security. Certificates of Deposit issued payable in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and principal cities of the Atlantic States and Canadas. WM. H. CULVER, President; Francis Smith, Vice-President; H. T. Graves, Secretary; L. E. Pratt, Attorney. May 13.

THE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital, $5,000,000.---C. W. Kellogg, President: R. F. Hastings, Manager; R. N. Van Brunt, Cashier. Exchange and Telegraphic Transfers on all principal Cities. Collections made and a general Banking business transacted. August 22.

FRENCH SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

411 **Bush street, above Kearny, G. Mahe, Director. Loans** made on real estate and other collateral securities at current rates of interest.

ELLIS READ,

SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANT,

June 12.] 310 Clay Street.....San Francisco.

J. C. MERRILL & CO.,

Wholesale Auction House, 204 and 206 California street. Sale days, Wednesdays and Saturdays at 10 A.M. Cash advances on consignments. [Dec. 14.] F. M. PATTEN, Auctioneer.

CASTLE BROTHERS.---[Established, 1850.]

Importers of Teas and East India Goods, Nos. 213 and 215 Front street, San Francisco. Jan. 13.

DIVIDEND NOTICES.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

French Mutual Provident Savings and Loan Society.—Thirty-first Semi-Annual Dividend.—A dividend of eight and four-tenths per cent. per annum (net 8 4-10 per cent.) upon the operations of the French Savings and Loan Society, for the six months ending June 30, 1875, has, in conformity with the report of the Committee of Verification appointed by the members of the Society, been declared at the semi-annual meeting held on the 16th instant. This dividend will be payable on and after the 19th instant, at the office of the Society, 411 Bush street.

GUSTAVE MAHE,
June 24. Director French Savings Bank.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Masonic Savings and Loan Bank, No. 6 Post street, Masonic Temple, San Francisco.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of this Bank, held July 19th, 1875, a dividend was declared at the rate of nine and one-fourth (9¼) per cent. per annum on Term Deposits, and seven and one-half (7½) per cent. per annum on Ordinary Deposits, for the semi-annual term ending July 21st, 1875, payable on and after July 21st, 1875, free of Federal taxes.

H. T. GRAVES,
July 24. Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

The Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank o Savings have declared a dividend for the half year ending June 30, 1875, at the rate of ten per cent. per annum on term, eight per cent. per annum on class 1 ordinary, and six per cent. per annum on class 2 ordinary deposits, payable on and after July 15, 1875. By order.

G. M. CONDEE, Cashier.
San Francisco, July 10, 1875. July 24.

DEPOSITORS' DIVIDEND.

The Western Savings and Trust Company, of San Francisco, California, have declared a dividend of ten (10) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and eight (8) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, payable at their Bank, northeast corner Post and Kearny streets, on and after July 10th, 1875.

J. H. GRIFFITH, Secretary. [July 24.] FREDERIC CLAY, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Savings and Loan Society, 619 Clay street.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors, held this day, a dividend was declared at the rate of nine (9) per cent. per annum ON ALL DEPOSITS, for the term ending June 30, 1875, free of Federal Tax, and payable on and after July 15, 1875. By order.

San Francisco, July 13, 1875. [July 17.] CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Office of the Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, San Francisco, July 27, 1875.—At a regular meeting of the Board of Directors of this Society, held this day, a dividend at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum was declared on all deposits, for the six months ending July 21st instant, free from Federal Tax, and payable immediately. [Aug. 7.] EDWARD MARTIN, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

The State Investment and Insurance Company.—Dividend No. 29.—The regular monthly dividend for the month of July will be paid on August 10th, at their office, No. 409 California street.

CHAS. H. CUSHING,
San Francisco, August 5, 1875. [August 7.] Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

The Home Mutual Insurance Company will pay a dividend of one per cent. upon its capital stock, on and after August 10th, at the Company's office, 406 California street.

CHARLES R. STORY,
August 7. Secretary.

TENTH INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

Under the Auspices of the Mechanics' Institute, will be opened to the public at the Industrial Fair Building, Eighth street, between Market and Mission, on **Tuesday, August 17, at 11 a.m.**, with the usual ceremonies. Exhibitors will please make application for space without delay, as none can be assured later than the 20th July. By the addition of the new Horticultural Department, 20,000 feet exhibitors' space have been added to the building. There is no charge for exhibitors' room, and steam power is furnished free. Applications for space can be made to J. H. GILMORE, Superintendent, or to J. H. CULVER, Secretary, at the Mechanics' Institute, 27 Post street, personally or by letter, who will furnish all information and promptly answer all inquiries. By order Board of Managers.

July 17. A. S. HALLIDIE, President.

BROKERS.

MONEY TO LOAN

On Mining Stocks, to Brokers and Operators, at lowest current rates. New accounts solicited. Apply to
EDWARD F. HALL & CO., 410 California street,
July 31. Stock Brokers, and Members S. F. Board.

JOHN G. AYRES, } { R. C. HOOKER,
Late of Ayres, Cope & Co. } { Member of S. F. Stock and Ex. Board

AYRES & HOOKER, STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKERS,

Will buy and sell exclusively on Commission, Bonds and Stock of every description, including Mining, State, Government and Corporation Securities. Loans negotiated. Temporary Office: **426** Montgomery street, San Francisco. June 12.

EDWIN F. CHILD, S. F. Stock Exchange. GEORGE E. MAGUIRE.

CHILD & MAGUIRE,

Commission Stock Brokers, 433 California street.---Stocks Bought, Sold and Carried on Margins. Liberal Advance on active accounts. Sight and Time Drafts on Messrs. Duncan, Sherman & Co., New York, in sums to suit. June 5.

GEORGE H. JOHNSON.] [C. V. D. HUBBARD, Mem. S. F. Stock & Exchange Board.

HUBBARD & JOHNSON,

Commission Stock Brokers, 322 and 324 California street, San Francisco. July 17.

TOD ROBINSON.] [H. H. SCOTT, Mem. S. F. Stock & Exchange Board.

H. H. SCOTT & CO.,

Commission Stock Brokers, 108 Leidesdorff street, San Francisco. Money Advanced on Stocks. July 17.

E. P. PECKHAM,

Commission Stock Broker and Member S. F. Stock Exchange, 413 California street. Stocks bought, sold and carried. Liberal advances made on active accounts. Orders receive prompt execution and return. [June. 19.]

G. H. WILLARD,

Stock Broker, 309 California street, Member Pacific Stock Exchange. Stocks bought and sold on commission. August 7.

D. M. HOSMER.] **HOSMER & BOURNE,** [J. B. BOURNE.

Stock Brokers, 116 Halleck Street, San Francisco. Post-office Address, Lock Box 1837. August 7.

MISCELLANEOUS.

W. W. DODGE & CO.,

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in Groceries and Provisions,

Corner Front and Clay streets, SAN FRANCISCO.

NEWTON BOOTH, | J. T. GLOVER,
C. T. WHEELER, | W. W. DODGE,
Dec. 9. Sacramento. | San Francisco.

HAMMAM,

11 and 13 Dupont Street---Change of Hours.---On and after THURSDAY, AUGUST 12, this establishment will be open for the the administration of baths every day in the week (except Sundays) from 7 A.M. to 7 P.M. Sundays—From 7 A.M to 1 P.M. Having improved our facilities for private Turkish baths for ladies, the use of the general Turkish bath for them on Mondays and Thursdays will be discontinued on and after the above date. August 7.

BAGS, TENTS AND HOSE,

NEVILLE & CO.,

113 Clay and 114 Commercial Streets,

SAN FRANCISCO. [May 24.

CHAPPELL'S OCCIDENTAL PIANO ROOMS.

Sole Agents: Henry Marsh & Co., 131 Kearny street, San Francisco, California. May 15.

CUTTER WHISKY.

A. P. Hotaling & Co., No. 431 Jackson street, are the Sole Agents on this Coast for the celebrated J. H. CUTTER WHISKY, shipped direct to them from Louisville, Kentucky. The Trade are cautioned against the purchase of inferior and imitation brands of "J. H. Cutter Old Bourbon." Owing to its deserved reputation, various unprincipled parties are endeavoring to palm off spurious grades. It is really the BEST WHISKY in the United States. March 19.

F. C. SNOW.] **SNOW & MAY'S ART GALLERY.** [W. B. MAY.

SNOW & MAY,

IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF

Pictures, Frames, Moldings, and Artists' Materials.

21 Kearny St., near Market, S. F. Dec. 19.

A. S. ROSENBAUM & CO.

Have removed to the Southeast corner of California and Battery streets, where they invite the attention of their customers and others to their large assortment of the Best and Finest Brands of CHEWING and SMOKING TOBACCO, HAVANA CIGARS and CIGARITOS. Consignments of Choicest Brands of Cigars received by every Steamer. [Oct. 18.] A. S. ROSENBAUM & CO.

ASSESSOR.

Eugene McCarthy places himself before the public as an INDEPENDENT CANDIDATE for the office of ASSESSOR for the City and County of San Francisco, at the coming election. August 7.

ESTABLISHED IN THE YEAR 1860.

JAMES GIBB,

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN FOREIGN WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

Oct. 31. **617 Merchant Street, above Montgomery, S. F.**

J. H. CUTTER OLD BOURBON.

C. P. Moorman & Co., Manufacturers, Louisville, Ky.--- The above well-known House is represented here by the undersigned, who have been appointed their Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast.

July 3. A. P. HOTALING & CO., 429 and 431 Jackson street, S. F.

THE "SMITH" AMERICAN ORGANS. ALEXANDRE HARMONIUMS, PARIS.

HENRY MARSH & CO.,

Agents for Chappell's Occidental Pianos, Empire Amer- ican Pianos, Pleyel's Oblique and Grand Pianos, Paris. General Musical Merchandise and Bronzes. [July 17.] **131** KEARNY STREET, San Francisco.

CHARLES D. ZEILE,

Apothecary, and Importer of German Drugs and Chemicals, 528 Pacific street, between Montgomery and Kearny streets, at Dr. Zeile's new Roman-Turkish and Russian Steam Bath Building. March 20.

SNOW & MAY'S ART GALLERY.

Now on Exhibition, Keith's "Summit of the Sierras." Ad- mission, 25 cents. June 12.

JAMES BROOKS,

Notary Public, at John Middleton & Sons, 310 Montgomery street, San Francisco. July 10.

REMOVAL!

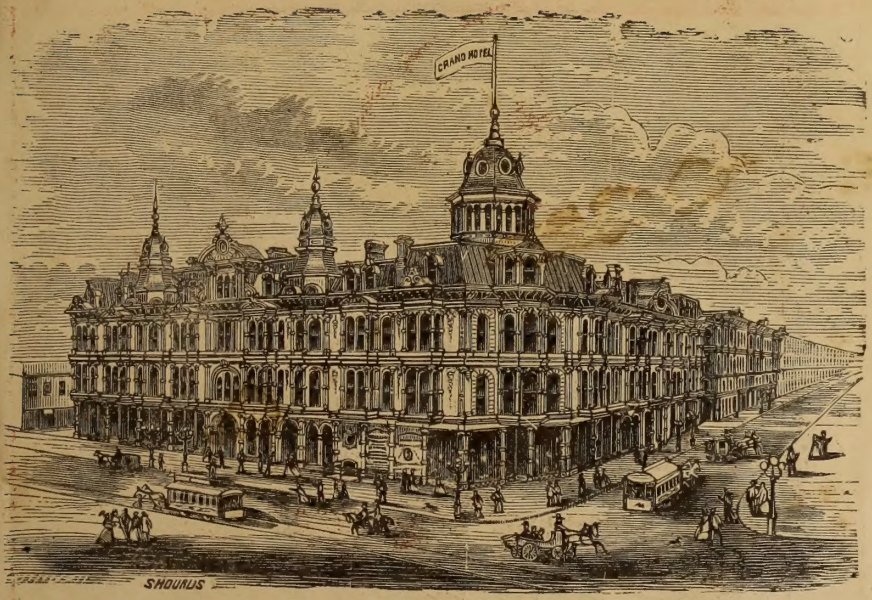
Gray's Music and Piano Store will remove May 15th to No. 105 Kearny street, one door from Post. May 8.

NOTICE.

For the very best photographs go to Bradley & Rulofson's, in an Elevator, 429 Montgomery street. Oct. 29.

CHAPPELL'S ALEXANDRE ORGANS.

Sole Agents: Henry Marsh & Co., 131 Kearny street, San Francisco, California. May 15



GRAND HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

JOHNSON & CO., Proprietors.

"WESTWARD
THE STAR OF EMPIRE TAKES ITS WAY"

"The New World shall redress the wrongs of the Old."—Canning.